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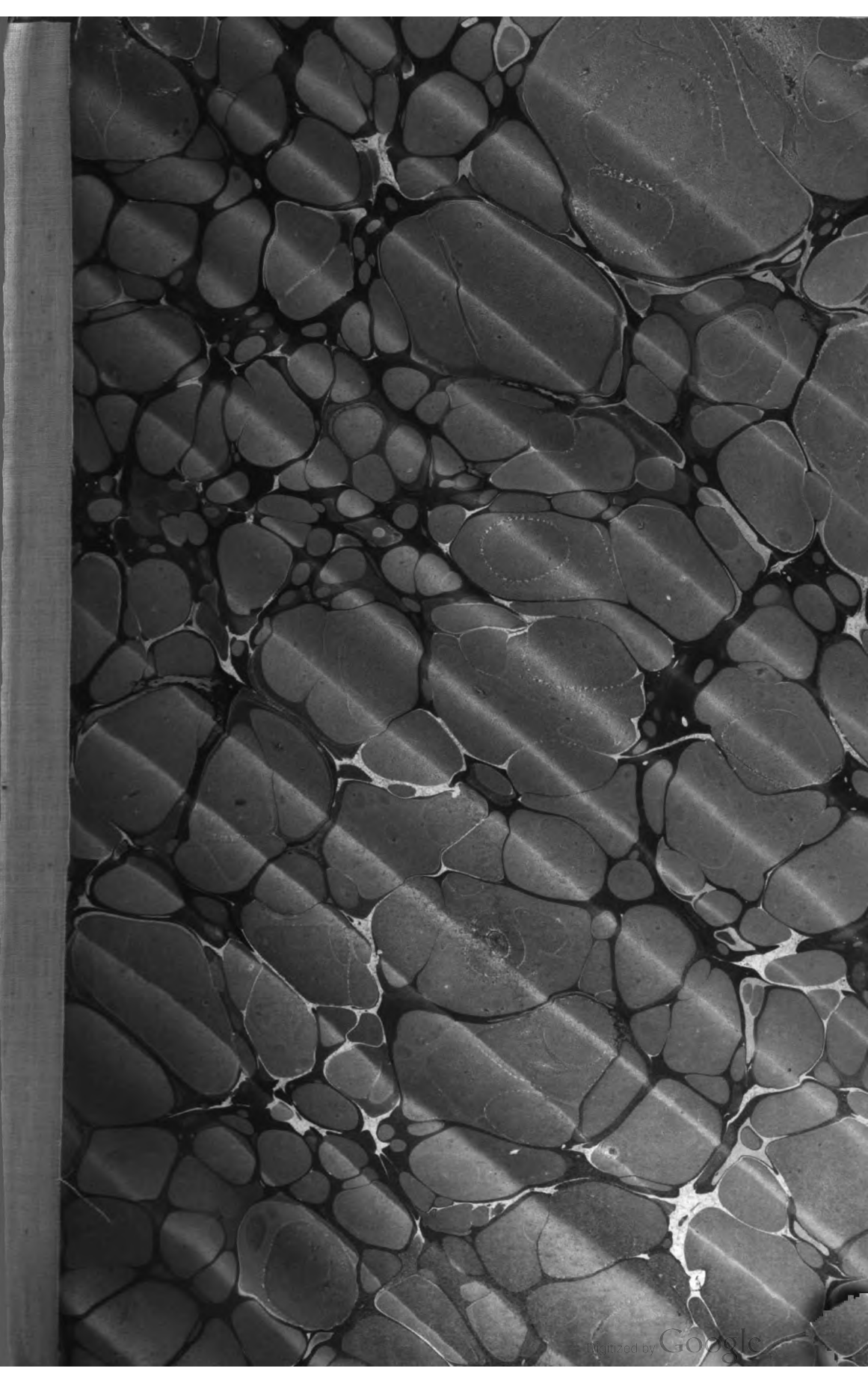
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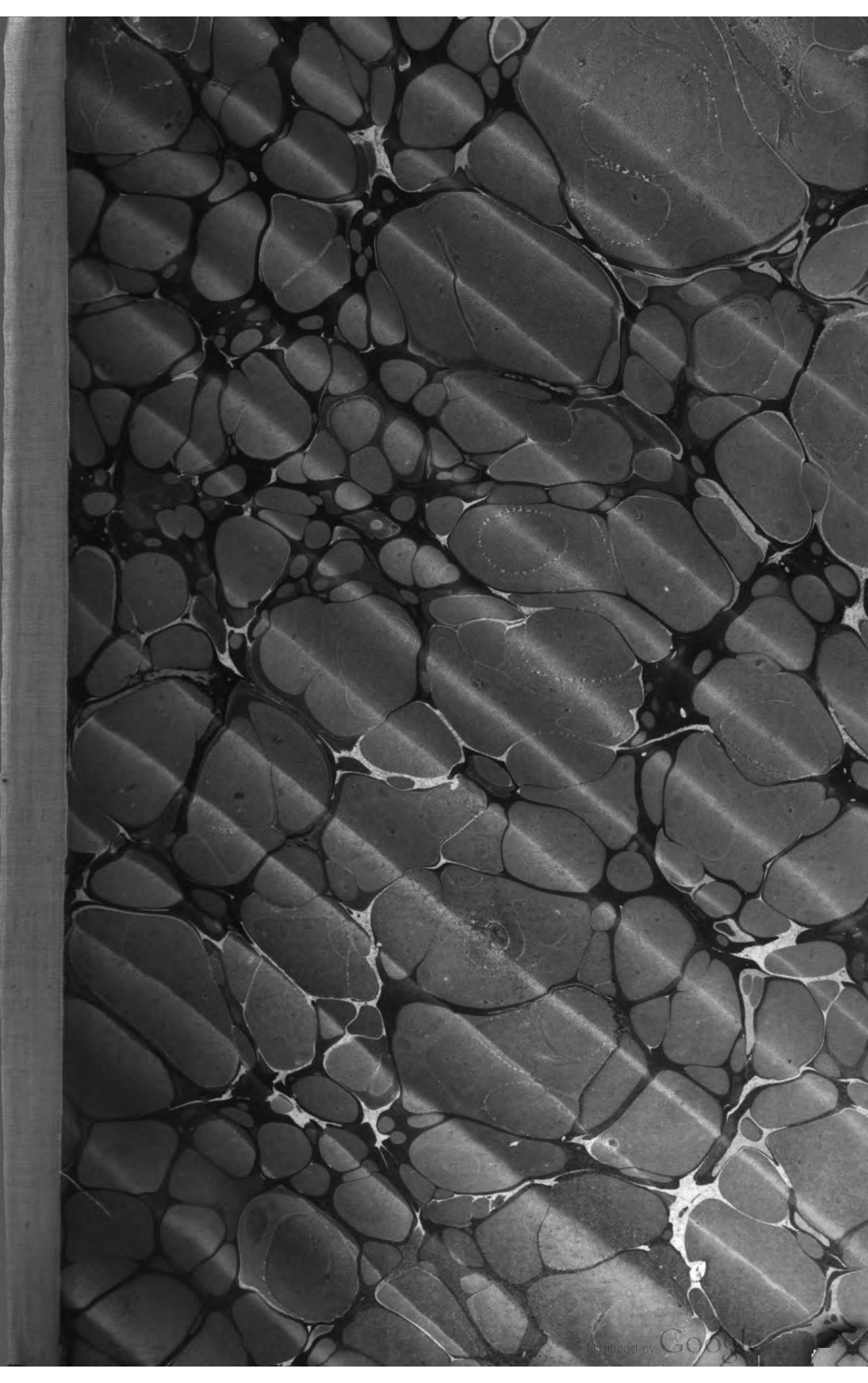
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INDEX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. THE SPANISH MOTHER, painted by Sir David Wilkie, and engraved by Sartain.
2. EUGENIE DE GUZMAN, EMPRESS OF FRANCE, engraved by Sartain.
3. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, engraved by Sartain.
4. THE WIFE OF BUNYAN INTERCEDING FOR HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON, painted by Duvall, and engraved by Sartain.

A.

Atonic Theory— <i>Westminster Review</i> , . . .	1
America, First Impressions of. By M. Ampère— <i>Revue des deux Mondes</i> , . . .	84
M. Ampère in America, . . .	84
“ in New York, . . .	264
And Then— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , . . .	132
Alexander— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , . . .	150
Apeley House— <i>Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	241
Anecdote of the French Spy System— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , . . .	275

B.

Bailey, Philip James— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , . . .	128
Barrere— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	360
Bozzies— <i>Eliza Cook's Journal</i> , . . .	382
Beattie, James— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , . . .	405
Bounty, The Mutiny of, . . .	449
Buckingham, The Duke of— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , . . .	517

C.

Charles V., Cloister Life of— <i>Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	18
Crown Matrimonial, the, of France— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , . . .	56
Covenant, the, Martyrs of— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , . . .	71
Celebrities, Female, . . .	167
Coriolanus and the Duke of Bourbon— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , . . .	180
Character and Career of D'Israeli— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . .	285
Conciergerie, Prisoners of, . . .	402
Chateau Regnier— <i>Eliza Cook's Journal</i> , . . .	417
Chemist's Shop, The— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , . . .	555

D.

D'Israeli. His Character and Career— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . .	285
D'Esterre and O'Connell— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , . . .	392
Dana, R. H.— <i>New Monthly Magazine</i> , . . .	397

F.

France, The Crown Matrimonial of— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , . . .	56
Fair Understanding— <i>Punch</i> , . . .	135
French Female Celebrities— <i>Colburn's New Monthly</i> , . . .	167
French Spy System, Anecdote of, . . .	275
Franklin, Sir John, Search for— <i>Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	307
French Memoirs, Modern— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	360
Fenelon and Madame Guyon, . . .	429

G.

Guyon, Madame— <i>British Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	429
German Story Books— <i>British Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	531

H.

Hamilton, Sir William— <i>New Monthly Magazine</i> , . . .	98
Human Hair— <i>Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	207
History of Apeley House, . . .	241
Hemans, Felicia— <i>Biographical Magazine</i> , . . .	327
Hawthorne, Nathaniel— <i>Colburn's New Monthly</i> , . . .	481

I, J, K.

Irving, Washington— <i>Colburn's New Monthly</i> , . . .	155
Imperial Four, The (Alexander)— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , . . .	152
Josephine— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	360
Kingston, Duchess of, Trial of— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , . . .	475

L.

Liberia— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , . . .	120
Longfellow— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	228
Lodgings that Wouldn't Suit— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , . . .	277
Layard's Second Expedition— <i>English Review</i> , . . .	341
Last Hour's of Napoleon— <i>Sharpe's Magazine</i> , . . .	373
Landon, Walter Savage. Writings of— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , . . .	458
Life of Charles V., . . .	13
“ Moliere, . . .	34
“ Sir William Hamilton, . . .	98
“ Thackeray, . . .	141
“ Irving, . . .	155
“ Hemans, . . .	327
“ R. H. Dana, . . .	397
“ Hawthorne, . . .	481
“ Rousseau, . . .	500

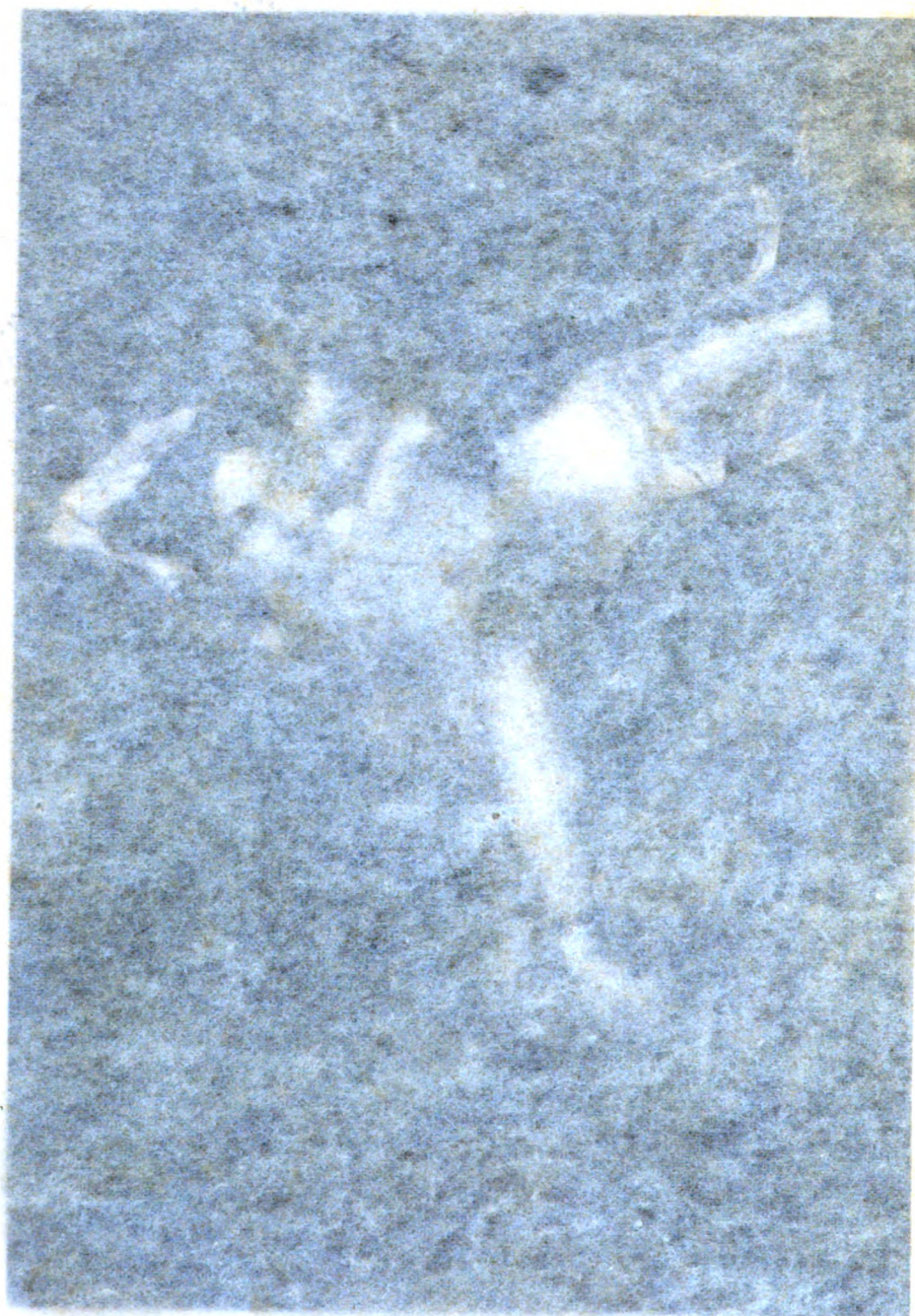
- Life of Marvell, 506
 " Quillinan, 512
 " Duke of Buckingham, 517
 Literary Miscellanies, 137, 282, 425, 568
- M.
- Moliere—*Tait's Magazine*, 34
 Martyrs and Heroes of the Covenant—*Eclectic Review*, 71
 Marcellus on the Restoration—*Edinburgh Review*, 196
 Marriages, Regal—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 220
 Madame de Genlis, 360
 Moore, Thomas. Table Talk of—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 488
 Marvell, Andrew—*Biographical Magazine*, 506
- MISCELLANEOUS.—The New Castle, 281; Personal Appearance of Lord Aberdeen, 276; The Scotts of Abbotsford, 448; Milton's Rib-Bone, 499.
- N.
- New Readings of Shakspeare, 46
 Nineveh and Babylon—*English Review*, 341
 Napoleon, Last Hours of—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 373
 Novel, The, The Epos of our Time—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 390
- O.
- O'Connell, Duel of—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 392
 Origin of the Imperial Vault—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 423
- P.
- Poets, Religious, of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries—*Hogg's Instructor*, 29, 405
 Poetry of Bailey—*Hogg*, 128
 Poems of Alexander Smith—*Westminster*, 376
 Prisoners, The Two, of the Conciergerie—*Sharpe's Magazine*, 602
- Paradise, The, of the Pacific—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 449
- R.
- Religious Poets—*Hogg's Instructor*, 29, 405
 Royal Whim, A—*Colburn's New Monthly*, 76
 Restoration, Memoirs of—*Edinburgh Review*, 196
 Regal Marriages, 220
 Rainbow, The—*Eliza Cook's Journal*, 414
 Rousseau, Life and Character of—*Eclectic Review*, 500
- Q.
- Quillinan, Edward—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, 513
- S.
- Shakspeare and the New Discovery—*Fraser's Magazine*, 46
 Sunday in the Nineteenth Century—*North British Review*, 104
 Search for Sir John Franklin—*Quarterly Review*, 307
 Smith, Alexander. Poems of—*Westminster Review*, 376
 San Francisco, Fortunes of—*Chambers's Journal*, 544
- T.
- Thomson, James. Gilfillan on, 29
 Thackeray—*Westminster Review*, 141
 Tuilerie, The, till 1815—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 174
 " From 1815—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 385
 Table-Talk—*Hogg's Instructor*, 410
 Trial of the Duchess of Kingston, 475
 Table-Talk of Moore, 428
- U, V, W.
- Writings of Walter Savage Landor—*Chambers's Journal*, 458

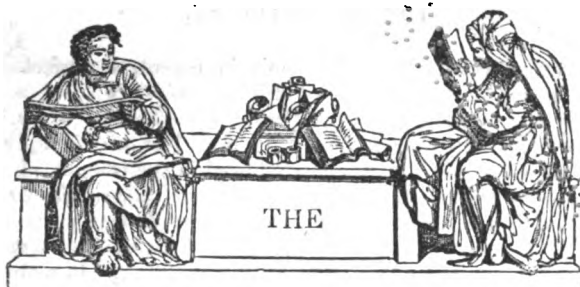
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THE SPANISH MOTHER.

Painted by J. H. B. 1847.





ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1853.

From the Westminster Review.

THE ATOMIC THEORY.*

THE progress of science is as orderly and determinate as the movements of the planets, the solar systems, and the celestial firmaments. It is regulated by laws as exact and irresistible as those of astronomy, optics, or chemistry; although the weather of our changeful English atmosphere may not appear to be more fitful and capricious, that is to say, at first sight and to the uninstructed eye. To put it more logically, both the uncrowded procession of nature, and the triumphant march of discovery, are the expression and the proclamation of the ideas or unwritten laws of development, which they respectively embody. It is only by a bold figure of speech, drawn from the sense of human freedom and fallibility before the unlidged eye of conscience, that those phenomenal ongoingings (of nature and science, namely) can properly be said to obey their several laws of evolution.

Where it is impossible to disobey, it is also impossible to obey. Things do not, therefore, obey the law of necessity or omnipotence: they represent, manifest, incorporate, reveal, or show it forth; as the whole physiognomy of a man (could it but be understood) is nothing less than an express and admirable picture of "the spirit of a man that is in him." Be the worth of this distinction in the present connection what it may, however, it is assuredly a centred and standing law that the very opposition, which is always being offered to the advancement of truth, whether by uncongenial circumstance or inconsiderate man, is overruled by principles as fixed, if not yet so calculable, as those disturbing forces that systematically retard the flight of Encke's comet, or drag big Neptune from his solar orbit. Both the new investigator and his hinderers may rest assured, that they unconsciously conspire at once to hasten and to steady the career of science. The discoverer, in good sooth, who knows this so truly as to live on the belief of it, as the religion of his inquiring soul, annihilates obstruction and enmity. Everything is then propitious to the fulfilment of his vocation:

* 1. Kurt Sprengel's *Versuch einer pragmatischen Geschichte der Arzneikunden neue Ausgabe, mit Berichtigungen und litterarischen Zusätzen versehen* von J. Rosenbaum. Band 1. Leipzig. 1844.

2. Dalton's *New System of Chemical Philosophy*. Two Parts. Manchester. 1808-10.

his own defects, his exaggerated single faculty, his unprovided wants; perhaps his Nessus' shirt of a bodily organization, evil days and evil tongues, and all the elements of seeming ill are on his side: his proud oppressors are nowhere to be found, for all men are his friends, although they know it not!

The order of succession, in which the natural sciences (for here is no question concerning logic and the mathematics, much less concerning philosophy proper) have made their appearance in the course of human progress towards Paradise Regained, has largely depended on the relations of their several objects to the person and resources of man; that is to say, considering such succession as a thing quite apart from the internal development of those sciences, taken severally or together. The parts of nature are not equally near, nor yet equally accessible to him, standing on this planetary orb and beholding the sun and moon, nay, the vast majority of things, deploying before him according, not to the truth of even phenomenal reality, but to that of mere seeming. Seeing nothing as it really is, but on the contrary everything nearly upside down, as if he were standing on his head, it behoved him to grasp at anything in the beginning of his scientific existence. Thus the mechanics of those palpable forms, which more immediately surround and withstand or help him, was naturally brought to something like perfection (always meaning perfection of method, not of invention or application) before it was possible to apply the same instrumentality, as had been brought to bear upon such problems with success, to the distant and majestic mechanism of the solar system. Even so lately as the time of Newton, the sublime divinations and hypothetical demonstrations of Kepler had to be postponed, by a stricter logic, to the celebrated mechanical experiment, which yielded both the idea and the ratio of the law of gravitation. That memorable apparatus, with the seconds' pendulum and the falling weight, was nothing less than the desiderated fulcrum of our own Archimedes, who lifted the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo, and John Kepler with his lever, and placed it once for all where it now rests for ever. It was after the development of mechanics, and through the mediation of a mechanical experiment, that the Copernican system became the model of knowledge, capable of indefinite growth, though not susceptible of essential change; consummate in method, unfinished

only in extent, a perfect science, and the only true Work without a Peer* in all the world of modern discovery.

It was just as naturally that chemistry followed in the train of physical astronomy. Long before Dalton it had been apprehended that the constituent particles of the sensible forms, at least of planetary, or rather of accessible matter, are in reality the agents and the patients of all chemical mutations, notwithstanding the apparent phenomenon of mass incorporating with mass. Newton, not to mention the abstract hypotheses of Leibnitz and Boscovich, who were not veritable chemists like our discoverer, Newton himself, after having risen from experimental mechanics to astronomical computations, came down with all the swoop and force of analogy upon the interior nature of those sensible forms, from the dynamical laws of which he had mounted to the theory of the solar system.† He conceived that the chemical propensity of one body for another consists in the attraction of the particles of the former for those of the latter; pair by pair, like the earth and the moon, or one with more, as Jupiter and his satellites: and also that, when a compound of two bodies is decomposed by the coming of a third into the field of action, it is because the particles of the new substance are more attractive of one and more repulsive of the other original constituent, than these constituents are attractive of each other, and than one of them is repulsive of the intruding body. It is a question of attractions and repulsions: the contest lies betwixt the sum of one attraction and repulsion, and the sum of another such pair of forces: the victory is decided by the

* Stahl inscribed the "Physica Subterranea" of Beccher with the lofty phrase—"Opus sinè Parâ." And, certes, it was as wonderful a piece of creation, half brought out of its chaos, as the history of science can show:—but the Copernico-Newtonian astronomy is of another order of thing!

† It seems to be understood that those Newtonian MSS., which were burned by the overturning of a light, contained the results of prolonged experimentations in chemistry, the reigning monarch of astronomy having even dared to dream of conquests in that new world, of such a nature as is scouted by the Grahams and Liebiges of this bitter-beer-drinking generation. Was anything lost in these flames? To say Yea, were to arraign Providence, or, at least, the *harmonia preestabilita*; to say No, were almost to insult the memory of the astronomer-chemist. Diamond, Diamond, little wottest thou, when thou didst lift thy leg, that all the water in thy body could not quench the fire, nor all the blood in it pay the damages! They say that Newton never had the heart to resume his alchemical-atomic studies.

mere weight of numbers, representing amounts of force. Such was Sir Isaac's theory of chemistry : and it needs only be added, that this is the origin of that tenet of the Lavoisierian chemistry (more expressly brought out by Fourcroy, but still implicitly held in the science) which identifies the attraction of cohesion between equal and similar particles, such as two sulphurs, and the attraction of affinity between a pair of unequal and dissimilar particles, such as a sulphur and a hydrogen, the constituents of hydrosulphuric acid. Be that tenet the truth of nature, or one of those misconceptions which are so often permitted at once to speed and to check the progress of human science, such was Newton's notion of affinity in those early days ; but, so far as can now be known, he made nothing of it as an organon of discovery. The master of astronomy and the creator of optics, he does not appear to have done anything for concrete chemistry, his laboratory notwithstanding : always saving and excepting his conjecture that the diamond should be combustible because it is a strong refractor, a prosperous guess which it is customary to extol as sagacious, in spite of the notorious fact that there are stronger refractors than that crystalline carbon, which are not combustible a whit ! Its combustibility has no connection with its refractive power, in fact : and, though the hypothesis was not atrociously inconsequent when it was made, it is as ridiculous as illogical to admire it now. It was just one of those countless little strokes of fortune, which are constantly befalling the man of genius and industry. In the game of discovery, long and difficult though it is, Nature always gives her darling loaded dice, because she will have him win the day. But Isaac Newton has almost become the mythical man or demigod of British science, owing partly to the assault of Voltaire, partly to the lofty rhymes of Thomson, partly to the clangorous eloquence of Chalmers, yet chiefly and all but entirely, to the overwhelming conceptions with which his very name amazes the mind : and one of the consequences is, that all sorts of trumpety stories about falling apples, as well as every kind of encomium, may be heaped with impunity on the Atlantean shoulders of "the incomparable Mr. Newton," now that the shade is divinized ! If *nisi bonum* is to be written on the tomb of the vulgar dead, after all ; what shall men not say or sing, if so please their uncrowned majesties, at the shrines of the immortals !

The discoveries of the astronomers sug-

gested to Torbern Bergman (better known now as the discoverer of Scheele the discoverer, than by anything he achieved in chemistry, yet a much-accomplished man of science) the thought of applying the mathematics to the illustration of chemical movements. Could not the relations of those orbicles of matter, called atoms or particles, be measured and assigned by geometry, in the same manner as the relations of those orbs, called heavenly bodies or globes ? The same question occurred to Buffon : but both the Swedish chemist and the French naturalist gave over this monition of their genius as impracticable ; and that for the same so-called reason, namely, because they supposed (not knew, but thought they knew) that the particles of sensible matter (say, of a stone or a water-drop) are so vastly near each other, though demonstrably not in contact, as that their shapes come into the geometrical question, and vex it with hopeless perplexity. In connection with the mineralogical theory of the day, the shapes of particles were deemed to be as numerous as their kinds, and as picturesque as the crystals in a museum : so that it was an anachronism to speak of atoms as orbicles in the last sentence, but it was intentional ; for it is our present business, as it is our pleasure, to strip these things of their technicality, and to present them in as broad and human an aspect as possible, for the sake of the stranger in those parts of study. Let it be clearly understood then, that it was not till such conceptions of the material forces (as had almost kindled Bergman into another Newton, as has just been seen !) had been fairly shed into the scientific mind of Europe, that chemistry was able to assert itself with effect and emphasis, as a member of the Holy Alliance of the Positive Sciences in Europe. Scheele, Priestley, Cavendish, Black, and LAVOISIER, were the successors of Sir Torbern and his feckless compeers ; and, ever since their achievements, their science has grown bigger and bigger with unborn progeny. Every ten years or so, it gets more deeply inwrought with the greater interests of mankind. Already it creates endless manufactories ; already it tills the ground : and it prepares to cast its light into the subterranean physics (to borrow the title of Beccher's *Chaotic Opus*) of geology, and into the still more secret physics of physiology, pathology, therapeutics ; all its gifts and promises being, even ostentatiously, fraught with practical benefits and intentions. In short, notwithstanding the prowess of Herschell and the astronomers, or of Cu-

vier and the naturalists, and notwithstanding the presence of such questioners as Maedler and Owen, chemistry is the science of the century; and that, not by any means for what has yet been done or conceived in it, nor yet for the unprecedented conquests which the chemists are making ready to attempt with success, but because there are sciences at work, which cannot advance a step farther (we do not say in mere breadth, but) in depth, until this eminently terrestrial (yet cosmical and ideal) science be carried nearer its perfection.

Of such sort, then, is the circumstantially determined succession of the sciences;—mechanics, astronomy, chemistry. It is not our cue to trace this part of scientific history more curiously, as, for instance, to show the circumstantial relation of optics to mechanics and astronomy; nor to follow it any farther up, as by exhibiting the dependence of physiology on chemistry, of psychology on physiology, and so forth, until the full development of the natural, and partly natural sciences (at least in method) shall render it possible for philosophy to evolve a many-sided doctrine of man. These illustrations will suffice for the indication of this second and more superficial, but equally unfailing law, of the history of science. It is a third and still more interesting historic law, connected with the origin and growth of many of our modern ideas in science, that the Atomic Theory brings into view.

It is certainly the most provocative and wonderful thing in the history of positive knowledge, that many of the best results of modern science were anticipated, some four or five centuries before Christ, by the physiological and other schools of Greek or Egypto-Grecian philosophy. They did not, indeed, propose to draw forth some precious and unheard-of combustible airs from the olive-oils of their country-groves, and send them all through Athens in a system of arterial tubes, to illuminate the city of Minerva when Dian should be resting from the labors of the chase; nor to cross the Hellespont, or tempt the broad *Ægean* in fantastic barges rowed by fire and water; nor to whisper words of amity to their allies, defiance to their enemies, swifter far than the flight of a dove to her mate, through the invisible hollows of a copper-wire; nor to dash strange metals out of marble and natron by means of subterranean levin-brands, filched from the carriers of Vulcan on their way to the heaven of Jupiter Tonans; nor to make a hundred complex calculations of the disturbing forces exerted

by one huge planet on another; nor to go and seek another hemisphere, or make experiments with electron at the North Pole; nor to dig extinguished worlds of animation from the laminated hide of the old Earth; nor yet to sprinkle the ground with urine and the far-fetched dung of monstrous birds. It was never in the divining, the excavation, and the intellectual manipulation of the concrete facts of nature that they came before, excelled, or even equalled the men of renovated Christendom. In the art of experiment, and in trying to find his way with untripped step among details, the Greek was as feeble as a child: whereas in the sphere of ideas and vast general conceptions, as well as in the fine art of embodying such universals and generalities in beautiful and appropriate symbols, it is not a paradox to say that he was sometimes stronger than a man. Could old Leucippus, or Demetrius of Abela, or, better still, that vagabond philosophical quidnunc, Apollonius the Tyanean, be resuscitated now, carried from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to metrocosmical London, and shown all the contents and on-goings and aims of their myriad museums, laboratories, observatories, studies, libraries, and officinums, the antique scholar might well be as much bewildered and overawed as any African convert, or steadfast Indian chief, fresh from the wilds—but let some all-eloquent Coleridge, or logical Hamilton, or, better still again, some all-conceiving and ideal Goethe, take the venerable Ghost to his quiet chamber, and there expound the fundamental ideas and largest conceptions of all those arts and sciences, perhaps beginning at the Atomic Theory, or the Law of Polarity, the Ancient might (just as well) break in on the discourse, profess he knew it all before, and vanish contented to his early haunt. Not that all the broad and general conceptions of positive science were foreknown (and therein predicted) by pre-Christian thinkers and seers, but so many of the capital points of modern theory did actually constitute principal elements of the Greek idea of nature, as to arrest and astonish the historical inquirer at almost every turn; and it is really not wonderful that our fonder Hellenists, living with reverted eye upon the men of that most fascinating past, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, swear like insulted lovers at the present unoffending age, and claim all our discoveries, forsooth, for the silent gods of their idolatry! The peculiar circumstance attending our rediscovery of their old truths, is the fact of our having reached the summits in question by a long course of ob-

servation and strict induction, climbing every step of the ascent slowly and surely, while they sprang to the tops of thought at one bound, namely, from the standing-ground of the most obvious facts at the very foot of the mountain-range set before them and us. Happily, the immense labors of our modern method are accompanied at every step, richly compensated, and even glorified, by the most marvellous discoveries of every kind, else its noble toils might have been too great for mortal man to undergo. It takes fourteen years to make out a new fact that is worth while, said a living chemist of the true Baconian genius, on an occasion in point some years ago; and every discoverer in the world, whose wealth of experience is not of yesterday, would assuredly indorse the note;—but what a strange contrast does the thing present to the swift improvisations of those patriarchal grandsires of the present race of inquirers! The maximum of concrete labor and working talent, with as much genius as can be—is the formula of the latter: the maximum of genius and daring, with as little experience as possible—was that of the former. For example, Democritus and Empedocles foresaw those things at once, but it was “as in a glass darkly,” which Dalton and Faraday, or rather large companies of craftsmen represented by these great names, have slowly and painfully brought out to the surface, flooding their every secret part with the blessed common light of day: and now they are as minute and true as a daguerreotype, without losing a single line of their old grandeur of aspect. The reference is made, in this instance, to the four elemental forms of material manifestation—solid, liquid, aerial, and imponderable or dynamical: and to the Atomic Theory of the three sensible forms of such manifestation: nor could a better illustration of the species of historical nexus now under discussion, (namely, that which subsists between the divinations of the Egypto-Grecian foreworld and the generalizations of the Christian afterworld of human science) be anywhere found than the history of this Atomic Theory in its two movements, before the Coming of Christ, and since that Beginning of Days. After a quick glance into the idea of that Theory as it made its appearance on those fertile shores where Apollo, being a god and the son of a god, condescended to men of lowly spirit, and kept the sheep of Admetus, making music as he went, we may consider it to more advantage in its outward developments, now that it has sprouted anew, grown up as wondrously as the parabolic

mustard-seed of the evangelist, and spread far and wide over the cultivated fields of Christendom.

It would appear that some sort of doctrine, conceiving of sensible matter as being produced or constituted by the concurrence of substantial or underlying atoms, not touching (but moving more or less freely about) one another, was very early promulgated among the ancient Hindoos; and that in logical opposition to the extreme Idealism which has always predominated in the East. If the opinion of some critics be correct, that the monads of Pythagoras were endowed with corporeity or bodily presence, it is probable that a similar tenet was discussed by the initiates of the old Egyptian mysteries also;—and that (it is almost certain) in the same antithesis, namely, in contest with that inborn Idealism, which has never been able to die out of the world of speculative thought, notwithstanding its doing such violence to the common notions of us Christianized, western, and world-subduing Teutonic Tribes, as to take all the phenomena of nature for nothing but the co-instantaneous shapings of the spirit.

That aspect of the Atomic Theory, however, which is under view at present, originated in the skeptical and penetrating soul of Democritus, the successor of Empedocles in the physiological or second movement of Greek Philosophy,—if the reader will permit the whole effort of that national intellect, from Thales down to its dual consummation in Aristotle and Plato, to be dignified by courtesy (like the family of a prince) with that aristocratic and all-exclusive style and title. It was the teeming head of Democritus that first conceived of the proposition, for instance, that a pebble from the brook is not a blank extended substance or dead stone (as it seems to the bodily eye, and as it always remains to the judgment of common sense, like the Yellow Primrose of Peter Bell), but a palpable thing resulting from the congregation of multitudes of atoms, or particles incapable of being broken to pieces, as the stone is broken when dashed against a rock, or worn to powder by friction with its neighbors. It was the secondary, but co-essential half of this definition, that these co-aggregated and constituent atoms of the stone are not in contact with one another, albeit that human eyesight is not fine enough to see the spaces between them. This marvellous view (for marvellous it was and still is, although now as trite as the dust under foot) was pro-

bably the lineal offspring of his earlier thought, to wit, that the Milky Way (hitherto sacred to the white feet of down-coming gods and the heaven-scaling heroes) is no blank extensive show of far-spread light, but the unique resultant of multitudinous heaps of stars, so distant and so crowded in their single plane of vision (though as free of one another as kings, in reality) as to render the interspaces undistinguishable by the sight of man or lynx. The astronomical illustration of Professor Nichol applies to the crystal-stone as well as to the firmament:—Across some vast American lake, the forest-farmer is accustomed to see the mass of forest over against his log-but as if it were some vast and silent and solid shadow on the shore, "some boundless contiguity of shade;" but he knows, with the same certainty as he knows his homestead, that it is in reality a vast, clamorous, and unresting assembly of trees, standing respectfully apart. Democritus had possibly also observed how the common stars of night are brought out, into visibility, even on the mid-day sky, when looked at from the depths of a pit; and one might venture to suppose this to have been the origin of that famous proverb of his, in which truth was represented as lying in wait at the bottom of a well. Such, at all events, and so truly sublime as well as true, were two of the great conceptions in which the disciple of Leucippus showed the lucidity with which he had seized the perceptions of his master, that the truth of appearance in Nature is not the truth of reality, and also that the latter has to be eliminated from the former by the afterthought of science.

It is to be understood, then, in the meantime, that the Atomic Theory of Democritus,—elaborated by Epicurus into a system of natural-legal atheism (not without a sublime aspect of its own), and so set to monotonous, but eloquent music by Lucretius towards the nightfall of that long day; repeated and consolidated by Anaxagoras, in his holding that every particular kind of sensible matter has its particular shape and size of constituent particles, or its own homoömeric parts; somewhat heedlessly retained by Plato, who treats with complacency of the atoms of the elements as so many different shapes cut off, or assumed by, the one First Matter or primordial stuff of nature; and, finally, contended against by the thoroughgoing geometers;—for the most part stood in opposition, not to any form of idealism, but to the counter-tenet that the sensible matter of common experience is always

to be considered as being infinitely divisible, and that by the very nature of those mathematical ideas or archetypes which stand embodied in creation. It was in conflict with the notion of the endless divisibility of material substances, also, that the buried and forgotten Atomic Theory was revived by the Cartesians; and, likewise, that Dalton suffered it to be placed by more than one of his earlier opponents, to say nothing now of his applauding judges and disciples, even of the latest dates.

The gist of the argument urged by the mathematicians against the Atomic Theory, as thus put in antagonism to the theory of the infinite divisibility, was just this:—Whatsoever possesses length, breadth, thickness (whatsoever has dimensions, in short), is essentially and mathematically divisible, that is to say, can be supposed to be halved, the halves halved again, and so forth forever:—a thing most true, if that had only been the right method of considering the point under inquiry, which it certainly was not. The reiterated argument of the Atomicians, from Democritus down to Newton, was something like the following plea:—If the invisible but extant particles, composing the framework of sensible matter, were not adamantine and perdurable, but divisible, they should wax old and crumbling, perhaps yet cracked, and the nature of the bodily shapes depending on their agglutination be thereby changed, whereas, air, earth, and water are as full and fair as ever. "Water and earth," said Newton himself, "composed of old worn particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles at the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles, sensible bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and touch in a few points." It is the old argument, enlarged by the chemical and astronomical notions of "new associations and motions;" and nothing but an argument it was, any more than the geometrical flourish just recorded for the thousand and first time.

The first thing that strikes the modern critic, no thanks to him, but all to his position (won for him by those contending predecessors) is the now patent fact that the disputants did not argue in answer to one another at all. The mathematicians came down, and that with a vengeance, from the

idea of space to the fact of nature: the physicists struck right up from the fact of nature to the idea of space: and therefore they crossed swords without touching one another. A hit was impossible betwixt them. Although they stood opposed to one another, they stood aside, and each fought his own shadow:—an easy foeman, because dealing no blows, and yet a troublesome combatant, being always ready to stand up to another play of arms. The sophistication of the mathematical heads is admirably put by Henry More, our own Platonizing divine, in his book against Atheism. "If a body be divisible into infinite parts, it has infinite extended parts: and, if it have an infinite number of extended parts, it cannot but be a hard mystery to the imagination of man that infinite extended parts should not amount to one whole infinite extension: and thus a grain of mustard-seed would be as well infinitely extended, as the whole matter of the universe; and a thousandth part of that grain as well as the grain itself. Which things," slyly adds the quaint and puzzling Dominus, "are more inconceivable than anything in the nature of a spirit."

On the other hand, the mere special pleading of the physiologists (as they were denominated, without specific reference to what are now called physiological studies) is put an end to, as at once unnecessary and not to the point, by the more elaborated definitions of modern chemistry. An atom, if the unfortunate word be taken in its literal acceptance, is a thing incapable of being cut into, bruised, broken, frayed, or otherwise infringed upon; an absolutely solid little nucleus, an incalculably hard kernel of infinitesimally (but not infinitely) small dimensions, an indivisible quodlibet: and that by the sovereign will of the maker of it, or by the eternal necessity and fitness of things, according as you side with Parson Adams or Philosopher Square. Such is now understood to be by no means the legitimate definition of a particle. Retaining the old and ever-venerable term, an atom is a vastly little portion of matter never divided in the mechanical and chemical operations of nature, any more than a sun or a planet is ever divided in the astronomical processes overhead; but by no means essentially or mathematically indivisible. Then there are compound atoms (or atomic systems) as there are compound stars or stellar systems,—the terrestrial, the Jovian, the Uranian, the solar systems, and so forth. An atom or particle of marble is indivisible by any such mechani-

cal instrumentation as is capable of dividing a piece of marble, made up as it is of multitudes that cannot be numbered of marble-atoms. But present an atom of potassa to one of marble, and it is divided at once;—yet not into two bits, only into its ingredient simpler atoms, namely, carbonic acid, which cleaves to the intruding potassa, and quicklime, which is set free. It is precisely as if some stronger planet were brought near enough to draw the moon off from the earth; in which case the compound stellar unit, called the terrestrial system, composed of the earth and the moon, would be decomposed:—only, a poor little planetary artisan like man cannot mix up celestial systems, and heat the mixture in a furnace, or set fire to it in some supersolar atmosphere. Again: the particles of neither carbonic acid nor quicklime are simple atomic bodies. Potassa cannot divide an atom of lime indeed, but bring potassium (the metal of which potassa is the rust) into the atomic neighborhood of quicklime, and its particle falls with ease into two simpler atoms, one of oxygen which unites with the potassium, and one of calcium (the metal of which lime is only the rust or oxyde) which is set free. Were it but known, beyond the reach of doubt, that the particles of the so-called elements (oxygen, brimstone, gold, and the rest of them) are really elementary or simple, it might be worth while to confine the name of Atoms to them, and to call all compound homoömeric parts by the name of Particles, and perhaps all groups of particles by that of Molecules: but it is not known, nay, it is grievously doubted by many, and even plainly called in question by more than one good man and true; so that Atoms and Particles (if not Molecules too) must just be jumbled together in the current phraseology a little longer, at least until the dawn of a new day on the science. In the meantime, the proper definition of atoms is something like this:—they are invisibly small pieces of matter, constituting by their co-aggregation under the force of cohesion the sensible forms of nature, constituting by their combination under the force of affinity the compound particles of chemistry, and indivisible (in the sense of never being divided) by the forces which divide their aggregates and combinations. No sort of atoms or particles, how compound soever they may be, are ever divided in the mechanical operations of nature; and no simple atoms are ever divided by the powers of chemistry: whence the attribute of Indivisibility, as it is asked for them hypotheti-

cally and *a priori*, is lent to them on the credit of experience. Atoms are not essentially indivisible, but they are never divided: both the old parties were wrong, and both of them were right. They were severally right in what they affirmed, and wrong in what they denied:—an immensely frequent, if not an unailing, double circumstance in the controversies of mankind. Lavoisier affirmed that the dephlogisticated air of Priestley is the acidifying principle, denying the property to other principles; but Davy soon found his negation wrong, the affirmative part of the proposition remaining intact: oxygen is only an Acidifier, and that was all that Nature had affirmed to Lavoisier! It therefore behoves the true and completed man of science to lay down no exclusive propositions. On the other hand, he may withhold belief from the affirmations of another: but he will do well to trample nothing affirmative under foot, to reject nothing with an empty No.

It is unnecessary to recur to the atomic views of the Cartesians, because they were dialectical and discursive, not experimental and productive. Nor need we do more than merely remember that it was Newton who first put the conception of atoms into clear hypothetical connection with the phenomena of chemistry. It was John Dalton that imparted enlargement, vitality, and fertility to the pertinent and memorable thought of the astronomer-royal of the world. That arithmetician described a principle of proportion lurking among the incondite mass of recorded chemical analyses, which had been accumulating ever since the introduction of the balance as an organ of chemical discovery by Lavoisier (the historical successor of Stahl as Stahl was the historical successor of Roger Bacon, and the consolidator of Positive Chemistry), and it led him right to the revival of the Newtonian application of the idea of Democritus. He discovered the fact of definite proportions in chemical combination and decomposition. Two brothers of the name of Wenzel had well nigh anticipated the discovery by 1777, but only within a very small range of inquiry. In 1792, Richter had pursued their conception a little farther, and published tables of the combining ratios of certain acids and bases. But Dalton generalized the indication in all its breadth, and rose to its dependence on the Atomic Theory of sensible forms. Wollaston and the late erudite and independent Thomson of Glasgow College were his earliest converts of established reputation. These ingenuous men, followed

by Davy, Gay-Lussac, and Berzelius, and by the whole phalanx of the chemists of the present century, quickly carried the fact of chemical proportionals (as associated with the idea of the homoömeric constitution of matter) towards its consummation through a million of new and interesting particulars, and not a few important general deductions: and now the ancient theory stands embodied in the entire fabric of an absolutely Post-Christian and most practical science. Dalton began to promulgate his views towards the close of the first decade of the century: they were probably conceived and crescent by the beginning of it: the New System was published in 1808-10. Some twenty long years after that historical publication, Daubeny, the Oxford professor, rendered its foetal thought familiar to the English student. Turner explained it in a shorter and more popular essay. Berzelius' large Treatise, and all the minor text-books, up to the latest manual of Organic Chemistry, are so many elaborate illustrations of the fact of chemical proportionals, and of the Atomic Theory of Democritus, Newton, and our Dalton,—the Manchester Dominie, and the greatest discoverer of the times in which he lived.

Now that it has been worked out by its originator and his exact and scrupulous disciples, (to a wonderful degree, that is to say, but not merely to its completion), the Atomic Theory of the nineteenth hundred years of Christianity is characterized and distinguished, from that which preceded our era, by three notable things; but first and foremost by one glorious peculiarity: and the glory is of a right Christian kind, being no other than the grace of humility. It does not overween; it does not dictate itself; it is not oracular. It comes forward, knowing that it is a hypothesis. It offers itself as a sufficing explanation of all known phenomena at all related to its idea. It claims no divine rights as a revelation of genius, nor professes to be demonstrable after the manner of a geometrical or logical truth. It simply advances as an amazingly probable proposition, willing to rest its reception as such on the amazing number (and the significant kind) of things it renders coherent and intelligible. Like the theory of celestial gravitation, it is its simple and self-possessed plea, that it explains everything. Its more arduous advocates, indeed, are not slow to avow their conviction that the mass of such presumptive evidence in its favor is so mountainous and transcending as to constitute an analogon of demonstration, so compulsive that only the unreasonable and

(as it were) imponderable mind of an ignorant person or a fool can resist its force. This may be very true, for anything we know to the contrary; but the wise and positive chemist will always consider and adduce the Atomic Theory as a venerable and marvellous hypothesis, indefinitely likely to be the very truth of nature, but neither recognizable as such by sense, nor demonstrable by reason, yet conceived, defined, tended, cherished, and continually eyed with hope, not only as the all-sufficient Rationale of his young though gigantic science, but also as the organ of advancing discovery. As for the idea of it, he will frankly confess that it is none of ours; it came down upon us from the oracular schools of Greece: but, as for its application to the present and practical affairs of the laboratory, he shall use it as not abusing it, being bent upon the excavation of new particulars, more than on the contemplation of old and even everlasting universals. At all events, whatever be his living thought as a man, such is bound to be his formal judgment and sentence as a methodologist, or professor and practitioner of the logic of Chemistry. The man of investigation must be as wary in his walk and conversation as a woman, in their several worlds: neither honest impulse and intention, nor yet the poetic license of eloquence and love, will suffice: the very appearance of evil must be shunned, because sinister appearances argue sinister causes of some sort, as surely as the shadow brings its substance.

A quick glance at the kinds of phenomena rendered intelligible, that is, truly conceivable by this theory, will illustrate these remarks with sufficient enlargement. They are three. There are, first, all those common phenomena of the immediate sensible forms of matter which are ordinarily distinguished as being mechanical, in contradistinction to such as are chemical or vital; but, since astronomical movements are quite mechanical, the phenomena in question had better be called somatic. They are those material movements and alterations which are produced by the repulsions and attractions of cohesion, as chemical mutations are produced by those of affinity, as astronomical evolutions are produced by those of gravitation, and so forth. This class includes the obvious natural changes and motions which have been signalized above as constituting the whole little material basis of the ancient Atomic Theory: the old and the new theories have that small segment of sensuous experience in common. The same facts, however, have received much elaboration in

later times, under the influence of the experimental habit; and many analogous things have been added to them. For example, it is now known that a gas may be contracted by cold to the liquid state, a liquid to the solid state; and that the process may be reversed. Sulphuretted hydrogen is crushed in frigid strong tubes into a yellow liquor; fixed air is compressed into a snowball, and tossed from glove to glove in our lecture-rooms: solid zinc is melted, changed into dry steam or gaseous metal, and distilled like any alchemical spirit; and so forth. Seeing it is the idea of such things, however (and not the details), that is now wanted, it is needless to particularize to any extent, under either this or the other two heads of illustration. Suffice it that the Atomic Hypothesis renders all those somatic transitions conceivable, that is to say, intelligible according to the law of the human understanding. A solid can be crushed by cold or compression into smaller dimensions: it is, by hypothesis, because it is made up of small equal and similar particles, not in mutual contact, and therefore capable of being thrust nearer one another, so as to diminish the bulk of their aggregate mass. The same solid expands when heated;—its constituent particles being thereby driven farther asunder. The reader will generalize the application all over the ground for himself, taking in every circumstance of somatic commutation that he knows. The application is always easy, happy, unexceptionable: and, if the atomic view be rejected, there not only remains no better explanation, or no nearly so good a one, but absolutely none at all. In that case, the flowings, runnings, springings, enlargings, divisions, accumulations, and all the sensible interchanges of the face of nature, become a series of opaque and ultimate facts. Yet the scientific judgment must not be seduced by this temptation to accept the hypothesis otherwise than conditionally. Better no explanation for a thousand years to come, or even for ever and ever, than a wrong one: for no truth at all, so it be felt (like the Egyptian darkness) is less injurious than an error; and if brute ignorance is the fulsome parent of superstition, it is also true that conscious human Ignorance is the modest mother of Knowledge.

The second order of things, brought into intellectual cohesion and harmony by our antique, yet most modern Theory, belong to the region of Astronomy. They are one or two mechanical phenomena on the grand celestial scale. Wollaston has proved, by certain optical phenomena connected with the

invisibility of the fourth satellite of Jupiter when out of sight by position, that the terrestrial hemisphere is limited in extent. It ceases at a short distance from the surface. It does not reach higher than 45 to 50 miles: beyond that there is a vacuum, so far as air is concerned. Yet air is (*in statu quo*, at least) a self-expansive body. Remove pressure from it, and it swells to any bulk. Put an inch of air into a vacuum of a thousand inches' space, and it straightway puffs itself out so as to fill the vacuum. Hence the atmosphere grows thinner and thinner the farther from the earth, owing to the diminishing power of gravity, that is to say, owing to the diminishing pressure on it. Yet it does not extenuate and rise any higher than 50 miles! Why does it not go on thinning, and ascending, and self-expanding? Why, according to this hypothesis, it is because the atmosphere is composed of mutually repulsive particles, the force of that mutual repulsion being a very finite thing, else the hand of a boy could not squeeze a quart of it into a pint-measure, as it can do with ease. The more expanded it is, the temperature remaining the same, the more easily is it compressed; that is to say, the mutual repulsion of its particles diminishes with their distance from one another. Hence the atmosphere ceases to swell (that is, to rise further from the earth's surface) just when the progressively diminishing mutual repulsion of its constituent particles becomes precisely so enfeebled as to be balanced and counteracted by the down-draught of gravitation. The solution is explicit if nothing more. The limitation of the terrestrial hemisphere, it should be added, was pled by Wollaston also on the fact, that the observed and the real position of Venus when only forty-five hours from the sun, as observed by Kater and himself in May, 1820, were identical,—proving that our atmosphere did not extend to those heavenly bodies, else its refractive power would have disturbed the visible position of the planet. But the argument (or fact explained) is one and indivisible; and must be taken for what it is worth. It is at all events one notable and striking new fact contributed to the original stock of Democritus. Both this and the first of our three classes of phenomena, now being represented as craving and deriving explanation from the Atomic Hypothesis, are identical *in kind* with those scanty and obvious appearances, known to all men in a manner, on which the Greek physiologists erected their idea. They are only greater in extent

and precision, thanks to the sacred experimental rage of Christendom.

But our THIRD class had no kindred in the old world. It is altogether modern, because altogether the result of humble toil. It is experimental; and that in the most elaborate and perfect degree, being experimental and numerical. It is the whole body of that vast, and altogether experimental, and literally hair-splitting science of Roger Bacon, Stahl, Lavoisier, Dalton, and Berzelius. After long and painful centuries of continuous effort, chemistry has discovered that the elements combine with one another in definite and unchanging ratios of quantity; and that, when their compounds are decomposed, they yield up those identical ratios. Every thing is accomplished by weight, measure, and number: and that with pure geometrical accuracy,—could our instruments and senses but attain to perfection. Glauber's salt never yields other than one proportion of sulphuric acid, and one of soda; else, *ipso facto*, it is not Glauber's Sel Mirabile at all; and that one definite proportion of acid, that one of base, attend them respectively in all their combinations, as inseparably as a shadow tracks its substance, or the moon goes with the earth. Water is always composed of 1 weight of hydrogen, and 8 weights of oxygen. When they combine in another proportion, it is in that of 1 to 16 or twice 8, and the product is no more water than aquafortis is laughing gas: it is a pungent new liquor, the deutoxyde of hydrogen. Fourteen parts by weight of nitrogen combine with eight parts (the water-ratio) of oxygen, and the product is a sweetish intoxicating gas; nitrogen 14 with oxygen 16, or two ratios, produce the second oxyde of nitrogen, a perilous air to inhale; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 24, or 3 ratios, compose the hyponitrous acid; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 32, or 4 ratios, are the ingredients of nitrous acid; 14 and 40, or 5 ratios, produce nitric acid: and these five compounds, made of the same elements in such differing proportions, constitute a series of substances, so well marked and contradistinguished that no mortal sagacity could ever have conjectured them to contain the same or even similar ingredients. What is the meaning of this series of 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, in the case of oxygen, whether combined with hydrogen or with nitrogen? Why, according to the Atomic Hypothesis of Democritus, as connected with the conception of affinity by Newton, and as united to that of number by Dalton, it is not the mass, but the constituent particles

of oxygen that enter into chemical combination; and that with the particles, not the masses, of hydrogen and nitrogen respectively. Water is a compound (let it be said provisionally) of 1 atom of hydrogenous matter with 1 of oxygenous; while the pungent deutoxyde contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of hydrogen and 2 of oxygen. Again: the laughing gas of Davy contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of oxygen; the binoxide of nitrogen 2 atoms of the same; the hyponitrous acid 3 atoms; nitrous acid 4; and nitric acid 5. Hydrogen particles being subsumed as unity for the sake of comparison, an oxygen atom is 8 times, a nitrogen 14 times, heavier than a hydrogenous one. In this sort of way, the combining equivalents of all the elements have been determined with a world of labor; and, with the help of these, also those of whole hecatombs of compound bodies, acids, bases, salts, radicals, and all sorts of proximate principles. Waiving all particular questions (such as the inquiry whether 14 stands for one or for two particles of nitrogen, and suchlike points, probably more numerous and urgent than is commonly supposed) the uninitiated or reminiscent reader must conjure before him not hundreds, but thousands of such numerical series, and millions of more isolated facts of the same tendency, as well as add the later (but corollary) discovery that the gases combine in definite volumes, before he shall approximate to a due sense of the huge amount of presumptive evidence, in favor of the theory under discussion, afforded by Positive Chemistry. Yet that theory is only a Hypothesis or ideal conception, placed by the mind like another Atlas underneath a measureless world of facts, to give them intelligible cohesion and hold them up to view. Without it, the fact of all chemical combination transpiring in definite and unchangeable proportions remains intact, and still invaluable; but it is ultimate and opaque.—But Terminus, the old god of proportion, is as inexorable as the new laws of Dalton and Berzelius; and it must suffice, for the present, to do no more than succinctly state the other two qualities which institute a broad distinction between the Greek and the Teutonic presentations of the Atomic Doctrine.

I. The enormous breadth of material or sensuous foundation on which the latter has been being slowly reared (from the pseudo-Christian polypharmacists of the East till these the days of John Dalton the Friend, Baron Berzelius the Lutheran, and Faraday

the Sandemanian), offers a wondrous contrast to the handful of stones, gathered together on the highway, from which the former rose like an exhalation, or rather on which it condescended like a thing come down from Olympus or the Empyrean. This has been sufficiently set forth in the enumeration, just made, of the kinds of phenomena which the Hypothesis now offers to explain, without forgetting its place or station (as nothing more than hypothetical) in the system of positive thought.

II. The only other differential characteristic of the modern aspect of this time-honored theory, to be noticed in the present connection, is its availableness—a working chemist might well say its gracious obtrusiveness—as an organ of new and nobler researches. It does not any longer dwell on high: it expatiates over the islands and wide continents of nature. Its ideal existence is no longer a kind of endless now: it lives and seeks congenial food from day to day. “Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new!” For example, the fact of isomerism (or the known existence of two (in some cases, of many) totally different substances being composed of the same elements in the self-same proportions) is truly confounding and hopeless without it; but with it, there is no difficulty in the matter. Our solar system were another unit than it is, if the planets were differently put upon it;—if our earth, say, changed places with Jupiter, Mercury with Mars, Saturn with Neptune, Saturn’s rings with Jupiter’s satellites, and so forth. And in like manner a compound particle, changing the relative placings of its constituent atoms, becomes thereby another particle altogether, giving rise to a new sensible form isomeric with the former one, inasmuch as it still comprises the same elemental atoms in the same proportion, but differently arranged within its complicated round. Other isomeric pairs (not to go beyond a pair) are to be explained by the second or denser members, containing exactly twice or thrice the number of the same kinds of atoms as the first, within the girths of their respective particles. Thence there is suggested the two startling ideas, that the former schematism may one day unriddle the mutual relation subsisting between such pairs of the hitherto intact elements as are represented by the same atomic weight, such as platinum and iridium; and that the latter may lead to still richer results in the same direction. Moreover our hypothesis is big with hints of experiment upon the weights, sizes, distances, gyrations, evolutions, involu-

tions and resultants of those orbicles of matter which are its proper subjects. It renders the application of geometry and the calculus to these invisible, but computable stars in little, a thing of hope. Organic chemistry, which is now naught as a chemistry of the living plant and animal, though most important as a chemistry of the dead, cannot be eliminated from amid the phenomena of vitality until many, if not all these questions (and more) be brought to judgment; for it is impossible to separate between the chemical and the vital, before the idea of what is chemical (and what not) be determined by exhaustion.—But we must refrain. Perhaps enough has been said to suggest more.

In conclusion: still the inquiry recurs, how the aboriginal idea or fundamental conception of this beautiful, hundred-eyed, and hundred-handed Theory came into the world; that idea, which it might never have entered into our heart to conceive; and which was, in indisputable fact, derived to us from a Hellenic and a Pre-Christian School! Was it by such revelation as is claimed for the profound ideas of Holy Writ? Was it by that inspiration which all men are fain to accord unto Homer, Dante, Shakspeare; to Praxiteles, Raphael, Turner; to old Bach, Handel, and Beethoven? Certainly not by anything like the former: and, if by aught resembling the latter, that must be better defined before it will throw any light on either its own or any other subject. The process was as follows, in our humble opinion. The Grecian intellect had an unprecedented, and still unequalled keenness of eye for the analogies of things. The slightest resemblance caught, charmed, and fixed its glance. The analogy of the Milky Way doubtless carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of a star-like constitution for the sensible forms of nature. The Atomic Theory is just the fact of the unitary world of stars come down, and imaged in a dew-drop, or taking a sand-grain for its orrery. It is this analogy, in truth, which at once constitutes its clearness and perfection as a thought, and legitimates it in the presence of a positive methodology. But the earlier Greek sages were not positivists, whatever may have to be claimed for Aristotle.

They rather believed in their sense of analogies without more ado. They knelt before the ideal creatures of their imagination. Beauty and fitness were enough to command their faith, so they were of the intellectual species of beautiful propriety. It was their proper genius to see analogies with telescopic vision, while yet a great way off, and to believe in their own conception of what they saw: for the moral attitude of the Greek populace (to speak of men as belonging to the thinking, not the social scale) was that of vanity—of the philosophers, that of pride, intellectual pride: and no wonder; for they were a marvellous people, and their sages the most intellectual men the world has yet been able to produce.

Christ, Christianity, and the Christian era (surely about to be fairly inaugurated in some degree of purity ere long—*Usquoque Domine!*) present an aspect the reverse of all this magnificent self-exaltation; that is to say, in their real character—and their true nature has always been shaping men more or less, directly or indirectly, especially our greatest men. Now self-distrust, humility, obedience, faith in One who is mighty to bless, awe before the creation of the Word, the way of pain and sorrow, are the order of the new-born day, that sprang in Bethlehem of Judah. It is now obedience that makes men free. If they would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, they must come as little children; and Francis Bacon has finely said, the kingdom of Nature admits no other guests. Fact, the actual thing in Nature, the very text and letter of that great and public manuscript of God, are now sacred once for all; and no pains dare be spared in their study. This is the moral clue to the new, most patient, self-distrustful, yet always well-rewarded science of Christendom. There is also an intellectual key to its peculiar nature and destination, furnished by the intellectual character of Christianity, (and, indeed, certain secondary lights might be thrown on the subject by the consideration of race, climate, and such minor elements,) but these closing remarks, taken together with the hints of thought scattered in the course of the discussion, are sufficient to illustrate the cardinal proposition of the present article.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.*

SEVEN years have passed since the Spanish Handbook made us acquainted with Mr. Ford's visit to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. breathed his last. Previously no Englishman of any note—Lord John Russell, we believe, excepted—had penetrated into that remote retreat, which certainly no one had described. Now that Spain is replaced in the Anglo-Saxon travelling map, a change has come over the spirit of the scene:—this secluded spot, so beautiful in itself and so rich in associations, forms a popular point to our pilgrims, and the solitude of the cell ceases when the long vacation begins. In welcoming again to our pages one of these more recent tourists—the accomplished annalist of the Artists of Spain—we rejoice to see such good use made of the precious boons of leisure and fortune, and trust that the new member for Perthshire will not forswear type in disgust of bales of blue books, but continue from time to time to entertain and instruct us with tomes like this.

It is not unlikely that, in the choice of his present subject, Mr. Stirling was influenced by the feeling that it would be peculiarly becoming in a Spanish student born north of the Tweed, to make the *amende honorable* to history, by refuting some gross errors to which two of his countrymen had given currency nearly a century ago. We cheerfully admit the merits of the Robertson school, the first to cut down the folio Rapin phalanx into reasonable proportions. They deserve lasting gratitude as the pioneers who made history accessible; and if they sacrificed too much to style, it was the French fashion of the day, when authors, relying more on rhetoric than research, trusted to mask the shallowness of the stream by the sparkle that danced on a clear surface; and graceful writing—the secret of pleasant reading—does indeed cover a multitude of sins. His-

tory thus made easy, and speaking the language of *bon ton*, was sufficient for our forefathers, who, provided general outlines were drawn with a free hand, neither cared for correctness in particulars, nor were displeased with touching incidents, invented by ingenious gentlemen, either contemners of real facts or too indolent to hunt for them, and who, like contemporary geographers, "placed elephants instead of towns" in the open downs of guess-work description. No Niebuhr had then arisen to separate truth from fable, to fix precision of detail, and furnish a model to modern investigation and accuracy. "Oh! read me not history," exclaimed Sir Robert Walpole, "for *that* I know to be false"—and no writer of it ever was satisfied with more imperfect sources of information than Dr. Robertson, who, according to Walpole's son, "took everything on trust; and when he compiled his Charles V.—[the bulky biography of a great Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Castile*—was in utter ignorance of German and Spanish historians." He cited, indeed, says Mr. Stirling, "the respectable names of Sandoval Vera, and De Thou, but seems chiefly to have relied upon Leti, one of the most lively and least trustworthy of the historians of his time." This Italian—like M. Thiers, Lamartine, and Co., of our day—was a glozing, gossiping, historical-romancer. His four Duos., published at Amsterdam, A. D. 1700, were much read at the time, but are now forgotten and rare. Dr. Robertson was followed by Dr. Watson, his ape. The dull Aberdeen Professor just echoed the elegant Principal's blunders in his Philip II.—a production at once clumsy and flimsy, that will shortly receive a due quietus in the great work on which Mr. Prescott has long been occupied.

When these misstatements were first pointed out in the Handbook, reference was made to a certain MS., purchased by M. Mignet, who, it was prophesied, would some day "publish it as his own." M. Gachard, a learned Belgian, next made known that

* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* By W. Stirling, M.P. 8vo. 1852.

this MS. was deposited in the archives of the foreign office at Paris. Mr. Stirling, not as yet contemplating the performance before us, but anxious to solve a collateral question, went there in the summer of 1850, and endeavored in vain to conciliate the good offices of some literati commonly supposed to take a special concern in historical inquiries. No help from them!—but on a subsequent visit in winter, his application for permission found favor with President Bonaparte himself—and being further backed by Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who interested themselves in “getting the order obeyed by the unwilling officials,” our author at last grasped in his hands the dragon-guarded MS.—and found it a real prize. Its writer, Canon Thomas Gonzalez, was intrusted by Ferdinand VII. with the custody and reconstruction of the national archives at Simancas, after the expulsion of the French invaders, whose plunderings and dislocations M. Gachard has truly described. Don Thomas fully availed himself of his unlimited access to treasures which had been so long sealed alike to natives and foreigners by the suspicious government of Madrid. Hence the MS. now in question—entitled “Mémorial of Charles at Yuste.” Gonzalez himself supplied little more than the thread on which the pearls were strung—leaving it, as far as possible, for the actors to tell their own tale in their own words—in short he depended substantially on the correspondence that passed between the Courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired Emperor and his household. More authentic evidence cannot consequently exist; the dead, after three centuries of cold obstruction, are summoned to the bar of history—for sooner or later everything shall be known. Unfortunately the full bowl was dashed from Mr. Stirling’s lips by his not being allowed to “transcribe any of the original documents, the French Government [M. Mignet?] having entertained the design of publishing the entire work;”—a project which the Ledru-Rollin revolution of 1848 had retarded, and which this English forestalling may possibly not advance. Meantime until the MS. Mémorial be printed *in extenso*—which we hope ultimately will be the case—we must, and may well, content ourselves with its having supplied the groundwork and chief materials of Mr. Stirling’s volume—which, moreover, collects and arranges for us illustrations from a multitude of other sources, all critically examined, and many of them, no doubt, familiar of old to the owner of the rich Spanish library at Keir.

The first printed account of Charles at Yuste, and hitherto the best, is to be found in Joseph de Sigüenza’s comprehensive history of St. Jerome and his order. The learned author of this monastic classic, born in 1545, and the friend of many who had known the Emperor intimately, was appointed the first prior of the Escorial by Philip II., who held him to be the greatest wonder of that monastery, itself the eighth wonder of the world; and there to this day his thoughtful portrait, painted by Coello, hangs in the identical cell in which he lived so long and wrote so much and so well. “Of the existence of Sigüenza,” says Mr. Stirling, “Dr. Robertson does not appear to have been aware;” but very possibly, had the book itself (or rather a translation of it) come into his hands, the Principal would have run over it with no careful eye—for it seems to have been one of the dogmas of his creed that Charles, when once scheduled to a convent, was *civilitur mortuus*—beyond sober historical jurisdiction—and at best entitled to point a moral and adorn a tale. Be that as it may, the imperial hermit might well have been studied as he was even by pious Sigüenza; for he had filled the first place in this world at a most critical epoch, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when old things were passing away, and change and transition, political and intellectual, were the order of the day. The monarchical system had then superseded the feudal, and the balance of the powers of Europe, now one great family, was shadowed out. His was the age of Leo X., when printing and the restoration of the classics acted on literature—Michael Angelo and Raphael on art—gunpowder and infantry on warfare—and when, last not least, Luther with the Bible struck at fallacies and superstitions, shivering the fetters forged at Rome for the human mind. Many circumstances rendered Charles the chief and foremost personage, the centre and cynosure, in this most remarkable period. The accident of birth had indeed thrust greatness on him. The sun never set on the dominions in the old and new world of one man, who, when he assumed *Plus Ultra* for his motto, striking the negative from the pillared limits which bounded the ambition of a demigod, gave to other monarchs a significative hint that his had none;—and fortune, when a king of France was his prisoner at Madrid, a Pope his captive in Rome itself, seemed to favor his gigantic aspirations. In later times abdication has so often been made the escape of weak and bad rulers, legitimate

and illegitimate, that we must place ourselves in the sixteenth century and think and feel as men then did, if we desire fully to understand the thunderclap effect produced when this monopolist of fame and power, this Cæsar and Charlemagne of his day, altogether voluntarily, and like Diocletian of old, his prototype and parallel in infinite particulars, descended from so many thrones—exchanging care-lined ermine for the cowl, and burying himself for ever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles, in bidding farewell to so much greatness, did not take the solemn step without due deliberation. He, too, like the recluse of Spalatro, had long meditated on such a conclusion, as one devoutly to be wished for; and now, when he felt his physical forces gradually giving way, worn as a scabbard by the steel of an over-active intellect—now when Philip, trained in his school, was in full vigor of mind and body, he felt the moment had at length come for shifting from his bending shoulders “a load would sink a navy,” and preparing himself for heaven by the concentrated contemplation of that valley and shadow through which he must ere long pass.

Such a yearning was as much in accordance with Spanish character in general as with his own particular idiosyncrasies. A similar tendency marked the earliest Gothic sovereigns of Christianized Spain. Elurico, king of the Suevi, died a monk in 583—and his immediate successor, Andeca, imitated the example; Wamba assumed the cowl at Pampliega, where he expired in 682; Bermudo I. went to his grave in 791 a friar; Alphonso IV., surnamed the Monk, followed in 930—as did Ramiro II. in 950. St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, delighted to spend intervals of pensive quietude among the brethren of St. Facundus. The hypochondriacism evident in Enrique IV. passed through his sister, the pious Isabel, to her daughter *Juana La Loca* (Crazy Jane), the mother of two emperors and four queens. She lived and died in the nunnery of Tordesillas, and the malady transmitted to her son Charles became fixed in the Spanish line of the Austrian blood to its close. Philip II. lived and died virtually a monk, in his Escorial; his son Philip III. vegetated a weak bigot, as did his weaker grandson Charles II. The taint crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, whose son, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, died every inch a monk, while his grandson, Philip V., first abdicated, then ended a melancholy re-

cluse in the Guadarama. With the royal daughters of Spain the confessor so regularly replaced the lover, that the convent, as a finale, became the rule. Nor was this morbidly religious disposition confined to royalties; it has at all times peopled lauras, hermitages, and cloisters of Spain with her best and bravest sons. In that semi-oriental nation, a desire to withdraw from the world—weariness to the shadow of some great rock, grows as youth wears away—with love and war in its train;—then the peculiar *Desengaño*, the disenchantment, the finding out the stale, flat, and unprofitable vanity of vanities, urges the winding up a life of action by repose, and an atonement for sensuality by mortification. When the earlier stimulants are no longer efficient, abodes and offices of penance furnish a succedaneum to the uneducated and resourceless:—nor, in truth, can anything be more impressive than the hermit-sites of the Vierzos and Montserrat of the Peninsula—their unspeakable solace of solitude, so congenial to disappointed spirits, who, condemning and lamenting the earthly pleasures that they have outlived, depart from the crowd, their affections set above—

to mourn o'er sin,

And find, for outward Eden lost, a paradise within.

Charles, even in the prime of life, had settled with his beloved Empress that they would both retire from the world and from each other so soon as their children were grown up. He had long prepared himself for monastic habits. During Lents he withdrew, when at Toledo, to the convent La Sista, and when at Valladolid to a monastery near Abrujo, at which he built quarters for his reception: nay, fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to his true friend Francesco de Borja—himself, by and by, a memorable example of pomp-renouncing reflexion. The Emperor selected the Order of St. Jerome, hospitable rather than ascetic; and appears to have soon listened with special attention to the praises of their establishment at Yuste. He caused the site to be examined some twelve years before he finally determined—nor could any locality have been better chosen. If Spain herself, unvisited and unvisited, was the recluse of Europe, her remote Estremadura—*extrema ora*—became naturally the very Thebais for native anchorites. Here, indeed, the Romans of old had placed their capital Merida, a “little Rome,” and the district under the Moors was a garden and granary; but administra-

tive neglect and the emigration of the multitudes who followed their countrymen, Cortez and Pizarro, to the "diggings" of the new world, ere long grievously impoverished and depopulated the province, where—*absit omen!*—to this day uncultivated and uninhabited leagues of fertile land remain overgrown with aromatic bush, the heritage of the wild bee. The Hieronomite convent, so extolled to the Emperor, stands—or rather stood—about seven leagues from "pleasant" Placencia, a town most picturesquely placed in a bosom of beauty and plenty, girdled by snow-capped sierras, moated by trout-streams, and clothed with forests of chestnut, mulberries, and orange. The fraternity had nestled on a park-like hill-slope which sheltered devotion from the wind, and still, basking in the sunny south, sweeps over the boundless horizon of the *Vera*—where spring indeed is perpetual. So much for the "St. Justus seated in a vale of no great extent," of Dr. Robertson, who, blundering from the threshold to the catastrophe, mistakes a Canterbury saint for a Castilian streamlet, the Yuste, which descending behind the monastery had given it its name.

In 1554, Charles, then in Flanders, finally sent his son Philip to the holy spot, to inspect its capabilities, in reference to a plan, sketched by his own hand, of some additional buildings necessary for his accommodation. Events were hurrying to the conclusion. Mary of England, on her accession, lost no time in personally informing Charles—to whom she had been affianced thirty years before—that she was nothing loth to become his second empress. Charles, in handing over the gracious offer to Philip, who was then engaged to marry his cousin of Portugal, added that, were the Tudor Queen mistress of far ampler dominions, they should not tempt him from a purpose of quite another kind. So much for Dr. Watson's assertion, that Charles was quite resolved to espouse the mature maiden in case Philip had declined taking her off his hands. The extirpation of heresy in England being alike uppermost in the minds of the Emperor and his heir, no objections were raised by the latter to this parental proposal. He as readily consented to marry the English princess destined for his father, as he afterwards did to marry the French princess destined for his son Don Carlos. The Portuguese cousin was thrown over; and when the bigot Philip was duly linked to the bloody Mary, Smithfield contributed no inapt torch to hy-

meneals simultaneously illumined by the *autos de fe* of the Spanish Inquisition. The ambition of Charles, when he now prepared to shift the burdens of actual sovereignty from his own shoulder, was transferred, not extinguished; in exact proportion as he panted to denude himself of empire, he was anxious to aggrandize his son. His health had long been bad and broken. Feeble in constitution, and a martyr to gout, which his imprudencies at table augmented, a premature old age overtook him. So far back as 1549, Marillac, the envoy of France, ever Spain's worst enemy, had gladdened his master with a *signalement* of the sick Cæsar:—"L'œil abattu, la bouche pale, le visage plus mort que vif, le col exténué, la parole faible, l'haleine courte, le dos fort courbé, et les jambes si faibles qu'à grande peine il pouvait aller avec un bâton de sa chambre jusqu'à sa garde-robe." The hand that once wielded the lance and jeered so well, was then scarcely able to break the seal of a letter; and now depressing disasters conspired to reduce his moral energy to a level with his physical prostration. Fickle fortune, which had smiled on him formerly, was, as he said, turning to younger men—the repulse at Metz, and ignominious flight to Inspruck, were terrible signs of it, and the death of his mother, in April, 1555, having at length made him really king proprietary of Spain, he carried out his intentions of a general abdication at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th of that same year. His last address was full of dignity, and pathos:—weeping himself, he drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the assembly; the scene is touchingly reported by our minister, Sir John Mason, who was present.*

Ill health detained the ex-monarch nearly a year longer in Flanders, which he finally quitted, September 13, 1556. His exit was imperial. He was accompanied by his two sisters, the dowager queens of Hungary and France, who indeed wished to be permanent sharers of his retirement, and was attended by a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, and a fleet of fifty-six sail. He reached Laredo on the 28th. Robertson prostrates him on the ground at landing—eager to salute the common mother of mankind, to whom he now returned naked as he was born. Neither is there the slightest foundation for this episode, nor for the Doctor's diatribes on the neglect he met in Spain. He was indeed put to a little inconvenience, from hav-

* See the paper in Mr. Burgon's industrious biography of Sir Thomas Gresham (ii. 74).

ing appeared sooner than was expected, and before adequate preparations were complete, in about the poorest part of a country 'always in want of everything at the critical moment.'—matters, however, speedily mended on the arrival of his chamberlain, an experienced campaigner, and cunning in the commissariat. The cavalcade set forth over some of the wildest mountain-passes in Spain—through poverty-stricken districts, where stones are given for bread, where the rich are sent empty away, and then, as now, miserably unprovided even with such accommodation for man or beast as Spaniards and their locomotive, the mule, alone could or can endure.—'Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!' Charles, sick and gouty, travelled by short stages of ten to fifteen miles a-day, sometimes in a chair carried by men, at other times in a litter. The identical palanquin in which his Catholic Majesty was 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' during this Cæsarean operation, is still preserved in the Armeria at Madrid; something between a black trunk and a coffin, it is infinitely less comfortable than the elegant articles furnished by Mr. Banting. His progress, the vehicle notwithstanding, was right regal. Provinces and cities emptied themselves to do homage, and he entered Burgos, the time-honored capital of Castile, amid pealing bells and a general illumination: here he remained two days, holding a perpetual levee, highly delighted, and with every wish anticipated. So much for Dr. Robertson's moving 'tale of the deep affliction of Charles at his son's ingratitude,' and the forced residence at Burgos for 'some weeks' before Philip paid the first moiety of the small pension which was all he had reserved of so many kingdoms—with the tragical addition that the said delay prevented him rewarding or dismissing his suite, which, in fact, he neither did nor wished to do here. At Cabezón he was met by his grandson, the ill-omened Don Carlos, of whom he formed a bad but correct first impression, and forthwith recommended to the regent Juana 'an unsparing use of the rod;' the boy already, at eleven years of age, evinced unmistakable symptoms 'of a sullen passionate temper. He lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed from the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father's court.' Mr. Stirling properly treats all the love for his father's wife, and his consequent murder, as the contemptible fictions of malevolent ignorance, though adopted and revived of late by the Al-

fieris, Schillers, and other illustrious dramatists.

Charles entered Valladolid, where the court was residing, without parade, but by the usual gate. 'It would be a shame,' said he, 'not to let his people see him'—a cause and monument of his country's greatness. He was received by all, high and low, most deferentially, and held frequent cabinet councils. On resuming his journey, he 'thanked God that he was getting beyond the reach of ceremony, and that henceforward no more visits were to be made, no more receptions to be undergone.' He now approached the wild and rugged Sierra de Bejar, one of the backbones of the Peninsula; yet rather than face the episcopal and municipal civilities of Placencia, to which Dr. Robertson takes him, he braved a shorter cut, over an alpine pass which might have scared a chamois or contrabandista—a route which recalled the miseries of his flight to Inspruck, and is almost described by Lactantius, in his account of the journey of Diocletian to Nicomedia:—'Cum jam felicitas ab eo recessisset, impatiens et æger animi, profectus hyeme, sæviæ frigore, atque imbris verberatus, morbum levem et perpetuum traxit, vexatusque per omne iter lecticâ plurimum vehebatur.' (*De Morte Persec.*, xvii.)

Mr. Stirling paints like a true artist the toppling crags, the torrents, and precipices amidst which nature sits enthroned in all her sublimity, with her wildest and loveliest forms broad-cast about her, where least seen, as if in scorn for the insect man and his admiration. When at length the cavalcade crept, like a wounded snake, to the culminating crest, and the promised land, the happy Rasselas valley, lay unrolled as a map beneath him—'this is indeed the *Vera*,' exclaimed Charles, 'to reach which surely some suffering might be borne.' Then turning back on the mountain gorges of the *Puerto Nuevo*, which frowned behind, and thinking, as it were, of the gates of the world closed on him for ever: 'Now,' added he, 'I shall never go through *pass* again.' He reached Xarandilla before sunset, and alighted at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, the great feudal lord of the district. Here he remained the whole winter—fretting and fuming at the delays in the completion of the new wing at Yuste, which had been begun three years before, and which Mr. Cubitt would have put out of hand in three months. The weather was severe; but while the winds and rain beat out of doors, and the imperial suite waded in waterproof boots, the great man

himself, wrapped in robes wadded with eider down, sat by a blazing fire, and discussed heavy affairs of state for the public benefit, and heavier dinners and suppers for his private injury. The outlandish attendants almost mutinied from discontent; the chosen paradise of the master was regarded as a sort of hell upon earth by the servants; they yearned for home, and dragging at each step a weightier chain, sighed as they remembered their sweet Belgian Argos. Yet, if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews upon the unctuous hams and gris-kins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Cocagne, an Elysium of the pig, a land overflowing with savory snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demigods than Dutchmen, and a fat, tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.

Tel maitre tels valets—and Charles set his faithful followers a magnificent example: his worst disease was an inordinate appetite, and his most besetting sin the indulgence thereof—*edacitas damnosa*. Nor did he voluntarily repudiate the old Belgic respect for god Bacchus. So long back as 1532, his spiritual adviser “had bidden him beware of fish”—but added that he must be more moderate in his cups; or else both mind and body would go down hill—“*cuesta abajo*.” The habits of the Heliogabalic hermit are thus racily described by our genial author:—

“Roger Ascham, standing “hard by the imperial table at the feast of the Golden Fleece,” watched with wonder the Emperor’s progress through “sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;” after which, “he fed well of a capon,” drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John’s, “the best that ever I saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.” Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last on rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before.

“The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday’s fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small: the olives, on the other hand,

were too large—and the Emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day the Secretary of State is asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the Emperor remembers that the Count of Orsonio once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted “of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself on making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordeasillas,” and for the receipt for which the Secretary is referred to the Marquis of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges the Emperor said that they used to be better—ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The Emperor’s weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Matton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza. The Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves, and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

“Luis Quixada, who knew the Emperor’s habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the Emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation, and remarked with complacency His Majesty’s fondness for plovvers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.”

So much for “his table neat and plain”—according to Dr. Robertson—(sheeps-head and oat-bannocks to wit!)—and here, if space permitted, we might point out to hero-worshippers other great men, on whose crests sat plumed victory, of even greater appetite, and who, succumbing to the spit, dug their graves with their teeth. We might compare the pickled tunny and iced beer of the invincible Charles with the polentas and fiery condiments of Frederick the Great, who planned a battle or a bill of fare with equal skill and solicitude; who appointed for each different dish or defile a different cook or colonel. Charles paid no less attention to medicine than to the *menu*—to the antidote than

to the bane. His *manna* came express from Naples—his senna leaves, “the best from Alexandria,” were steeped in white wine of Yepes, selected by the General of the Hieronimites, an order of monks celebrated for their cellars. He accepted pills readily—but turned a deaf ear to his mentors, who—brother-graduates of poor Sancho’s terrible Doctor de Tirteafuera (*Anglice*, Dr. Take-away)—remonstrated as often as a liver-loading delicacy was placed before him. He had long been wont, when his physicians (“the wise Baersdorp and the great Versalius”) disputed his case, like those in Molière, to appeal to one Caballo (*Caballus*, called *Onagrus Magnus* by the suite); and this Spanish quack, whose art of dining and dietary was “eat and drink what you like,” as usual carried the day. Hence cramps—the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach—tossings and turnings by nights—and the next day’s repetition of the sin and cause: so weak was the imperial flesh; so unfailling the portioning of pills, the weighing of scruples, the doctor’s visit and gossip—all the concentrated egotism and immemorial consolations of the sick-room.

At last, as everything comes to an end, even in Spain, there arrived tidings that mason, carpenter, and upholsterer had finished the job at Yuste, and in January, 1557, nearly a hundred of the suite were paid off, and kindly dismissed. It was a sad sight to see the breaking up of so old a company of retainers, bursting now like a shell and never to meet again. On the 3rd of February—Dr. Robertson’s 24th—the Emperor, accompanied by sixty attendants—Dr. Robertson’s “twelve domestics only”—reached the convent, and saluted the prior and his new brethren—

An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

The picturesque Principal, wishing to enhance present lowliness with the contrast of past greatness, describes the “humble retreat” prepared for fallen Cæsar as “hardly sufficient for a private gentleman:—four out of the six rooms in the form of friars’ cells, with naked walls, and all on a level with the ground!” Although the additional wing had neither golden gate nor temple of Esculapius, as at Spalatro, the elevation partook more of a cheerful Italian villa than a Spanish convent. The building was superintended by Antonio Villacastin, who afterwards, as surveyor of the works of the Es-

curial, saw the first stone laid of that gigantic pile, and its completion; there he lies buried like our Wren, and also aged 91, in his own St. Paul’s, the best monument of his fame. The wing consisted of two stories, each containing four rooms, connected by sunny galleries outside, and well warmed inside by fireplaces, such as the chilly Charles everywhere introduced into his Spanish residences, even in the Alcazar of sun-roasted Seville and the Alhambra of sun-toasted Granada, to the merciless destruction of exquisite Moorish diapry and surface wall decoration. The Emperor inhabited the upper story; an opening was made, which enabled him, when confined to his bed, to see the high altar and the celebration of mass in the chapel; his cabinet looked southward—the garden below it easily reached by an inclined plane, and arranged in a succession of terraces down to the stream. The front of the monastery was shaded by a magnificent walnut-tree, even then called *el nogal grande*—“a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit’s cell rise to a royal convent, and sink into ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of St. Jerome and the Austrian dynasty.” The rooms were furnished to his peculiar simple tastes, and hung with plain cloth instead of the usual costly arras, of which however he had enough to tapestry the whole building. His supply of quilts and fine linen was greater still: whilst his friends were seated on velvet chairs, he himself reposed on one with wheels, six soft cushions, and a footstool. Mr. Stirling prints the inventory of all his goods and chattels. Of gold and silver plate he had 13,000 ounces; he washed his hands in basins of silver—nay, even the meanest utensil of his bed-chamber was made of that material, and, it may be suspected, from the very homely English name, imperfectly Castilianized, that the article had been a delicate attention from the enamored Mary. Charles, who always had been plain to parsimony in his dress, did not turn dandy in the cloister; his jewels consisted chiefly of badges of the Golden Fleece, one of which is said, incorrectly, to have been worn by our Great Duke. He had some amulets against plague and cramp, many pocket watches, and dozen pairs of spectacles. His pictures were few, but select, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian: among them the portrait of his gentle, graceful Isabel, taken soon after the honeymoon, recalled to him the treasure he had lost, while another, of his son’s English prize, reminded him of what horrors he had himself escaped.

At the imperial command the convent choir had been reinforced by some sixteen picked melodious friars; Charles himself, ever fond of music and a singer of anthems, now performed *pro virili* as their precentor. His nice ear and musical memory detected alike a borrowed motet in the maestro de capilla, as a false note in a singer, whom he rated by name with some gracious addition of *Hideputa bermejo*—"a red-headed son of —:" an expression derogatory to the mother of any vocalist, let alone a church quirister, and, as Mr. Stirling says, "certainly savoring more of the camp than the cloister."

On the whole his regular habits accorded well with monastic life, in which one day is like another, and all creep in their petty pace to dusty death. The order of the course was this: at waking his confessor assisted at his private devotions, then his valets at his toilette; after mass he sat down to mess, *dalla massa alla mensa*; his dinner was long, for his appetite was prodigious, and the mastication of his toothless gums, and the carving with his gout-crippled fingers, tedious: meantime his physician stood at one side waging fruitless war to the knife and fork too, and his man of letters stood on the other to discourse pleasantly, and then read him to the subsequent siesta from a good book. Such sleep as a patristic folio could induce, mass again, a sermon, and an anthem filled up the afternoon. Evening brought the sauntering in the sun amid his flower-beds, or persecuting wood-pigeons with his gun: while, if detained in doors by rain or rheumatism, there were the pet parrot, the tame cats, the mechanical workshop, talk with some visitor, and last, not least, state business with his secretary; after vespers came supper, "a meal much like the dinner," which made his chamberlain's loyal heart quake.

This high officer, the chief among the fifteen confidential persons who formed his "chamber," has already been introduced by our author. *Don Luis Quixada*, the type of a good old Castilian soldier and hidalgo, was spare and sinewy in frame, formal in manners and cut of his beard, full of strong sense and prejudices, proud and punctilious, but true as steel to his faith and king, and an excellent hater of all Jews, heretics, and friars. Good Quixada may possibly have been in the mind's eye of Cervantes when he drew his immortal *Quixote*. To this tried follower Charles had confided the care of his illegitimate son, the subsequently celebrated Don Juan of Austria: the secret was scrupulously kept, and the boy was brought up

as the page of Magdalena, the wife of Don Luis.

In his third chapter Mr. Stirling, relying on ascertained truth, and eschewing all the tricks of historical romance, makes us equally familiar with his Majesty's other principal attendants. The gravest charge of all had been given to the Reverend *Juan de Regla*—

"one of those monks, who knew how to make ladders to place and favor of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins. On being first introduced into the imperial presence, he chose to speak in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he felt in occupying a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously; "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

The important post of private secretary was filled by *Martin Gaztelu*, and by him the whole confidential correspondence was carried on, as the Emperor himself could seldom do more than scrawl a few words with his chalky fingers. *William van Male* of Bruges was intimately admitted into the *personnel*, the heart and soul secrets of Charles. Long the first gentleman of the bedchamber, he had become part and parcel of the invalid's existence. This honest and learned man was the scholar and "Dominie" of the society. He rendered to Charles, in the degree required, such literary services as Voltaire did to Frederick the Great. *Il lavait son linge sale*—or licked into shape the crude compositions of a royal master, who, although his education, born and bred in camps, had been neglected, was not without aspirations to twine the laurel of Apollo with that of Mars. Our Cæsar having, like Julius of old, written his own commentaries, Van Male converted the imperial *French* (of 1550) into elegant Latin. On another occasion Charles did into Spanish prose the French poem *Le Chevalier Déterminé*, which translation Hernando de Acuña, by his direction, again turned into Castilian verse, and so much to his Majesty's content that he felt some desire to admit the reading world into a share of the intellectual treat. Nevertheless, however well satisfied with the works of his pen, and however ardently complimented thereon by his attendants, the monarch, it seems, trembled before the critic, and could not easily make up his mind to rush into print, shame the fools, and proclaim the august authorship. We most reluctantly pass over Mr. Stirling's pleasant particulars of the tricks and jokes played on the poor Fleming poet-laureat by the "windy

Spaniards," who made him a cat's-paw, and so magnified in the eyes of Charles the certain profits which must result from the publication, that the Emperor at last forced him to go to press, by which worthy Van Male was half ruined. In justice to the Emperor, it must be said that he sincerely meant to do a good turn to a faithful attendant, who for six years previously to his abdication had never quitted him by day or night. Oft when Charles, with over-worked brain and stomach, had, like Henry IV., frightened gentle sleep from his pillow, the weary scholar was summoned to the bedside to beguile the long hours by reading from the Vulgate, or by joining in a psalmodic duet, until his own health also broke down, to the no great displeasure of Charles, who loved him all the better from the congeniality of valetudinarianism, most courtier-like, although most unintentional. No man ever probed so deeply into the secret workings of the reserved and commanding mind of the Emperor as Van Male, who trembled, when writing to De Praet, at even the recollections of the mysterious confidences he made him. These accordingly, and very unhappily for history, are not revealed in his Letters—published at Brussels in 1843, by the Baron de Reiffenbach—which remarkable series, however, affords invaluable glimpses of the hero of the sixteenth age, as seen by the eyes of his valet. The hero, always very chary of his future fame, welcomed to Yuste another erudite virtuoso, a great friend of Van Male's, *Juan Gines Sepulveda*, who ventured in his sixtieth year to quit the sunny south and face the mud and mules of the *Puerto Nuevo*, without the imperial conveniences—a step which nearly put an end to his benefited and literary life. Charles was all through the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers and satellites, who, learned or unlearned, held him to be the greatest monarch and man that ever had been or ever could be; and that to name him was sufficient—

Carlo quinto, ed è assai questo,
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto.

The medical staff was commensurate with that of the kitchen. The resident physician-in-chief was *Henry Mathys*, a Fleming, who, on special consultations, was backed by *Giovanni Mole*, a Milanese, and *Cornelio*, a Spaniard. Their bulletins from day to day, and their prescriptions duly chronicled in dog and doctor Latin, and with "singular dullness and prolixity," are still preserved in the archives at Simancas. Nor must we omit

mention of another practitioner who administered to the mind of the patient, and by making him of a cheerful countenance, kept up his moral health, and reconciled to a wet or no-post day. To this *Juanelo Torriano*, a mechanician of Cremona, the keeping of the horological department had long been confided; he regulated the clocks and watches of Charles, who was as nice in the notation of his time to the fraction of a minute, as was our good old English-hearted King, George III. The Italian also constructed little figures that moved, birds that flew, and other ingenious toys, by which the prior and monks, who took him for a wizard, were scared out of such wits as they had, to the delight of the emperor, who took no less pleasure in this workshop than Louis XVI. did in forging locks and keys. Very pretty indeed is Dr. Robertson's story that Charles, on failing to make any two watches keep time together, confessed a penitential regret for ever having attempted to enforce a uniformity of religion; but alas! it is mere romance again; every day that he grew older his bigotry waxed the stronger, and no less so the expressions arguing his constant anxiety that all lost sheep might, by the help of good dogs and croziers, be got safe into, and duly sheared in, the one true Roman and Apostolical fold. Equally apocryphal is the Doctor's statement that Charles only "admitted a few neighbors to visits—and entertained them at table;" an honor so opposed to Spanish etiquette that he never conceded it but once in all his life, and then in favor of Alva, the great and iron Duke of his day. As respects the Principal's rarity of visitors, even from the neighborhood—callers and guests were in fact exceedingly numerous—constantly arriving from all quarters, and many of them well worthy of Mr. Stirling's commemoration. Not the least assiduous was that once celebrated scion of a house that had given birth to kings and popes, and in whose bosom a congenial spirit burned, the already named *Francesco de Borja*, ex-duke of Gandia, the "miracle of princes," a saint among grandees and a grandee among saints; and some compensation was, indeed, owing to the Church from a family which had given her an Alexander VI. Born in 1510, our better Borgia early displayed a serious turn even at court, and was selected by Charles to convey the corpse of his empress from Toledo to Granada. When the coffin was opened to verify the body, the appalling death-change so affected the young nobleman, that he resolved to renounce the world,

his rank, and riches: accordingly, in 1550 he became a Jesuit, and died in 1562 general of the order. Frequent as were his visits to Yuste, he was always welcomed by Charles, who even condescended to send him every day, when there, the "most approved dish" from his own table; many and long were their conferences, at which no one was ever present, and a portion only of the subject matter, communicated by Francesco himself to Ribadaneira, has been recorded in that author's *Life of the ex-duke*—a work, we need hardly say, with which Dr. Robertson was altogether unacquainted.

Another no less constant and cherished guest was *Don Luis de Avila*, an old comrade of the emperor's—and this indeed was a neighbor, for he lived in "lettered and laurelled ease" at Placencia. His commentaries on the wars of his Cæsar in Germany have been compared by Spaniards to those of the "great hook-nosed fellow of Rome" himself. Charles delighted in this lively Quintus Curtius, who blew the Castilian trumpet right thrasonically, and his book, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, lay always on his imperial reading-table:—one, it must be confessed, less plentifully supplied than that in his dining-room, from which, by the bye, on one occasion he ordered a capon to be reserved for Avila—an honor so great as to be specially notified in a despatch sent to court. Charles fought his battles over again with Captain Luis, as Uncle Toby did his with Corporal Trim, and as the wonted fires warmed up even in the ashes, forgot his gout, and shouldering his crutches, showed how fields were won. Nor were the solaces of church militant and drum ecclesiastic wanting; the emperor's fondness for pulpit eloquence was fooled to the bent by a company of preachers selected from the most potent and competent of the Hieronimite order. Mr. Stirling has fished from the pools of Lethe the names of some of the least obscure of these. The imperial household, courtiers, and soldiers were astounded at their master's affability and good humor, which made him no less popular in the cloister than in the camp. It passed their understanding, that his Cæsarean and Catholic Majesty should keep such low company, and associate with a pack of "unendurable block-heads," at whom they swore lustily, after the immemorial fashion of armies in Flanders. They hated the convent, and anathematized the friars who built it; they were not yet weaned from the world, nor surfeited with its boons; they had no dislike to loaves or

fishes, to place or profit, nor any predilection for prayer, penitence, sermons, self-flagellations, and similar recreations, whereby cloister life was so sweetened to their master, that he often declared he never had been so happy before.

Yet his existence was by no means that pictured by Robertson, "of a man perfectly disengaged from this present life; of one from whose mind all former ambitious thoughts were effaced; who, so far from taking part in the political transactions of Europe, did not even inquire about them, but viewed the busy scene with contempt or indifference;" who, says Watson, out-Heroding Herod, did not even "suffer his domestics to inform him what was passing in the world." Watson tells that Charles resigned because his son was evidently resolved to force the crown from him, and he dreaded the contest;—both Doctors, major and minor, carrying on the Hyperborean gospel by stating that he discovered, on his very landing at Laredo, that "he was no longer a monarch," and felt bitterly the neglect of Philip—even his pittance pension being unpaid; that during his fits of gout he was altogether incapable of business, and gave himself up only to trifling and childish occupations; that he showed no traces whatever, for six months before his death, of his former sound and masculine understanding; finally, that, while any faculties did remain with him, he constantly repented his resignation, and contemplated a resumption of power—which Philip as perpetually feared. We need not recur to the long-resolved abdication: for the rest, the simple truth is, that from the moment he returned to Spain to the hour of his death, he was treated as a king—aye, every inch a king; not only was his reserved income, about £1500 a year, regularly paid, but his private hoard of 30,000 ducats in gold scrupulously respected—and this in the midst of great financial difficulties. It was in vain that Philip, instead of dreading an attempt at resumption, was ever and anon urging his father to take the reins of power once more, or at least to reside nearer Valladolid, the seat of government, to be more readily accessible. It now appears that his successors fell back on his matured experience in every difficult crisis, just as all parties among ourselves were wont to have recourse to our lost *decus et tutamen*. The son, in fact, was, from first to last, no less freed from jealousy of his father than the father was from any repentance of abdication, and our author only gives the devil his due when he says—

"Filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of gold in the base metal of Philip's character; his father was the *one* wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, under-valued, or used ill."

Mr. Stirling adds—rather too broadly—

"The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks."

Charles, however, without sacrificing the substance for the shadow, continued to take a keen interest in affairs of state. His wary eye swept from his convent watch-tower the entire horizon of Spanish politics; he considered himself the chamber-counsel and family adviser to his children; every day he looked for the arrival of the post with eager anxiety, nor did Gastelu ever finish the packet without being asked if there were nothing more. Repeated and long were his interviews with the bearers of intelligence too important to be committed to ordinary channels; and when, shortly before his death, a courier arrived with a dispatch in cypher concealed in his stirrup leather, "he overwhelmed him with more questions than ever were put to the damsel Theodora"—the much interrogated heroine of a then popular novel. Meantime expresses succeeded expresses, and post with post came thick as hail. More than once did Philip dispatch from Flanders the great *Ruy Gomez de Silva* himself, the playmate of his youth, the most favored of his ministers, and the husband of his most favored mistress. Omitting the crowds of counts, queens-dowager, priests, place-hunters, and tuft-hunters of every hue—we may just observe that the great recluse ran no risk from the maggots which breed in an idle brain and torment the long hours of a too easy chair. It appears to us, now all the chaff and nonsense of historiographers has been winnowed, once for all, by a vigorous practitioner, that on the whole, a more rational or agreeable finale to "life's fitful fever," could hardly have been imagined than was realized at Yuste.

The convent-villa, with all its spiritual and fleshly appliances, was the beau-ideal of an *Invalides* for a good, prematurely old Spanish country gentleman of the sixteenth century—even so, indeed, long before had Hadrian, a Spaniard, retired, weary of state and worn in health, to his gardens and villa, to

console his declining days with the society of learned men, and with eating contrary to his doctor's advice. Charles was no beaten and dethroned usurper, pining in a foreign prison, and squabbling on his death-bed about rations with his jailer; neither was he a poor monk, wasted marrow and bone and all with vigils and fastings. The considerate father at Rome never stinted indulgences or flesh licenses, or evinced any want of consideration for the conscience or stomach of the most Catholic son of the Church. A solid party-wall separated the fires of his cheery palace-wing and its kitchen from the cold, hungry cell. Fray Carlos, no Ecclesiastes in practice, claimed the benefit of clergy just when and how he chose. He could at a moment lay aside the friar's rope, and appear decorated with the Golden Fleece and all the majesty that doth hedge a king. Sincerely religious, and animated by real faith, his attendances at chapel were a duty, a delight, and a soul-sentiment: not the now-a-day routine and formalism of middle-aged widowhood or celibacy, which flies to the occupation of pew and prie-dieu to escape from the ennui of self. Charles, however, amidst all his popery, had never been other than a true Castilian; while he bowed dutifully to the Church so long as the thunders of the Vatican rolled in his favor, he never scrupled to dash the *brutum fulmen* from clerical hands when the Vicar of Christ bribed the Gaul or Turk to thwart his policy and undermine Spanish interests. He never failed to distinguish the priest from the prince, the spiritual from the temporal; and accordingly, in 1525, he ordered masses to be said for the delivery of the *Holy Pontiff*, when one scrap from his own Secretary's pen could have thrown wide the gates at St. Angelo for the *perjured potentate*; nor did he, even in 1558, in all the increased sanctimony of his last days, ever forgive Alva for not visiting the perfidious firebrand Paul IV. with a wholesome correction, similar to that he had himself bestowed on Clement VII. In a word, the Emperor at Yuste was neither a misanthrope nor a dotard. Compelled, from physical reasons, to relinquish the Atlantean burden of the crown, he had retained all his relish for intellectual and innocent pursuits. He was no solitary anchorite; he brought with him his old servants and cooks, who knew his tastes and wants, and whose faces he knew. He had his anthems, his few favorite books, his roses, pictures, experiments, scourges, and hobbies. He had friends to tell his sorrows to, and divide

them; to impart his happinesses to, and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy just at the happy age before a son is an uncertain joy, a certain care. Can we wonder at his fixed resolve, immutable as the law of Medes and Persians, to let well alone?—or that as he lounged in his paterres, watering his flower-cups filled with sunshine, and fragrant himself with the odor of monastic sanctity, he should reply to an envoy of Philip, once again praying him to reassume the sceptre, as Diocletian did to Maximin, “Come and see the vegetables I raise in my garden, and you will no longer talk to me of empire.”

Yet there is a thorn in every rose, and little worries there were—foils to such felicities—which disturbed him when peevish from gout or indigestion, but which were soon forgotten when blue pills had dispelled blue devils. The ill-conditioned rustics of the adjoining village, Cuacos, “were the Protestants that troubled his reign in the Vera.” Although fattening on the crumbs and ducats which fell from his table and purse, they impounded his milch cows and poached his trout preserves. Diocletian, by the way, was much inclined to settle at Spalatro from the excellence of the “genus Salmo,” by which the neighboring Hyader was peopled. The bumkins, moreover, filched his sour and reserved Morellas, and pelted the future Nelson of Lepanto for picking the cherries ripe that his father had paid for. At last, the outraged gastronome summoned a common law judge special from Valladolid:—but ere sentence was passed—justice in Spain, like chancery in England, is not to be hurried—some bold Monks of Yuste implored the Emperor himself to beg off these peccant boors, their own brothers and cousins according to the flesh—and compliance was in fact no heavy lot of penance for his Majesty. It must be confessed that this philanthropism was clouded by an unpardonable misogynism: Charles observing certain damsels clustering constantly round the convent gate—as will happen in the best regulated celibacies—and distrusting the lion of St. Jerome, the Androdus of Pappal mythology, who always roars and rushes from the picture when the chaste cloister is polluted by women’s approach—directed his crier to proclaim at Cuacos that any daughter of Eve “found within two gun-shots of Yuste should receive a hundred lashes.” Womankind, we may here remark, formed, laundresses excepted, no part of the imperial

establishment, and they of the wash-tub themselves were located at Cuacos.

His majesty’s general health—hands and time thus agreeably occupied—improved so considerably during his first year of residence, that his life seemed likely to be prolonged to the nine years enjoyed by Diocletian after his abdication:—and already he was planning additional buildings—*secunda marmora sub ipsum funus!* The spring, however, of 1558 was cold; much illness prevailed in the Vera; Charles, shivering in his bed and suffering from gout, was little prepared for the shock of the sudden death of his favorite sister Eleanor, the “gentlest and most guileless of beings.” “There were but fifteen months between us,” sobbed he, “and in less than that time I shall be with her once more.” Political troubles contributed also to depress his mind. Larger than a man’s hand grew that little cloud that cast from the seaboard the shadow of coming disasters, and already, ere Charles was gone to his grave, the clay-footed Colossus of Spain’s short-lived accidental greatness tottered to a fall. And may not we of England partake in some of the same uneasy thoughts that darkened on the spirit of the imperial hermit? History, to all who do not deem it an old almanac, presents a succession of parallels. The past assuredly is the prophet of the future—“the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done.” *Nous dansons sur un volcan*, and slumber in a fool’s paradise of peace theorists, drab-coated patriots, and the minor fry, who advocate a dismantled navy, a disbanded army; who, scouting bastions and bayonets, clamor for calico and the cheap defence of nations—economists who, though caring only for pelf, rebel against the paltry premium of insurance. The *unexpected* loss of Calais, the woeful calamity engraven on our bloody Mary’s hard heart, went far to break that of Charles. It was the untoward event which he never ceased to recur to, and regretted like death itself, which indeed it contributed to hasten. He had foreseen the rooted anxiety France would have to wipe out, *per fas aut nefas*, the blot of St. Quentin—and had urged Mary to strengthen the defences and garrison, scandalously neglected by “an ill-timed parsimony and fatal economy.” His advice, backed by that of Lord Wentworth, the military governor, was slighted by her ministers at home, who, Manchesterians by anticipation, boasted that “the reputation of the

strength of Calais was alone sufficient for its security," and that "with their white wands they would defend the place." They rejected the offer of a Spanish reinforcement, suspecting that Philip coveted the key of the entry to France for himself—just as the occupation of Cadiz was by Spanish jealousy denied to ourselves in the war of independence. The result was that Calais was carried by a *coup de main*.

"France was then in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten—and loud and long were the peans of Parisian wits—replenished with scoffs and unmeasured taunts against the English, who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it seemed to these poetasters, a signal proof of the immemorial perfidy of Albion."

Charles, when he turned his thoughts from the land to the sea, found but little comfort. The Turk was then the terror of Europe; his cannon thundered at the walls of Vienna while his fleets insulted the ports of Spain; the civilization of the West trembled in the balance:—and the alliance of the Most Christian King, nay, of the Supreme Successor of St. Peter himself, with the infidel, in order to injure the ever Catholic House of Austria, seemed to the orthodox head of that house scarcely less revolting than one with his Satanic Majesty. The Mediterranean had long run a real risk of being made a Turkish lake; Charles, however, no sooner caught the truth of the case than, adopting the boldest and best policy, he assumed the initiative, and, deaf to the peaceful professions of his one fixed and implacable foe, anticipated aggression, landed in Algeria, and captured and held Oran—a base of operations. He in his time had steadily upheld the navy, and encouraged the spirit which afterwards at Lepanto—the Trafalgar of the day—proved that turning seas into lakes is easier said than done; but now he was only watching things through the "loophole of retreat"—and it struck to his inner heart's core to hear that, at the very moment when the infidel was again silently but determinately preparing, a slumbering and folding of arms had come over the Spanish Cabinet. In vain he wrote, "If Oran be lost, I hope I shall be in some place where I shall not hear of so great an affront to the king and to these realms." His warning voice was neglected, and, ere a year had passed, the Spanish garrison was cut to pieces; but Charles went to his grave unconscious of that calamity, which none dared to reveal to him. This was well—and so is it that our own Great Duke has gone to his last home "in

honor as he lived," and has been spared all chances of witnessing that which, years ago, had his Cassandra words been listened to, would have been rendered impossible.

The glorious field of St. Quentin, which, but for Philip's timidity, might have proved a Waterloo instead of an Oudenarde, brightened Charles with but a passing gleam. He had for weeks been counting the days when his son would be at the gates of Paris, and he so deeply felt the lame and impotent conclusion, and especially the favorable terms granted to the Court of Rome, that his health broke down, and he took to his bed. Charles, the Catholic King, who, like our own bold Protestant Bess, feared no pope, had on this occasion counselled the course he himself formerly pursued, and gladly would have seen the turbulent Paul IV. a captive in St. Angelo, or skulking out like Clement VII., disguised as a servant—much as we have beheld the liberal Pio Nono fly from his flock—the *Servus Servorum Dei* in a Bavarian footman's livery; but Philip, craven and superstitious, dealt gently with the wicked old man, who, having set the world in flames, was now ready to sacrifice France, too much his friend, to close a dirty nepotist bargain with long hostile Spain.

Charles, however, was never one jot the less eager to uphold the papal system. A Catholic not merely from policy and position, but sincere conviction, he felt that the moment was most critical. In 1558 the Church of Rome was indeed in extreme danger even in her strongest hold—in Spain—where it could no longer then be concealed that the seeds of Reformation had taken root. Once alarmed, and armed with power, the priesthood were too wise in their generation to trifle with a foe so deadly: she of the seven hills knows no mercy for dissent—all tolerance indeed she has over and over proclaimed to be but the mask of indifference:—she adopts no sprinkling of dust, no rose-water process; her one maxim and, unless under irresistible pressure, her one practice is ever "*quod ferro non curatur igne sanatur*." Accordingly, the infant Hercules was strangled in the cradle by the gripe of the inquisitor; and the Vatican can fairly boast that the Reformation in the Peninsula was nipped in the bud and annihilated at once. It must be remembered that the general temper of Spain was peculiarly favorable to such a result; the bulk of the nation itself was fanatic—a long life-and-death war waged on their own soil against the infidel, for hearth and altar, had coupled creed with country and

heresy with enemy. The Inquisition, a double-edged engine, originally armed by the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards against the Moor or Jew, was destined by divine justice to recoil ultimately on its abettors, and to sink a land once at the head of European civilization into an obscurantism and "backwardation" paralleled only by the states of Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and John of Tuam.

Mr. Stirling, in his eighth chapter, fully confirms the accuracy of Dr. McCre's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain. The Holy Tribunal scarcely found a warmer friend in the cold-blooded Philip than in the once moderate Fray Carlos; and certainly no so-called historian ever countenanced anything more absurd than the theory that the Emperor was himself tainted with Protestantism. "Father," said he to the Prior of Yuste, as soon as he heard of the *black business*, "if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. I have written to the Inquisition, to burn them all; for not one of them will ever become a true Catholic, or worthy to live." He urged his son to cut the root of the evil with all rigor; expressing his regret that he himself had not put Luther to death when in his power at the Diet of Worms: so much had age and the priest got the better of that soldier and gentleman, who blushed to commence his career with the foul church-suggested crime; for he then remembered well how his ancestor Sigismund's fame had been tarnished by sacrificing Huss at Constance, in 1414, in violation of a regular safe-conduct. Temporal considerations, occasionally, it must be confessed, induced Charles to play a double game, and fight with his own weapons his rival Francis I., who, while burning Protestants at Paris, supported them in Germany, because hostile to the Emperor. Our hero, no doubt, when young in mind and body, held it lawful in the game of politics to use Pope and Lutheran for his own purposes, and offended both parties, who were seriously in earnest, and had thrown away the scabbard, by his *Interims* and other conciliatory *juste milieu* measures. Nevertheless, all his personal instincts, first and last, as well as all his hereditary interests, were opposed to the Reformation. The cry of the *Comuneros* at Salamanca, which met his ear as he mounted the throne of Castile—"Thou shalt have no Pope or King but Valloria!"—was echoed in after-life in the Union of Smalkalde, which pitted the Protestant princes

against his imperial prerogatives and pretensions; and, in truth, the boundaries between religious and civil liberty, reformation and reform, are fine and delicate. At the present crisis, Charles, it is said, heard with surprise, and not without appearances of some sorrow, that many of his own former preachers were tainted with the heresy plague, and carried to the hospitals of the Inquisition; but, sorrowing or not sorrowing, he entered no plea for mercy. Even Mathisio, his favored physician, was forced to burn his translated Bible—then, as now, the foremost prohibited book in the *Liber Expurgatorius* of Rome.

These accumulated anxieties, however, hastened that utter break-up of his constitution which the medical men had long anticipated from his imprudent diet; and early in August symptoms appeared which the patient himself could not mistake. His thoughts naturally turned more than ever to religion and its rites. Long accustomed to recelebrate, with his personal attendance, the obsequies of his departed kinsfolk on the anniversaries of their *obits*, he now determined to rehearse his own funeral. This incident—one of the disputed points in his history—has been very carefully sifted by Mr. Stirling:—

"Gonzales," says he, "treats the story as an idle tale: he laments the credulity displayed even in the sober statement of Siguença, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-wrought picture of Robertson, of whose account of the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Leti. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. "The emperor was bent," says the historian, "on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal and merit the favor of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which

the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days."

"Sigueña's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial, he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagances far greater than the act which Sigueña has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a mis-statement."

To continue the true story—Charles, when the solemn scene was over, felt much relieved in mind, and sat musing all that afternoon and the next in his open alcove; there he caused the portrait of his gentle Isabel to be brought, and, looking a long and last farewell to the loved partner of his youth, bade also his real adieu to the world. He was roused from his protracted reverie by his physician—felt chilled and fevered, "and from that pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from whence he was to rise no more." So soon were the anticipated rites realized; his illness lasted about three weeks; the daily bulletins transmitted

to Valladolid by his physicians still exist, minute as those preserved by Arrian of the death-struggle of Alexander the Great.* In full possession of his intellect, Charles exhibited throughout the courage of a soldier, the dignity of the Prince, and the resignation of a Christian. He duly executed codicils for the future provision of his faithful followers, took the Sacrament frequently, and after receiving extreme unction, insisted on communicating once again, observing to those who said it was not, under such circumstances, necessary, "that may be, but it is good company on so long a journey." His peaceful death formed a striking contrast to that of his rival Francis I., a victim of the only trophy retained by France of her foul possession of Naples. The emperor's end was that of the just; a euthanasia devoutly to be wished for. No perilous stuff weighed heavy on his soul; no exorcisms were needed to beat away the busy fiend from the pillow of one who closed his eyes amidst

all that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

The closing scene is thus told by Mr. Stirling—

"Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, "His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for *William*. Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the Emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was standing in the shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur!*"—My lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Mathew's day. Ad-

* He of Macedon too became fevered after imprudent indulgences at table, and throughout his last illness attended the daily sacrifices most devoutly—*τεν θεϊον ἐκπαιδευόμενος*. The progress of his case is detailed in the royal diaries. He, unlike our Cæsar, had no physician—and it was deliberated whether he should be carried to the temple of Serapis, that the god might cure him *brevis manu*.—(Arrian, vii. 25.)

dressing the dying man, the favorite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to call, "*Ya voy, Señor*—Now, Lord, I go!" As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried *Ay, Jesus!* and expired."

The corpse was left at Yuste until 1574, when it was transferred to the Escorial, then sufficiently advanced to become the palace, the monastery, and the mausoleum of Spanish royalty. It was lain in the plain vault erected by Philip II. When the gorgeous Pantheon, "a tomb for which e'en kings would wish to die," was completed in 1674 by Philip IV., the imperial remains were removed finally to their present place of rest.

"As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed, to enable Philip to come face to face with his great ancestor: the corpse was found to be quite entire; and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of four-score winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro and said, "*Cuerpo honrado* (honored body), Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister: words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escorial has recorded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion."

This Spanish dialogue on the dead certainly contrasts alike with the bland prose of Sir Henry Halford, when the coffin-lid of Charles I. was raised for the Regent to verify Vandyke, as with the appalling stanza of Lord Byron on that memorable descent into the tomb.

"Once again," says Mr. Stirling, "the emperor's grave was opened. When Mr. Beckford was at Madrid in 1780, Charles III., as a parting civility, desired to know what favor the fascinating and accomplished Englishman would accept at his hands. The author of *Vathek* asked leave to see the face of Charles V., that he might judge of the fidelity of the portraits by Titian: the marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche, and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the pale emperor.

Mr. Stirling adds that,

"for this curious anecdote he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Dutchess of Hamilton. Mr. Beckford had left unfortunately no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered."

We would willingly class this revolting story among the many gloomy poetical visions of the narrator—surely the Royal family of Spain must have a similar feeling—and as after all the precise week and day of the incident, if a real one, can hardly escape a sharp investigation on the spot, we shall expect, with curiosity, the disinterment, or otherwise, of supporting evidence.

From the day when the body quitted Yuste, the convent and palace were neglected alike by the kings and people of Spain. Left to the gentle keeping of a climate more conservative than man, all might to this day have remained in excellent preservation; but in 1809 a party of Soult's soldiers flying from Oporto and irritated by disgrace, set their mark on these beautiful districts. They clambered up the hill, pillaged and then fired the convent;—the royal wing only escaped from the thickness of the walls of the intervening chapel. Under the reign of the Constitution, in 1820, such restorations as the brotherhood had been able to effect were unmercifully dealt with by the Liberals. Their ravages were again partially made good when the monks returned on Ferdinand VII.'s recovery of power; but his death was soon followed by the total suppression of the monastic system; like the rest of their class, the beadsmen of St. Jerome were ejected—the whole edifice speedily fell into irremediable ruin—and chaos is come again. But we cannot better conclude our summary of this thoughtful and graceful work than with the author's melancholy sketch of Yuste as inspected by himself in 1849:—

"It was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stran-

ger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story; the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altars and quaint wood-work of the choir having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Cuacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls: and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the coloring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut

planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoons in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of potherbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation; yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings."

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE RELIGIOUS POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. III. JAMES THOMSON.

"OH Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!" was the parody of a wag upon a line by the great author of "The Seasons"—a wag who probably was one of the poet's warmest admirers. In fact, Thomson, like Gay, Goldsmith, and others, was one whom you could at once love and laugh at, pity and admire. Not a mere grown child, like Gay, not an "inspired idiot" like Goldsmith, his squat good-nature and lumpish laziness formed a still stronger antithesis to his poetic qualities. For these were of a far higher order than even Goldsmith's. Goldsmith was a fine versifier, who ever and anon rose to a poet. Thomson, alert or sluggish, drunk or sober, writing the descriptions in "Winter," or sucking peaches from the wall, was always *intus et in cute* a bard. He could not, says Johnson, "look at two candles burning but with a poetical eye." Even when he slumbered—and he did little else—it was on the sides of Parnassus, and when he did awake, there were the rich valleys of poetry

outstretched before his view, and he had only to transcribe what he saw.

We remember, in the days of our youth, speaking to a much older and rather oracular personage about Sheridan, and expressing our wonder at his success, considering that "nothing that he did seemed ever to give him any trouble." "Oh," but our friend replied with a decisive air and a meaning look, "remember he *had genius*." This answer did not even then entirely satisfy us, and still less does it now. The question, too, we admit was impertinent. For, 1st, Sheridan, although one of the cleverest and even potentially *ablest* of men, had no genius, and did not even feel that he wanted it; and 2dly, we find from Moore, that whatever good thing he did cost him a great deal of trouble; but 3dly, it is not the necessary prerogative of genius to relieve men from labor of any kind. Witness Tasso, Milton, Wordsworth, Burke, Shelley, and even Byron, all of whom felt the pains of intellectual travail. To this rule, however, there are exceptions, and one of these is unquestionably Thomson. Noth-

ing *he* did seems ever to have cost him any trouble, and as unquestionably *he* had genius. He was a magician of the 'Arabian Nights,' *bedrid*, to whose gold-fringed couch, as he lay in trance or dreamy wakefulness, the hands of ministering genii brought all goodly cates, all sunless treasures, "canes from a far country," everything rich and rare, beautiful and sublime, "from silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon." His nightcap became wishing-cap, and he left it as a legacy to Coleridge, on whose august head, however, it assumed larger and more prophetic powers, and became inscribed with the Alphabet of the Cabala, and the signs of the zodiac.

A certain sluggish magnificence; a certain Russian roughness of splendor; a certain mixture of paste and pearls, belonged inevitably to Thomson, as it does to many kindred spirits. It is very vain for critics to try to amend this in the case of such minds. Their faults and beauties are as inextricable as the shadow and the substance, and more so than the foam and the wave. This, indeed, is the *differentia* of all really *natural* minds. Goethe, Tennyson, and all that elaborately artificial class, lose latterly the power to produce sturdy faults ("got," as Shakspeare has it, "in the lusty stealth of nature"), and even their beauties have a shorn and *scrimp* air. Contrast them with the living and lifegiving effusions of a Shakspeare, a Young, a Thomson, a Cowper, and a Bailey! Whenever nature ceases in her wondrous "ecstasy" to produce weeds as well as flowers, rocks as well as soft, rich valleys, *then* let poets aim at an unattainable artistic perfection.

A great round Criffell, wrapt in the lazy glow of an autumn afternoon, was Thomson. He did not like Byron, resemble a sharply defined, haughty, and high-standing hill, seeming to cut the mists in sunder, and to analyse the sunbeams as they fell on it. Inspiration did not rush across, but came as if in idleness, and reposed upon him. The glow and fervor which, like sunny mist, cover all Thomson's writing, sometimes, as in the case of Spenser, disguise his directness and obscure his strength, just as a country swathed in the mist of September seems fluctuating and feeble as a summer sea, although within it there are broad lands and tall crags, lofty mountains and strong cataracts. In much of Thomson's poetry, the luxuriance of language conceals, without being able to destroy, the strength and depth, the originality and the grandeur, which are enclosed. The poet may be one of the "giant angels slumbering and dreaming in

the vales of heaven," but his terrible panoply is only slackened, not laid aside, and he has but to be roused, to start up into his native valor and power.

Lord Lyttelton says of him

"His ditty sweet,
He loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat."

And no wonder, since transcription is far more irksome to most men than first writing. Thomson, when he wrote, was not struggling and gasping after an ideal, but simply recording the impressions made on his mind by nature; and it was not from the mental, but the manual labor that he seems to have shrunk. It was the same with Johnson, Writing his "Rambles," cost him nothing but the labour of penmanship, and that he felt far too heavy for his indolent disposition.

Coleridge says that he considers Thomson a great, but hardly a good poet. This *dictum*, stripped of its paradoxical setting, amounts to the simple truth, that Thomson produced great general effects, rather than aimed at minute and careful finish. He excelled more in the broad landscape view, than in the cabinet picture, or in the miniature. He is better at describing the torrid zone, than a lady bathing; coping with the aggregate terrors of winter, than telling in Lavinia a tale of individual sorrow. He loves the beautiful, but the sublime loves him—likes to stir him from his slumbers, as the storm stirs a lion; loves to carry him up in its arms, as a mountain wind carries aloft an eagle; and having thoroughly roused, having shaken up the very soul of poetry within him, to throw him down upon the couch of his repose, again to murmur through his half dream, some nonsense about "spring descending in a veil of roses," or to wait out "O Sophonisba, Sophonisba O."

That Thomson can, however, at times, write with the utmost elegance and simplicity, and supply touches as delicate and tremblingly true as Cowper's own, will be admitted by all readers of his "Castle of Indolence," as well as of the minor descriptions in "The Seasons." These last strike you the more, as they are not elaborated and hardly conscious; he seems, as we have said elsewhere of Graham of "The Sabbath," as if in absence of mind to drop his brush upon the canvass, and to produce exquisite effects. But the full riches of his power are never elicited, he is never *himself*, till he hears the thunder raising over his head its "tremendous voice," or stands upon the "ridgy"

mountains burning below the equator, or sees at Carthage the "frequent corse" fall into the shuddering wave, or apostrophises the Spirit of Winter, coming on amid its rolling clouds and snows, to rule a stripped and blasted world, or stands side by side with Young under the Night, with all its sparkling atoms of God, or interprets the varied languages of the seasons, and unites them into a harmony of praise, worthy of Milton himself, to the great I AM. Indeed, the finer passages of Thomson yield in grandeur to Milton only, and that, too, more in plainness and compactness of language, than in spirit or power of genius.

His two principal works are, of course, "*The Seasons*," and the "*Castle of Indolence*." The first is generally preferred by the public, and the second by the critics. The second has fewer faults, and the first has perhaps more and higher beauties. The second has more of the artist, and the first more of the poet.

Who can forget his first reading of the "*Seasons*," and the surprise and joy with which he found the phenomena, which he had watched, and at which he had wondered from infancy, transmuted into poetry? How pleasant it was to compare the aspects of living nature with their glowing pictures on the poet's page! How finely humiliating the reflection, and how divine the despair produced by it, "we have seen all this many a time, but could never have so described it!" We remember, during a severe snowstorm, which blocked up all the ways, and confined us to the house, solacing ourselves by reading Thomson's "*Winter*," and of going to the windows, and comparing his descriptions with the scenery around—the valley heavy laden under snow, the Grampians standing up like gigantic ghosts, and seeming in their winding-sheets, and the sun hanging low and tremulous on the rim of the southern sky, and casting a feeble glare over the death-like scene. We all know with what delight children see for the first time a picture of their native village, and how they cry out, in perfect wonderment and glee, "See that burn, yonder linn, and there, we declare, our own wood and cottage." With a similar feeling of joyous incredulity do the young, especially if brought up in the country, find on Thomson's graphic page the reapers that often have bent on the fields near their dwelling, the ice on which they have often slidden, their 'ain robin red-breast, that they have often fed with crumbs at their snow-choked threshold, and the very

tempests which they have so often seen, "grim brewed in the evening sky." Nay, there is on all this, shed by the genius of the poet, a new something, indefinable and inexpressible; to use his own language, a "blue film" breathed by the breath of genius, which turns the bare fact into living and glittering poetry, so that a certain ruddy glow falls from above the sun on the cheek of the reapers; the burn shines in more sparkling light, the linn deepens into richer gloom, the tempests become ideal in their darkness, the snow comes down like a spent and chilled glory from on high, and the poor robin seems not a bright beggar from the woods, a hungry lord in a scarlet robe, but a tutelar angel, or a household god. This union of the ideal and the real—the latter not disguised, and the former not exaggerated—is competent only to true poets, and has been exemplified by none better than Thomson.

His power of generalisation is not inferior to his power of picture-writing. His "*Spring*" is everybody's spring, and his "*Winter*" is everybody's winter. It is not the summer of a county, or the autumn of a kingdom, that he describes. He selects, in general, those striking and salient features common to most climates and to most landscapes; and, besides, in the range of his descriptions, he can pass, like the horses Ruin and Darkness in "*Festus*," from land to land, and from zone to zone; can leap over Alps, and,

"If you please
Can take at a bound the Pyrenees."

Indeed, nature in his own land, beautiful and sublime though it be, seems not large or peculiar enough for the scope of his genius. Hence, at one time, he darts into the glooms of the arctic zone, and sees the larger stars shining for half the year on eternal snows; and, at another, vaults in amid the torrid ardors of the African desert, and tracks the caravan on the path of its destruction, while

"Mecca saddens at the long delay."

His genius was intensely tropical, almost Hebraistic in its character, and few have drank more deeply into the spirit of the Old Testament poets. To this his early associations and training, as a Scotch minister's son, undoubtedly contributed. He failed, we remember, in his first sermon at the divinity hall, which, like Pollok's afterwards, was thought too poetical—a fortunate failure,

since, in all probability, had he persevered in his path to the pulpit, he had ended in preaching, like his namesake of Duddingston, to a beggarly account of empty benches, his bodily presence in the church, while his heart and genius were away, wandering among the glens and the uplands of his native country. In this case, what a "round, fat, oily man of God" had the author of "The Seasons" become!

"Winter," the first written, is perhaps also the best of the four. Thomson, like Burns, sympathised more with that stern mother of the snows than with her sisters. "Summer" comes next in merit. Both winter and summer are seasons possessing that decisive character and those broad massive aspects which suited his genius. That was rather strong than subtle; and hence he does not catch so well the fine *gradations* of the other two. Spring is too gay and lively, and autumn too spiritual and sombre for him. How inferior his "Autumn,"

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf."
to her of Keats,

"Sitting careless on a granary floor,
Her hair half-lifted by the winnowing wind."

But no poet, ancient or modern, has surpassed Thomson in depicting the "child of the sun, refulgent summer"—now shooting her clear arrows of light at the noontide landscape—now lolling luxuriously over the world on the bright couch of the afternoon clouds—and now drawing around her the lurid draperies of the thunder, and exchanging sunfire for lightning—or, with a more powerful pencil, has represented old white-haired Winter, smiling grimly over the desolation he has made, and called it peace. How he might have described Chamouni! But *that* has been done lately by the author of "The Roman," in his forthcoming poem, and in a style of which Thomson himself would not have been ashamed.

We think, with all our gratitude to this poet, that "The Seasons" might have been still better managed by four poets, choosing each his appropriate season. Thus Shelley might have given us "Spring," Thomson himself "Summer," Keats or Wordsworth "Autumn," and Burns or Byron the melancholy grandeur and starry darkness of "Winter."

We must not forget the religious spirit of Thomson's poem. This does not altogether reach the proper evangelical feeling. There is not much mention of the cross or of Christ

in all his poetry. But he is ever ready to recognize God, alike in adoration and in gratitude. Every one of his seasons is full of the psalm-like spirit, and at the close, there is that beautiful, half-inspired hymn, which "rises like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," and reminds you of the glorious 104th Psalm. There is reason to fear that Thomson's conduct in London was not free from the irregularities common then among literary men; but his principles seem always to have remained sound, his faith firm, and his heart untainted. Again, for this, let us in part thank his education in the manse of Ednam.

The "Castle of Indolence" scarcely requires any remark. The scene described in it is as familiar and as dear to all its readers as is the valley of their childhood. The valley in "Rasselas" is not better painted, nor so well, as that "pleasing land of drowsy-head," with its soft-falling waters, its green pastures, the "sable, solemn, silent forest" which surround it, the murmuring main heard, and scarcely heard, in the distance, its day-dreams waving before the half-shut eye—

"Its gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer's sky,"

the "Arabian heaven" of its nights, and the exquisitely-drawn characters who appear reclining amid its shades, or who return saunteringly to their night's rest under its glittering star of eve. None but an idle man, living in an idle age (idle both of them as a

"Painted ship
Upon a painted ocean")

could have written it. Our period in its bustling heat could never have dreamed of such a spot of cool and ideal retreat—of a deep and delicate pause in the whirl of the world. Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" is but a faint imitation of it. Campbell's picture of Wyoming has touches as exquisite, but is not sustained as a whole with equal uniqueness or power. Wordsworth's "Lines Omitted in the Castle of Indolence" are chiefly remarkable for their fine picture of Coleridge:

"The noticeable man, with large gray eyes,"
who, alas!

"Came back to them a *wither'd flower*."

Ay, a *Yucca gloriosa*, blasted with poison, and fifty years or fifty centuries may elapse ere there be another such to blast!

The individual lines in this poem are often exceedingly rich and felicitous, and are sprinkled even throughout the second canto, which is confessedly inferior to the first. One of them has been quoted already—

"Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights."
Another must be familiar to all—

"As when a shepherd in the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the *melancholy main*."

We never fully felt the force of this till we saw it reflected on the eye of Professor Wilson, and heard it in his deep voice, which, as he uttered the words, quivered like the vast wing of a dying eagle. Never till then did the image break on us of a great, solitary, hungry deep, companioned only by the storms, and moaning out around barren isles and beaked promontories the plaint of its inconsolable and eternal woe! It is all the poetry and the pathos of the sea curdled up into one word—a word deep and simple as the sea itself.

Of "Liberty" and his plays we can say little, for the good reason, we are but imperfectly acquainted with them. We did, indeed, we think, once, after many abortive efforts, succeed in reading "Liberty" through, but remember only an impression of stiff, formal, and labored exaggeration. It seemed dignified and dull, destitute alike of the faults and the beauties of "The Seasons," and has long, we believe, been a buried fossil in the libraries of the learned, while "The Seasons," even yet, may be found on the window-sills of cottages, as Coleridge found it in 1798 in a little alehouse on the Bristol Channel, when he uttered the memorable words, "This is true fame." His plays seem nearly forgotten. All that is remembered of "Sophonisba," is the comprehensive line quoted above. "Coriolanus" has one or two sounding passages of declamation. "Tancred and Sigismunda" we never saw. It is thought his best, and kept for a season—perhaps it keeps still—possession of the stage. Peace to the manes of "Alfred" and of "Agamemnon!"

Thomson had faults besides indolence—was of a sensuous habit, and led, we fear, a sensual life. But, notwithstanding this, he was a "fine fat fellow," a true friend, and singularly kind to his sisters in Scotland. "More fat than bard seems"—neither a "swimmer," nor a "lover," nor "temperate," although his poems made a lady suppose that he was all three; he had a heart warm and large, beating under his gross corporation, and one of the truest of Parnassian sparks flaming below his heavy head and eyes. His

VOL. XXIX. NO. I

piety, if not profound, was sincere; his writings are intensely moral in their tendency: and altogether, among the motley mass of the authors of George II.'s reign, few make a better figure than James Thomson. We like best to think of him leaving his native Tweed-watered Ednam (his friend Mallett, or Malloch, left, four years later, the Earn-laved Crieff) for London, with little in his pocket but his "Winter," still one of his best titles to immortality. We are never weary, too, of seeing him at that garden wall, with his hands in both pockets, eating his peach; or when found in bed at noon, and asked why he was not up, replying, "Young man, I had no motive."

Collins sung his dirge—a more ethereal and unfortunate spirit than the author of "The Seasons"—with less bulk and breadth of genius, but with more lyric fire, more of the *divinæ particula auræ*, less an earthborn Titan than a seraphic ardor that ultimately was "blasted with celestial fire," the Shelley of that century, whose "Ode to Evening" passes like trickling dew across the face of the landscape, and whose ode to "Liberty" seems an echo of the Spartan life, so stern, and lofty, and spirit-stirring is its note, or like the cry of its own

"Ravining eagle northward flew."

We close by quoting a few lines on his ode on the death of Thomson:

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly steals the winding wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds,
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love through life the soothing shade.

And see the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view,
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu.

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O, vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies."

Note.—Will it be believed that Dr. Johnson had some difficulty in getting the booksellers to insert "something of Thomson" in that collection to which he wrote prefaces—a collection into which Pomfret, Duck, one Smith, Blackmore, Tickell, &c., were admitted, and most of them without any scruple? See Boswell. It is a trait intensely characteristic of those dense times.

From Tait's Magazine.

M O L I È R E .

CORNEILLE, Racine, and Voltaire, are great names in the dramatic literature of France, but Molière is greater than any of them, if popularity be taken as a test of their merits. The "Cid," "Athalie," and "Mérope," may be more praised, but "Le Tartuffe," and "Le Malade Imaginaire," we suspect are more read and better remembered. To what is this to be ascribed? Is it to any superiority of genius in the comic writer, or to the greater popularity of that department of the drama to which he devoted himself—or to both? Or has popular estimation placed Molière in a higher rank in the dramatic art than he is entitled to hold? We do not think that it has, but we attribute the preference rather to the more universal attractiveness of the comic muse, than to any superiority of genius on the part of the favorite, in comparison with the great tragic writers of the French stage.

As poetry of the very highest rank, tragedy will always be read with the utmost interest by the few capable of appreciating it, and even upon the stage the pomp and circumstance which usually attend it, will have great attractions for that more numerous class who delight in theatrical spectacles. But withal, if we are not greatly mistaken, comedy, generally speaking, is much more universally attractive than her buskined sister, and even in the closet, and certainly upon the stage, has more admirers, and these by no means of the least polished and enlightened classes. Dryden, in his Dedictory Epistle, prefixed to the "Spanish Friar," observes: "The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes, and I dare venture to prophesy that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not lightened with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles." (*Works*, vol. vi. p. 380.) But we suspect that if the truth were always told, it would be found that the taste of Dryden's contemporaries is not singular, and that in all ages not even "a course of mirth," for relieving the melancholy scenes,

has pleased so well as a course of mirth without melancholy at all. The solemn scenes of the Greek tragedy were invariably relieved by music and dancing. Yet after all, it required an effort in the Athenians to affect, for any considerable length of time, the gravity and decorum requisite to comport with the lofty sadness of such plays as the "Electra," or the "Medea;" and we know that the performances were often interrupted by calls for the exhibitions of shows; we can scarcely imagine such a call to emanate from the amphitheatre of Broad Grins, that paid willing homage to the jests of Aristophanes. The Roman "Exodia" were farces, played by the youths after the regular players had left the stage, for the purpose, as we are told, of removing the painful impressions of tragedy. So it was in France during the reign of Louis XIV., if we can believe Molière, who puts the following confession in the mouth of a great admirer of tragedy, and despiser of comedy, one of the *Dramatis Personæ* in "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes:" "Il y a une grande différence de toutes ces bagatelles à la beauté des pièces sérieuses. Cependant tout le monde donne là-dedans aujourd'hui; on ne court plus qu'à cela; et l'on voit une solitude effroyable aux grands ouvrages, lorsque des sottises ont tout Paris. Je vous avoue que le cœur m'en saigne quelquefois, et cela est honteux pour la France."

We do not think that the causes of this preference lie very deep. It is quite proverbial that we are more disposed to rejoice with them that rejoice, than to weep with them that weep; and it is not to be wondered at that we carry this predilection into our amusements. Certainly all the play-goers, and nearly all the readers of plays, look upon the drama merely as a source of entertainment; and it is nothing but a natural feeling that prompts us to seek entertainment in scenes of cheerfulness and mirth, although as a temporary relief from the cares and inquietudes of real life. He must be either more intellectual, or more morose than his neighbors, who

relaxes himself more agreeably with the "sceptered pall," than with the

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

of the more sportive muse.

The effect of scenical representation upon this preference is great; it is highly favorable to the enjoyment of comedy, but detracts from, rather than enhances that of tragedy. There are not a few to whom the tinsel glitter of the kings and queens of the latter is an attraction, but it shares the admiration of these persons with exhibitions which have little relation to the drama, and on principles with which its intellectual character has no concern; whereas all the means and appliances of the stage fall short of producing such an impression upon the mind, as the unassisted imagination can do. It is true that the genius of a great actor can mightily enhance the enjoyment of one particular part, but he stands so much alone in his glory that the effect of the whole is often rather injured than improved by his transcendent acting. There is nothing more dangerous to poetry than to reduce it to a material form, for it is apt to lose the spirituality which constitutes much of its charm, and unless the genius of the poet is equalled by that of the artist, whose means, it is to be observed, are generally much more limited, the effect of the operation is to disappoint the mind, rather than to satisfy it. In comedy, on the other hand, poetry is not an essential element, and when it does occur there it is of a much less intellectual and lofty character, and consequently more easily materialized. The characters, and the scenic accompaniments, are all more within the sphere of ordinary observation, and therefore more easily reproduced upon the stage, where the conflict with the preconceptions of the imagination is less. A piece of fine poetry gains little, if anything, by being declaimed from the stage; but a joke, a witticism, or a repartee gains immensely when spoken with the usual accompaniments of the comic scene. It is evident, too, that many more actors are fitted for comedy than for tragedy, and we can therefore see a whole piece more perfectly represented in the former than in the latter.

Besides, if it be the object of the drama to "hold the mirror up to nature," the one has advantages over the other, which render it a more perfect instrument of art. Tragedy,

"High actions and high passions best describing,"
must explore recesses in the human heart

equally remote from common occurrence and from common appreciation. It is very questionable whether there ever was a time when men existed whose actual thoughts, words, and actions, reproduced on the stage, would furnish materials for a proper tragedy. The Greek tragedians, next to Shakspeare, by far the best writers of that species of dramatic composition, profess to give pictures of the heroic ages; but that these are not correct we know, for they are far below the verisimilitude of Homer, who painted more from the life, as they are far above the classical portraits of the French school, which have no pretensions of that kind. But it may well be doubted if even the graphic pictures of Homer convey a very correct idea of the times and characters which he describes. Can the same be said of Aristophanes, or of Molière? Of the latter more anon, but that the former painted the latter to the life is well known. Plato, a great admirer of comedy and of Aristophanes, sent the plays of the latter to Dionysius of Syracuse, as the best pictures that could be given of his countrymen. To what tragedian was such a compliment ever paid? We do not treat even Shakspeare's Historical Plays as faithful portraits of our Tudors and Plantagenets.

Tragedy owes much of its material inefficiency, as an instrument of scenical art, to its being necessarily imaginative, and to a great extent abstract—qualities which add much to its intellectual grandeur, but which cannot be adequately represented on the stage. A mighty genius indeed, such as Shakspeare, may imagine such a conception as will command our sympathies, in spite of its abstraction, and embody the highest poetry in palpable forms; but to do so is the greatest achievement of the poetic art, and can be accomplished only by the utmost genius and skill. And after all, to take two characters the most dissimilar in intellectual conception, with whom do we most cordially and freely sympathize—with *Hamlet*, or with *George Dandin*? For our parts we say with the latter. The simple peasant is one, or at least one of a class with whom we have long been on terms of intimacy, and we enter at once into his feelings, though we laugh at his simplicity when he is duped by his lady spouse. But the Danish prince is a gentleman whose acquaintance we have never had an opportunity of making, although we have frequently heard him well spoken of; and however much we are disposed to condole with him on his misfortunes, we have some difficulty in treating them exactly as he does; and yet

the one is the noblest creation in Shakspeare, and the other is among the meanest of Molière. Abstractions are not altogether unknown to comedy, but they are always dangerous. It was into this error that the new comedy of Greece fell, when the vigor and raciness of the old school was repressed. So long as the comic writers were permitted to paint men as they lived, moved, and had their being around them, their art flourished; but when that liberty was denied to them, and they were obliged to have recourse to characters and plots of history, and of their own invention, it declined. If Molière had followed in the track of Corneille, and attempted—we will not say classical comedies—but imitations of Aristophanes or Menander, or had shut his eyes to what was going on around him, and given us ideal pictures of the ridiculous, instead of graphic pictures of the men and women of the court of Louis XIV., and the Parisian bourgeoisie, we will venture to say that his name would not have stood so high in dramatic literature as it has always done. But he had too much good sense and too correct a knowledge of his art, to fall into this error. Nothing can better exemplify both than the following exquisite observations on the two departments of the art, which occur in the piece from which we have already quoted, “*La Critique de l’Ecole des Femmes*,” a play abounding in sound criticism and sensible remarks on the drama: “*Lorsque vous peignez des herôs, vous faites ce que vous voulez; ce sont des portraits à plaisir, où l’on ne cherche point de ressemblance, et vous n’avez qu’à suivre les traits d’une imagination qui se donne l’essor, et qui souvent laisse les vrais pour attraper le merveilleux. Mais, lorsque vous peignez les hommes, il faut peindre d’après nature; on veut que ces portraits ressemblent; et vous n’avez rien fait, si vous n’y faites reconnaître les gens de votre siècle. En un mot, dans les pièces sérieuses, il suffit pour n’être point blâmé, de dire des choses qui soient de bon sens et bien écrites; mais ce n’est pas assez dans les autres: il y faut plaisanter; et c’est une étrange entreprise que celle de faire rire les honnêtes gens.*”

The conclusion we draw from these observations is, that comedy is essentially more dramatic than tragedy, although the latter is more intellectual and poetic. The former will please more on the stage, and the latter in the closet. The former will be more popular among the mass, the latter will be more appreciated by the few. But a great tragedy will be appreciated rather as a poem than

as a play, and will gain comparatively little by the best acting, scarcely at all by the best scenical appliances; while a good comedy will both read well and play well, and its enjoyment will be mightily enhanced by the arts of the theatre.

Hitherto we have been speaking of tragedy and comedy, strictly so called; but to prevent misconception, we must add a few words on that mixed species of dramatic composition, of which Shakspeare is the great master. We have seen that melancholy alone will not *please* upon the stage, and the reason is, that continued scenes of sadness are neither pleasing nor natural. Whatever excuse may be found for the immortal sorrow of the Greek tragedy in its devotional origin and purpose, certain it is, that the drama, to be effective, must above all things be natural; it must do neither more nor less than “hold the mirror up to nature,” and it is in the skilful reproduction of natural scenes that its art consists. Most dramatists, and especially the French, with the regular Greek models, and the Aristotelian rules in their view, have set themselves to compose works which strictly belong to one or other of the two great classes of dramatic composition, but that excludes from the picture a considerable part of the original; it is studying Aristotle more than nature, for the scenes of real life are not either wholly grave or wholly gay. In comedy, indeed, the grave, or at least the sad, may safely be excluded. Happily, little of what is purely melancholy, and at the same time fitted for dramatic representation, occurs in real life, chequered as it is, and the continued mirth is too pleasing to induce us to regret its absence. Occasional scenes of tragic interest, however, are not altogether inconsistent with the character of comedy. In one of Molière’s pieces, and not one of his worst, “*Le Festin de Pierre*,” the hero *Don Juan*, after running the round of all those villanies which are associated with his name, is carried off the stage after a fashion uniting those of the exits of *Dr. Faust* and *Manfred*. This play is called “*Comédie en cinq actes*,” and it is essentially a comedy. But in tragedy both requisites of the drama not only admit but call for the union of melancholy and gaiety. The one without the other is not natural, and although it were so it is not pleasing. Shakspeare knew this, for no one had a more correct idea of the principles of his art. He was besides, above all others, the poet—the grammarian of nature, as the ancient quoted by Suidas prophetically expresses it—dipping his pen in the human

heart. He conceived a character, or invented a plot, and developed it through varied scenes, without regarding whether the result was a tragedy or a comedy,—he thought only of presenting a picture of human life. His plays, in short, are less tragedies or comedies, than sections of that mirror which in his own breast reflected with infinite truth, and, therefore, with infinite variety, the scenes and characters of actual life. Our polite neighbors the French call, or rather used to call, this *bizarre*, and so it is,—and eminently so is human nature.

To return to comedy, the very characteristics which render it more efficient and complete as an instrument of art, seem to tend to limit the sphere of its production. It is rather a remarkable fact in the history of the drama, that there have been many more great writers of tragedy than of comedy, notwithstanding the higher intellectual character of the former. In Greece, there were three to one; for we suspect that the *prægrandis senex* of the school was the only comedian entitled to rank with the great tragic writers. In France there has been the same proportion. The classic age of Italian poetry did not afford a single comic dramatist, though no people have a keener perception of the ludicrous and the grotesque than the Italians. We do not attribute much importance to such facts, because speculations upon the causes of the progress of art are apt to be chimerical and generally are unprofitable. It is obvious, however, that comedy, which should

“Catch the manners living as they rise,”

must be much limited to the age and country, the manners of which it professes to depict, and that unless these are adapted to comic delineation, the art must languish for want of *matériel*. The perfection of comedy does not consist in the mere reproduction of the scenes of common life, whatever may be its character. These must have something comic in themselves, and the art of the dramatist is shown in his selection of the ludicrous traits so as to develop with greatest effect a character or a plot. It has often been asserted that the proper end of comedy is to expose vice and folly by means of ridicule. But we conceive that its primary end is to excite mirth, and the exposure of vice and folly is often well calculated to do so, though that is rather a secondary end, (however, morally speaking, it may be the highest,) and many admirable comedies have been written with no such object, or without having any such effect. Besides, such a defini-

tion of the object of comedy confounds it with satire, from which it essentially differs. Comedy may be, and often is, the vehicle of the most exquisite satire, but it is not necessarily so. It has a distinctive character of its own, of which the *ridiculous* is the essence; but virtue may be rendered ridiculous as well as vice and folly. The satire of Aristophanes directed against Socrates, was not legitimate because it wanted a legitimate object; it was, in fact, founded on a misapprehension, which, when dissipated, disarmed the satire. But the *ridicule* was genuine, because it put the sage in a view so laughable when contrasted with his character, real or assumed (for it matters not which), that our mirth is excited whether we believe in the justness of the satire or not.

The ridiculous—the *matériel* of comedy—has existed more or less in all ages, and always will exist, so long as human nature remains the same. Boccaccio found it in an age of the darkest superstition, and chiefly among its ministers and devotees. Butler traced it even in the acrimonious contentions of civil war. There must, however, be times and circumstances more favorable than others to its production, and it may well be doubted if they would have produced so laughable comedies, had Aristophanes been a contemporary of Cadmus, or Molière written under the stern tyranny of the League. In our own country, comedy has at no period flourished more than in the merry times of the Restoration, when a reaction took place in the national mind, from the severe discipline of republicanism and its sister puritanism. Probably, as a general rule, though liable to many exceptions, it may be said, that the most favorable circumstances for comic delineation are when nature has been softened from barbarism into civilization,—where that civilization has not degenerated from the follies of luxury and fashion into unpalliated crime—where the manners of the age and political institutions give full scope to the complete development of natural character—and especially where a keen sense of the ridiculous and a *turn* for humor are national characteristics, and make each individual to some extent, as *Falstaff* describes himself, not only witty themselves, but the cause of wit in other men. The age and country of Aristophanes had some of these characteristics in an eminent degree. Let us examine how far Molière lived under similar propitious circumstances:

Born in 1622, his youth was contemporaneous with the administrations of Cardinals

Richelieu and Mazarin, the despotic tyranny of which would have been little calculated to relax the severity of character which the French people had acquired in the preceding age, under the terrors of the League, had its effect not been in some measure counteracted by the peculiar character of the opposition. The minority of Louis XIV. was agitated by a struggle for power between contending parties, who mixed with their ambition much of the levity supposed to be characteristic of their country. The gratification of personal vanity, more than the passion for power, influenced the leaders, who changed sides with their mistresses, and not unfrequently, at their dictation. The queen-mother was lampooned while her minister was outlawed, and battles were fought to gain the favor of the libertine Duchesse de Longueville. A body of lawyers aping the English Parliament, to which their only resemblance lay in their common name, raised the standard of revolt, and while a cardinal headed the party of the court, an archbishop fomented the jealousies of the opposition. The people following the frivolity of their leaders, alternately adored them as their deliverers, and lighted bonfires on their disgrace.

This state of things was in some measure put an end to when Louis assumed the reins of government in 1654. Foreign conquests succeeded civil dissensions, and a gay but libertine court set the example of polished manners, and diffused refinement along with licentiousness. At this period, the people of France were divided into three classes, the distinctions of which were prominent and well marked: the aristocracy, whose focus was the Court; the tradesmen and the craftsmen, who inhabited the towns; and the peasantry. The last class vegetated in a state of simplicity and ignorance, which gave little scope for the development of individual character, though probably the *trempe* of the mass did not want archness and vivacity. Their manners, however, were gross as well as simple. The men spent much of their time in the cabarets, while their wives were alternately kissed and beaten. It is very questionable whether female virtue was better preserved among this class than in the higher ranks; probably it was less so: and certainly it was better preserved among the middle class. But conjugal infidelity was in all ranks reckoned more a foible than a crime, and a good beating of his frail spouse, at once restored the peasant's temper, and vindicated his honor. The *bourgeoisie* were a plain and

well conditioned class, retaining much of their ancient simplicity of manners, with as little of the licentious refinement of those above them, as of the grossness of those below. Devoted to their *boutiques*, they were easy in their circumstances, and many of them ultimately obtained such a competency as enabled them to retire from trade and live in independence. Occasionally, one of these, forgetting his position, would affect the gentleman, like *Monsieur Jourdain*, who was no ideal portrait, but drawn from life. The original was a hat manufacturer of the name of Gaudoin, who lavished a large fortune, left him by his father, on needy people of fashion, who, like *Dorante* and *Dorimène*, made him their dupe. Ultimately he was confined at Charenton as a madman. Little removed from the condition of shopkeepers were the professional men, whom real ignorance and an affectation of deep learning rendered eminently ridiculous. The professors of medicine affected much gravity, wore a robe when they went abroad, and generally rode through the streets on mules. They delighted in specifics, and a multiplicity of medicines, talked in bad Latin and scholastic terms; and, as each had a theory of his own to support, their vanity and dogmatism rendered their consultations rather distracting to their patients, the nature of whose diseases, far less their remedies, they could not agree upon. The result of the famous consultation on Cardinal Mazarin is well known. The four most eminent physicians of the day were called in, when after much dispute each adhered to his own opinion, one maintaining that the seat of the disease was the liver, another the lungs, a third the spleen, and a fourth the mesentery. It is not improbable that Molière had personal wrongs to avenge in ridiculing the physicians, for his habitual bad health must have given him much unfavorable experience of them. The lawyers were probably little less ridiculous, though we know not so much of them, Molière having scarcely touched upon that class. He introduces the *avocats* only once, viz., in the "*Malade Imaginaire*," and it is to pay them a compliment. It is in the same piece that he gives a rôle of some importance to a notary, though according to the prescriptive usage of the stage that functionary is seldom absent when a marriage is in hand, but only *pour dresser le contrat*. The lawyers, however, did not escape the lash. During Molière's lifetime they were severely handled by Racine in the "*Plaideurs*." Their pleadings savored much of the ignorance and

scholasticism of the age. Deficient both in dignity and solidity, they displayed an indigested erudition, citing promiscuously the Bible, the fathers of the church, the Roman and canon laws, and occasionally the classics. The university of Paris, which in 1624 had obtained an *arrêt*, prohibiting on pain of death the publication of any work impugning the authority of Aristotle, could not fail to supply much of the ridiculous. There were scholars of that time who, armed at all points with syllogisms, professed to dispute *de omni scibili*, maintaining their positions with a fury quite proportionate to their pretensions. One of them, the original of the philosopher in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who delivered a course of lectures on eloquence and philosophy, in a room in Paris which he called "L'académie des philosophes orateurs," and himself the "modérateur" thereof. When these pedants fell in love the picture was complete. One of Racine's lawyers proposes to take his mistress to see the torture inflicted,—"*donner la question*,"—and Molière makes *Thomas Diafoirus* desirous to treat *Angelique* with a sight of the dissection of a woman! These pictures were not overcharged. Of Molière's literary contemporaries, he has left us too exquisite a sketch to be omitted. In the play from which we have already more than once quoted, "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," *Dorante*, the sensible critic of the piece, thus describes them: "La cour a quelques ridicules, j'en demeure d'accord; et je suis, comme on voit, le premier à les fronder; mais, ma foi, il y en a un grand nombre parmi les beaux esprits de profession; et, si l'on joue quelques marquis, je trouve qu'il y a bien plus de quoi jouer les auteurs, et que ce seroit une chose plaisante à mettre sur le théâtre, que leurs grimaces savantes, et leurs raffinemens ridicules, leur vicieuse coutume d'assassiner les gens de leurs ouvrages, leur friandise de louanges, leurs ménagemens de pensées, leur trafic de réputation, et leur ligue offensive et défensive, aussi bien que leurs guerres d'esprits, et leurs combats de prose et de vers."

The character of the aristocracy, who figured in the Court of Louis, is too well known to require much description. It was formed very much upon the character of the sovereign himself. Louis had the art, probably without having one really great quality, to make himself adored while he lived, and he has even drawn upon the admiration of posterity. He knew well the value of ceremony, for the purpose of securing the respect of those who surrounded him. Governed

throughout his whole reign by his mistresses, one of whom he had the weakness to marry when both were past the middle age, he was, nevertheless, as absolute in the management of his court, as they were of his kingdom. He never appeared even to his domestics but in full dress; and he would keep his ministers in waiting, however urgent might be their business, until he had adjusted his peruke. He carried his politeness so far, as to lift his hat to his female domestics, when he met them in his palace; and if he met a lady, he would not replace it until he had passed her. He has been said to have been fond of the arts; but with such men as Racine, Molière, and Le Brun around him, he could scarcely have been otherwise; as with such captains as Turenne and the great Condé, there was no great merit in being victorious. His taste we are much disposed to doubt. He was fond of show, which, like Napoleon, he used as an instrument of empire, and he was fond of the arts so far as they contributed to the splendor of the pageant. He looked on Le Brun in the light of a superb gilder; and on Molière as an ingenious contriver of spectacles. If ever he dreamed of their immortality, it was when he thought of his own. In a list of pensions which he gave to the *littérateurs* of his reign, we find one thousand francs awarded to Molière, and three thousand to Chapelaine, now known only for his wretched "*La Pucelle*," but for which, as a French wit once observed, he might have had some fame. The one is described as "excellente poète comique," the other as, "le plus grand poète Français, qui ait jamais été, et du plus solide jugement." And yet in this list occur the names of Corneille and Racine, to the latter of whom is given eight hundred francs. Boileau is altogether omitted. The truth is, that Louis affected a love of literature and art as necessary to complete his character, without feeling much of it. As Frederick of Prussia said of him, "Ayant plus de jugement que d'esprit, il cherchoit plutôt l'un que l'autre."

The Court followed closely in his footsteps. A love of show and ceremony gave a stiff and artificial tone to the manners, which was relaxed somewhat only by the flexibility of morals. There was much politeness, but it was pushed to extravagance. The courtier professed the most profound respect and esteem for people scarcely known to him. "*Theognis*," says Le Bruyère, "embrasse un homme qu'il trouve sous sa main; il lui presse la tête contre sa poitrine; il demande

ensuite quel est celui qu'il a embrassé ;" and Molière well describes this fashionable hypocrisy—"les convulsions de civilité"—in the "*Misanthrope*."

"Je vous vois accabler un homme de caresses
Et témoigner pour lui les dernières tendresses,
De protestations, d'offres, et de sermens
Vous chargez la fureur de vos embrassemens ;
Et quand je vous demande après quel est cet
homme,

A peine pouvez vous dire comme il se nomme ;
Votre chaleur pon lui tombe en vous éparant,
Et vous me le traitez, à moi, d'indifférent !
Morbieu ! c'est une chose indigne, lâche, infame,

De s'abaisser ainsi, jusqu'à trahir son ame."

Gallantry was the prevailing passion, but it was not that of Bayard. It was a sensual and licentious amour carried on by intrigue, and in defiance of common decency. Its grossness was ill-disguised by an affectation of romance, vented in sonnets and madrigals. Many of the gallants of the period were professed *beaux esprits* ; but their taste was as affected as their manners, and as corrupted as their morals. This literary affectation gave rise to a celebrated sect of female pretenders to literature, whom Molière at once extinguished and immortalized, under the name of *les Précieuses*,—an association of *Blues*, who met in Paris, at the Hotel Rambouillet, to discuss literary affairs ; and affected to take particular cognizance of the French language and grammar.

It must be allowed that such a state of society as we have described exhibits not an inconsiderable field for the writer of comedy. But its general features were too artificial to permit nature to appear much under other than conventional forms, and a writer who like Molière painted men as he found them, wanted those universal models, the study of which leads to the highest perfection of art. He copied nature, but it was nature in disguise, and under forms by which it was cribbed, cabined, and confined. Instead of studying the naked figure, he drew it as it appeared under the stiff and formal costume of the age. We cannot blame him for this, though with higher genius he would have penetrated deeper. The fault lay chiefly in his models, and there is no reason to suppose that had they been of a less artificial character, he would have failed in copying them. This must be kept in view in every estimate of the literary character of Molière, otherwise we will be apt to consider as a peculiarity of his genius what was more owing to the factitious characteristics of the subjects which he studied.

Of his contemporaries, such as they were, Molière had full opportunity for observation ; and never was there a more industrious or accurate observer. The son of a Parisian upholsterer, he spent his youth among the *bourgeoisie*, and had scarcely embraced the profession of player, at the age of twenty-three, when the troubles of the Regency drove him to the provinces, where he acted for thirteen years. The rest of his life was spent at Court, where he united the profession of comedian to the duties of *valet de chambre* to Louis, a post to which he had hereditary claims. The fidelity of his portraits of character (for many of his parts were drawn from living originals), and his merciless exposure of folly and hypocrisy, raised him many enemies, but it is only doing justice to his patron to say, that he ever found a steady friend and protector in the king. It was in the latter part of his life that he produced almost the whole of his pieces. Many of them were written with extraordinary rapidity, some of them having been composed and acted within a few days. They were in general made to order of Louis, who commanded their exhibition, as he did that of fireworks or triumphal arches, as parts of the gorgeous fêtes given at Versailles, to celebrate his victories,—or, "à la Reine et à la Reine-mère selon l'histoire,—à mademoiselle de la Vallière selon la chronique." There, like a magnificent picture in tawdry frame, appeared the immortal delineations of Molière, among Floras and Zephyrs, and satyrs and naiads, and shepherds and shepherdesses, with hooks and crooks, and artificial rocks, cascades, and *jets d'eau*. Occasionally this buckram was manufactured by the great comedian himself, but he never appears to advantage in it. Take for example the following from the Prologue to "*Le Malade Imaginaire*."

SCENE I.

Flore ; Deux Zéphyrs dansans.

La décoration représente un lieu champêtre et néanmoins fort agréable.

Flore.

Quittez, quittez vos troupeaux :
Venez, bergers ; venez, bergères ;
Accourez, accourez sous ces tendres ormeaux ;
Je viens vous annoncer des nouvelles bien chères,
Et réjouir tous ces hameaux.
Quittez, quittez vos troupeaux :
Venez, bergers ; venez bergères ;
Accourez, accourez sous ces tendres ormeaux.

Poetry was not what Molière excelled in, for he had more judgment than imagination,

and more humor than wit. But his sentiment was apt to become verbose, and his humor to degenerate into farce. His *forte* lay in the delineation of character rather than in the expression of passion, and of his characters those are the best which depart from native simplicity the least; when they affect gravity they are apt to become dull, and affected when they would be thought wise. Their simplicity often borders upon facility, and the ease with which they can be duped represses our sympathy, and disarms our resentment. Many of them are too unintellectual to be interesting, and more too clever to be beloved. But whatever be their character, their modes of expressing passion are much the same. *Feux* and *yeux* are in the mouths of every lover, and if the piece be in verse they are sure to meet in rhyme. He generally accomplishes most when he labors least, and hence the short speeches are better than the long, and the prose than the verse. His variety of passion is exceedingly limited, and within these limits it is seldom profound. Love is the universal agent in his plays, sometimes superinduced upon some other passion, but generally unmixed, and almost always the ruling one. When it is determined that the lover shall not obtain his object, he submits to his fate with the most becoming resignation; and the raptures of his more fortunate rival may be conceived, but are neither expressed nor described. There is more humor in his situations than fable in his plots. But an intricate plot is little indispensable to good comedy; it is sufficient that the plot affords a vehicle for the dialogue, and furnishes as much incident as prevents it from becoming languid. Many of his plots and incidents are borrowed from other writers, but he seldom fails to improve upon them. He does not much study the probability of occurrences, in which he is right, for the drama is a fairy-land where we willingly submit to the wand of the enchanter, rather expecting what is wonderful, than requiring what is true. His style cannot always be recommended as a model of composition, but its apology is to be found in the rapidity with which he was often compelled to write, and in the necessity incidental to every writer of comedy, of adapting his language to the character. Many of his plays were not published until after his death, and several he had expressed his intention to revise. He has been accused of indelicacy, but we think unjustly. Although love in one phasis or another is the ruling passion of all his plays, there scarcely occurs

an instance of obscenity. There are indeed expressions which are rejected by modern decorum, but there can be no doubt that they were current in the best society of his age. These expressions are not confined to any particular class of persons. *Le mot expressif*, which denotes the dishonored husband, is constantly used by his characters of every rank, and occurs in the title of one of his plays. But it also occurs frequently in Madame de Sévigné's Letters, even in those to her daughter. Molière painted too correctly to put a word into the mouth of a fine lady, which fine ladies of the day did not use; and he had too much respect for his patron to offend him by any breach of that external decorum which it was the policy of Louis to preserve. In plays where so much gallantry prevails, it was impossible to exclude incidents and situations of an immoral character; but there is none of them so equivocal as the admired screen scene in the "School for Scandal," and many other exhibitions of the English stage.

With all his faults, Molière is yet one of the most entertaining of dramatists. His acuteness of observation and power of discrimination, his knowledge of the human heart and accuracy in painting it, and above all his good sense and exquisite perception of the ridiculous, carried him triumphantly through the dangers from bad taste and artificial manners by which he was surrounded. Though many of his portraits are sketches, the character is generally complete, and the features are seldom inconsistent. Whatever defects may be in the conception of the part, there are seldom any in the execution. He sometimes fails to place virtue in its proper light, and more often overlooks vice when it ought to have been reproved; but he never renders ridiculous what is not so in itself. Every stroke tells, and tells in the proper place. We are apt at first sight to think some of his pictures overdrawn, but the more we come to know of the originals, the more we find that the portraits are correct. It is an inconvenience common to all writers on manners, that what illustrates their meaning to their contemporaries tends to obscure it to posterity. To judge of the comic literature of any age, we require to know in minute detail its habits, customs, domestic history, and generally those circumstances to which allusion, and merely allusion, is made, more constantly in comedy than in any other department of literature. Now these things have generally been reckoned beneath the dignity of history, and thus there is com-

paratively little record of what is absolutely requisite to explain the comedy of any past age. What in the hands of Aristophanes or Molière would have set Athens in a roar, or upset the decorous gravity of the court of Louis XIV., probably by the most distant allusion to it, now appears to us to be uninteresting, if it does not altogether escape our observation. No past age, however, has been more copiously illustrated than that of Molière, on which contemporary memoirs and letters, and ultimately, the brilliant sketch of Voltaire, have thrown much light, though nothing has done so more than his own comedies themselves. And judging from all these lights, we are compelled to form the highest opinion of the fidelity with which he has reflected in his characters, if not human nature in its more general forms, as Shakspeare has done, at least, the modes of acting and thinking of those who came within the sphere of his observation.

Of his *vis comica*, or the peculiarity of his comic genius, it is not easy to convey an idea by description, and as little by comparison, for it did not much resemble that of any other writer of comedy, ancient or modern. He is neither so bold, so daring, nor so grotesque, as Aristophanes, and as little does he soar into those regions of poetry and lofty intellect which go far to redeem all the faults of that extraordinary man. There is in the Frenchman, as in the Athenian, Ἰσχυρὰ μὲν γέλοιον, πολλὰ δὲ σπουδαῖα, much of jest, and much of earnest; but there is much less breadth in the character of either. If, however, the mirth of Molière is less boisterous than that of Aristophanes, it is much less frigid than that of Menander. He is more natural than Terence, and more dignified and refined than Plautus. He is said to have studied both of those Latin writers in his youth, but when he had tried his own strength he renounced them and betook himself to the study of living models, though his mannerism always retained much of the tone of his juvenile studies. There is no comic writer of the English school whom he much resembles, for, except Shakspeare, our writers of comedy have excelled more in the brilliancy of the dialogue than in the development of character, and the middle path between what we call the genteel comedy and farce has been little trod, though that is the most legitimate sphere of the comic muse. To our great dramatist he is much inferior in ideality and in wit, but he is equal in humor, and superior in regularity and correctness, meaning by the latter term the con-

sistent reproduction of character according to conventional rules. To our writers of the Restoration he bears little resemblance, many of his pieces being far more elaborate as works of art, and, it must be admitted, far superior in their moral tone and in their development of character, but inferior in point, repartee, and comicality of situation; though in these the French are seldom deficient. The best comedies of Farquhar, Vanburgh, or Congreve, are mere sketches in comparison with "Le Tartuffe" or "Le Misanthrope," to match which, with any approach to resemblance, we must go back to "The Alchemist" or "The Volpone" of Ben Jonson, or come down to "The Rivals" or "The School for Scandal" of Sheridan. The truth is, that the comedies of Molière were formed in a great degree upon the strict rules which regulated French tragedy, and hence they are more stiff and formal than comports with our notions of the sock. They are, indeed, in general, elaborate specimens of art, and, thanks to the genius of Molière, not inferior in real value, while they are superior in interest, to the best productions of Corneille or Racine. They are dignified by an eminently didactic tone, and, making fair allowance for the manners of the age, and the levities incidental to comedy, their composition is, on the whole, not unworthy of the object they profess to have in view.

"Le Tartuffe" has, in public opinion, been commonly reckoned his *chef d'œuvre*, and we are by no means about to dispute the justice of the fiat, though we think that it must be received with considerable reservations. There can be no doubt that it owes much of its fame to the opposition which it encountered from the powerful party in the church, against whose hypocrisy it was directed. It indeed carried on the same warfare that Pascal's "Provincial Letters" had begun, and ultimately with similar success. When it was first represented before the Court at Versailles, such was the fury of those whom it assailed, that even the king, though sensible of the good intentions of the author, was obliged to yield for a time, by prohibiting its public representation; and this interdiction continued until after Pope Clement IX. had interposed, to arrange the disputes which agitated the French Church. Meantime, the piece continued to be acted at the Court, and its prohibition elsewhere, while it enhanced the enjoyment of those who were privileged to be present, served to sharpen the desire of those who were not. When Molière ultimately triumphed, by the repre-

sentation in public being permitted, it was received with the most unbounded applause, by audiences which probably did not number many of the *dévots*, whether false or true. The piece has, however, retained its popularity on the stage and elsewhere, and not without great claims to high consideration. The chief character is most elaborately drawn, and with great originality of conception. The oily, sanctimonious, sensual hypocrite, the consummate villain under the disguise of religion, though frequently portrayed by painters of character, has by none been depicted in more brilliant colors than in this piece. But it must be allowed that it is brought out somewhat undramatically; it is rather described than reproduced. During the first two acts, we only hear of the great hypocrite, and he does not appear till the third, and scarcely at all in the fifth. Our anxiety is on the stretch to get a glimpse of a person we hear so much about, and though, when he does come, we are not disappointed, we would rather have formed our idea of him from our own observation, than have taken the description, however good, of *Dorine*. Of the other characters *Marianne* is the most interesting. There are few scenes in any of the author's plays better than that in the second act between her and *Valère*, where she struggles between duty to her father and love for her betrothed, her abhorrence of *Tartuffe* not being allowed to share in the conflict. *Orgon*, like many others of Molière's dupes, is too credulous to be interesting. He is quite "à mener par nez," as his guest says, and this simplicity not only spoils his own dramatic character, but detracts from that of *Tartuffe*, since a much less clever villain would have sufficed to impose upon so easy a dupe. His wife, *Madame Elmire*, is too cool for our taste; we cannot admire a woman who, even in France, in the age of Molière, takes as she does, a declaration of love from another than her husband, and we do not understand the discretion which makes her when urged to disclose it, say

Ce n'est point mon humeur de faire des éclats;
Une femme se rit de sottises pareilles,
Et jamais d'un mari n'en trouble les oreilles.

Of "Le Misanthrope," we cannot join so cordially in the common estimation. It seems to us to be one of those pieces which the author has spoiled by making too elaborate. *Alceste* is morose without being philosophic, and melancholy without being amiable. At first, he is somewhat sensible

in exposing the false politeness which presented the same silken aspect to virtue and to vice; but he speedily falls into extravagance and repulsive peevishness. His misanthropy is that of a man of fashion, with as much sense as enables him to observe character with acuteness, but not enough to make a good use of his observations. He is not even, as Dr. Johnson would have said, a good hater. He falls in love with a woman the least likely to please him, an inveterate flirt, with his eyes open to her faults, and relying on the forlorn hope of his being able to cure them.

L'amour que je sens pour cette jeune veuve
Ne ferme point mes yeux aux défauts qu'on lui
trouve;
Et je suis, quelque ardeur qu'elle m'ait pu donner,
Le premier à les voir, comme à les condamner.
Mais avec tout cela, quoique je puisse faire,
Je confesse mon foible; elle a l'art de me plaire:
J'ai beau voir ses défauts, et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
En dépit qu'on en ait elle se fait aimer,
Sa grace est la plus forte; et sans doute ma
flamme
De ces vices du temps pourra purger son âme.
Acte I. Sc. 1.

Yet he throws her off when she refuses to renounce the world, and go with him into the desert: a plan of life for a new-married couple of which no one would have become sooner tired than himself. This character marks the limit of Molière's mind in original conception. He fails when he does not draw from the life, which he did not do in this instance. The French Court did not contain a genuine misanthrope. There might, indeed, be some worn-out fop, tired of the follies of his youth, and disposed to show his wisdom by his sourness; but there was no Timon, no man-hater, whose misanthropy was formed by that morbid philosophy which works upon a mind originally generous. Molière may have aimed at such a character, but he has drawn a coxcomb. The other characters of the piece are better conceived. *Célimène's* remarks upon her acquaintances, in the second act, are spirited and graphic; but the dialogue, upon the whole, is rather tiresome. The long declamations in verse are altogether intolerable to any one who has not been drilled into such exercises by the serious productions of the French stage. The *dénouement*, also, is most undramatic; and, upon the whole, we are not disposed to rank this piece very high, though it is one of the most elaborate of Molière's works.

He has, we think, been more successful in "L'Avare," in superinducing love upon a

stronger and opposing passion. An old miser in love, and in love with his son's mistress, is a character worthy of the author, and he has made the most of it. *Harpagon* is one of the best-drawn misers in any literature; perhaps the best, after *Trapbois*. The conflict between his love of money and of *Marianne*—the all-powerful reason for marrying his daughter to one she detested, because he would take her "sans dot!"—the *double-entendre* between himself and *Valere*, when the one refers to his money-box and the other to the daughter—the conditions of the loan by the father to the son, (unknown to each other,) to enable the latter to cheat the old miser of his mistress—and many other passages in this play, are admirable, and in the very best style of Molière. It is not one of its least recommendations to our taste, that, though elaborate and in five acts, it is in prose.

In *Agnès*, in "L'Ecole des Femmes," we have another character in love under extraordinary circumstances. A child of nature, jealously secluded from intercourse with the world from her infancy, is trained up to be the future wife of an absurd but not unamiable man, much older than herself, to whose kindness she owes everything. She never feels the tender passion, nor even knows what it is, until she sees a youth more to her taste, with whom she instantly falls in love, without being aware that in receiving his addresses she is giving the least cause of offence to her benefactor. There is a degree of simplicity in this certainly not very credible—we may say, not very possible, and therefore not very natural. If there be any doubt of this, consult the High Priest. What says *Miranda*?

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of; but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Compare this with *Agnès*, after she has made considerable progress in the passion; we quote from a scene between her and her benefactor, in the last act.

Agnès.

Mais, à vous parler franchement entre nous,
Il est plus pour cela selon mon goût que vous.
Chez vous le mariage est fâcheux et pénible,

Et vou discours en font une image terrible;
Mais, las! il le fait, lui, si rempli de plaisirs
Que de se marier il donne des désirs.

Arnolphe.

Ah! c'est que vous l'aimez, traîtresse!

Agnès.

Oui, je l'aime.

Arnolphe.

Et vous avez les front de le dire à moi-même!

Agnès.

Et pourquoi, s'il est vrai, ne le dirois-je pas?

Arnolphe.

Le deviez-vous aimer, impertinente?

Agnès.

Hélas!

Est-ce que j'en puis mais? Lui seul en est la cause,
Et je n'y songeois pas lorsque se fit la chose.

Arnolphe.

Mais il falloit chasser cet amoureux désir.

Agnès.

Le moyen de chasser ce qui fait du plaisir?

Arnolphe.

Et ne savez-vous pas que c'étoit me déplaire?

Agnès.

Moi? point du tout. Quel mal cela vous peut-il faire?

We must, however, wink at many such things in Molière, and, after all, the conception belongs not to him, but to Cervantes. As it is, it is admirably maintained, and nothing but this radical defect prevents this piece from being one of the best. The simplicity of *Agnès* is so naive that we are sometimes led to believe it to be affected. There are several *equivokes* in this piece, which were much criticised at the time, and are admirably handled in "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," to which we have already more than once referred.

The piece which, next to "Tartuffe," created the greatest sensation is, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," the first that Molière wrote after his return to Paris, and certainly the most effective of his shorter pieces. It is in only one act, and has scarcely any plot, but abounds in exquisite ridicule of the celebrated *précieuses* of the Hotel de Rambouillet. The best test of such a piece is its success, which in this instance was immense, and like the "Mæviad and Bæviad" of Gifford, in later times, broke up the coterie of conceited people of both sexes, who took upon themselves to control the literature of the day. Driven from literature by Molière's pungent ridicule, a remnant of them betook themselves to science, from which, also, he dislodged them by another piece, "Les Femmes Savantes," a much more elaborate production, but much less amusing and effective. The two first acts, in particular, are intolerably tiresome, from want of incident and interminable declamations in verse. The same may be said of "Les Fa-

cheux," a piece written to expose the *boreds* of the court, but the author forgets that they are as much so to the reader as to *Eraste*. The piece, however, had considerable success, and vastly pleased the king, who pointed out a bore that had been overlooked by the author, referring to the Marquis de Soyecourt, the grand-veneur of the Court, who was forthwith transferred to the canvas, and proved to be, as Molière, with courtly flattery, says in his dedication, "le plus beau morceau de l'ouvrage." La Fontaine, who assisted at the representation before the Court, at Vaux, in writing to his friend Mancroix, a few days afterwards, says of the author, "c'est mon homme." Yet this play was little more than an impromptu, having been written and acted within a fortnight.

Of all the smaller pieces, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" is most to our taste. There is too much farce in the interludes, particularly the last; but the humor of the whole is exquisite. The dialogue is sparkling and natural. *Angélique* is one of the best of Molière's female characters; she interests us from the first. *Toinette*, the waiting-maid, is admirable; though, like *Dorine*, in "*Le Tartuffe*," more pert than servants are allowed to be in our days, even on the stage. Never were pedants painted more ludicrously than *Monsieur Diaforus* and his son. "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" is another excellent little piece; But *Monsieur Jourdain*, like *Sganarelle*, *George Dandin*, and too many others of Molière's characters, are by far too easily duped to be very interesting. As Corneille shrewdly remarks of the ambitious cit: "Avec lui on peut hazarder toute chose."

On the whole, these delineations are admirable portraits of the men and women of the age of Louis XIV., and their execution entitles Molière to the position of a great French classic, if not to an eminent place among the most illustrious minds of all ages. He is second to them only because his art reached no further than to copy what was set before him, and he wanted the creative ideal which bodies forth the forms of things unknown. But within his own sphere, no one ever painted more truthfully individual character, or grouped it on the canvas with more dramatic effect. If his scenes want the impress of nature, it is because his models were artificial, and his principles of composition too much subjected to rules drawn from the other branch of the dramatic art, and

there misapplied. He did not pretend to generalize, but he observed accurately and reproduced faithfully and skilfully; and though he cannot be ranked as a great poet, he is entitled to the praise of being a truly great artist, second only to Aristophanes and Shakespeare, in the comic literature of the stage.

Molière was as good a man as he was a dramatist, though he was but scurvily treated by the world. Born for love, as he himself expressed it, "Né avec la dernière disposition à la tendresse,"—domestic happiness was denied to him. Yet he loved on, with his eyes open to the infidelities of one who could not or would not love him. Gifted with the most amiable disposition, the enemy of nothing, but folly and vice, he had, nevertheless, many enemies, from whose persecution, it must be admitted to the honor of Louis, he found a refuge, not merely in the patronage, but in the friendship of his sovereign. Nor did their hate end with his life. Despised while he lived for a profession which the prejudices of his time, not unknown to our own, stigmatized as disreputable, the same prejudices denied him the last offices of religion, and with difficulty conceded him a grave. But the prophecy of Bouhours,* that France would one day blush for her ingratitude, has been fulfilled. Nearly a century after his death, the empty honor of an *éloge* was accorded to his manes by the Academy which had refused him admission as a member, unless he would renounce his profession. At the same time his bust was placed in its halls, with the appropriate inscription:

Rien ne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la notre.

Still later, after his bones had become scarcely distinguishable from the vulgar heap, they, or what were supposed to be they, were transported to a more honored mausoleum, in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. But, as if to remind his countrymen of the popular neglect in which he lived, the inscription which points out the spot to this day, errs, by not less than six years, in stating his age!

* Tu reformas et la ville et la cour;
Mais quelle en fut ta récompense!
Les François rougiront un jour
De leur peu de reconnaissance.
Il fallut un comédien,

Qui mit à les polir sa gloire et son étude;
Mais, Molière, à ta gloire il ne manquait rien,
Si parmi les défauts que tu peignis si bien,
Tu les avois repris de leur ingratitude.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE, AND THE NEW DISCOVERY.

BEFORE proceeding to speak of the volume, whose recent discovery promises to make an epoch in the annals of Shakespearian criticism, we propose to take a cursory survey of the said annals, and present the principal facts connected with Shakespeare's text in one view. The result, we hope, may be of interest, as it has cost us some little time and trouble.

The literary career of Shakespeare is generally held to have begun about the year 1588, and ended in 1612. To the former date, Mr. Collier and others assign the play, which one is loth to believe Shakespeare's at all, *Titus Andronicus*. The evidence, however, internal and external, is too strong to be resisted. Shakespeare's it is, and, we think, Shakespeare's alone; for there is no trace of "collaboration" in it—the manner is the same throughout. In the absence of any proof as to the date (excepting that an entry in the Stationers' books, dated February 6, 1593, of the *Historye of Titus Andronicus*, fixes the ulterior limit), we should be inclined to assign its composition to an earlier period than Mr. Collier, and to believe that Shakespeare wrote it when he had no practical acquaintance with stage matters, perhaps before he was out of his teens, when his young imagination was fired by some bloody tragedy which he had seen presented by strolling players, under the patronage of the worshipful the Mayor of Stratford. May be, he had the MS. in his pocket when he went to try his fortune in London. After he was attached to the London theatre, his first literary employment was probably the *rifacimento* of the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and his earliest original comedy *Love's Labor's Lost*.

How rapidly the genius of this child of Nature reached the perfection which it so unfaillingly sustained, is shown by the fact that the *Merchant of Venice* was written certainly not later than 1594.

To the same year we may, with great probability, assign *Midsummer Night's Dream*, although Sir Walter Raleigh (vide *Kenil-*

worth) did quote a passage from it to "the fair vestal throned by the west," some twenty years before. All the "Histories," with the exception of *Henry the Eighth*, were written before 1600, and the new century was gloriously inaugurated with *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*.

King Lear appeared in 1605 or 1606, and was followed by *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cymbeline*, *Coriolanus*, and *Winter's Tale*.

Coriolanus and *Winter's Tale*! What glorious coping-stones to the double edifice of his fame. He himself, in the prime and pride of youth and strength, had never surpassed the sublimity of this, his last tragedy, or equalled the tender beauty of this, his last comedy.

In 1612, before his genius was shadowed by the least forewarning of evening twilight, he left the busy scene of his labors and triumphs, and, impelled by that yearning for the country, and that local affection which distinguishes the race of poets, returned to the place of his birth, looking forward, perhaps, to many years of peaceful decline among his children's children. Four years did not pass before he slept with his fathers.

Most likely he had intended to devote some of his leisure time to the revision of his works, at least, his friends, more tender of his fame than he was himself, would have urged him to the task; for, as Heminge and Condell say in their preface, "It had been a thing, we confesse, worthe to have bene wished that the author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth and overseen his owne writings: But since it hath bin ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right," &c.

If the poet had been spared to be his own editor, what a change it would have made in the world of letters, what ink-shed would have been saved, what hard words, bandied among adverse critics, would have remained unspoken! But, "it hath bin ordained otherwise," and perhaps it is as well so. Many a man is tempted to the study of the obscure

text, with a view of exercising his acumen; and however he may bewilder his brain in conjectural emendation, finds food for his heart and inmost soul in the rich fruits of goodness and simple wisdom that gleam through every sentence. Moreover, we hold that there is no better exercise for the mind of man than criticism, if it be followed out in a proper spirit on a worthy subject, inasmuch as it affords, in the most abstract form, practice for the faculty which must be our guide through life,—the faculty of balancing adverse probabilities.

Of the thirty-seven dramas included in the modern editions of Shakespeare, sixteen were printed in quarto during the lifetime of the author, and several of these reprinted two or three times. In some of these quartos, the text is so corrupt, and the omissions so numerous, that we are warranted in concluding that the booksellers obtained their copies surreptitiously, either from short-hand writers employed during the performance, or from some of the players or understrappers of the theatre. The most corrupt of all is the first edition of *Hamlet* (1603), which has been recently reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, and is quite a curiosity in its way. The first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597), the first of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (1602), and the three quartos of *Henry the Fifth* (published in 1600, 1602, 1608, respectively), are also mutilated to such a degree, that they could never have been printed from an authorized manuscript. Such piracies seem to have been common in those days, as the law on the question of literary property was exceedingly dubious. Indeed, we do not think that any legal oracle gave a decisive response on the point as to whether there were such a thing as literary property till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was decided that an author had a right in common law to the produce of his own brains. No steps seem to have been taken to obtain an injunction on the sale of these purloined books; yet the editors of the folio, 1623, speak bitterly enough on the subject, and would not have confined themselves to expostulation, if they could have had a remedy at law. "You were abused"—thus they address the "great variety of readers"—"with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them." One would suppose, *à priori*, that the owners of the theatre, in their own defence, would, in such a case, supply a rival bookseller with a stage copy to frustrate the

plans of the pirate; and, accordingly, the pirated edition of 1597, of *Romeo and Juliet*, was supplanted, in 1599, by a correct edition, published under another name. On the other hand, the quarto *Hamlet* (1604), a corrected, and apparently authorized edition, is issued by the same publisher as the pirated *Hamlet* of 1603. Again, the publisher who, in 1602, issued an imperfect edition of the *Merry Wives*, in 1619 gave to the world a correct copy.

On the whole, we conclude that Shakespeare's fellow-managers, though naturally averse to the publication of a play, as likely to diminish, *tant soit peu*, the attractiveness of its representation, yet were not sufficiently interested in the matter to take any active steps to hinder such publication, and may, for a consideration, have agreed to furnish a copy to a publisher, or to allow a clerk to transcribe one from the stage copy in use. If the quartos had been more correct than they generally are, one might have conjectured that the author himself had claimed the right to publish on his own account; but, as it is, such a supposition seems inadmissible.

There is one remarkable fact which seems to prove that the publications were sometimes authorized by the theatrical managers; and it is this. The quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609, which is, on the whole, better than the folio, 1623, was published *before* representation; for some of the copies have an address to the reader, by way of preface, beginning, "Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," &c. This preface (obviously not written by the author himself) was suppressed in part of the edition, doubtless, because the play had been performed meanwhile, and it was no longer applicable: unless, indeed, Shakespeare was disgusted at the fulsomeness of the praise (as it would seem to him) and procured its suppression. In any case, we have no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion, that it was published before being represented on the stage.

The sixteen plays published during the author's life, in separate quartos, are, the *Tempest*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Love's Labors Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, (two parts), *Richard III.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *King Lear*, and *Pericles*, and the four above mentioned. *Othello* was published in quarto, by itself, in 1622, the year before the first folio.

The first folio was given to the world in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, by Heminge and Condell, two of his fellow actors and managers (for the theatre in those days seems to have been conducted on Socialist principles), who wrote the preface from which we have already quoted two passages. It contained all the plays now found in editions of Shakespeare, except *Pericles*. Twenty of these plays were printed in it for the first time. Why *Pericles*, which had been already twice published (first in 1609, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, was excluded, it is now impossible to say. That there are abundant traces of Shakespeare's hand in *Pericles*, no one we think will deny. It may be that he worked on another man's foundation, and lent his name with characteristic *insouciance* to the joint work, as in France many a vaudeville or melodrama passes under the name of M. Scribe and M. Quicqueseoit, to which M. Scribe has only contributed a careless *coup d'œil*, and here and there a dash of the pen. It certainly was not omitted on the ground that it was unworthy of its author, for *Titus Andronicus*, surely more unworthy still, was inserted. It is not likely either that the editors were prevented from reprinting it by any considerations of literary property, seeing that they themselves had been so often similarly aggrieved without redress. They affirm, moreover, that the volume contains "*all* his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, truly set forth according to their first originals." The first part of this assertion may or may not be true—we leave it; the second is certainly false in part, for it can be proved to demonstration that, in every case but two, where a play had already been published, the folio was reprinted from the last quarto edition, and not from an original manuscript. The repetition of misprints puts this beyond a doubt. This may have been done by the printer to save trouble, or by the publisher to save expense unknown to the player editors, who probably had never edited anything before, and were new to the tricks of the trade. From whatever cause, the book is so full of misprints that it fails ludicrously to fulfil the grandiloquent promise of the preface. After stigmatizing, as above, the surreptitious copies, &c., they go on: "Even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who as he was a happie imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand

went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easinesse that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

From the last sentence one would naturally infer that the folio was printed from the poet's own manuscripts. But, as we have said, this is assuredly not the case with regard to those plays already in print, and if it be so in respect of the other twenty printed in it for the first time, it is difficult, almost impossible, to account for its multiplied blunders.

These blunders are twofold, blunders of the eye and blunders of the ear; as for instance, it is common enough to find such a word as *haire* misprinted for *heave* because of the *ductus literarum*, or for *where* because of the similarity of the sound. We may account for them in two ways; either, as Mr. Collier supposes, a transcript was made from the original MS. for the use of the printer, or, as we are inclined to think, a person was employed to read the MS. to the compositor as he put up the types, and so the eye-blunders would be due to the reader, and the ear-blunders to the compositor. Any one who tries his hand at emending Shakespeare must bear this double source of error in mind.

The folio of 1623 was reprinted in 1632, no manuscript apparently having been used in the reprint, for it is only very obvious mistakes that are corrected, and these are compensated by the introduction of fresh ones. In the folio of 1664, another reprint, *Pericles*, was admitted to a place among his brethren. The last of the folios appeared in 1685. Who shall undertake to enumerate the subsequent editions? They are *ἡλίμοχθος ἁγάρφα*—as the sand of the sea-shore for multitude—and for value. One finds a precious stone or a pretty shell here and there.

As to the editors and commentators, they may rank, for the most part, with those herodunces, whose names even would have been for ever forgotten if their *sacer vates*, Pope, had not consigned them to eternal oblivion.

Yet we have to acknowledge good and true service rendered by no mean hands. Pope himself has contributed his exquisite poetical feeling, Malone and Douce their antiquarian knowledge, Johnson his sterling good sense, Rowe, Theobald, Steevens, and Monk Mason, their various ingenuity, Farmer "the man after Johnson's own heart" his genial erudition, Mr. Collier his conscientious and unwearied diligence, Mr. Knight his enthusiasm and enterprising spirit, Mr. Dyce his accurate scholarship and critical

acumen ; yet after all that had been done by these distinguished men for the elucidation of Shakespeare's text, after all,

This labor of an age in piled *tomes*,

much more remained to do, and—notwithstanding the important discovery of which we are about to speak—remains still.

The discovery took place in this wise : One lucky morning, in the spring of 1849, Mr. Collier had called to have a little bibliographical chat with the late Mr. Rodd, bookseller, in Great Newport-street, when a package of books was brought in from the country. This package contained, among other things, a damaged and dog's-eared copy of the Folio of 1632, which Mr. Collier bought on the spot for thirty shillings, took it home, put it on a top-shelf, and thought no more about it for ever so long. One day, however, having occasion to consult it, he observed, for the first time, abundant MS. corrections, and he forthwith submitted the volume to a careful scrutiny. (There is no better man living for "a careful scrutiny" than Mr. Collier.) We state briefly the result.

The volume has been subjected to rough treatment ; the original binding, the title-page and commendatory verses at the beginning, and four leaves of *Cymbeline* at the end, are wanting ; its pages have been frequently turned by dirty thumbs ; they are stained as with beer, and burnt as with fire from a pipe. As for the MS. emendations, though in different inks, they are all in the same hand, made with the greatest care, of all sorts, from the introduction of a missing line to the inversion of a misprinted comma. Of minor emendations there are, says Mr. Collier, some twenty thousand ; and of the major emendations, the eleven hundred presented in Mr. Collier's book now before us, are but a sample. Moreover, stage directions the most minute are introduced all through, and sometimes long speeches, or even whole scenes, are struck through with the pen, as if to indicate that they are to be omitted in performance. Unhappily, too, some of the most desperately corrupt passages are also struck out, not emended, so that we are left as much in the dark as before. From all these signs, Mr. Collier draws the conclusion, that the corrections were made by some actor, or manager ; and, from the hand-writing, he judges that they were made soon after the publication of the volume, *i.e.*, 1632. We think, however, that

VOL. XXIX. NO. I

the minuteness of the changes in punctuation and typography, together with the fact that all the plays are corrected with equal care, though surely they were never all likely to be played by one company, shows that the corrector, whoever he were, made the emendations as well from love of his author as with an eye to business. This is proved also by the marginal corrections, frequently continued even when the whole passage is marked for omission in representation.

Holding it then as established that the book belonged to some manager and actor imbued with a deep sense of, and love for, the poetry of Shakespeare—some Macready of Charles the First's time—the next question is, whence did he derive the new readings which he gives ? *Not* from his own taste and skill, for then he would be the best and boldest critic that ever lived—he has introduced some new lines worthy of Shakespeare, and quite in his inimitable manner ;—*not* from an original MS., for some of the changes are decidedly for the worse, nor could we on this hypothesis account for the abandoning of some corrupt passages as hopeless ; *not* from stage tradition, for it is most improbable that one person should ever have performed in, or been present at the representation of, *every* play of Shakespeare. The only remaining hypotheses are (1) that the changes were made from a second-hand MS. ; or, (2) (and this we are inclined to accept) from a corrected stage copy of the first folio, which in nine years, with such usage, may well have been thumbed to pieces. We should like to know whether the corrections are less numerous, or less certain, in those parts which are found in the first folio, at the bottom of the leaves, or the outside corners. At the same time, the corrector must frequently have made changes on his own authority, for there are thousands of misprints in those early editions too obvious to escape the notice of any careful and sensible reader.

Of these emendations we now proceed to cull some of the most interesting specimens, commencing with one to which Mr. Collier gives especial prominence by putting it in his preface.

The passage to be amended is in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act i. Scene 1, where Tranio exhorts his friend :

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's *checks*
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

For *checks* the corrector of the folio reads "*ethics*"—a change proposed long since by

Blackstone, though Mr. Collier does not seem to be aware of the fact. It is doubtless the right word.

We cannot say as much for the following. In the *Tempest*, Act iii. Scene 1, Ferdinand, employed in piling up logs, &c. says :

My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such
baseness
Had never like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labors ;
Most busy lest when I do it.

So the first folio : the second reads "most busy *lest* when I do it," which Collier adopts, explaining it thus : "The thoughts of Miranda so refresh his labors, that when he is most busy he seems to feel his toil *lest* !" Mr. Dyce adopts as certain, Theobald's proposal, *most busy-less*, &c. The newly-discovered corrector proposes a change never hit on by any commentator, which is singular, as it is, we think, unquestionably wrong. He reads "most busy, *blest* when I do it." A phrase neither in Shakespeare's manner nor metre.

We are inclined to suspect a deeper corruption. "Do it" ! Do what ? There is no antecedent singular noun to which "it" can refer. What if the passage ran rapidly as follows ?

Such baseness
Had never like executor ; but sweet thoughts
Do even refresh my labors ; I forget
My business, and *rest* me while I do it.

Miranda's first words would then be ἀμείψα, which is not uncommon on the entrance of a character.

We wish Mr. Collier had told us how his MS. corrector punctuates "Where the bee sucks," &c. We are persuaded that both his own and Mr. Knight's punctuation are wrong, and Mr. Dyce's right. Mr. Collier has omitted, he says, nothing that seemed essential. Is not this "essential" ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. Scene 3. Sir Eglamour, addressing Sylvia, says, according to all editions,

Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you.

What ! her "*grievances* virtuously placed ?" "Nonsense !" said everybody, but the remedy was beyond our skill, for a line had dropped out and is restored by our MS. corrector thus :

Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear ;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed, &c.

In the *Merry Wives*, the name assumed by Ford is given in the quartos *Brooke*, in the folios *Broome*, which, as it makes Falstaff's joke ("Such brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor," Act ii. Scene 2) unintelligible, has been altered in all editions to the quarto reading, *Brooke*. The true reading, according to our new corrector, is neither *Broome*, nor *Brooke*, but *Bourne*, a word still *current* in some parts of England with the same meaning as Scotch *burn*, "We twa ha' paddled i' the burn," &c.

In Act ii. Scene 3, mine host thus eggs on the amorous Cains :

I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is,
at a farm-house a-feasting ; and thou shalt
woo her : *Cried game*, said I well ?

This *cried game* has puzzled the learned much. Some have conjectured "*Cried I game*," others—but we cannot enumerate the conjectures. The variorum Shakespeare, says Mr. Dyce, "has more than two pages of annotation" to these two words. Very likely. It is a book we never saw. Mr. Dyce himself asseverates that "*Cried I aim*?" is the true reading.

Our MS. corrector sweeps all these cobwebs away, by reading "*CURDS AND CREAM*!"

Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Scene 2. Dromio, breathless, announced his master's arrest, thus :

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell ;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel—
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff, &c.

Clearly the passage was meant all to be in rhyme, and so the MS. corrector restores it :

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell ;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell* :
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel,—
A fiend, a *fury*, &c.

The new line is quite Shakesperian ; the second, we hold to be still corrupt. We believe that the passage was originally without a verb. Dromio, in his agitation and rage, never got beyond his nominative. "Hath him," is an interpolation, and "garment" an interpretation of "*fell*," which has somehow crept into the text. We propose therefore to read

A devil in an everlasting *fell* :

(i. e., a serjeant *in buff*) so restoring the sense and metre.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Scene 1.

Beatrice, after listening behind the woodbine, used to soliloquize in the following nonsense :

What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.

"Behind pride's back !" Hear the simple change of the MS. corrector.

No glory lives but in the lack of such.

In the same play, Act iv. Scene 1, "her foul tainted flesh" (an expression which has always revolted us), is changed in MS. to "her *soul-tainted* flesh," one of the most simple, beautiful, and convincing corrections we ever saw.

Love's Labors Lost, Act iv. Scene 1, it was clear that a line had dropped out (the passage being in couplets) after

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly
a' will swear !

The MS. corrector supplies us with the missing line, which, we will be bound, is genuine :

Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare.

Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Scene 1, in Shylock's speech, 'a woollen bag-pipe,' is changed by the corrector to 'a *bollen* (i. e., swollen) bag-pipe.'

All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Scene 1, Helena says, according to all editions, but unintelligibly,

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings,
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

The MS. corrector transposes "nature" and "fortune," without, as we think, mending the matter. The corruption, we believe, is in the word *brings*, which ought to be *springs*. The sense would be, that Nature (which makes the whole world kin, as we know) overleaps the greatest diversities in fortune and rank to join two hearts fitted for each other (like her own and Bertram's) together.

Again, in Act iii. Scene 3, Helena used to invoke the bullets thus :

O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-peering air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !

"Violent" is a poor expletive, "move" is too feeble, and what "still-peering," or (as others read) "still-piercing" might mean, no deponent ever ventured to say. But read with our new corrector "the *volant* speed of fire," and "*wound* the still-piercing air," and

we recognize again all the strength and majesty of the inspired poet.

In v. 1, we used to be horrified at the entrance of "a gentle *astringer* !" Now we are re-assured by finding that he is only "a gent., a stranger."

In the same play, Act v. Scene 3, where Bertram is speaking of Diana's charms, all editions have

Her *insuit* coming with her modern grace
Subdued me to her rate.

What her "*insuit*" might be, and how it "*came* with her grace," did not appear. Sidney Walker (*felix esto*) conjectured "her *infinite cunning*," which is confirmed by our corrector.

We are glad to hear that Sidney Walker's emendations to Shakespeare are about to be published by the pious care of Mr. Moultrie.

Debita sparges lacryma favillam,
Vatis amici.

To resume. An excellent emendation occurs in *Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Scene 2. Antigonus was made to say,

If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife.

It was not clear why his wife would be safer among the horses and grooms. But we are now told to read, "I'll keep *me* stable when, &c."

In the same play, Act v. Scene 3, our corrector renders a still greater service by the supply of a lost line. Leontes, gazing on the supposed statue, used to exclaim, abruptly :

Let be, let be !
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was here that did make it ?

The true reading is,

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone

A noble line, Shakespeare's, and none but Shakespeare's !

By the way, it is a moot point whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy, as some of his fellow actors did. If he had, would he not have known that Giulio Romano was a painter, not a sculptor ? Nor do we find any allusion in his works to those "things of Italy" which most impress a sensitive traveller, its sky, its vegetation, its manners, and its arts.

For the play which comes next in order, *King John*, our MS. is peculiarly rife in minor emendations. Indeed, if we mistake

not, the emendations are more abundant and valuable in the plays published for the first time in the folio of 1623 than in the others, doubtless because they need them most.

King Henry V., Act ii. Scene 3. In Mrs. Quickly's description of Falstaff's death (the greatest piece of humor in the language), all editors have received, with the utmost faith, Theobald's brilliant emendation,

His nose was as sharp as a pen and a' babbled of
green fields.

It seemed an exquisite touch of nature, truly Shakespearian.

The folio reads, "His nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields." We had fully expected to find Theobald's guess confirmed by the corrector, but, alas! the reading he gives is, "His nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze," and we fear that is the true reading. Perhaps, too, it is implied in the narrative that he had said nothing till the words, "So a' cried out," &c.

We take the opportunity to introduce a conjecture of our own in the sentence which runs in all editions: "for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with *flowers*," &c. Why *flowers*? how did "flowers" come there? Mrs. Quickly's in Eastcheap! The kind soul herself had not refinement enough for such delicate attention as a present of flowers. Surely, the word ought to be *feathers*.

In the same play, Act iv. Scene 1, the king, for the last two centuries, has been made to rant as follows:—

O ceremony, show we but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?

Hear our corrector. "What is thy soul *but* adulation?"

Duly mindful of our editor's limited space, we pass over the three parts of *Henry VI.*, plays in which our readers are not likely to take much interest, and pass on to *Richard III.*, Act v. Scene 2. In this line—

The wretched bloody and usurping boar,
wretched is changed in the MS. to *reckless*. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was neither one nor the other, but *wretchless*. We have the word "wretchlessness" somewhere in the XXXIX. articles. The word (incorrect at best) had probably grown obsolete before 1632.

Henry VIII., Act v. Scene 3. The under-porter, who has the arduous task of keeping back the crowd at the christening,

used to imprecate upon himself, should he fail of his duty, the following mysterious curse:

Let me ne'er hope to see a *chine* again,
And that I would not for a *cow*, God save her.

"God save whom? The cow? Certainly not," says Mr. Collier. The difficulty, however, did not strike him when he published his edition. But a new light has exposed and corrected the absurdity thus:

Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* again,
And that I would not for a *crown*, God save her.

Bravo! master under-porter; keep the rabble back from the palace-gates; and "God save the Queen!"

Apropos of *Henry VIII.*, we must express our dissent from those who deny that Shakespeare was an author, in whole or part. Not to mention the overwhelming external evidence afforded by its publication in the first folio, and the fact that nobody else ever laid claim to a share in it, we think the internal evidence equally strong. It is no argument against us, that the verse is looser, and abounds more in disyllabic endings than *Henry IV.* or *Henry V.* We must remember that it was written later; and besides, as the scene was laid at a period so much more recent—indeed, almost within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," Shakespeare's excellent taste made him feel the incongruity of stately heroics, and the necessity of approximating more nearly to the prose of everyday life.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Scene 3, our editions read:

O! these encounterers so glib of tongue
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes, &c.

Great has been the discussion as to what "a coasting welcome" might mean, being interpreted. The MS. corrector shows that we have been battling (as the Greeks said) "about an ass's shadow." He reads—

That give *occasion* welcome ere it comes.

Coriolanus, Act i. Scene 1. In Menenius's "pretty tale," the belly used to plead with the members, that, after receiving the general food,

I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man.

It ought to say, (with our MS. corrector),

Even to the coast the heart, the *senate* brain,
And through the *ranks* and offices of man.

Act iii. Scene 2, Coriolanus is railing against the people:

How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy?

So the editions, one and all. Hear the new reading:

How shall this *bisson multitude* digest, &c.

That is, "this blind multitude."

In Act iii. Scene 2, the line we italicize is now supplied for the first time:

I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

The recurrence of the same words deceived the printer's eye, and caused the omission of the line.

Act iv. Scene 6, Aufidius says, that he

Help to reap the fame
Which he [i. e., Coriolanus] did *end* all his.

For *end*, our corrector reads *ear*, meaning "plough." But surely we ought to invert the words, and read

Help to ear the fame
Which he did reap all his.

Then Aufidius's complaint is intelligible.

In *Macbeth*, i. 5, Lady Macbeth's soliloquy, as now corrected, ends thus:

Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the
dark,

To cry, Hold! Hold!

In the same Act, Scene 7, she says to her husband, not "what *beast*," but

What *boast* was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?

Act iii. Scene 4, Macbeth's defiance of the Ghost is thus amended:

If trembling *I exhibit*, then protest me
The baby of a girl.

In Act v. Scene 3, Pope's beautiful suggestion is confirmed, and a further improvement made:

This push
Will *chair* me ever, or dissect me now.
I have lived long enough: my *May* of life
Is fallen into the sear the yellow leaf.

The changes in *Hamlet* are not so striking as in many other plays. We may say the same of *King Lear*. There is, however, a slight but very beautiful change in Act v. Scene 3, where the dying Lear is made to say, not "this is a dull *sight*," but

This is a dull *light*. Are you not Kent?

How true to nature this is many who have watched by a death-bed can say.

In *Othello*, Act iv. Scene 3, we find a famous passage thus altered:

But alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the *hand* of scorn
To point his *slowly moving* finger at.

The old reading was "time of scorn," and "slow unmoving," a contradiction.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Scene 8, we are told to read,

Run one before
And let the queen know of our *gests*,

not *gests*, as the editions have it.

In *Cymbeline*, Act iii. Scene 4, the jealous Imogen used to puzzle us all by saying,

Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her *painting*, hath betrayed him.

How facile the emendation proposed by the old corrector,

Who *smothers* her with painting.

From the specimens which we have selected, our readers are now in a position to form for themselves some idea of the nature and value of the newly-discovered emendations. Some of them, it will be acknowledged, are so certain, and, at the same time, so widely divergent from the received texts, that they must have been derived from the original manuscript; while others are so questionable, and some, indeed, so clearly wrong, that they preclude the idea of an *immediate* derivation. We fall back, therefore, upon our former hypothesis, that this copy of the second folio has been corrected from a stage copy of the first folio, which had itself been corrected for theatrical purposes by a comparison with the poet's own MSS. (or some transcript thereof.)

The passages crossed out as desperate by our corrector had probably been also left uncorrected in the first folio, because the MSS. in those places were illegible, possibly being, also, "stained here and there with beer, and burnt with ashes from a pipe." The corrector of the first folio, we should infer, was not so careful and diligent a scribe as *our* corrector, and so left room for conjecture and for error.

It was a singular caprice of fortune that blew such a windfall down at Mr. Collier's door, of all people. For he has distinguished himself, above all the editors of Shakespeare, by a pertinacious adherence to the printed text, and has in many and many passages preferred "construing through a

brick wall," as we used to say at school, to admitting the most facile conjectural emendation. On the other hand, we can always depend upon his accuracy, and we are bound to acknowledge and requite the studied courtesy with which he treats his brother critics. *Si sic omnes!* The text which he is about to publish, according to his new lights, will present a singular contrast to his former text. Mr. Collier will, however, not be alone in his conversion. His discovery has revealed to us a depth of corruption in the printed text which no one had imagined, and will, doubtless, embolden men to produce conjectures which they had before confined to the modest privacy of their own margins. Shakespeare, we may now be sure, never wrote bad metre or nonsense; *ergo*, every passage in which either occurs, is corrupt, and a fair subject for conjecture. On this ground, we have ventured already to suggest two or three emendations of our own, and now proceed to bespeak the favorable consideration of our readers for a few more, on passages which Mr. Collier's folio leaves untouched.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Scene 1. The King says to the kneeling Lafew, "I'll see thee to stand up," which surely cannot be right. It ought to be, "I lease thee to stand up," or, possibly, "I'll free thee to stand up."

In the same scene, the King is made to say to Helena—

Now fair one does your business follow us?

Surely it ought to be "fellow." The verb is used by Leontes in *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Scene 2.

Still in the same scene, might we not read *coach* for *torch* in this passage?

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.

In the last line of the scene, the King promises Helena:

If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
It seems to us more like Shakespeare to say,

My deed shall match thy meed.

We have meed frequently used for "desert," as in *Henry VI.* Part 3, Act iv. Scene 6: "My meed hath got me fame."

In Act v. Scene 3, of *All's Well*, are two lines, which the MS. corrector erases as hopelessly corrupt. Coleridge held them to be an unworthy interpolation of the players. We quote the immediate context, italicizing the two lines in question:

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of all the things we have,
Not knowing them till we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, &c.

The chief difficulties lie in *own love* and *shameful hate*; which, indeed, make arrant nonsense. It seems to us that a very slight change in each will restore the passage to integrity:—

Our owl-love waking cries to see what's done,
While shame, full late, sleeps out the afternoon.

Winter's Tale, Act i. Scene 2. Hermione says—

Cram 's with praise and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying
tongueless, &c.

The line wont scan. Read, "One Good dying tongueless." Similarly, our MS. corrector reads "good" for "goal," four lines further on.

In the same scene, Camillo, when asked to poison Polixenes, replies:

I could do this and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison.

Read, *nostro periculo*, *suspiciously*.

Comedy of Errors, Act ii. Scene 1. The following passage in Adriana's speech is crossed out as unintelligible by the corrector:—

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

So the first folio, except that we have modernized the spelling.

Mr. Collier reads *tho' for the*, in the second line; *an for and* in the third; and *wear for where* in the fourth; but even so the passage will neither scan nor construe. We must make further changes before we arrive at sense and rhythm:—

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; *yea tho'* gold bides still
The tester's touch, an often touching will
Wear even gold, and no man hath a name
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

In *Henry IV.*, Part 1, Act ii. Scene 4, the corrector of the folio draws his pen through the much-disputed passage about the "piti-ful-hearted Titan." If we read *Titaness*, the sense is clear, though the joke be none of the best:

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?

Pitiful-hearted

Titaness that melted at the sweet tale of the sun.

The butter is the *Titaness*, that melts at the Titan's kiss.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Scene 3, the last two lines and a half of the following passage are crossed out in the corrected folio:

Andromache. O! be persuaded; do not count it holy

To hurt by being just; it is as lawful,
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

So the folios. Collier reads the last line but one—

For us to give much count to violent thefts.

Which does not mend the sense. "Count" seems to have come from the first line. (The beer stain in the MS. must have been unusually dark here.) We venture to guess:

It is as lawful,

For much to give, to compass violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

The meaning being "to commit highway robbery for the sake of having much to give away." The next line, repeating the sense in a *gnomic* form, is quite after our poet's manner.

Coriolanus, Act i. Scene 2. Brutus says of Marcius:

The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

The first clause is an imprecation, and should be so punctuated; the second is, we think, nonsense. We would read

The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be *subservient*.

Some such word is wanted. We had also thought of *obedient*, or *more aidant*, i. e., "of use any more." "More" being written "mo:" might give rise to the misprint in part. "*Subordinate*" is not impossible.

In the same act, towards the end of the sixth scene, *Coriolanus* is made to say, without any meaning, "O me, alone!" It ought

to be, "O me, all one?" i. e., "Do you all choose one leader?" or "Are you all as one man?"

In the same Act, Scene 9, *Coriolanus* says:

You shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauced with lies.

It is a question with us, whether we ought not rather to read,

As if I *loved* my little should be dieted
On praises, &c.

In Act ii. Scene 1, *Volumnia loquitur*, in halting measure,

I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy;

Only there's one thing wanting which I doubt not
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

We propose to read the third line thus:

And *all* the buildings of my *fantasy*,

and to omit "*but*" in the fifth line.

One more guess. In Act iii. Scene 1, *Coriolanus* says,

I have been Consul and can show *from* Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me.

Theobald substituted "*for* Rome," and Mr. Dyce (*Remarks*, p. 162,) vehemently approves. The misprint is more easy, if we suppose the original words to have been "*fore* Rome."

In these conjectures, so far as we know, no commentator has anticipated us.

Before laying down our pen we want to make one suggestion for the glorification of our great poet. Why should not Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Dyce lay aside their mutual differences, and unite in producing a grand quarto edition of Shakespeare, in the decoration of which all the resources of the typographer, the illuminator, and the engraver should be taxed to the uttermost—the concluding volume to appear on the twenty-third of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-four—the tercentenary of the birth of William Shakespeare?

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CROWN MATRIMONIAL OF FRANCE.

FOR upwards of sixty years has France exhibited to the world the spectacle of a phantasmagoria—wild, fitful, and incoherent as a nightmare-dream. The horrible and the pathetic mingled with the grotesque; things incongruous and unexpected, succeeding each other with transformations as rapid as legerdemain; massacres and festivals; miseries and orgies; reckless license and stringent despotism; strange visions of murdered sovereigns, and ephemeral consuls and dictators. Dynasties changing like the slides in a magic-lantern; an emperor rising from the chaos of revolution, as from a surging sea; sinking, re-appearing, then again sinking. A long-guarded captive seated himself on the throne of his captor; a Republic with the anomaly of *Equality* for its motto, and a *Prince-President* at its head; and *Absolutism* established in honor of *Liberty* and *Fraternity*.

Party colors glance on the sight like the tints of a quick-shaken kaleidoscope; the white of the Bourbon lilies, and the blue of the Napoleon violets; imperial purple, tricolor cockades, and Red Republicanism. Another shake of the kaleidoscope, and again the purple predominates. But the present *resumé* of the empire has not the *prestige* of its original, whose birth was heralded by glittering trophies, and the exciting strains of martial music. No! Here is an empire created by sleight of hand amid no prouder minstrelsy than that of the violins of fêtes.

With a new slide of the magic-lantern we behold an imperial wedding, surpassing in brilliant externals even the nuptials of the Napoleon and Maria Louisa. But the bridegroom is not Napoleon the Great, nor is the bride a daughter of the Cæsars. We must give the bridegroom due credit for proving that he still possesses some freshness of feeling, not yet wholly seared by *coups d'état* and diplomacy, and that he amiably prefers (for the time, at least) domestic affection to self-interest and expediency. But how long will he be permitted by the most changeable, the most uncertain people on earth, to enjoy

his love-match in peace? With the populace it may be acceptable, so long as it gives them pageants to "*assist*" at, to gaze upon, and to talk about; but the alliance of an emperor of France with a Spanish countess, the subject of another sovereign, is not *glorious* enough for the other classes, who are really aristocratic in their hearts, notwithstanding occasionally short freaks of democracy. Republican governments have never *governed* the French; they are only impressed by the opposites of democracy, by the *prestige* of ranks, titles, and distinction. Louis XIV., a far more mighty sovereign than Napoleon the III., and who, on his firmly established throne, was servilely worshipped as the "*Grand Monarque*," never dared to avow his clandestine marriage with Madame de Maintenon. Napoleon I. showed how well he understood the genius of the French people, when he replaced his really beloved Josephine by the daughter of an emperor, and required his brother Jerome to put away his first wife, Miss Patterson, for a German princess.

Louis Napoleon himself seems to have had his misgivings as to the effect the step he contemplated would have on the mind of the nation; and the fall of the French funds, from the time the marriage came on the *tapis*, was full of significance. Instead of following the usual example of monarchs, and simply announcing his intended marriage, he proceeded to make his notification a *piece justificative*, full of explanations and apologies, in which his anxiety betrayed him into inconsistencies and errors of judgment. At variance with his *hereditary pretensions* as Napoleon III., he rejoiced in the character of *parvenue*, and then boasted the "high birth" of his consort. He endeavored to frame his speech, as though he had taken for his text Ovid's maxim—

"Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et Amor."

—*Metam.* lib. ii. 846.

Yet he has labored to overload love with

the most far-fetched and dazzling majesty. He complacently instanced his grandmother, Josephine, as beloved by France, though not of royal blood; seemingly oblivious that Napoleon I. had not stooped from the throne to raise her (she had been his wife ere men dreamed of him as a monarch)—and that his policy soon compelled her to descend from the throne, and give place to a prouder bride. Louis Napoleon has promised that the Empress Eugenia will revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine: far wiser had he not touched on the topic, to remind his bride that the reward—the earthly reward—of those virtues was divorce and a broken heart; and to remind his people how easily the non-royal wife could be moved aside, whenever the interest of the crown or the nation should require it. He who has declared that “the empire is peace,” has dropped ominous words of “the hour of danger,” in which the good qualities of his Eugenia will shine forth; in contrast, he evidently meant, with the incapacity and selfishness of Maria Louisa, when France was invaded by the allies; but how utterly distasteful to the French public must that ill-judged reminder be! He spoke, in his ante-nuptial speech, of the unhappy fates of the illustrious ladies who had worn the crown of France—a suggestive theme, in which we are about to follow his lead; but from his lips the subject seemed peculiarly ill-chosen and ill-timed. Verily, his Imperial Majesty has been singularly infelicitous in his selection of topics. In every country of Europe there are still men whose hearts can respond to the sentiment—

“Dulce et decorum est PRO PATRIA MORI.”—*Hor.*

Such men would have esteemed it more judicious to have avoided any mention of the deceased father of Eugenia de Montijo, than to have announced him as one who, in the struggle of Spain for independence, fought against his own countrymen, and with the invaders of his native land. The unnecessary allusion to the bereaved Duchess of Orleans is in such bad taste, that to comment on it would be a continuation of the fault.

But we must excuse the inconsistencies of a man too much in love to see the import of all he said: and we must not, in common courtesy, omit for his bride the customary compliment to all brides, the expression of our good wishes. We wish her happiness, and the more willingly for the sake of the good blood in her veins—the blood of worthy, sagacious, and patriotic Scotland (derived not from her father, but from her

mother, a Kirkpatrick). May the “canny drop” be allowed free circulation through her heart! Yes, we wish her happiness willingly, but *very doubtfully*; not because she has wedded a Bonaparte, for the men of that name have not the reputation of unkind husbands (even to the wives they repudiated), and she might be very happy with Louis Napoleon in another sphere; not merely because her position is trying, and apparently insecure, but because she places on her head *the crown matrimonial of France*—a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected: for, among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there are very few that it has left without a blight or a wound.

When our memory passes in review the royal and imperial wives of France, we are surprised to see how many have been divorced, how many broken-hearted, how many have left a disgraceful name behind to posterity. And among the smaller number, the innocent and the happy, how many have been snatched away by a premature death, or have been early and sadly widowed. The crown matrimonial of France has been borne, by the majority of its wearers, unworthily, unhappily, or too briefly. For some it has been imbued, as it were, with a disfiguring stain; for others, lined with sharp, cruel thorns; for others, wreathed with the funeral cypress. If history, holding her mirror to our view,

“Bids us in the past descry
The visions of futurity,”*

with *such* a history of French queens and empresses before our eyes, it is but natural that good wishes for the bliss of Empress Eugenia should be damped by doubts and fears. By casting with us a quick and comprehensive glance over the memoirs of the royal ladies to whom we have alluded, the reader will be convinced of the great preponderance of cares, crimes, and sorrows, over peace, innocence, and felicity, in their lives. We will commence our summary with the reign of Charlemagne, as a remarkable era, and sufficiently early for our purpose.

Charlemagne, A. D. 768 (*date of his accession*).

His first wife was HERMENGARDE (daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards), whom he had been persuaded by his mother, Bertha, to wed, contrary to his inclinations, and

* Quoted from the Prologue to Bland's Translations from the Greek Anthology.

whom he divorced in two years after his accession, on the plea of her ill health. She had the grief to see her father dethroned by Charlemagne, whose prisoner he died. The desolate Lombard princess died in obscurity.

The second wife, HILDEGARDE, a noble Swabian, was fair, wise, and good, but was calumniated by Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne, who (in revenge for her disdain of his own proffered addresses) accused her of criminality with a foreign knight during the king's expedition against a German tribe. Obligated to conceal herself from her incensed husband, she lived in great poverty, till her accuser, struck with remorse after a dangerous illness, declared her innocence. In memory of her restoration to her home and her good fame, she founded, in Swabia, the Abbey of Kempsten; in the annals of which religious house is written the history of her patience and her suffering (during her concealment), and her noble forgiveness of her persecutor. But her recovered happiness was brief; she was snatched by death from her numerous children at the early age of twenty-six, in 784.

FASTRADE, the third consort, daughter of Raoul, Count of Franconia, so disgusted the people by her arrogance, that a conspiracy was formed to dethrone her husband on account of her influence over him. This plot, though abortive, caused Fastrade much mortification and anxiety; and she died very young, in 794, as much hated as her predecessor had been lamented.

LUTGARDE, a German, the last consort of Charlemagne, handsome, generous, and literary,* loved her husband; and to enjoy his society, usually accompanied him to the chase. But he was faithless to her, choosing for his favorite one of the ladies of her train. Whatever mortification Lutgarde might have felt was soon terminated by death. She died young and childless (in A. D. 800), after an union of little more than four years.

[*Louis I. (le Debonnaire).* 814.

His first wife was HERMENGARDE, daughter of Ingram, Count of Hesbay.† She has left an unenviable reputation as cruel and despotic. When Bernard, a petty Italian king, who revolted against Louis, had been

conquered, Hermengarde sentenced him and his adherents to death; and though the sentence was commuted by Louis, she caused the eyes of Bernard to be pulled out, and such tortures to be inflicted on him, that he expired in consequence. She herself died soon after her victim; having, however, been more fortunate in her lot than her predecessors, for she had enjoyed a peaceable wedded life for twenty-one years.

Her successor JUDITH, daughter of Welf of Bavaria, was an artful and licentious woman, whose bad conduct caused her stepsons (children of Hermengarde) to revolt, filling the kingdom with trouble. They published her profligacy with Bernard (the son of her husband's tutor), whom she, by her influence over Louis, caused to be created Duke of Septimanie. She was taken by her stepsons, and imprisoned in a convent at Poitiers, and compelled to pronounce the vows; but was liberated by her husband when he had put down the revolt, she having solemnly sworn to her innocence. Again the young princes revolted; and Judith, again captive, was sent to Tortona, in Italy, and her young son Charles separated from her, and shut up in a monastery; the unfortunate Louis himself being confined at St. Medard; from whence he was released only on submitting to some very abject conditions. He received back his wife and her son, but soon after died of grief. Judith survived him but three years; having, however, lived to see the murder of her favorite Bernard, by the hands of her son Charles, who stabbed him for revolt. She has left an odious name in the records of history.

Charles I. (the Bald). 840.

He married first HERMENTRUDE, daughter of Odo Count of Orleans. She was prudent and good, but her life was one of sorrow. Her eldest son, Louis, had an impediment in his speech; her second son, Charles, died young; her third son, Carloman, rebelling against his father, because the latter required him to become a monk against his will, was taken prisoner, had his eyes put out, and was imprisoned in the Abbey of Corbie. Her only daughter Judith, widow of Ethelbald, King of England, eloped from court with Baldwin of Flanders, causing great scandal and trouble. Hermentrude had not the consolation of her husband's affection; for Louis formed an attachment for Richilde, sister of Boson, King of Provence, and ill-treated Hermentrude, whom he sought to

* She enjoyed the friendship of the learned Alouin (disciple of the venerable Bede), at whose persuasion Charlemagne founded the University of Paris.

† In the country of Liege.

divorcee, but found public opinion too strong in her favor. The unhappy wife died, overwhelmed with cares, A. D. 869, and was buried at St. Denis.

In three months after her death Louis married RICHILDE, who hated, and was hated by her step-sons, and fomented great disorders in the royal family. Having accompanied the king in his expedition against the countries on the Rhine, on his defeat she was obliged to fly from Heristal in the middle of the night, without clothes or money; suffered great hardships, and lay-in by the roadside, with no one near her but one attendant. All her children (four sons and a daughter) died young. After her husband's death she lived a most licentious life, and pillaged and fired houses in her Bacchanalian riotings, until the Bishop of Rheims threatened her with excommunication unless she restrained her disgraceful conduct.

Louis II. (the Stammerer). 870.

ANSGARDE, the daughter of a Count Hardouin, was privately wedded by Louis, during the life of his father, Charles the Bald, and bore him two sons, Louis (afterwards king), and Carloman; but being of an inferior rank, Charles compelled her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to divorce her and to espouse

ADELAIDE, daughter of Count Begon, whose life was embittered by her doubtful position: for, on the death of Charles the Bald, Ansgarde obtained from Pope John VIII. the establishment of her children's* rights, because Charles had not applied to the ecclesiastical power to scanton the divorce between her and his son Louis. Wherefore Adelaide was generally accounted only the concubine of Louis, and the deserted Ansgarde as his lawful wife. Adelaide, who suffered great uneasiness of mind, was *en-ciente* at the time of Louis's death, in 879, and had a posthumous son, Charles, surnamed the Simple.

Charles III. (the Fat). 884.

He married in 877 RICHARDA, a lady of Scottish birth. She was esteemed for wisdom and virtue; but was accused by her feeble-minded and credulous husband of infidelity with his prime minister, Luitgard, Bishop of Verceil. Richarda in vain protested her innocence, offering to submit to

the ordeals of fire and water; she was divorced, and retired to a convent in Alsace, which she had founded, and lived there ten years in retirement.

Charles IV. (the Simple). 893.

The life of his first consort, FREDERUNE, sister of Beuves, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, offers nothing remarkable. She had four daughters, but no son; and died 918, after a marriage of eleven years.

His second wife was OGINA,* an English princess, sister to King Athelstane. Her royalty was clouded. Her husband was dethroned by his subjects, and imprisoned at St. Quentin, where he died in great misery. Ogina, divided from him, fled to England for the protection of her only child, Louis, thence surnamed *Outremer*, or "beyond sea." On her son's recall, after thirteen years of exile, she returned to France, where she married (at the age of forty-five) Herbert Count of Vermandois, then but twenty years of age, and son of Herbert de Vermandois, who had betrayed and imprisoned her royal husband, the dethroned Charles. This ill-assorted marriage alienated the love and respect of her son, King Louis. Ogina lived happily, however, with her young husband, but only for two years, as she died in childbirth, in 853.

Louis IV. (Outremer). 936.

He married GERBERGA of Saxony, daughter of Emperor Henry the Fowler, and widow of Gilbert Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to cross the Rhine on horseback, to escape the pursuit of Louis d'Outremer, then at war with him. Gerberga defended her dead lord's fortress so gallantly, that when King Louis at last succeeded in taking it, he admired the spirit of his fair adversary so much that he offered her his hand and throne. She was loved and respected by Louis, whose friend and counselor she was: but her lot had many cares. The king, in an expedition, was made prisoner, and remained a year in captivity; her young son Carloman died while a hostage for his father; others of her children also died young; and she survived her affectionate husband.

Lothaire. 954.

Married, in 966, EMMA, daughter of Lothaire King of Italy. She was depraved, and gave cause of scandal with Adalberon Bishop

* Her eldest son, who reigned Louis III., died unmarried, as did also his brother Carloman.

* By some called Edguina.

of Laon; and then poisoned her husband, in the hope of reigning in the name of her son, and only child, *Louis le Faineant*, or the Idle. Louis, on his accession, threatened Adalberon and herself with punishment; but *he*, too, died by poison: and the Duke of Lorraine, uncle to the king, imprisoned both Emma and Adalberon, and treated them with severity. Emma escaped from prison in 988, but became a miserable outcast and wanderer, and died in the following year.

Louis V. (le Faineant). 986.

He married *BLANCHE*,* daughter of a noble of Aquitaine. She was very beautiful, but the marriage was an ill-suited one: for Blanche was animated, and Louis inert, and so much disliked her vivacity, that he often retired from her company to a country residence. She became corrupt in her conduct, and attached herself to the Count de Verdon, and afterwards to several others. At length she poisoned Louis, after a short reign of fifteen months; and in him ended the Carolinian race.

Blanche re-married with Hugh, eldest son of Hugh Capet, the next heir, for whose benefit she removed her first husband, but shortly afterwards died childless.

Hugh Capet. 987.

His queen was *ADELAIDE* of Guienne, who appears to have lived in tranquillity; but enjoyed her elevation to the throne only two years, dying in 989.

Robert (the Devout). 997.

His first wife was *BERTHA*, daughter of Conrad of Burgundy, and widow of Odo Count of Blois. But the Pope, Gregory V., pronounced their marriage invalid, because Robert had been sponsor to one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, which circumstance had constituted what the canons of Rome termed a "spiritual affinity" between them. But the royal pair were strongly attached, and refused to separate. The Pope laid France under an interdict; Robert and Bertha retired to the Castle of Vaivert, near Paris, where they were rendered miserable by crowds of their subjects daily haunting them, with piteous entreaties that they would consent to part, and so terminate the evils the kingdom was enduring from the interdict. All their friends and attendants fled from them; and they would have been utterly desolate,

but for two servants who remained to aid them, but who, notwithstanding, viewed their master and mistress with such horror, that they passed through fire for purification everything which had been touched by the excommunicated couple. The king remained firm, refusing to forsake his unhappy wife; she lay-in of a premature birth from grief, and Robert being assured that she had produced a monster with the neck of a goose,* he considered this (fictitious) occurrence as a proof of the wrath of heaven, and at length consented to give her up. In two years after, Bertha, still loving, and who still called herself queen, went to Rome to solicit the new Pope (Sylvester II.) to establish her marriage; but while she was urging her suit, Robert made another alliance, and the unhappy Bertha retired to a convent, and died in 1016.

CONSTANCE, Robert's second wife, daughter of William Count of Provence, was beautiful, but haughty, violent, and hard-hearted. Robert disliked her so much, that he would never term her wife or queen; and took, to console him, a mistress, *Almafrede*, who had been betrothed to a Count de Beauvoir, at which Constance was so much chagrined, that she caused the count to be assassinated, in revenge for his having yielded his claim on the hand of *Almafrede*. Robert, in consequence, sought to divorce Constance; but the bishops of the realm interfered to prevent him. Thirteen persons, accused of heresy, being sentenced to the flames at Orleans, in 1022, Constance chose to be present at this dreadful spectacle; and perceiving, amongst the condemned, one Stephen, who had formerly been her confessor, she was so much incensed against him, that she attacked the wretched man on his way to the scene of torture, and thrust out one of his eyes with her staff. Her eldest and favorite son died young, leaving the succession (to her great chagrin) to her second son, Henry, whom she hated; and she fomented strife in the royal family by her endeavors to place on the throne her youngest son, to the prejudice of Henry; and she excited her children to rebel against their father, and quarrel amongst themselves, till they were obliged to fly far from her baneful influence. After her husband's death, she conspired against her son, then reigning; but was defeated, and closed an odious life at the

* A similar legend was related of Bertha, queen of Pepin, and mother of Charlemagne, who was said to have borne a child with the leg of a goose. And, strange to say, Bertha herself is represented, in effigies still extant, with one foot that of a goose.

* By some writers she is called Constance.

Castle of Melun, 1032, and was buried at St. Denis.

Henry I. 1031.

He married ANNE, daughter of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, whose life with him appears to have passed in tranquillity. But after his death, having contracted with Raoul Count de Crespy, an ill advised marriage (for which she was excommunicated, and was finally divorced), she displeased her son, the reigning monarch, and finding herself deserted by her former friends, she retired to Russia, separated for ever from her children.

Philip I. 1060.

His first wife, BERTHA, daughter of Fleuri Count of Holland, lived happily with him for many years, till his affections were alienated by Bertrade, wife of Foulques le Requin, Count of Anjou; and accordingly, he divorced Bertha to make way for the beautiful but evil-disposed BERTRADE, who, being repudiated by the complaisant Foulques at the king's desire, married the latter in 1073, a step which roused the indignation of the nobles and the Pope, Urban II.; and Philip, compelled by excommunication, submitted to divorce Bertrade, and restore her to her first husband. During her short union with Philip, Bertrade had plotted to cause his son Louis to be detained a prisoner in England, whither he had gone to attend the coronation of Henry I.; but being thwarted by the good faith of the English king, she administered to Louis a poison, which he discovered in time to defeat by an antidote, but his face ever after remained colorless. Bertrade incurred reproach and contempt for continuing to receive the visits of Philip at the chateau of the Count Foulques; but after the king's death, she became a prey to remorse, and retired to a convent, where she inflicted on herself such severe penances, that she fell a victim to her austerities, and, in 1117, closed her evil and troubled life.

Louis VI. (le Gros, or, the Fat). 1108.

He married ADELAIDE, daughter of Humbert, Count of Maurienne. She was lovely and amiable, and forms an exception to this gloomy list of regal consorts, for she lived happily and worthily with Louis. One grief, however, she felt in the premature death of her eldest son, Philip, by a fall from his horse. After the king's decease, she married Matthieu Sire de Montmorency, Constable

of France, from whom, after fifteen years, she separated, to retire to a cloister she had founded.

Louis VII. (the Young). 1137.

His first wife, ELEANOR of Aquitaine, disgusted him by the gross improprieties of her conduct in the Holy Land, whither she had accompanied him, and where she had incurred scandal with the celebrated sultan, Saladin, and others; and even with her own uncle, Raymond of Poitiers. Louis, therefore, divorced her, and she immediately married again with Henry II. of England. But the shadow of the crown matrimonial of France rested upon her still; witness her well-known unhappiness with Henry, their mutual dislike, her jealousy, the discords she excited between her sons and their father, and her deserved and long imprisonment. CONSTANCE, daughter of Alphonso, King of Castile, second wife of Louis, was worthy of the influence she possessed over his heart; but their happiness was very brief, being terminated in four years by the early death of Constance in childbirth. She was buried at St. Denis. The third queen of Louis, ALICE, daughter of Thibaut, Count of Champagne, and niece of our English king, Stephen, lived peacefully, as it appears, and, surviving her husband, was regent for her son.

Philip II. (surnamed Augustus). 1186.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Hainault, was married to him when both bride and bridegroom were only twelve years of age. Philip having afterwards quarrelled with her uncle, the Count of Flanders, the girlish queen, then but seventeen, was accused by some malicious persons of taking part with the Count against her husband, who, imbibing a dislike to her, exiled her from court, and sent her to live in a kind of disgrace at Sens. At length relenting, he recalled her; but her young and clouded life was terminated by her dying in childbirth, at the age of twenty-one. Her successor was INGERBURG, daughter of Waldemar, King of Denmark. She was beautiful, with a profusion of fair hair, and was scarcely seventeen when married. The day after the nuptials she was crowned. During the rites Philip was observed to gaze upon her, and then to turn pale; and became so troubled, that he could scarcely be induced by his ministers to allow the ceremony to continue. But in a fortnight afterwards he called a council, and divorced the poor

young foreigner, who, on learning from an interpreter what the proceedings meant, burst into tears, exclaiming in a broken dialect—"Bad France!—Rome!" implying that she appealed to Rome from the injustice of France. But Philip brutally imprisoned her in the convent of Cisoin, near Lisle, and left her in such penury that she was often dependent on her needlework for her food. In 1196, Philip married AGNES, the lovely and amiable daughter of Merania. But Pope Celestine, at the instance of Canute, Ingerburg's brother, annulled the divorce of the latter, and dissolved the marriage of Agnes and Philip. The king refused to renounce his new wife, and shut up Ingerburg in a still more rigorous imprisonment than before, at Etampes. The kingdom was laid under an interdict, and a council was called at Soissons, where the cause of Ingerburg was pleaded so earnestly, that Philip, without waiting for the termination, silently retired; and riding to the prison of the young Dane, placed her behind him on horseback, and without any attendants, or respect, carried her to Paris, and acknowledged her as queen. Agnes de Merania, seeing herself abandoned, died of grief soon after, at the Castle of Poissi. After her death, Philip again cast off the so often insulted Ingerburg, and again imprisoned her; but was constrained by the Pope to release and recall her to court, where she continued to reside meekly and patiently, ill-treated by the king, but pitied by the people. She survived her tyrant, who has incurred the odium of making three lovely and virtuous young women undeservedly miserable.

Louis VIII. (the Lion). 1253.

His queen, BLANCHE, daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castile (and of Eleanor of England), was so fair that she was called *Candide*, and was good, prudent and pious. She enjoyed her husband's love in a happy union of twenty-six years. Yet she was not exempt from royal anxieties; for during her regency for her son (St. Louis), she had many troubles, cares, and difficulties, on account of the insurgent nobles and the Bretons. She had lost four sons and a daughter in infancy, and she finally died of grief at Maubuisson, on hearing that her son, St. Louis, who had gone to Palestine, was a prisoner in Egypt.

Louis IX. (Saint Louis). 1226.

When only nineteen he married MARGARET,

daughter of Raymond Berenger, Count of Toulouse, who was herself but fifteen. She had every advantage of person, mind and heart, and was ever beloved by Louis. But in her early days she experienced great vexation from her mother-in-law, Blanche, who so entirely separated the affectionate young couple, that she would not permit them even to converse together. On one occasion when Margaret was dangerously ill, and Louis had ventured to her room to inquire after her health, his mother, finding him there, took him by the hand to lead him out; and the poor invalid called to her in tears—"What, madame! will you not suffer me, either living or dying, to speak to my lord and husband?" After the death of Blanche, the domestic happiness of Margaret was unbroken, if we except her natural grief at losing six of her eleven children. But her greatest affliction was the loss of St. Louis, who died of the plague in Tunis. She died 1295, and was buried at St. Denis.

Philip III. (the Hardy). 1270.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of James I., King of Arragon, was only fifteen at the time of her marriage, and had a fair prospect of happiness, had life been spared. But she died at twenty-five, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which occasioned a premature confinement. She was buried at St. Denis. The second queen of Philip, MARY of BRABANT, daughter of Henry Duke of Brabant, was handsome and intellectual, and was at first beloved by her husband. But a gulf was soon opened between them by the calumny of a man named La Brosse, an upstart favorite of Philip, who accused Mary of having poisoned Louis, the son of her predecessor Isabel. Philip imprisoned the queen, and treated her with rigor. But her brother, then Duke of Brabant, came forward in her defence; and after a searching examination, La Brosse was convicted (by the confession of one of his tools) of the young prince's murder, and was hanged. Mary was honorably acquitted; but she had suffered severely in mind and in health, from the trials and indignities to which she had been exposed. After Philip's death she lived in a close retreat from the world. One of her daughters, Margaret, was the second wife of Edward I., of England.

Philip IV. (the Fair). 1285.

His queen was JOAN, daughter of Henry, King of Navarre. She had great talents,

and a taste for the fine arts; and seems to have escaped, in a great degree, the sorrows of the crown matrimonial of France. But she had only attained the age of thirty-three at her death. One of her daughters, Isabel, was married to Edward II., of England, subsequently to her mother's decease.

We come now in order of time to four Burgundian princesses (two pairs of sisters), whose respective husbands filled the throne of France in succession, under the title of Louis X. (le Hutin), Philip V. (the Tall), Charles IV. (the Handsome), and Philip VI. (de Valois). These ladies were MARGARET and JOAN, daughters of Robert II. Duke of Burgundy, consorts of Louis X. and Philip de Valois; and JANE and BLANCHE, daughters of Otho of Burgundy, and wives of Philip V. and Charles IV.

MARGARET was married, when scarcely fifteen, to Louis X. She was very handsome, and depraved in no ordinary degree. She, with her sisters-in-law, Jane and Blanche, inhabited the Hotel de Nesle, that stood on the Seine,* and that has acquired an infamous celebrity from the scandalous revels of these beautiful but wicked young females, who are said to have caused the guests they admitted secretly to be hurled down a trap-door and drowned in the river, if they unfortunately recognized in their fair and anonymous entertainers the wives of their princes. Margaret and Blanche had selected two favorites, Norman knights and brothers, named Philip and Walter d'Aulnay. The latter had been attached to Mademoiselle de Morfontaine, who, finding herself neglected, was inspired by jealousy to watch her fickle lover, and thus discovered the double intrigue, which soon came to the knowledge of the king (then Philip IV.) On the trial of the criminals, revelations especially disgraceful to the princesses were made. The brothers d'Aulnay were executed, after being put to tortures too horrible to relate. Some persons proved to have been accessories to the royal intrigues, were likewise put to death. Margaret and Blanche were degraded, and stripped of their inheritances; their heads were shaved, and they were imprisoned in a most rigorous manner in the Chateau Gaillard, about seven leagues from Rouen. Margaret was strangled by the hands of an executioner in her dungeon, by the king's order, in 1315, when only twenty-six.

BLANCHE remained a close prisoner for twelve years. She was then removed to the

Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, but did not long survive her profession. Her two children pre-deceased her. She was never crowned as the consort of Charles IV., but the shadow of the crown matrimonial projected itself forwards, and fell upon her, as it were, by anticipation.

JANE was sentenced to imprisonment in the Castle of Dourdan. But she was the heiress of the province of Franche Comté, which her husband did not think it good policy to restore, as he should do if he divorced her. He therefore affected to believe her innocent of the charges brought against her, and applied to the parliament for her acquittal and restoration to her rank and honors. During the life of her husband, King Philip V., Jane lived decorously; but her after years proved the truth of the former accusations; for her widowhood was a career of the utmost profligacy. She died in Flanders at the age of thirty-seven.

JOAN of Burgundy, sister of Queen Margaret, and wife to Philip VI. (de Valois), bore a very different character from that of her guilty relatives. She was prudent and virtuous, and was beloved by her husband, but had the grief to see his kingdom overrun by the English. The fate and the criminality of her sister must have given her many bitter pangs. She died at fifty-five, and was buried at St. Denis.

After the execution of Margaret in the dungeon of Chateau Gaillard, her husband, Louis X., took for his second wife CLEMENCE of Anjou. But she had been only a few months wedded when Louis died, leaving her *enceinte*. The violence of her grief brought on fever, and her posthumous child died in a few days after its birth. She herself died young, in retirement.

After the demise of Blanche in her cloister, her widower, Charles IV., married MARY of LUXEMBURG, daughter of the Emperor Henry VII. She was amiable, discreet, and beloved, and died in childbirth, aged only eighteen, in a year after her marriage.

The third wife of Charles, JANE D'EVEREUX, his cousin, was worthy of the love and esteem he bestowed upon her. But she lost her affectionate husband by death after three years only of union. Jane lived to the age of sixty, and was buried at St. Denis. The crown made for her coronation was used to crown the succeeding queens of France.

On the death of Joan of Burgundy, the virtuous sister of the strangled Margaret, Philip VI. married BLANCHE of NAVARRE, then only eighteen. But her regal splendors

* Its site is now occupied by the Palace of the Institute, and some other buildings.

and domestic affections were overthrown by the death of Philip, in a year and a half after their nuptials; and she was left a widow and *enceinte* before she had completed her twentieth year. She had subsequently the misfortune to lose her only child, Blanche, in the bloom of youth. Queen Blanche lived in retirement, and died at seventy, and was buried at St. Denis.

John (the Good). 1350.

He was much attached to his estimable wife, BONA of LUXEMBURG; but the calamities of his unfortunate reign were a source of anguish to her, both as wife and queen. The realm was torn by civil factions, and devastated by the victorious arms of the English, under Edward III. Bona did not long survive the, to her, disastrous battle of Cressy, in which so many of the French nobles perished.

His second wife, the charming JANE d'Auvergne, widow of Philip de Rouvres Duke of Burgundy, had her share of sorrows, as queen, wife, and mother. She saw her royal husband defeated at all points by the English, taken prisoner at Poitiers, and carried to London, to endure a four years' long captivity; and the kingdom, in his absence, a prey to the horrible atrocities of the peasant war, called the *Jacquerie*. The dauphin, her step-son, treated her with disrespect, deprived her of the regency, and obliged her to retire to Burgundy. Her own two daughters died young; and when her husband was free to return to her, in 1361, it was with estranged affections, he having fallen in love, while in London, with a lady, to be near whom he returned to England and to captivity, in which he died. Grief shortened the days of his unhappy queen, who survived him but a year. She died in 1365, and was buried at St. Denis.

Charles V. (the Wise). 1359.

His wife, the accomplished and handsome JANE DE BOURBON, died in childbirth, leaving her husband inconsolable. Of her nine children, six had died before her. Dying in 1378, aged forty, she was buried at St. Denis.

Charles VI. (the Beloved). 1380.

He married the beautiful and depraved ISABEL of BAVARIA, notorious for her conjugal infidelities, her violence, cruelty, prodigality, and want of natural affection for her children. On account of her licentious con-

duct, the king caused her to be imprisoned for a time; his subsequent insanity, however, gave her power and liberty, which she abused. She was disgraced by her intimacy with her husband's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and then with the Duke of Burgundy, the murderer of Orleans. Her favorite, Boisbourdan, was put to death by order of the king, issued in a lucid interval. Another, Saligny, was arrested by the dauphin, who confined his mother in a prison, whence she was delivered by the Duke of Burgundy, in arms. France was overrun by the English, and deluged with blood by intestine factions; the people were starving, the king insane, and with his children often in want of the commonest necessities. Isabel and her son, the dauphin, detested each other; she endeavored to poison him, and failing, negotiated, in order to ruin him with the English, for the cession of France; and made a marriage between her daughter Catherine* and Henry V. of England. On the death of the lunatic and neglected king, Isabel, despised by the English, and abhorred by the French, fell into merited poverty and desolation: and when she died, none could be found to pay any regard to her remains, which were conveyed at night in a little boat across the Seine to St. Denis, accompanied only by one priest and the boatman.

Charles VII. (the Victorious). 1422.

He married MARY of ANJOU, daughter of James II. King of Naples. She was a woman of most exemplary conduct, good sense, and religious feelings, and was at first much esteemed by Charles, till he was alienated from her by his mistresses; then he treated her with the utmost disdain, and would not even speak to her; and his favorites (with the exception of the celebrated Agnes Sorel), emboldened by his example, behaved to the queen with great indignity. Yet she endured all with uncomplaining meekness, and declined the advice of her friends to withdraw from court, the scene of her griefs, lest it should injure the king with his people, who were suffering deeply from the English armies in their country; and, to add to her griefs, her son, Charles of Normandy, was poisoned. After the death of the king, Mary founded twelve *chapelles ardentes*, with twelve priests in each, to pray night and day for the repose of his soul. She died in 1463, and was buried at St. Denis.

* Her daughter Isabel had been previously married to Richard II. of England, who was dethroned by the father of Catherine's husband.

Louis XI.

The first wife of this bad man was MARGARET, daughter of James I. of Scotland. She was witty and accomplished, but had no personal attractions, and was disliked and ill-treated by Louis. Having been calumniated, and without redress, by a gentleman named Count James de Tilly, she fell ill from chagrin, and was so weary of her sad existence, that she refused to take any remedy to save her life, saying, "Fie upon life! let no one speak of it to me any more." Mary died childless, and very young. She was never queen; but being dauphiness, was queen expectant; and the crown matrimonial had cast its dark shadow forwards.

The second wife of Louis, and his crowned queen, was CHARLOTTE, daughter of Louis Duke of Savoy. She was amiable, meek-spirited, and modest; yet her evil-minded husband treated her not merely with unkindness, but with brutality. He insulted her by his numerous infidelities, and kept her in such poverty, that her food was scanty and coarse, and her apparel mean and patched. When he was at war with the Duke of Burgundy, suspecting the queen to be well inclined to the interests of his adversary, he imprisoned the unfortunate Charlotte in the Chateau of Amboise, where she suffered still greater distresses than ever. Of six children, she buried two sons and a daughter young. Her constitution was so broken by the inroads of penury and constant vexation, that she died in three months after the decease of the tyrant. Her tomb at Cléry was broken open and profaned by the Hugonots in the subsequent religious wars.

Charles VIII. (the Courteous). 1443.

His consort was ANNE, only child of Francis II. Duke of Brittany—a princess distinguished by brilliant advantages of mind and person. She was at first attached to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII., but was required to relinquish him, in order to marry Charles VIII., to whom she made an affectionate wife. In her early years some clouds dimmed her horizon; but subsequently her sky was calm and bright. Charles was, for some time, a negligent and unfaithful husband; and she lost all her children, three sons and a daughter, in infancy; the loss of the young dauphin, in particular, afflicted her severely. At the close of his life, Charles became more sensible of his wife's merits, and more endeared to her;

VOL. XXIX. NO. I.

and she grieved sincerely at his premature death. But her destiny was prosperous: she retained her rank as queen consort, by becoming the wife of her first love, the Duke of Orleans, who succeeded Charles on the throne; and over the heart and mind of Louis she ever preserved a strong influence. Yet she died early, in childbirth, when she had scarce numbered thirty-eight years; she was buried at St. Denis. The predecessor of ANNE, with Louis XII., had been JOAN, the sister of Charles VIII., and daughter of Louis XI., whom Louis, when Duke of Orleans, had been reluctantly forced to marry when the princess was but twelve years old. This ill-fated lady was remarkably plain, and even somewhat deformed; but wise, pious, good, and tender; and was, unhappily for her peace, affectionately attached to a husband to whom she was an object of dislike.* She was allowed, for a brief space, the empty title of queen, of which Louis XII. was in haste to despoil her, for the sake of her brilliant rival, her brother's widow, Anne of Brittany. The new king assembled a council to sanction his divorce from Joan; and the proceedings took a peculiar course, that were torture to the mind of a delicate and sensitive princess. After her divorce was pronounced, Joan retired to the Convent of the Annunciation at Bourges, where she lived in the odor of sanctity, and died at the age of forty-one.

The third wife of Louis XII. was MARY, daughter of Henry VII. of England—an unwilling and sorrowful bride, constrained to marry, in the bloom of seventeen, an infirm old king, while her heart was given to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Her love for Brandon, who had accompanied her to France, was discovered by the Countess of Angouleme, whose son Francis was heir to the crown, Louis having no male offspring; and the young queen had the mortification to find herself placed under a rigorous and humiliating *surveillance*, established by Madame d'Angouleme, who had determined to keep watch over her conduct. However, the death of Louis after a brief union of only three months, terminated her restraint, and her unwelcome royalty. She wedded her first love; but numbered no more than thirty-seven years at her death.

* Madame de Genlis's Novel, "*Jeanne de France*," of which this princess is the heroine, in representing Louis XII. as cherishing any tender feelings for her, deviates from the general testimonies of history. Scott's "*Quentin Durward*" conveys more truthful impressions of his sentiments.

Francis I. 1515.

His first queen, CLAUDE, daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany—amiable and mild, but not handsome—was neglected by her husband for his many mistresses. Of seven children, she lost four, and died forsaken and spirit-broken at twenty-five, and was buried at St. Denis. Her successor was the handsome and accomplished ELEANOR, sister of the Emperor Charles V., and widow of Emanuel King of Portugal. Notwithstanding all her attractions, she received neither attention nor respect from Francis; who, ungrateful to her for all her exertions to maintain peace between him and the emperor, seemed as though he studied to distress her by his public and various profligacies; and she was, in particular, deeply pained by the ostentatious appearance of the Duchess d'Etampes (Anne de Pisseleu) at court. Eleanor felt the sorrow of being separated from her first lover, Frederick, brother of the Elector Palatine—of losing an amiable, respectable husband, who loved her, and whom she esteemed—and of being parted for ever, by state policy, from her only child, the Portuguese infanta, Maria, on account of her marriage with the French king, who proved to her so unworthy a husband. After the death of Francis, Eleanor, weary of court life, devoted herself to religious observances.

Henry II. 1547.

His queen has left a detestable memory in the records of Europe. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, daughter of Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, and niece of Pope Clement VII., handsome, talented, and wicked, in a corrupt and turbulent time, seems to us like a blood-red meteor gleaming from a black and stormy sky. By her own criminal conduct she gave a pretext to her husband for his undisguised infidelities with ladies who were more the queens of his court than his wife was permitted to be, and she was often threatened with divorce. Catherine, ambitious to reign under her son's name, wickedly strove to incapacitate her children from power by a bad education; she indulged them in idleness; early initiated them into luxury and licentiousness; and seared their feelings by bringing them to behold, as spectacles, criminals tortured and executed, and animals tormented. But as she sowed she reaped. Her sons, broken in constitution from their dissipated habits, died early, and without heirs; by which she saw the sceptre pass into the hands of Henry of Navarre, whom she detested, the hus-

band of her daughter Margaret, who was scorned by that husband for her profligacy, the result of her education; and she saw her innocent daughter Elizabeth unkindly treated by her morose consort, Philip II. of Spain, who suspected a female brought up under the auspices of Catherine de Medicis. After the death of her husband (killed in a tournament), Catherine fomented the feuds of the Guises and the Montmorencies, that distracted France; and instigated her son, Charles IX., to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; which subsequently so preyed upon his mind, that on his death-bed he drove her from his presence with horror. His brother and successor, Henry III., being defeated by the League, and obliged to quit Paris, in consequence of his mother's intrigues and bad advice, forbade her to re-appear at the council, reproaching her with such severity, that irritation, at the words of the only child she had really loved, brought on a fever of which she died; despised for her lapses from virtue, and execrated for her many cruelties. She was buried at St. Denis.

Francis II. 1559.

This only amiable son of Catherine de Medicis, was married at fifteen to the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, who had been educated with him in France. They tenderly loved each other; but in two years after their marriage, and one year after coming to the throne, Francis died childless, to the great grief of his young widow. Mary frequently indulged and soled her affliction by composing little poems to his memory, and singing them to her lute. As a specimen of these effusions we translate one of the shortest with which we are acquainted:—

When slumbering on my couch I rest,
In dreams thou still art near;
My hand by thine is warmly prest,
Thy kind voice glads mine ear.
By night, by day, in good or ill,
Repose or toil, thou'rt with me still.

It was with deep regret that Mary, compelled by the machinations of the queen-mother, Catherine (who dreaded the influence of her talents and her beauty at court,) found it necessary to leave France, which she loved as the scene of her youthful happiness, and return to Scotland. The crown matrimonial of France had fallen from her head, yet its thorns clave to her, even when she crossed the seas; for much of her subsequent and well-known misery is attributable to her French education, and to the manners and

ideas she had learned in the French court, which had unfitted her for the more sober and decorous country of her birth.

Charles IX. 1560.

ELIZABETH, his consort, and daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was good, sensible, and pious; but though respected by the king, she was very unhappy. The profligate court was a scene shocking to her piety and purity, and she lived in it, but not of it, a very solitary life; seldom speaking, and then only in Spanish, her vernacular tongue. Though she bore meekly with the mistresses whom her husband paraded before her, she was deeply hurt by his infidelities. Charles, on his death-bed, confessed himself unworthy of so amiable a wife, and regretted the sorrows he had caused her; sorrows which left such enduring traces on her mind, that though young when widowed, she retired into a perfect seclusion, refusing the proffered alliances of the kings of Spain and Portugal, and founded at Vienna a convent, in which she devoted herself to religious exercises till her death, at the age of thirty-eight.

Henry III. 1574.

His wife, LOUISA, daughter of Louis Duke of Mercœur, of the house of Lorraine, had a cheerless lot. She was separated from her lover, the Count de Solm, to whom she was about to be united, and wedded a man who, though at first dazzled with her beauty, soon wearied of her melancholy and of her inanimate manners; and the queen dowager, Catherine, by her mischievous interposition, estranged him still more from his fair bride. Louisa had the misfortune to lose her only child at its birth; and the murder of the Guises, her beloved relatives, by the treachery of her husband, filled her with horror. She felt great indignation at the insolent conduct of Henry's mistresses at court; and he, in revenge for her complaints, dismissed all her attendants, leaving her in a state of solitude. She sunk into melancholy, became negligent of her dress and appearance, and seemed anxious to forget she was a queen. After the murder of Henry, by James Clement, Louisa dedicated her life to religious seclusion, imposing on herself so many pilgrimages and austerities, that she shortened her days by them, and died 1601.

Henry IV. (the Great). 1589.

MARGARET DE VALOIS, his first wife, daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis,

corrupted at an early age from the bad examples around her, was noted for her abandoned conduct; yet her beauty and her talents won for her much admiration and even literary homage. Political considerations occasioned her marriage with Henry of Navarre, when her heart was devoted to the Duke of Guise; an ill-omened marriage, celebrated hurriedly and without the usual regal pomp, and stained soon after with the blood of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Margaret and Henry hated each other for their mutual infidelities. To compel her to consent to a divorce, that he might marry his favorite, Gabrielle D'Etrées, Henry treated Margaret with contempt, exposed her to want, allowed his mistresses to insult her, and at last imprisoned her in the castle of Usson, where she suffered great privations. After the death of Gabrielle, Margaret yielded her consent to her divorce, retaining, however, the useless title of queen, but seeing the real regal honors transferred to her successor, Mary de Medicis. Margaret lived to behold the annihilation of her house, and even the extinction of the name of Valois; all her flatterers forsook her; she existed poor and neglected; and solaced herself partly in devotions, partly in revelries unsuited to her age, sex, and position; and partly in composing poems and memoirs commemorative of her many lovers, several of whom died violent deaths. She is said to have habitually worn a large farthingale with numerous pockets, and in each pocket a box containing the embalmed heart of some one of her deceased favorites. As she advanced in years she became hypochondriac and gloomy, and died at the age of sixty-three. She composed for herself an epitaph*, from the original French of which we make the following translation:—

EPITAPH.

This flower of Valois' tree, in which hath died
A name so many monarchs bore with pride,
Marg'ret, for whom fair wreaths the Muses wove,
And laurels flourished in the classic grove,
Hath seen her wreaths, her laurels wither'd all,
Hath seen at one rude stroke her lilies fall.
The crown that Hymen in too fatal haste
Upon her brow 'mid wild disorders placed,
The same rude stroke to earth hath cast; and
now
Despoil'd she lives, like wind-swept, leafless
bough.

* This epitaph is in Margaret's hand-writing, in one of her MSS., preserved in the "Bibliothèque du Roi" at Paris. An ecclesiastic once falsely claimed the authorship of it, the merit of which has been established to belong only to Margaret.

She, noble phantom, shade of what had been,
A wife, but husbandless—a realmless queen,
Linger'd amid the relics of life's fire,
And saw her name before herself expire.

Margaret was buried at St. Denis.

In the Anthology of Constantine Cephalus we have met with a Greek epitaph (by Antipater) on an unfortunate bride, which contains a few lines singularly applicable to the disastrous marriage of Margaret de Valois, in which both bride and bridegroom were equally unwilling, and which was peculiarly calamitous, as the prelude to, and the signal for, the carnage of St. Bartholomew. That the reader may judge of the applicability, we give our translation of the Greek lines :—

Cans't thou, O sun ! this vast calamity
With patience see !—Woe worth yon nuptial
torch ;

Whether it were unwilling Hymen's hand,
Or willing Pluto's, lighted up its blaze.

MARY DE MEDICIS, second queen of Henry IV., and daughter of Francis Grand Duke of Tuscany, was very unhappy. She was eclipsed in her own court by her husband's mistress, the Marchioness de Verneuil, who publicly treated her with disrespect, and mimicked her Italian accent and manner. The queen complained of the favorite's insolence, and her remonstrances caused violent quarrels between her and the king, who frequently threatened to divorce her, and illegitimize her son, the dauphin, in order to marry the marchioness. Mary's temper was soured, and her mind rendered irritable by her constant vexation and apprehension. After Henry's assassination she had the affliction to see her friends, the Marquis Consi and his wife, put to death by the order of her son ; by whom, also, she herself was twice imprisoned on account of her disagreement with his prime minister, Richelieu. She witnessed the misery of her daughter, Henrietta Maria, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and she became an outcast. Dismissed from England by Cromwell ; obliged to quit Holland from Richelieu's influence ; denied by her son a shelter in Paris, where she had reigned, she retired to Cologne, where, deserted by all, she suffered such poverty that, in the last winter of her life, she could not purchase fuel, but was obliged to burn her scanty furniture. Her privations brought on dropsy, of which she died. We have ourselves stood in front of the plain-looking, mediocre house in Cologne, occupied by the exiled queen before she retired to the convent in which she died, and

have recalled to memory the expressive epitaph composed upon her fate : we offer the reader our translation of it from the original French :—

EPITAPH.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

The Louvre saw my splendore—like a star
My husband's deathless glory shone afar ;
Two kings* my daughters wed : my son's proud
name

Shall live in light upon the page of fame.
Ah ! who amid my grandeur could foresee
An exile's death, a foreign grave for me ?
Cologne, thou guardian city of the Rhine !
That gav'st a tomb † to this poor frame of mine,
If e'er the passing stranger seeks to know
The tale of all my greatness, all my woe,
Tell him, a queen lies in this narrow space,
Whose blood runs warm in many a royal race ;
Yet, in her dying hour, bereaved and lone,
No spot of earth had she to call her own.

Louis XIII. 1610.

His wife, the handsome and majestic ANNE of AUSTRIA, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, was married at fifteen to a cold, unfeeling man ; and they lived in a constant state of estrangement, increased by the mischievous interference of Mary de Medicis, who took pains to incense her son against his young wife. Anne was accused of participation in a conspiracy of the Prince of Condé to dethrone Louis. She endured the humiliation of being reprimanded in open court ; and was often moved to bitter tears by the sarcasms of Louis, who dismissed all her Spanish suite, and thus rendered her very solitary. Even her correspondence with her father, her only solace, was interrupted ; her papers seized, and herself imprisoned for a time at Chantilly, on an accusation of Richelieu, that she revealed the affairs of France to her father. Her married life was joyless ; her regency, in her widowhood, stormy. The revolt against her minister, Mazarin, forced her to quit Paris, and she endured much personal privation. At the close of her life (painfully terminated by cancer), she was consoled by the filial love of her son, Louis XIV. ; but she forms no exception among the unfortunate queens of France. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XIV. (the Great). 1615.

He married MARIA THERESA, niece of Anne of Austria, and daughter of Philip IV.

* Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria ; and Philip IV. of Spain married Elizabeth.

† Her body was subsequently transferred to St. Denis.

of Spain. Though mild, amiable, and affectionate, she never possessed her husband's love, but was slighted for a constant succession of mistresses, whose presence in her court was a continual outrage to her feelings. She lost the greater number of her children very young, and died broken-hearted at forty-five. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XV. 1715.

His wife, MARIA CHARLOTTE LECKZINSKA, daughter of Stanislaus I., the unfortunate King of Poland; was attached to the Count d'Etrées, an officer of the garrison of Weissenburg, where the Polish king and princess resided during their exile; and she was on the point of being united to him, when her hand was demanded for the King of France. She spoke six languages, was fond of painting, and had various accomplishments. Her prospects of conjugal happiness were soon destroyed by the depraved French courtiers, male and female, who made it their task and their triumph to seduce the king from her. Her feelings were wounded by seeing his meretricious favorites appointed to places at court which brought them into contact with her. She mourned over the untimely graves of her son, the dauphin, and his young wife, and several of her children. The sad and forsaken queen endeavored to amuse her mind by writing, drawing, and working for the poor, but she would never give fêtes. Grief for the tragical end of her father (burned to death by his robe-de-chambre taking fire) occasioned an illness of which she died, 1768. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XVI. 1774.

The woes of his beautiful and most ill-fated wife are familiar to the world as "household words." The name of MARIA ANTOINETTE recalls, rapidly and vividly, as a flash of lightning, agonies so varied, so intense, so uncommon, that the mind is struck with wonder, horror and compassion, at the hundredth repetition, even as at the first recital. As "all rivers run into the sea, yet it is not full," so the floods of affliction flowed upon her from all sides, yet the ocean of her misery was never full till the last moment of her cruel martyrdom; and the tale of her sufferings, like an ocean, infinite and perennial, has never been exhausted, though the theme of a thousand pens.

Napoleon. 1804.

The smooth brow to which the blood-stain-

ed diadem of Maria Antoinette was transferred, seemed for a season exempted from the ordinary fatality. JOSEPHINE was happy in her children; happy in her imperial husband's love and his glory; happy in her extraordinary elevation; happy in the respect of her court, where no unblushing rival dared, as in former reigns, to parade within the circle of the fair sovereign. But the unseen and unsuspected thorn within the crown matrimonial worked its way. Who knows not the anguish of that unmerited and ungrateful divorce, to which she was forced to consent, by the man whom she had materially served, and whom she had so affectionately loved?

Her Austrian successor could not be accounted otherwise than unfortunate, since early deprived of empire, parted for ever from a husband whose sincere wish it had been to render her happy, and bereaved by death of her amiable son, if she had but possessed ordinary sensibility. But cold, apathetic, and selfish, MARIA LOUISA evinced but little feeling for her every way blighted boy—none for his imprisoned and fallen father; and her subsequent connection with her one-eyed chamberlain, Count Neipperg, disentitles her to our respect or sympathy. Doubtless the reader will remember how Byron has characterized her heartlessness in his "Age of Bronze," in the sarcastic lines that conclude thus:—

"Her eye, her cheek betrayed no inward strife,
And the ex-empress grows as *ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare man's feelings when their own are
jests?"

Louis Philippe. 1830.

But who shall withhold his pity from the respectable ex-queen, AMELIA, the last, and still living victim of the crown matrimonial of France? She, in her domestic affections, was happy till the diadem pressed her temples: *then*, she was destined to weep over the graves of her eldest son (Duke of Orleans), snatched away in the prime of manhood, and of her lovely daughter, Marie, in the bloom of youth, with her nuptial garland just wreathed; and at last to fly into a foreign land with her husband, from the rage of his revolted nation; and to remain in exile, widowed and dethroned.

And now, reader, have we not laid before you a black catalogue of those who have worn the crown matrimonial of France? Out of sixty-seven royal and imperial consorts, there are but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the exe-

cutioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; thirteen were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the remainder. All those who were buried at St. Denis—about twenty* in number—were denied the rest of the grave; their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionized populace, and then flung into a trench, and covered with quick-lime.

Does history show any parallel to this list of queens and empresses in any civilized country? With pride and pleasure we contrast with it our English history; for though several of our queens have had sorrows, the number of the sufferers is smaller, and their griefs were (generally speaking) of a more chastened kind. Nor has the English diadem been disgraced by so many examples of wickedness, nor by turpitude of so deep a die: and how few are the divorces!—none since the Conquest, save in the reign of *one* king. We are not about to investigate the causes of the fatality so evidently attending the crown matrimonial of France, with whatever idiosyncrasy, so to speak, in the nation or in the court it may be connected; nor *why* the *dark shadow* should spread into other lands when their sovereigns ally themselves with French royalty. But we cannot help observing the remarkable fact, that the shadow has rested upon our British crown when shared with a daughter of France. The two persons among our queens consort notorious for their wickedness, were both French princesses, Eleanor of Aquitaine, divorced by Louis VII., and married by Henry II. of England; and Isabel

* This number only refers to the royal consorts from the time of Charlemagne; others of earlier date were buried at St. Denis, and subsequently exhumed.

(daughter of Philip IV. and Jane of Navarre), the faithless and cruel wife of our Edward II.—she whom Gray has apostrophised:—

“She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate.”

Richard II., husband of the gentle child-queen, Isabel de Valois, (daughter of Charles VI. and Isabel of Bavaria,) was dethroned and murdered. Henry V. survived his marriage with Isabel’s sister, Catherine de Valois, but two years; and on his death, in the flower of manhood, England’s glory was long obscured; and from the second marriage of the same Catherine, descended Henry VIII., the greatest tyrant that ever oppressed this realm. Charles I., husband of Henrietta Maria, (daughter of Henry and Mary de Medicis,) was beheaded. Constance of Provence, Isabel of Angoulême, and Margaret of Anjou, the partners of the troubled reigns of Henry III., John, and Henry VI., though not daughters of French kings, were, nevertheless, French women.

In retracing the miseries of the unfortunate royal marriages of France, our memory has involuntarily and naturally recurred to the familiar lines of Horace, descriptive of unions of an opposite character. If any one wishes to adopt those lines, as a good augury for the new “imperial bride,” whatever doubts we may feel, we will not in courtesy gainsay him:—

“*Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.*” *

* “Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
When love with mutual bond unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life.”

—FRANCIS and PYE’S *Horace*.

From the Eclectic Magazine.

THE MARTYRS AND HEROES OF THE COVENANT.*

If we regard the Scotch Reformation as the result of the energy of Knox, there have only, strictly speaking, been two national outbursts of noble heroism throughout Scottish history. The first was during the war of independence, when Wallace and Bruce inspired legions of their countrymen with lion-like spirit and power; and the second was the protracted and bleeding defence, in the seventeenth century, of "Christ's Crown and Covenant." By both of these struggles the deepest elements of the Scottish character were developed and strengthened. But while the first has received its due award of honor and praise, the second has not unfrequently been reviled as a mere fanatical insurrection; the motives and principles of the sternly sincere men who bled and died for liberty to worship God, have been foully traduced; and it was reserved for Mr. Gilfillan, more than two hundred years after the great conflict began, to present us with the only comprehensive and satisfactory work on the Covenant and its consequences, that has yet appeared. The leading features and events of the covenanting period, it is true, have ever been fresh in the memories of the Scottish people. Howie's "Book of Worthies," not to speak of "Napthali," and the "Cloud of Witnesses," has long held a more honorable place in the cottage of the laborer than Plutarch's "Lives" in the libraries of the learned; where, stained with tears, and tattered by constant use, it may be found lying side by side, on the smoky shelf, with the Book of God. During the past half century, also, a variety of works, in the form of novels, sketches, poems, and serious dissertations, bearing more or less directly on the defenders of the Covenant, have issued from the press. But a volume written by one who, to an intimate acquaintance with the lights and shadows of Scottish life, and the strongly-defined peculiarities of Scottish character, should add a perfect freedom

from partisanship and prejudice, and intense sympathy with the spirit of heroism, a reverence for worth and goodness, and the power of breathing again the breath of life into the dead body of the past, was still a desideratum in our literature; and we rejoice that at last it has been supplied. None but a Scotchman who had worshipped the God of his fathers in the shadow of the hills where the homeless men of the covenant sung the old songs of the Hebrew psalmists in plaintive or stirring strains to the silent stars, or who had knelt down amid the solemn hush of evening by the mossy graves of martyrs in "green shaw or grim moor," was competent to perform this duty. Few, if any, of our living men of genius were so admirably adapted for it by birth, training, sympathies, and belief, as George Gilfillan. John Wilson, indeed, that lingering giant of an elder day, was capable of inditing, in his own inimitable style, a volume worthy of such a noble theme in the balcyon period of his powers, as all must readily agree who have listened to the tremulous tones in which he pictured the silver-haired and plaided patriarchs of the glens, melted into tears by the eloquence of a Cameron or a Renwick among the mountain solitudes. But we doubt much if the political principles of the professor, and his connection with the English church, would have permitted him to draw the half of those important lessons and deductions from the covenanting struggle which Mr. Gilfillan has done with so much skill in his concluding chapter. Nowhere, however, throughout his many imperishable contributions to our native literature does Wilson refer but in "large and reverent discourse" to the heroes of the times of persecution; and we have been assured that he has lying beside him a long poem on the Covenanters intended for posthumous publication—a poem that unites, we may imagine, the pensive sweetness of that beautiful summer's dream, the "Isle of Palms," with the stir and strength of his "Address to a Wild Deer in the Forest of

* *The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant.* By George Gilfillan, M.A. London: Albert Cockshaw. 1852.

Dalness." Thomas Aird, also, who, like John Howe, is "strong as an earth-born Titan, and yet beautiful as a woman, and with the fiery air of a seraph breathing around his vast form," and who is the truest delineator of Scottish character and scenery that has appeared since Burns, was well able to follow the blue banner of the Covenant from its first unfurling on the slopes of Dunse-law, until it sunk down among the moors, drenched and dappled in blood. Yet the significant facts that this great man is still an honorary member of the once celebrated, but now degenerate, Blackwood club, and an editor, moreover, of a protectionist newspaper, afford clear and certain evidence that he, like his friend Wilson, would have failed in drawing some of the lessons from the struggles of the past that are demanded by the progressive spirit of the present age. Thomas Carlyle, too, could have depicted in his own wild way the persecutions endured by his stern presbyterian fathers, and wept melodious tears over the many brave spirits who perished in the prison or in the dripping cave of the rocks, on the scaffold, or on the mountain-side; for the "poor peasant Covenanters struggling, battling for very life in rough, miry places," is a vision of the past that must ever remain sacred and dear to his manly heart. But his intense and increasing aversion to the very faith that opened the windows of heaven to the martyr, and lighted his brow with divine glory, utterly unfits him for entering thoroughly into the soul of the struggle; nor can we imagine Mackail, Cameron, Peden, or Cargill, smiling down well-pleased from their spheres of light when placed on the muster-roll of merely earnest men, of whom Mahomet was not the least. We conclude, then, that George Gilfillan was the very man to supply this blank in our literature; and the masterly, condensed, yet comprehensive manner in which he has treated the theme has added another laurel to his crown. The thoughtful youth who sat under the shadow of a green summer tree by the banks of the murmuring Earn, and heard the mingling voices of many worshippers filling the solitudes of the hills with "plaintive martyrs worthy of the name;" and listened yet more intently when his father contrasted that peaceful assembly in the open air with the conventicles of the Covenanters, who stood with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, and cast ever and anon wistful glances at the sentinel on the neighboring height; that same deep-heart-

ed boy was then educating under the divinest of all influences for producing the fresh and vigorous volume which the full-grown man now presents to the public. Mr. Gilfillan has been singularly fortunate in finding and working upon fields that were comparatively uncultivated. In an age when literary men, like the seed of Abraham, outnumber the stars, and when they seem to be clinging in myriads around every available "coigne of vantage," he steps boldly forward, and sees, to his surprise, that the high places of the earth have been shunned by the timorous crowd. Until the present volume appeared, no direct attempt had been made to present along with a luminous historical sketch of the Covenanting times, an analysis of the character, literature, aims, and attained objects of the men themselves, and to separate the soul of goodness from the dross and darkness of those days of blood. Thus, the richest materials ever await the hands which can alone mould them into divine shape and subsistence. The records of English Puritanism, preserved in the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell, lay buried under a chaos of rubbish, until Carlyle came and cleared away the dust-heaps from one of the noblest heroisms that was ever transacted on this earth. And did Shakespeare build up his Lears, Richards, Timons, and Macbeths out of the dry details of history and the fragments of legendary lore that were passing away into oblivion?

This new product of Mr. Gilfillan's pen is pervaded with the same rich qualities of head and heart that are already so familiar to the public. He never fails to leave the stamp of his own strong soul on any work he undertakes. This must invariably be the case when the writings of an author are not the mere offshoots of fancy, nor the abstractions of the logical understanding, nor the records of fugitive feelings, but the spontaneous expressions of the whole man. Some individualities are developed with so much intensity that they are apparent in the substance and structure of every sentence, as the sun is mirrored in the trembling dew-drop as well as in the great sea. Such were those of Burke, Byron, and Burns, among others, in a past generation—of Wilson in his best Blackwood days—of Jean Paul, the Christopher North of Germany—and such, most assuredly, in the present time are those of Gilfillan and Carlyle. The pages of the book before us exhibit the depth of insight, the power of seizing on the salient points of character, the capaciousness of soul, the

courage, the honesty, the withering contempt for mean men and mean motives, the earnestness, the richness of imagery, the originality of thought and the force of diction that have already won the author's way into the hearts of all who love the beauty, and feel the impressiveness of Truth. We may not find in these pages such masses of original thought embedded among the finest imagery, like the fragments of an Athenian temple half overgrown with ivy and wild flowers, nor such long swells of eloquence rising as to the sound of many waters, nor such paragraphs of powerful speculation, as are to be found in the "Galleries" and the "Bards." But we see greater ease of movement and style combined with the clear energy of imagination and intellect. The judicial calm and solemnity of the historian beautifully alternate with the consecration and fine frenzy of the poet's dream. More frequently here than in his former works the wings of the seraph are muffled and still, that the quiet eyes of the cherub may not be distracted in their eager gaze. Mr. Gilfillan has shown that he possesses many of those qualities, which, in his introductory chapter, he represents as requisite to a perfect historian. He has shown his capabilities for re-producing the past and re-animating the dead—for sympathizing with enthusiasm even when it borders on fanaticism—for reverently acknowledging the presence of God in the sudden sunbursts as well as in the ordinary current of history—for feeling that heroic deeds shed the spirit of solemn beauty over the tamest or the wildest scenes, and that a ring of glory encircles the gravestone of the simplest martyr in the lonely glen—for burning in battle when mean men become mighty in a righteous cause, and for drawing a sure testimony to the truth of the Christian faith from the sufferings that our forefathers so patiently endured. If the driest recital of the events of those times can lend a charm to the flat pages of Wodrow, it may easily be imagined what new interest they gather from the livelier and warmer representation.

Seldom has any country been the scene of so many strange sights and struggles as Scotland during the seventeenth century. It was the stage on which a ghastly tragedy was transacted. But now, when we hear among the wild moors of Galloway and Nithsdale only the whirr of the solitary gorkcock and the cry of the ptarmigan—when we see the green shoulders of the Pentland ridge resting so peacefully against the blue

sky, and the Bass Rock, "like a half-drowned hill of the Deluge," shining out in the gleam of evening from the sea; we can scarcely believe that such tragic associations and events are connected with these places and scenes. The whole land is at rest and still as if thus it had been from immemorial ages; but it wore another aspect from the day when Jenny Geddes, in the High Church of St. Giles, hurled her tripod at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, till Claverhouse fell in the pass of Killiecrankie, and carried with him to his unblest grave the essence of the evil spirit of the times. During that period of convulsion, which lasted upwards of half a century, the historian has to record in rapid succession, among other memorable events, the scene in the Grey Friars' churchyard when the National Covenant was subscribed, and the first ominous drops of blood fell upon the parchment; the ineffectual attempt of Charles I., with his two armies, to trample out the flame of religious freedom in Scotland; the fiery career and bloody end of Montrose; the majestic march of Cromwell through the land; the execution of Argyle, the first in a long line of martyrs; the expulsion, in the depth of winter, of four hundred ministers from their kirks and manse; the barbarities of the High Commission Court; the defeat of the Covenanters at Rullion Green, among the Pentlands, by the fierce Dalziel, on a dark November day; the martyrdom of Hugh Mackail, the young, the beautiful, the brave; the conventicles held at morning, noon, and night in the hearts of heathy wildernesses; the murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Muir; the Sabbath-day at Drumclog, where the Covenanters' war-song was one of the old Hebrew Psalms, and a sudden ray of victory gilded their banner; the darker and bloodier summer's-day at Bothwell Bridge, when the persecutors in turn prevailed and the poor peasants fled before the fiery swords of their fierce assailants; the cruelties inflicted on the prisoners; the increasing enormities committed in the westland shires by Claverhouse and his dragoons, who rode like demons over the land; the shooting of John Brown at the door of his own dwelling, on the Ayrshire wolds, before the eyes of his noble wife; the short but stern struggle at Airmoss, where Richard Cameron met the death he had prayed for, and Hackstone, after hewing his way through the foremost rank of dragoons, fell down at last, covered with wounds, on the turf of the glen, as a hero would wish to fall; the scouring of ravines and wooded re-

treats with bloodhounds during the period that was emphatically called the *killing time* of the persecution; the rescue of nine prisoners from the hands of the enemy, by a daring band of Cameronians, on a misty morning, in the wild pass of Enterkin; the unfortunate expedition of the Earl of Argyll, who, like his father, showed the nobility of his soul on the scaffold, and set calmly in God as a star sinks in the western sea; the miserable end of many of the prisoners who were confined in Dunottar Castle and the lonely Bass; the wild romantic life and tragic death of the bold and beautiful Renwick, who was the Angel of the Scottish Covenant, and the "last pale flower" of Scottish martyrdom; the rise of Edinburgh in one terrible tempest of wrath against popery and persecution; and the joyous advent at last of the Prince of Orange, who distilled the dew of peace over the scorched and groaning land.

It is not necessary that we should quote from a book which has already attained extensive circulation; but we cannot refrain from introducing the following eloquent passage, describing the effects which the defeat at Bothwell Bridge had upon the persecuted people:—

"They now retired into remoter wildernesses, compared to which the moor of Loudon-hill was a champaign country. Sunless glens, dank morasses, where peat-water was the only drink; old forests, and the summits of hills lonely and buried among the surrounding mountains; dark wooded and rocky dens by roaring cataracts; caves, the mouth of which was concealed by brushwood or by rowan trees, and the roof and sides of which were dripping with a damp and unwholesome dew; such were the retreats into which Scotland's persecuted children were now compelled to carry their bibles and their swords. The wildernesses of Galloway, of Nithsdale, and of Ayrshire, were suddenly peopled with strange, wild-seeming, solitary men with long grizzly beards, gaunt visages, eyes burning with the glow of earnestness—the gray gleam of the partition between enthusiasm and madness—all bearing little clasped bibles in their bosoms, and short, but true-tempered, shabbles by their sides. Sometimes they met in broad daylight for worship, but in numbers much less, and with spirits not nearly so buoyant, as on that Sabbath morning at Drumclog. Now the precautions they took against surprise were much stricter, but at the same time their spirits were much prouder and more determined. They were like chafed lions or bears bereaved of their whelps. The language of their preachers had soared up into a wilder poetry, an austerer sympathy than before. One is reminded of the days of Israel's prophets; of Moses wandering at the foot of the mount which he is yet to climb, in all the trembling pomp of a lonely mission to the feet

of the fire-girt God; of Elijah in the cave listening to the mighty wind, the earthquake, and the fire which are gone before the Lord; of Ezekiel astonished upon the banks of Chebar, or gazing on the valley of dry bones; of John the Baptist feeding on the locusts and wild honey, in the midst of that great and terrible wilderness, and clad in his garment of camel's hair; of Jesus himself, treading in majestic solitude the mountain of the Temptation, or wrestling with the adversary who encountered him there. Inferior, infinitely indeed, the inspiration issuing from these modern Eremites; not to be named the plaids of those latter wanderers with the sheepskins and goatskins of the men of other days: but in suffering, in sorrows, and in deep-hearted earnestness, Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick may be named even with that list of confessors who inhabited "dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy." Their worship was not unfrequently at night, under the canopy of Scotland's midnight heaven, with Orion in the South, shining in meek yet mighty rivalry with the Great Bear of the northern sky, with the Pleiades passing overhead like a star dissolving into its particles of glory—shall we rather say, like a little tremulous clump of diminished suns—with meteors shooting across the deep of the stars—with the wind wailing in its passage over a thousand moors—with streams mingling their many voices with its doleful melody—did these persecuted Christians meet, and their hoarse psalm, and the loud deep voice of their preacher, did finely harmonize and make up the full complement of those "voices of the night." And as the preacher warmed with the theme, and alluded to that brief gleam of victory which visited their cause at Drumclog, or bewailed the fatal bridge of Bothwell, fierce eyes became fiercer in the darkness; their bibles were clasped with greater earnestness to their bosoms; their hands unconsciously grasped their swords, and the whole congregation moved like the waves of a stormy sea, and swore, as it were; one deep silent oath, to avenge their quarrel and the quarrel of their desert-inhabiting God. Few now, comparatively, the voices to sing their war-melody—"In Judah's land;" but rougher and deeper were their accents, and the psalm seemed now the cry of blood going up to heaven from the silent wilderness below, and through that starry desert above which conducts, by its long and burning stages, to the throne of God."—pp. 79—81.

It is seldom that such passages adorn any historical page, for historians, as a class, more frequently repel by their coldness than attract by the warmth of their enthusiasm. No man ought to presume to criticise the works of Shakespeare or Schiller, unless a live coal from off their altar burns brightly within his own breast; and no historian can incarnate the spirit of a heroic age whose heart never swells like a sea-billow in yearning sympathy with noble men and a noble cause. Even on the attractive and pictorial

pages of Macaulay we are met by no strong gusts of eloquent enthusiasm like the above. But while uniformity of style and tone cannot be brought as an objection against Mr. Gilfillan's stirring historical sketch, Englishmen, we are afraid, may be inclined to suspect that his intense nationality has prevented him from allowing the Puritans their proper share in the success which befell the heroes of the Covenant. Had the struggle been confined to Scotland—had the "*two-celled heart*" of Britain not been beating with "one full stroke-life," the tyrannical attempts of Charles I. and Laud to establish episcopacy in the northern kingdom might have met with a less strenuous and successful resistance. It is true that the Scotch Covenanters were the first in the field, and drew a treaty of peace from the treacherous king by the fluttering of their banners, and their fresh and sturdy array; but they would have met with sterner obstructions in their subsequent progress had the Short Parliament been swifter in voting supplies, or the royal army been completely purged from Puritanism. At the very time when the Scots were quartered south of the Tweed, the new parliament invaded the prerogatives of the king, and began to discuss the abolition of episcopacy. Both kingdoms had risen up at once to the measure and stature of their manhood, and were bursting asunder the swaddling-bands of "decent, dignified ceremonialism" which cramped and confined their energies. And though the Presbyterians and Independents whilst aiming at the same great general results turned to rend each other, yet it was found in the end that a good fight had been fought, and that by their mutual exertions the Christian faith had been purified from innumerable pollutions.

The eighth chapter is devoted to a consideration of the treatment the Covenanters have received in after times. Mr. Gilfillan here forms a fine gallery of the authors who have been attracted by the glory of the old covenanting days. From that gallery, starry faces, not a few, shine down upon us, and while we deeply lament that Burns left unsung the noblest deeds of his country's story, and that Scott penned no worthier memorial of his persecuted forefathers than "*Old Mortality*," it is nevertheless pleasing to reflect that such spirits as Graham, Galt, Hislop, Hogg, Wilson, Pollok, Irving, Aird, and Moir have combined to shed rich gleams of light around the covenanting cause. Behind this brilliant band Gilfillan introduces a spirit of another aspect, who has vainly striven of late

to degrade the heroes and martyrs of the covenant, and to deify the persecuting cavaliers. At the very period when the last feeling of hatred or contempt for the earnest-souled men of the seventeenth century seemed to have died away from the hardest heart in our land, the laureate of Claverhouse suddenly arose and the shade of Mackenzie appeared anew. That master-fiend, Dundee, whose name is never pronounced without hatred or disgust, is represented by the author of the "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*" as one of the most chivalrous and godlike of men, with the serene melancholy countenance of a "saint about to become a martyr." Had this adorer of all that is darkest in human character and conduct arisen in some retired nook of the land, he would have sunk immediately into oblivion, and his works would have followed him thither; but his position as an advocate, a professor, and an editor, attracted the attention to his "*Lays*" that could never have been commanded by his pen. The man who was only capable of handing Christopher his crutch, or of correcting the proofs of his "*Recreations*" for the press, had somehow been elevated to Christopher's critical chair; and those who had listened entranced to the mirthful or melancholy music that had formerly issued thence as from the Memnonian statue at sunset and dawn, were willing to believe that still some echoes of the old strains might haply linger there. But when the truth became manifest, wrath soon took the place of disappointment, and a great gulf has forever been fixed between Aytoun and every manly spirit of the times. If he still continued to beat his monotonous kettle drum after the many severe castigations he received on the publication of his offensive volume, surely his spirit must quake before the onslaught of George Gilfillan. We admire the masterly and earnest manner in which our author has exposed the falsehoods and repelled the insidious attacks of Aytoun's voluminous notes; and would sincerely advise the ballad-maker of Blackwood to profit by the solemn rebukes and counsels he has received, to strew no more flowers on the grave of Graham, to disturb no more the holy dust of martyrs and heroes, to sit like a little child at the feet of his great father-in-law, and to show his indignant country that he has at last become a wiser and a better man.

We had intended making a few observations on the twelve important deductions which Mr. Gilfillan draws in his concluding chapter from the history and character of

the covenanters; but our limits are already exceeded, and we need only remark that they, as well as the appendix, which contains a stirring description of the scenery and massacre of Glencoe, are altogether worthy of the author's vivid and powerful pen. The scene closes not inappropriately with the golden dream of the coming thousand years

of peace. It is surely blessed to believe that after a morning of darkness and a long day of terror and blood, the world's sun is to grow beautiful in its decline, and to set at last amid happy tears, and the sound of evening bells. We have read the whole volume with much delight, and strongly commend it to the study of every sincere and manly soul.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD, AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER WITCH," &c.

WE are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally disliked on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Förster, that within one year he killed upwards of 3000 partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W——, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bed-chamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gündling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral château. On the very next

day the chase commenced, and Von Gündling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford his majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gündling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency on such occasions would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the general laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-termed "tabaks collegien." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him: as for wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron von Gündling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the

chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase happened to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately in the highest indignation, and cried out,

"You vagabond rascal, how dare you—?"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man ploughing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner,

"Come hither, man!"

The reply he received was,

"I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you'll speak civilly, I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked toward the impudent ploughman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's château. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can he be such an impertinent ass. Does he not know who I am?"

"Oh, yes! he's the king's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat,

"Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing."

The clergyman replied, quite calmly,

"My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnatus ploughed too, and he was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress; "but when Cincinnatus ploughed, he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impu-

dent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king, he therefore answered most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm?"

"Well, that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son soon takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple—he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on workdays, and the pastor play the same game on Sundays, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gündling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar-tree.

"Wait!" Gündling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street; "we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the château, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question, "How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me! I've but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gündling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gündling would remain with him as company: a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken *volens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meanwhile, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted: "This little darling I'll make my breakfast off, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joy-

ful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the château.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "*Famulus*" at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, mon Dieu! he's not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled around the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation, the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all his gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended,

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering, that Carl

could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that, in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighboring gate of the château, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gündling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G——n, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gündling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously-desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth, to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gündling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gündling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the

captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words,

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gündling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villanous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fist at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe that our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt-ends of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description

of the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account, to claim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself: that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year had just ended, he received a message from the neighboring town to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening in company with the lady of the Dean of P——. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanation as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf." At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now then tell us all, you wicked boy;

you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could, I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he!" Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes!" the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," supported me in all my necessities.

Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen, "My heart should feel contented;" when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head.

"Ah!" the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said :

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion :

As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said :

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H——, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gündling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on High to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will now do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words :

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was relieved, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added :

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn—'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, "Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse

of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare sing another verse.

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised: "What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile:

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

Here the queen interposed, and begged his majesty, who was in very good humor that day, not to torment me further. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. "I must beg your majesty to remember," the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well!" the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself; but *apropos*, suppose he will not have *you*?"

I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying, "Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such

a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end of my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued :

I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day, that might nourish my hopes.

The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs,

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door?—let him step out of the ranks."

With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said, "Two under-officers here—take the fellow's coat off!" I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unseasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously, "I implore your majesty, with all submission ——" but the king interrupted me: "Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!" The under-officers did what they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature, said—"Now his gaiters!"

I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated, in my fear, "I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

As I stood there in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

I was now certain of death when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword, at the very least, was contained. I clasped my hands, and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me, "Now, look in, and see how that suits you."

As soon as I raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or any instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again aroused me. "Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side-arms across them, so that he cannot tumble

through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in his saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put the coatee on again. Now, then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

Assuredly (the young man continued) I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me, but to my great good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined I would preach on it the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—"St. Paul says, in Rom. viii. 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;'" after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes, which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made an universal and particular application of it.

I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and never once took his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word "Amen," when he said to me, "Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat, and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

During my discourse, I had noticed that one of them seemed heavier than the other. I therefore put my hand into that one first, and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew out a gold *tabatière* filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said, "That is a present from my wife; but now look, and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as dean, signed by the king's own hand.

"How is that possible? such a thing was never heard of," the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the Grenadiers a dean? Yes! now I understand why you sent to tell us you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your

poor old father to the wedding—as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable.”

“Did I know anything about my marriage?” the son continued; “but listen further.”

I naturally tried, after all these fabulous events, to murmur out my thanks, but was interrupted by the king, who said, “Now come up to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you.”

Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace, and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled, together with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me,

“Who does he think he has to thank for all this?”

I answered with a low bow,

“Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious consort.”

To which his majesty remarked,

“There he’s right; but look ye here, this young and charming woman did the most for him. Has he nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? he’s now a dean, and has his pocket full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?”

Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes, and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the ground.

All was silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of all my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments said,

“His majesty the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with the courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings on the troubled path of life, like the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?”

She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God to bless us, when the king added,

“Regimental chaplain, come hither and

marry them. Afterwards we’ll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day.”

The chaplain with a deep bow remarked,

“It is impossible, your majesty; the young couple have not been asked in church.”

“Nonsense!” the king objected; I asked them myself long ago. Come, and marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like.”

Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them.

“I really must be dreaming,” the old pastor now said; “why, it is stranger than any story in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine.”

“They kept me so long,” the young man replied, “or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma, with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily conceived, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written in his own hand, on the margin:

“I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin, he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself.

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.”

“As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination, to which I voluntarily submitted.”

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We can only remark that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P—.

In conclusion, we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connection with themselves.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY M. J. J. AMPERE, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Southampton, August 27, 1851.

YESTERDAY I was at London—in the Crystal Palace. I just looked in upon the Universal Exhibition—the first thing really universal in the history of man. Yes, the first time, since “the world began,”—that men have done anything in common—that people have associated themselves in a common enterprise, without distinction of country, race or creed. An event memorable and prophetic, for it announces and augurs forth, so to speak, the future unity of the human race.

To-day, I leave England for the United States. I am going to observe, in all the freedom of their action, this “industrial power,” whose cosmopolitan results I so much admired at London. But, before leaving the shores of Europe, I beg leave to relate an incident I met with, which gave me an earnest and generous anticipation of America.

In the cars which took me from London to Southampton, besides a distinguished American (Mr. Sedgwick) who was to make the passage with me, there was an English lady in company with the mother and sister of the former. She struck me at once by the force of her language, and the original turn of her mind. This was Fanny Kemble, whose singular and poetic volume on the United States—the very book for a young girl—had pleased me many years ago; and, though a little severe upon American manners, had given me for the first time a desire to make the voyage I was now about to undertake.

The niece of Mrs. Siddons bears on her brow, in her aspect, in the *tout-ensemble* of her person, the very image of Melpomene. Many things have taken place since she wrote what she still calls “her impertinences” on American manners, her rides on horseback on the banks of the Hudson, and the charming verses inspired by the genius of the place.

Although she brought away some un-

pleasant recollections of the land she had adopted, she appreciates more highly now the social advantages of a country, where (she remarked to me) people have the impression that nobody suffers around you; and yet she herself appears cold and untouched by the natural beauty everywhere offered to the eye. For my part, let me again and again recur to the impressions made upon *her* twenty years ago.

Mr. Sedgwick, with whom I had the pleasure to make the passage, is an eminent lawyer of New York; he has all the vivacity of mind and flow of spirit that the world attributes to us Frenchmen. In other things, like a true American traveller, he is never in a hurry; he looks quietly at his watch and says we have a quarter of an hour to spare, as if he were talking of going from Paris to St. Cloud. The ladies are no more in a hurry than he. We arrived in time—and in two hours were on board the Franklin, which left Havre this morning, and was waiting at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, the arrival of the steamboat from Southampton. We shall not sail to-night; there is fog rising. This act of prudence in an American captain surprises me. But Mr. Wootton is an officer no less brave than wise. To moderate the hardihood natural to the United States seamen, the captain of a steam-ship belonging to this line must have an interest of some \$28,000 in the ship under his command.

August 28.—I am up before the ship is under way. But the wheels are moving, and I am on my way to America. As we were coasting along the Isle of Wight, an American said to me, “That’s much like Long Island, opposite New York.” The first characteristic that I remarked on board, where a great majority of the passengers came from the United States, was the constant glorification of their country. “America” is the standard idea of the Americans; a conviction of the superiority of their own

country is at the foundation of all they say. They find it even in the avowal of what they confessedly fail of. Thus all took care to guard me against expecting to find in a new state of society, that refinement one meets with in his intercourse with people in the old world. Nothing could have been more well-timed than such a remark, but in this haste to set me on my guard, as to what I must not expect in the United States, I thought I recognized the precaution of an unsettled patriotism, always acting in distrust of the opinions of a foreigner. They seem to me like the preface of an author, requesting readers not to look in his book for what he would not be sorry to have discovered there.

I cannot repeat the many eulogies upon the United States; but somehow it always happens, that whatever may be the subject of conversation, they always come off best. French cakes are very good, but Virginia cakes are far superior; and American oysters are excelled by none. These are little circumstances, constantly occurring by way of information, leaving you to draw your own inference from them. I could not help thinking the Americans were mortified at not being able to say, that one of their own countrymen had discovered America. After all, this predilection for their country has nothing obtrusive in it. I was glad to see it exist, without being pained by it. It makes me smile to see on what occasion the feeling shows itself. On the whole, it gives me respect for the Americans as a people. In France, for many years at least, we have made ourselves too cheap; we have lost the illusion respecting ourselves. It would be far better to respect—even to be proud of ourselves a little, if you please—than to disparage ourselves as we do, and so philosophically to pity our own condition.

On board this conveyance, I find occasion to observe, the principal of equality is combined with the inequalities, which education and habit invariably tend to produce. Among the passengers, no one of right has rank or title; and yet it happens, naturally enough, that little groups are formed among those whose characters are congenial, and whose condition is similar. At one table you find the son and daughter of the Governor of New Jersey; Mr. Sedgwick, and his family; a Virginia planter whose manners and ways are entirely European, and who, with his young and charming wife, are just from a visit to Italy, Greece, and Jerusalem;—at another, are seated some New Orleans mer-

chants; and at a third some Frenchmen, who are on their way to California. Now there is no decided separation taking place here—nothing hinders those of one party from mingling with another; but it never takes place, and I begin to see how a general commingling of society does not necessarily follow the adoption of democratic principles.

I hear them all talking of conventions, and revolutions, in which several people present had taken an active part. With us the word "revolution" is one of alarming import; but in the United States, when it is desirable to change any "article" in the Constitution of a State, they apply to the Legislature, which body presently issues "a call to the people." The proposed amendment is submitted to a popular vote; and if passed, becomes a law. This is a "revolution."

One of these revolutions had just taken place in the State of New York. It consists in *choosing* (by ballot) the Judges of Court. This measure seemed to me to be dangerous, or inconvenient, to say the least of it. But they tell me, in phraseology derived from the language of mechanism, it *works well*. I think, notwithstanding, that this mode of election is an encroachment of universal suffrage on what had far better be divorced from it, and that the States which have not as yet experimented on this "revolution," had better not attempt it.

We are entering, at last, the bay of New York; which, whatever may be said of it, does not resemble that of Naples, although it is a splendid harbor, nevertheless. The Franklin has just touched the shore, which seems lined, as far as the eye can reach, with other steamers. We are in America.

Before landing, we are informed of a Cuban expedition. It had proved a failure. Lopez had been taken and executed. This piece of news was given by a coachman to whom Mr. Sedgwick, after having chatted politics a little with him, recommended me. Loaded with letters of introduction, and cordial invitations to visit all parts of the United States, I left the Franklin, having found no cause to complain of America thus far.

Truth to say, however, I did not find the American coachman as amiable as first impressions promised. The man that talked so finely about Lopez and Cuba, and who should have charged but half-a-dollar to take me to the Astor House, demanded a dollar. I did what I should have done in Europe; I asked how much I ought to give. Two gentlemen were at the desk; I addressed myself to one of them, showing him my letter

to the proprietor of the house. They paid not the least attention to the letter, but one of them, without making any reply, put a dollar into the coachman's hand with an air that would have been graceful indeed, had it come from his own pocket.

Very soon the gong, which takes the place of the dinner-bell, here, as on shipboard, warned me to seat myself at table,—with two hundred covers, in which I found no difficulty, as they do not pounce upon the plates. Ice water is here, as every where, common; a bill of fare (newly printed every day) was placed by each guest, and on a given signal, we were served by boys, who showed no lack of attention. Although ignorant of American customs, I had neglected to stimulate their zeal, by feeling in advance a particular one, to secure his services in future; as an offset to this, nothing is given to the servants on leaving the house. The dinner was not long, nor did I think it hurried. Every body was still,—except now and then a Champagne bottle broke the silence; but I have no such fondness for conversation at a public table, as to make me regret the loss of it.

I know no greater pleasure in travelling than to stroll about in an unknown city. Every city has, in fact, its appearance, its air, and even its peculiar noises. Here this interest is still more real. But lately arrived as I had in America, the new city was to me a new world. When in Broadway, by the motion of the carriages, I could almost fancy myself in the Strand. For an hour I was walking by the splendid stores in Broadway. 'Tis the Rue Vivienne of New York, but longer than the Champs-Élysées. The constant roar and dazzling splendor of the city produce a singular effect, when for eleven days one has seen nothing but a waste of waters. I sought for some less giddy quarter of the town, like the shores of the Hudson. Here is a different scene of agitation. The foundries where they construct steam-engines, reëcho the sound of the hammer. My first sunset in America was truly American. It was through a forest of masts that I saw it go down, and then retraced my way through the silent streets, till I thought I had reached the little old Dutch town, as calm and phlegmatic as the American city, whose history is so drolly described by Irving, is bustling and earnest.

I shall return to New York, but at present am now in haste to reach Boston, the most intellectual city, it is said, in the United States. Three or four steamers leave for

that place every day, and I take the first one I chance to meet. A colored servant, in handing me the baggage-checks, was cautious to slip them into my fingers without touching my hand. Such conduct may have its advantages, but in me it gave rise to painful thoughts on the relation of the two races.

On my return, I shall visit the hospitals and gray-walled prisons which I pass as we leave the city, but now I must observe the natural beauty above and around me. Never but in Egypt have I seen a sunset so splendid as this. Not even in Italy will one find tints so crimson and gorgeous. Before me, in the horizon, I discover a furnace from which are issuing jets of fire and darkened clouds. Presently the furnace becomes a volcanic crater, jetting out brilliant flames; then the crater seems to explode and disappear in the heavens. Such is a North American sunset.

On the boat, I observe, what is aristocratic enough, that the second class passengers never enter the supper room till after the first are seated at table. On the other hand—this is quite democratic: after supper I asked a boy for a glass of water—without any reply, he pointed me to a glass upon the table, with an air of indescribable majesty.

The railroad which leads to Boston is laid for some distance through the streets of the city. Children play about the cars, and the people stand looking at us as the cars go by. There is none of that cautiousness we see at home, where an arm is always holding out a signal. Here, when a railway crosses a road, there is, in general, no guard or barrier. They simply ring a bell, and a painted board warns you to "look out for the cars when the bell rings." If a passenger pays no attention, or does not hasten by, or if a cow is found on the track, an accident occurs. You see an article in the papers headed thus: "Horrible accident,"—and that is all. The cars are not very comfortable. There are none of the second class; every one ensconces himself in the long omnibuses attached to the engines, communicating with each other by a platform; on each side are rows of seats for two persons each, with a passage between them, and a cast-iron stove in the centre. The back of the seats are not high enough to rest the head upon; one is neither safe nor comfortable. But there are three thousand leagues of railway in the United States, some of them traversing forests where you find little else than Indian trails. That the cars are better than such

paths as these, say one, however captious, must readily admit.

Boston resembles an English city more than New York. There are many quiet and retired streets; but the city has nothing of gloom about it—nothing of the Puritan. The red brick houses are more cheerful than those of London. The doorways and steps are generally of granite; and sometimes the houses have circular fronts, which give variety to the appearance of a street. The red sand-stone pillars, the green blinds, and the white chimneys, enliven the view very much. In front of most of the houses you may see a green spot, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. Still the old Puritanism is not dead; for I see by to-day's paper, that two boys had been fined for playing on Sunday.

In the public walk, a notice is posted stating that infringements on police regulations on Sundays will be punished with the greater severity. This seems characteristic. In other places, trespasses on the public grounds or flowers are punished to prevent a repetition of the offence; here they are held up to the community in a moral point of view. How natural that the criminality should be greater on Sundays, and that the punishment should be greater in proportion!

The public walk is very delightful. It is a park situated on sloping ground, having a slightly elevated point near the centre, from which the ocean can be seen. A crescent-shaped basin, ornamented with a fountain, adds to the beauty of the ground. This piece of water is all that remains of a pond once concealed in the dense forest, whose only surviving tree, a venerable elm, is now held in almost religious regard. The American elm is a beautiful tree; with its trunk nearly white to a certain distance from the ground, and its elegant caduceous foliage, which reminds one both of the oak and the beech. Michaux calls it the finest tree of the temperate zone. Both on the public walk here and at New York, you may see people beating carpets and drying clothes. The people are at home, and make themselves welcome. The other extremity of Boston is far different from this; it is the commercial part of the town. There you find activity and trade—a United States town by the side of an English city.

After all that has been written about the unceremonious habits of the Americans, I was surprised at a policeman's telling me to put out my cigar. In Boston you are not allowed to smoke in the streets. It must

be acknowledged that a Frenchman proved the barbarian.

There is still to be seen at Boston the place where Franklin was born, and the shop where he commenced, as tallow-chandler, the career which he terminated not, till he had extended the field of science—had been distinguished in the salons of Paris, and, what is still more, had aided in establishing the independence of his country.

Among the celebrated writers of Boston, there are those whose reputation is preëminently European, and whose acquaintance I was anxious to make. They are, Mr. Prescott, historian of Isabella, Mexico and Peru; Mr. Bancroft, author of the History of the United States, and Mr. Ticknor, who wrote the History of Spanish Literature. Unfortunately, Mr. Prescott was not in Boston. Everybody in Europe knows him as a writer of the Robertson Family, and in America he is known as an amiable and excellent man. I am exceedingly sorry not to have met with him, but if I go to Mexico I shall find his History there. Mr. Bancroft is absent too. Him I shall see in New York. It is singular enough that such a book as the History of Spanish Literature should issue from the United States. Its author, Mr. Ticknor, resided for a long time in Spain. Urged on by his enthusiasm, and aided by liberal means, he collected a Spanish library unrivalled even in the Peninsula. This library served as a basis to a book remarkable for the varied information it supplies, in regard to a literature so extensive and so little known. It is a work essential to any one who would acquaint himself with Spanish Letters. Mr. Ticknor resided for a time also at Paris. He has a good knowledge of society; his manners are somewhat French, and he speaks our language without the slightest accent. This I have seldom met with among the English, but have found many instances of it in the United States. This Library is such as a dilettante in literature only would collect. He has many authors, both rare and curious, on Dante and Shakspeare; and, as I have already said, his Spanish library is the finest in the world.

As I was crossing Charlestown Bridge to-day, I was delighted with the gold and purple of the western sky, which reminded me of the most dazzling sunsets in the East. The city, with its red brick buildings, bathed in a crimson sky, presents a remarkable appearance. Never have I seen the atmosphere more diaphanous, or the outlines of objects more distinct. The light that I

speak of differs in one respect only from that of Italy and Greece:—it seems dry and hard, while in those favored countries, it is at the same time both soft and elastic. In this country everything, like man, is energetic and decided. There is no room, it would seem, for luxury and the graces.

I have been to-day to hear a Unitarian preacher of some reputation, "Doctor Walker." It is somewhat remarkable that in Boston, which was for many years the focus of the most rigid Calvinism, where the doctrines of necessity, of grace, of man's total inability to do good, had an entire sway, the sect now most favorably known, and which is constantly attracting to itself the most intelligent part of community, should be Unitarianism—the least mystic, the most rational type of Christianity. They call all who deny the doctrine of the Trinity, Unitarians. Their creed is a sort of Arianism, inclining to Deism. The change is evidently the result of reaction. The Independents, who were the first colonists of New England, and who laid the foundation of the nationality of the country, were believers, even to fierceness. While the Catholics at Baltimore, and Roger Williams at Providence, were setting an example of tolerance, the Boston Puritans condemned it as a crime. While protesting their attachment to their mother Church of England, they allowed no one to recognize the authority of this Church, and revenged themselves for the persecutions they had suffered, in burning witches and hanging Quakeresses. The tyranny they imposed on the community, in the name of religion, was carried to a despotism the most minute and ridiculous. Wearing long hair, or even wigs, was forbidden. Ladies were not allowed to wear their sleeves short, or more than half a yard wide in the broadest places. It was forbidden, under pain of the lash, to kiss one's wife in the street, and mothers were not allowed to fondle their babes on the Sabbath. No beer must be made on Saturday for fear it might be working on the Sabbath. The Bible was their code of laws, and with the Bible in their hands, they put to death the adulteress, forgetting Christ's forgiveness of a similar offender. Two theologians signed their approval of putting to death the child of an Indian chief, who had been captured and killed, because the wicked race ought to be exterminated.

The theological doctrine of these pitiless sectaries repudiated free will, and denied that man was capable of doing or even of willing a good action. The most celebrated

Doctors, Jonathan Edwards and Hopkins, came out with the assertion that sin, where it existed, is, on the whole, better for the world than holiness would have been in its place; that it is not only permitted by the Father of lights, but in its place, preferred by him to holiness, and introduced directly by his action. Finally, they came out with this strange opinion, that to desire to be lost, for the glory of God is, necessary to salvation. To these violent dogmas, there came out in opposition, from the first, a modern Theological party, styled the New School. The Americans betray in their religion the zeal, the ardor, the impetuosity they exhibit in every thing else. In the Asylum at Worcester, the number that have become insane from religious excitement, equals those who have lost their reason from intemperance. Then come revivals, followed by convulsion, madness;—sermons of itinerant preachers, who insult the settled ministers, and describe the torments of Hell in such a way as to subject their hearers to fits of madness. The Methodist Whitefield came twice to America to revive this enthusiasm, bordering on delirium. He preached under the great elm on the Common, in presence of thirty thousand hearers. The result of all was, to disgust the people of good sense in Boston. The reaction to all these Saturnalia of Religion now shows itself in Unitarianism. Repelled by teaching which repudiates the liberty of the will, disgusted by the excesses of fanatics, they have thrown themselves, so to speak, quite to the other extreme of Christianity.

It is in this way that Unitarianism has made such progress in Boston. There are here now twenty Unitarian churches, while there are but fourteen where the faith of the Puritans is professed. There are ten Episcopal, ten Catholic, and eight Baptist churches—so that Unitarianism is in the majority.

While listening to the sermon of Dr. Walker, I ran over the Hymn Book in use by the congregation. The hymns are generally devoted to the truths of the Christian religion. One may find among them Pope's Prayer. Christ is called the "Man of Calvary," the "Great Prophet." Still two supernatural facts are spoken of in these hymns—the Resurrection and the Second Advent. Unitarianism is not then pure Deism; it is a form of Christianity taking Scripture for its basis, and interpreting it after its own manner. The external form of worship is the same as in the Calvinistic Churches, but the sermon could not be accused of mysticism; it surprised me, as coming from a

Unitarian. The subject was neither theological nor moral; it consisted of advice how to conduct one's self in the world—advice which would apply no better to the Christian profession, than to any other. The point of Dr. Walker's sermon was this: one must concentrate all his efforts on a determinate object, and not waste them on several; one must have a decided plan, and follow it invariably; one must make every thing subservient to the *one* great object. Dr. Walker is himself a man of high morality, but what is properly called morality was entirely wanting in his sermon. I ought to say, that in the last sentence there was one word about eternity. I would not judge of Unitarianism from a single sermon. I hear of another Unitarian preacher in Boston, full of unction and earnest zeal; and, besides, have they not once had a Fenelon in their Channing?

I am going to see Mr. Charles Sumner; his name makes certain people shudder, for he is a free-soiler, and suspected of abolitionism. It does not frighten me, however; and they say nothing else bad about him, but reckon him one of the most brilliant ornaments of the national Senate. While waiting for him, I observed in his hall some Italian pictures—souvenirs of Rome. The taste for arts and antiquities is not a stranger here; so I am not, then, altogether in a land of barbarians, whatever one may say. This European vein, which runs through society in the United States, ought to be noticed, because without at all changing its fundamental character, it considerably modifies the aspect of it. Mr. Sumner showed me the Capitol—for in each State the building where the Legislature meet is thus styled. That of Boston contains a fine statue of Washington, by Chantrey; it is the simple hero of the Revolution. Quite near, in the Athenæum, is a bust marked by a character more individual, and which is called the finest ever made of the noblest and best of men. Let me say of Washington—extraordinary for his rectitude and simplicity, neither eloquent as an orator, nor acute as a diplomatist—that no one has surpassed him in goodness of heart, or correctness of intelligence, and that he had the true political genius—the genius of virtue. Near Boston is the Cambridge University. Being a Professor myself, and having visited the German Universities, and been a student in one of them, I felt a strong desire to see what an American University is.

In the first place, then, there is nothing here like what we call a University in France. Both the institutions themselves, and parti-

cular professorships in them, were established by private men and named in honor of them. There is Harvard College and Yale College in the United States, as there are at Paris the Colleges Montaigne and Harcourt. But Yale and Harvard are the names of theologians or merchants, instead of great lords. Private men here are every day doing more and more for education. Mr. Lawrence has founded at Cambridge, what is styled a Scientific School, at a cost of 500,000 francs. In the annals of the college may be cited a number of donations; but the most striking are those made in aid of its feeble beginnings. Money was then scarce, and zeal for learning gave rise to the most modest offerings. One private man gave a piece of cotton stuff valued at nine shillings; another, a pewter pot of the same value; a third, a fruit-dish, a spoon, a large and small salt-cellar. The names of those who made these simple offerings have been preserved, and ought to be so. Cambridge reckons among its benefactors some illustrious men. There are, Usher the chronologist, the theologian Baxter, and even Bishop Berkeley, who lived many years in this country, whither he had come with the intention of converting the Indians. Walpole thwarted his plans, and there is no trace of his system in America. The ideal theory would never do for the United States. Cambridge has always been a luminous point in New England. The first American press was established at Cambridge, seventeen years after the arrival of the pilgrims. Compare this with Virginia, where no printing was done till ninety years after its appearance in Cambridge, and where in 1761 one of the governors said, "Thank God we have neither schools nor printing presses, and I hope we shall not have for a hundred years to come, for learning introduces disobedience, heresy, and plots against government."

Calvinism, which was at the basis of the university, has become almost an entire stranger to it. They allow their Jewish students to observe the Sabbath, and the Catholics to observe all the holidays of the church. Yale and Amherst Colleges are still under the old Puritan spirit; and something of it is still left at Cambridge. Protestant pupils must go once a day to church, and on Sundays twice. If a student should fail to do so three times in four years he is sent away.

The omnibus took me in half an hour to Cambridge. The professors' houses are of wood, surrounded by trees. The colleges, in which are the students' rooms, are of brick. The whole has a choice and solitary aspect.

You are far from hard-working America, or rather you seem to be so; but it is only half a league; and I strongly suspect that worldly thoughts, the desire of making money, come knocking at the student's door, and enticing away the young men I see walking under these quiet shades. How can they content themselves long with books, when but two steps off they perceive the bustling activity of a calculating and industrious people? How can they fail to be drawn into the vortex, and leave, as soon as possible, pursuits which have no positive results, for those that will insure them fortune, influence, and respectability of position?

My first visit was to Mr. Sparks, President of the University. He has devoted his life to the history of his country. He has published several important papers on the history of the American Revolution, a number of which he collected in the archives of the Foreign Minister at Paris, of whose kindness, in giving access to these documents, he speaks in the highest terms. Mr. Sparks has published "The Life of Washington," and given to the public the correspondence of this great man. He is the author of biographies of several of his distinguished countrymen, and may be called the American Plutarch.

If any doubt whether one may meet in the United States a perfect type of the gentleman and the scholar, let them but once visit Mr. Everett, a resident of Cambridge, formerly President of the University, and also Governor of Massachusetts, and Minister to England. Mr. Everett is noted for the elegance of his style. His published discourses are models of classic writing in America. Mr. Everett's manners are those of a British Statesman. In speaking of the institutions of the United States, he sees only one danger impending, but that appears to be a great one; it is the terrible danger from slavery. In approaching this subject, his serious and gentle manners were expressive of a deep inquietude; and, even with all his wisdom, he seemed to see no solution to a problem so difficult.

I visited also Mr. Agassiz, the unrivalled Naturalist, given by Switzerland to America, whom I met at Paris, and who seems to me like a compatriot, because he is a European. He met me like a friend, and I think that soon the name will suit us both—one thing is certain, the American reserve has not affected Agassiz; no one can be more brilliant in intellect, more animated in conversation, or more cordial in manner. The pursuits of

Mr. Agassiz are quite varied. Geologists had been divided on the question of the glaciers of ancient times. He wished to examine more closely into their nature and movements, as well as their effects upon their pathway. Like a true child of the Alps, he ascended and lived for months among them. He has supplied us also with another page of natural history, upon the fossil fishes; having done for this department what was done for the antediluvian reptiles and mammals by Cuvier, of whom he styles himself the grateful pupil, and whose studies he is well fitted to continue. From impressions almost effaced, sometimes with a scale only spared by the lapse of ages, he has reconstructed thousands of species; and still further, has grouped them in natural classes corresponding to the different eras in which they existed. In all these pursuits Mr. Agassiz places foremost anatomy, geology, and embryogeny—studying all the animate world under the triple aspect of their present and anterior organization, whether yet in embryo or in the less perfect development attained in those primitive epochs, by the species which were only the embryos of those now existing. You feel that there is a certain greatness in the harmony of these sciences; but to cultivate and thoroughly understand them, requires the extensive range and activity of mind which characterize Mr. Agassiz; enabling him to prosecute at the same time several branches of study and several publications entirely different, and which render him the most suitable person, though a child of the Old World, to represent, in science, the energies, the ardor, the impetuosity of the New.

How has America made conquest of a man whom the whole corps of savans, and all the capitals of Europe, honor? Let me tell you; it is no less creditable to America than to the distinguished scholar himself. Mr. Agassiz had no fortune of his own. His youth had known some hard struggles. He told me that when in Paris, he found himself so destitute that he had not the means of returning to Switzerland. A friend who was in no better circumstances than himself, having spoken of him to M. Humboldt, to whom M. Agassiz was a stranger, the latter received next day, in his little furnished room at the hotel, a complimentary letter from the illustrious savant, begging him to accept the small sum of which he stood in need. Mr. Agassiz loves to tell the story; and having told me, he added, "I requested of M. Humboldt that I might not return this sum, so

large for one in my situation, for I wished always to feel under obligations to him." I hope all my readers will appreciate as I do, the delicacy of this request. Some years afterwards, M. Agassiz had distinguished himself in science, but to publish his work on Fossil Fishes, a great outlay must be expended—he owed his brother 100,000 francs; this debt he did not wish always to lie. Where, in Europe, could he have succeeded so well as a Lecturer? He came to the United States as Professor of Geology in the Lowell Institute at Boston. This is the enterprise of a private individual, Mr. Lowell, whom his love for travel induced to go abroad; he died in the East, consecrating, by a will dated at Luxor, his fortune to the establishment of a course of lectures, designed to show the harmony of the natural sciences with revealed religion. This generous legacy of Mr. Lowell reminds one of that left in Egypt by Baron Gobert, a Frenchman—actuated by a similar desire to benefit his country.

As professor here he began extemporizing in a language not his own, and yet producing no small sensation. His audience was so large that he was obliged to repeat his lectures on the same or successive days. The large halls of the institution were unable to accommodate more than half the subscribers to his course. In two years he acquired the means of paying his debt of 100,000 francs; and all this, in mercantile America. It would seem, then, that sometimes they are not indifferent to learning here; and if they love to make money, they know how to spend it nobly. The free democracy, which has its meannesses, can yet do what ancient aristocracies did, and what monarchies do not always effect. The geological survey of two counties in the State of New York has been made at private expense. And have we not seen a private merchant, Mr. Grinnell, furnish two vessels for the Arctic expedition? Captain Franklin is an Englishman, and Grinnell an American. The sentiment which prompts him is free from any selfish pride of country; and he follows only the dictates of humanity, in devoting a part of his property to the assistance of one who belongs to a rival nation.

In Cambridge, you find an excellent library, a laboratory, including all the improvements of Liebig, and a cabinet of natural history, where I saw with interest some of those curious footprints left by antediluvian animals on the moist sand, and even marks of rain-drops—a thing that would

seem the least traceable of all. Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has associated his name with the study of these fossils, abundant every where in America, and found occasionally in Scotland and Germany. Dr. Hitchcock supposes, from these marks so decided, and so light, altogether, that he can define forty-seven species of animals: viz., twelve quadrupeds, twelve reptiles, twenty-two birds, &c., but nowhere has he imagined that he found the footprints of a woman—as one of his countrymen did.

On our way to Mount Auburn, I took occasion to question Mr. Agassiz on the Geology of America. Strange enough, the new world is the oldest. While the different parts of Europe were covered by the sea, from whose waters only certain islands had emerged, America was already a continent. Thus says Mr. Agassiz, the animals and vegetables of this part of the world bear less resemblance to the organized beings existing in Europe at the present time, than to those of epochs anterior to man. North America is physically the country of unity. Geological formations there have greater extent and more stability; the same animals and the same plants inhabit larger tracts than in the old world. There are rattlesnakes from Mexico to Maine. Humming-birds, which properly belong to the tropics, frequent the gardens in the vicinity of Boston. On the other hand, the northern birds go farther south in winter than European birds go in Africa. And so, too, the aboriginal races of North America present a remarkable resemblance to each other, on points quite dissimilar. Mr. Agassiz does not believe in the Asiatic origin of the races. He says the cheek-bone of the Tartar tribes is much lower than the American.

We reached Mount Auburn about the time of day of which the poet Gray speaks in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The sun, whose brightness here delights me, casts its richest tints on the beautiful trees of the cemetery. Nowhere is there a greater variety of trees than in North America. Mr. Agassiz showed me the different kinds of pine, oak, and walnut, and informed me that there are forty species of oak in the United States. The cemetery is a place too charming for death, but where one might voluntarily go to repose himself. The tombs are white, simple, spacious, instead of that horrid crowd of graves as in our sepulchres. Here one may be in the shade, and at his ease; and then here is such good company. Here, for example, is the statue of Bow-

ditch, the simple American sailor, who wrote a classic work in use by English sailors, and who subsequently, while president of an insurance company, translated the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace. It is not, indeed, a mere translation. Bowditch commented on the work of the illustrious French Geometer; he simplified it in some parts, and brought it down to the later discoveries. Laplace says, "I am sure Bowditch understood me, for he has not only corrected several errors in my books, but has shown how I have fallen into them."

The life of Bowditch is beautiful and interesting. From boyhood, his tastes were remarkable. While an apprentice to a ship-chandler, he was constantly making calculations on a slate. A neighbor, who wondered at his pursuits, remarked that he should not be surprised if in time the boy should make an almanac. Never was a boy of finer feelings, or purer mind. Sensible to glory, and at the same time modest, his eyes moistened with tears on being told that he was admired in Europe; while nothing touched him more than receiving from the "backwoods" the indication of an error in his works. "That was an error indeed," said he. "The simple fact that my work had reached a man, living on the very verge of civilization, who could appreciate and comprehend it, gave me more pleasure than the eulogies of all the learned *savans* of the academy." Bowditch was always cheered on by his courageous wife. His work would cost 500,000 francs; and she advised him to sacrifice everything in order to finish it. In gratitude he wished to dedicate the work to her, as she had so largely contributed her aid in its production.

Bowditch had drawn a plan of Salem, his native town; it was stolen from him, and its publication openly announced. He was angry at first, and threatened to prosecute the man for plagiarism; but on hearing that he was poor, he called on him the next day, saying, "Let me finish the plan I have begun, and correct some errors in it; then publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the list of subscribers."

Like a true American scholar, Bowditch was a self-made man. So too was Thomas Godfrey, the Pennsylvanian shoemaker, who by himself learned Latin, for the sake of reading "Newton's Principia." So was the young Ebenezer Mason, who died at twenty-one, a victim to his zeal for science, and particularly to his passion for astronomy. His health, already broken by misfortune, sickness, and struggles for bread, was entirely

prostrated and destroyed by his laborious nights of study. The energy and resolution so remarkable among the Americans, are met with quite as often in the lives of literary men, as of those devoted to other pursuits. They not only acquaint them with their own capabilities, but they open to them the way to fortune. The tendency of the scientific mind is marked with this character of intrepidity and self-reliance which marks all their enterprises. The researches of Franklin show a combination of sagacity, courage, and coolness, which is truly American. Boldness, carried even to infatuation of mind, has led a mathematician in the United States to look in geometry for other elements than a point without dimensions and a line without breadth. The essays of Mr. Seba Smith are a bold jump at something impossible.

In spite of my partiality for Mount Auburn, I would rather reside at Cambridge, have a professorship there and live in one of the little white cottages, surrounded by trees, were it not for the climate, which affects unpleasantly my throat. For here, where one might at this season readily believe himself in Italy, the thermometer falls as low as twenty degrees of cold, and a fire is necessary nine months in the year. With this exception, a life here would be very pleasant. The professors here are all on good terms with each other. There has never been but one exception; one of the professors murdered one of his colleagues, and concealed his body in the laboratory; it is to be hoped the thing will never occur again, however. But they do indeed associate very pleasantly together. Every fortnight they meet together at the house of one of the number, who gives a supper and reads a dissertation.

To-day I am going to close the evening with another professor, a stranger, a friend of Mr. Agassiz, a Swiss, as he is, and a witness, by his office here, to American hospitality. In his work, entitled "The Earth and Man," Mr. Guyot has tried to illustrate history by geography.

He sees in the varied configuration of the countries of Europe and Asia, where civilization has flourished, the reason of this civilization, and in the simplicity, in the geographical unity of the American continent, the law of common development on the principles of association. The old world educated the new. The new world is the splendid theatre on which the progressive destinies of humanity are to be exhibited. This conclusion could not but please his American hearers. The remarkable work of Mr. Guyot is the product of a course delivered at Cambridge.

Professor Felton, of the University, with a desire to please seldom felt, but deserving a higher reward, spent whole nights in translating from French into English the lectures written by Mr. Guyot.

Mr. Felton is Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature. I find in his library the more recent works of German Literature. He has himself translated several treatises of Jacobs, given to the public an edition of Homer, and published several gems of Greek poetry and eloquence. On his table German literature makes quite a figure, represented by Reinecke, Fucks, &c.

It seems that young gentlemen here leave college too early, to "make money." If they study ancient literature a little, it is only for the purpose of learning to speak, a necessary acquisition in the United States, for life is all oratory, as it was in ancient times—and more so; more's the pity, in my estimation. Demosthenes and Cicero prepared discourses which were to be *chef d'œuvres* of study; while *Americans*, in their whole life-time, never extemporize even an after-dinner speech. In spite of this difference and several others, there is a certain resemblance in all free countries where speech is power.

I am going to visit the Observatory at Cambridge, where is a large telescope—one of the first in the world; it cost 100,000 francs, and its granite base 25,000. All is owing to voluntary subscription. The names of the principal subscribers are engraved on a marble tablet. One of them gave 60,000 francs. The powerful instruments recently constructed can penetrate farther into the profound heavens than any have done before. The nebulae, lost in the distant extremities of space—those whitish spots which are formed of myriads of stars—each one of which appears to be the centre of a planetary system equal to that occupied by our little earth—these nebulae, so curiously studied by Herschel, have aggrandized the universe. One may conceive the transport the astronomers felt, at the triumph of their instruments' permitting them to see these nebulae resolve themselves into stars in the heavens. "You will share my joy," wrote the director of the Cambridge observatory, "on learning that the great nebulae of Orion have yielded to the power of our incomparable glass. These nebulae had resisted the unrivalled power of the two Herschels, armed with their excellent reflectors. It had defied Lord Ross's three feet mirror, and even with the highest power of his glass, he could discover not the least appearance of a star, and yet our Telescope

has accomplished what the largest one in the world has hitherto failed to effect."

Astronomy is one of the sciences which are most successfully cultivated in the United States. Dr. Franklin had observed that the clearness of the atmosphere (which struck me, too,) was very favorable here to astronomic observations. The taste for the science is so great, that many merchants even have constructed small observatories where they amuse themselves in the study of the stars. More profound investigations have enabled Prof. Loomis to write "The Progress of Astronomy in America." Mr. Bond, astronomer at the observatory, aided by his son, has discovered a third ring in Saturn. They have also added one more to the number of satellites already known as belonging to the same planet. The Americans, then, not only take from the virgin soil all its riches—they find leisure to enrich science and the heavens.

Not far from the observatory is the Botanic Garden. The study of botany is by no means a new one in the United States. The new Flora, that America offers to the students of that science, has found enthusiastic admirers. The Colonies, even before their independence, had given birth to Bartram, who, like a true American, was a self-made man, and whom Linnæus calls the Botanist of Nature. He founded the first botanic garden, notwithstanding he was so poor that an English naturalist, his friend, sent him from time to time brown paper for his "herbier," and even cloth to make his garments. A second botanic garden was founded by Marshall, who, like Bartram, himself built a house on a plot of ground which he had cleared, and where now stands a town bearing his name. The botanist of the garden of Cambridge, Dr. Grey (from Europe), is well known by his Flora of the United States. I was happy to see at his house, reproduced by Daguerreotype, the features of a French botanist very dear to me—a man who bears so deservedly the hereditary glory of the name of Jussieu.

Near to Cambridge stands a fine wooden house, surrounded by trees. It was Washington's head-quarters at the beginning of the war. It is historical in a two-fold relation—it is now the residence of an eminent poet, Longfellow. In this country, where I had fancied to myself that life was a constant whirl of political excitement, I did not expect to meet with an instance of life impressed with a quiet so noble and dignified. In an elegant house, with a wife beautiful

and lovely, surrounded by the sweetest children, Mr. Longfellow seems to me the very ideal of a fortunate poet; and they say that this happiness was preceded by a romantic story of constancy on the one hand, and delicacy on the other. The American poet has travelled in all parts of Europe; he knows all its languages; he possesses a collection of literary curiosities, from popular Danish songs to Havana ballads. He has reproduced the poetry of all nations—German ballads, and songs of Jasmine. In the different countries of the old world which he has visited, his muse has preserved numerous souvenirs. He has observed the primitive and patriarchal manners of Sweden, which he depicts so well in the preface to his translation of a graceful Swedish poem of Tegner, "The Communion of Children." He has visited Italy and France, and has felt the charms of the old towns in Germany. At Nuremburg, the son of industrial America harmonized with the lettered industry of the XVI. Century, which in the lowest walks of life called forth such men as Jacob Boehme, the philosophic shoemaker, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler bard. He celebrates these inspired artisans in his beautiful verse.

He has also written (what American can forget it?) the "Psalm of Life"—the answer to the preacher who said—"All is vanity."

It has been said that literature is the expression of society; in my opinion it is the reverse; civilization promotes literature. Now, in the United States, society is democratic, but civilization is European. Democracy can never be literary, for democracy is the rabble. Poetic inspirations may come from the mass, as popular poetry everywhere bears witness, but nowhere have the lower classes produced the highest style of poetic composition. Art is necessarily a stranger to it; and thus in America, where the masses rule, they do not write for the masses. Literature may be democratic in sentiment; it could not be so in form—it could not be careless, uncultivated, or it would be literature no longer.

The mass in the United States have a press at their use—a daily press—very useful in a commercial point of view, but of no account in literature. The daily press is exclusively *American*, but if you regard its literary aspect, America is in Europe; for civilization came to it from Europe, and is coming every day, especially now that the two worlds are placed in contact. For if Louis XIV. could say in his pride, "The Pyrenees no longer exist," surely the all-

conquering and more powerful steam may say, there is no more ocean!

A lucky circumstance took me to Boston on the very day when a great popular fête was to take place which would last for three days. "The three days" of Boston will be celebrated in honor of a revolution too—but a revolution of a character entirely pacific. They intend to fête the Boston and Canada Railroad, which has just been opened. Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada, is to be here, as well as the President of the United States. The city is all alive. The number of visitors is large. The hotels are so crowded that they threatened to give me a companion in my bed-room. The proprietor of the house (like a true American as he is) where Mr. Fillmore and Lord Elgin are coming, took good care, in informing of this necessity, not to tell me the reason for it. I escaped, however, without being obliged to encounter such difficulties as these.

I have been present in the Senate at the reception of the President, by the Governor of Massachusetts. The former was followed by three of his Cabinet; among whom was Mr. Webster, the lion of the day, and himself the candidate for the next Presidency. The Governor of the State is the son of a farmer. Engaged in the service of a lawyer, he spent his evenings in instructing evening schools; he established an "athenæum" in his little town—finished his course there, and became head of the democratic party in his own State. The President was once, as they tell me, a carpenter. Mr. Webster was a hard-working boy. All three have manners perfectly accordant with their present situations.

The Governor, although of a political party opposed to Mr. Webster, introduced him with remarks highly complimentary. Mr. Webster replied in the midst of a round of cheers—but on the whole, it was not one of the great orator's happiest efforts; he flattered the Americans a little too grossly in a speech which, all around me, they thought somewhat in bad taste. Another of the Cabinet from Virginia was happy in the extreme. "A Virginian," such were his words, "is never a stranger in Boston." Then, uniting the North and the South in his praises, he added, "if you have your Bunker-Hill, we have our Yorktown; if you have your Daniel Webster, we have our Washington, who also belongs to you—*our and your Washington*."

I will tell you an anecdote illustrating the manners here. I am told that the Speaker

of the House has conducted himself so handsomely in critical and trying occasions, that the different parties have united in showing their respect for him, by presenting him with—a *watch*.

The first railway in America on which a locomotive was used, was constructed in Boston in 1829. It was thirteen miles long—not five leagues;—now a thousand leagues radiate from Boston, traversing Massachusetts and the neighboring States—and the United States are crossed in all directions by more than 10,000 miles of railway—more, in fact, than the diameter of the earth.

The new line, whose opening we celebrate to-day, is still more important, as it offers to emigrants arriving in Boston a direct route to the West, without going to the Hudson, which is the direct line from New York; by the same route, too, the produce of the West will find its way to Boston. The breakfast given by the city was only so-so, I must confess; and the dishes were almost scrambled for; but Champagne was abundant, the very thing needed, as you know, for the warmth of enthusiasm, and the good cheer of a festive meeting. Soon came the toasts and speeches. They call for Mr. Such-a-one, who makes his appearance—speaks, and is most loudly cheered—invariably. Those who are most boisterous in their acclamations are Canadians, especially French Canadians. A citizen of Quebec began a song

Nous aimons la Canadienne,
Pour ses beaux yeux doux,—

but the crowd pressed forward, as a man had just risen to make a speech; the singer was neglected, and I lost the rest of the song, which I so much wanted to hear.

In the evening I went again into society. The President appeared in the hall, where, since the war of the Revolution, English uniforms do not so often make their appearance. Mrs. Fillmore bore her honors and salutations like a princess of the blood, showing neither hauteur nor embarrassment. I finished the day by a *delicious* promenade under the elms of the mall, while a bright moon was shedding its gentle light through their foliage.

The nineteenth of September was the grand gala day. First, a procession of all the trades; then a dinner for four thousand persons; in the evening an illumination and fire-works, and all this in honor of his majesty the railroad. "Boston," as Mr. — said to me, "wishes to show herself in all

her strength." Some precautions are taken here against theft. Everywhere you see placards—"Beware of Pick-pockets." I noticed nearly two hundred policemen well armed with truncheons,—but, on account of its being a gala-day, the instruments were partly enveloped in gilt paper.

About noon the procession took up their line of march, headed by the President and his Cabinet, Lord Elgin and the city authorities. What most struck me was, the great number of uniforms that figured in the fête—which is purely civic after all; here are the Lancers, which have not, it is true, the same military air that I saw, a month ago, paraded on the Champ du Mars—here are military fur caps, and uniforms of blue, gray and red, with Hungarian jackets, &c. If there were as many regiments in Boston as there are uniforms, the city would have a formidable body of infantry. But I apprehend that these are volunteers, who choose their costume, as they nominate their officers. Unquestionably the Americans have a failing that way; and in their partiality for the military art, differ widely from the English. The latter are as brave as others, but military life with them is not in the highest repute. A father, in moderate circumstances, never sees his sons choose a military life but with regret. It is not so here. I have seen respectable boys amuse themselves at military exercise and manoeuvres, as the lowest class do in Paris. This is one of the results of the Mexican war. They are getting accustomed to military men for Presidents; indicating, it may be, a great change in the character and institutions of the Americans.

Mr. Fillmore is not one of the warlike Presidents, whom I referred to above. Yesterday there was a review. After some hesitation they gave the President a good horse, which the policemen were obliged to hold, at every discharge of cannon. I saw with pleasure, that at the head of the trades' processions, was carried "The Dying Indian," the work of an American statuary; but next followed, probably to designate the furrier, a stuffed bear; then followed various vehicles, and then companies of soldiers; on one of the cars were fauteuils and chairs, and on another hats. A model of a ship was drawn by six white horses, and the museum was represented by a wooden elephant drawn by Indians. On the printers' car, were struck off programmes, which the crowd were as eager to seize as they are the *indulgence* tossed from a window after the Pope's benediction. When the Cambridge students

passed, they were saluted by three loud hurrahs, especially from the ladies.

The procession was two hours in passing a given point, and reminded me of some Flemish pictures of the sixteenth century, where all the corporate bodies took place with their banners. But here there was something more; not only the mechanic, but the trade itself; it was a dramatic representation, where the player seemed as much amused as the spectators. I was delighted most of all at the infant school—whose scholars, hedged in the mall, crying “hurrah,” beginning so early to identify themselves with the public sentiment. The enthusiasm of these little citizens was doubtless the purest of all.

Then came the dinner, prepared for four thousand persons, in a tent on the “Common.” The guests were put upon a strictly temperate regimen, for no wine was to be had—a very judicious thing, I thought, on an occasion so public. The President was obliged to return to Washington, but Lord Elgin made an unstudied and spirited speech, well calculated to please without flattering his hearers. So passed the day. But see how the papers speak of it: one says, “The aspect of this vast assembly, when the tables were set, was striking beyond expression. There was a Mediterranean of human fraternity under a canopy of banners, and in this sea, there were numerous celebrities of both hemispheres.”

Here, as in England, morals guard morals. If one exposes for sale a bad book, or an objectionable print, he is subject to a prosecution by the society for the suppression of vice. The citizens compose the police, and maintain good order. Not long ago a murder was committed; four hundred persons were on the alert in pursuit of the murderer; and quite recently, a riot having taken place at New York, where an actor was concerned, the military were called out, thirty or forty persons were fired upon and killed. Every one justified the act. The principle is always the same. *There can be no liberty without order.*

Some miles from Boston, is the little city of Lowell, celebrated for its factories, and more than all, for the morality and intellectual culture of the operatives. Lowell, built in 1821, contains now more than 30,000 people. The girls employed in the different mills number 9,000, and the men 4,000, which is nearly half the population. The principal articles of manufacture are the printing, dyeing, and fabrication of cotton stuffs.

Seventeen miles of cloth are turned out every hour, a speed equalling that of the railway. The most interesting of these works is carpet weaving. It can well be imagined what a difficult thing it is to combine such a variety of colors, with such intricacies of drawing and design; these obstacles were surmounted, not by an Englishman, but by an American.

The factory girls have an *air* of distinction that I did not look for. Many of those whom I have seen standing or sitting at their trades, remind me of the calm dignity of the Roman ladies. I shall not again refer to all that has been told me of the exemplary conduct and bearing of these girls, of the houses where they board, and where each one is carefully guarded by the point of honor in all.

I have at last found a man to ask a question. They told me that in this country I should be terribly annoyed by questions. Up to this time, I have asked many questions, but no one has asked me any. But at Lowell, having inquired my way of a paver, the latter, whom I took for an Irishman, asked me in return, about the celebration at Boston. I was not scandalized, as an English tourist would have been, at this great liberty. I answered all his questions, promising to take reprisal of the first American I met, by asking questions too.

Interest in science, so predominant at Cambridge, is by no means wanting in Boston. I ask the reader's pardon for speaking of geology again. But I cannot help referring to the skeleton of the mastodon, in possession of Dr. Warren, which is one of the most perfect as well as the most wonderful vestiges of the old creation. This, together with the antediluvian elephant at St. Petersburg and the *megatherium* of Madrid, are the most considerable remains of the epoch anterior to man. Within this great quadruped, have they found leaves which are known to the botanist. They are, in fact, a species of hemlock, still growing in the places where the skeleton was found, which shows that since the epoch when the mastodon lived, the vegetation, and consequently the temperature, of North America must have changed prodigiously.

There are found in the United States a great number of the remains of the Mastodon. In 1708 one was discovered near Albany, N. Y. On this subject, Governor Dudley wrote to a theologian of Boston, that it must have been the remains of some human being, over whom the deluge alone could have triumphed, and who, during the catastrophe, ought to have kept his head above

water, but was at last drowned beneath the waves. Reverend Cotton Mather, to whom these geological questions were addressed, held, on his own account, opinions, on thunder and lightning, very different from those which prevailed after the discovery of Franklin. The good minister considered it the work of some evil spirit, "And that's the reason," said he, "that it always strikes church steeples."

Besides this geological exhibition, which is permanent, there is at this time, at Boston, an artistic exhibition at the Athenæum, a private establishment which has increased to a library of 40,000 volumes. There is a picture now exhibiting there, by Healey, representing Mr. Webster, the great whig orator, replying to Mr. Hayne—a speech in which he uttered the sentiment adopted by all the intelligent patriots in the United States—"Liberty and union forever!" The picture is a portrait. Everything is sacrificed to the principal figure. The commanding attitude of the orator is expressed with energy—perhaps a little overwrought, but this is not a fault in a portrait. I felt a lively pleasure in recognizing, among the listeners on the canvas, a Frenchman whom the painter had associated with Americans of eminence, for indeed his celebrity is inseparable from America; I need only name De Tocqueville. Almost at the very outset of a journey, suggested by the spirit of his work, and under the auspices of his friendship, he was so kind as to meet me in this land of strangers, as though he were waiting to give me his hand.

I was fortunate enough, before quitting Boston, to see Laura Bridgeman, a young girl born a deaf mute, and afflicted with blindness from her birth; whose history is already known in Europe, especially from the account of Charles Dickens. This traveller, so severe upon America, and so ungrateful to his benefactors, expressed but little admiration for any one but Laura, probably because she could not speak. One could not easily find another object so wonderful, so honorable to the country which gave her birth. Here is a poor girl, cut off from society by a triple barrier, condemned to remain, as it would seem, without the bounds of human fellowship, again restored to her position as an intelligent being, and put in communication with her equals, by a miracle of devoted ingenuity and patience. The

unwearied benefactor is Dr. Howe. I passed an interesting evening with Laura, the Doctor and Madam Howe, who treat the unfortunate girl as their own. They both chatted with her, tracing letters on her hand; and by the sense of touch, she *sees* the sound. The hand is her only organ of speech; to her it is both eye and tongue. More than all, Laura can write out characters; for I have an autograph of hers: it is this phrase, in English—I AM ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE FRENCHMEN. She says she is perfectly happy, and seems even gay. She has been always instinctively delicate in her feelings—and while she caresses fondly persons of her own sex, she is quite reserved towards gentlemen. The story of her progress is worth noticing. It was two years before she learned the use of adjectives; it took her longer to learn the use of abstract nouns. The idea of relation expressed by the preposition *in*, gave her a great deal of trouble. The verb *to be* was slower yet to come—it expresses an abstract idea, which savages can hardly arrive at. But that is not the only thing her dialect has in common with theirs: for she says "*two Sundays*," instead of "*two weeks*," as the savages say "*twenty spring-times*," for "*twenty years*."

She learned writing very easily as well as the addition and subtraction of small sums. Nothing can be more affecting than the story of her recognition of her mother, who convinced Laura of her presence by placing before her touch several objects familiar to her in infancy. After having shown nothing but indifference for a long time, a vague recollection, a slight suspicion arose in the poor girl's mind. She grew pale, blushed, threw herself into her mother's arms, and burst into tears.

Dr. Howe spoke of the manner in which she came to comprehend the existence of God. It was by the idea of causality, a mode of reasoning adopted by many philosophers. "There are things," she used to say, "that man cannot cause, and yet they are done—the rain, for example." It was not the beauty of nature, nor the sound of the thunderbolt which revealed to her mind the idea of God; for to her, nature is veiled and the thunder is mute. A simple rain-drop sufficed to awaken in her mind the question that all men instinctively ask, and to which there is but one response—God.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

WERE I designing a *Literaturblatt* for some transcendental Deutsch journal—some *koenigsbergische* magazine or *weimarische* gazette—instead of a “literary leaflet” for the *New Monthly*, I might plume myself in complacent anticipation of a host of readers—perhaps all of them graduated and salaried Professors*—who would steadily wade through whatever sloughs and bogs of metaphysics I might guide them to. Be it true or no, to use a current phrase, that England loves not coalitions, true it is, past all gainsaying, that England loves not metaphysics. A political hotch-potch, after the recipe of “Caule Kail in *Aberdeen*,” she can swallow, with more or less of euphetic ease; but a feast of Ontology is with her equivalent to a cannibal *déjeuner*—self-introspective philosophy is tantamount to a “feed” of human flesh and blood—the analysis of personal consciousness is as alien from her creeds and canons as a “smoked little boy in the bacon rack,” or a “cold missionary on the sideboard.” Virtually she accepts as faithful types of the metaphysical class, the subjects of Mat Prior’s satirics, when he tells, in “*Alma*,” how

One old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was :
Because he walked against his will,
He faced men down that he stood still :—

* For, Professors, according to Mr. Lewes, are the only real students and upholders of metaphysics even in metaphysical Germany. It is a mistake, he affirms, to suppose that Philosophy has any existence there, apart from the Universities; for, though the jargon, indeed, of metaphysics infects the very daily newspapers, so little hold has any doctrine upon the national mind, that if the Professorships were abolished, “we should soon cease to hear of Philosophy.” So at least thinks this zealous disciple of Positivism and M. Comte. His position is, that inasmuch as Philosophy is a profession in Germany, it will always, on that condition, find a certain number of professors anxious to magnify its merits, and to increase its influence; and to this fact he refers as explaining the prolonged manifestation in Germany of certain activity in a pursuit long since abandoned by England. See “*Biographical History of Philosophy*,” vol. v. p. 237.

and how

Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Made bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true:—

and once more, how

Malebranche had an odd conceit
As ever entered Frenchman's pate—
To wit, So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.

Only to exceptional minds it is given to be content, in studies of this order, to find no end in wandering mazes lost: if the end must remain an undiscovered bourn, people—in England at least—will resolve on ignoring the means. Béralde may well be an infidel in the ways of *materia medica*, when his conviction is, “que les ressorts de notre machine sont des mystères, jusqu'ici, où les hommes ne voient goutte; et qui la nature nous a mis au-devant des yeux des voiles trop épais pour y connaître quelque chose.”* A like conviction, uttered or unexpressed, definite or indefinite, pervades the popular mind in the case of metaphysics, the veil which covers their secrets is pronounced impenetrable—as dense a fog of mystery as one of those November visitations, which, however, have the advantage of being sensible to an oyster-knife. Long ago Mr. Carlyle deplored the condition of two great departments of knowledge; the outward, cultivated exclusively on mechanical principles—the inward, or metaphysical, finally abandoned, because, cultivated on such principles, it is found to

* “*Le Malade Imaginaire*,” iii., 3. Similarly, Mat Prior concludes, in a confidential sort of way,

“Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As Nature slyly had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit.”—“*Alma*,”
c. iii.

Only here and there may we look for a mind

“—né propre aux elevations
Où montent des savants les spéculations.”

yield no result; and he pointed with alarm to the growing persuasion that, except the external, there are no true sciences—that to the inward world, if there be any,* our only conceivable road is through the outward; that, in short, what cannot be investigated mechanically, cannot be investigated and understood at all. "Among ourselves," he affirms, "the Philosophy of Mind, after a rickety infancy, which never reached the vigor of manhood, fell suddenly into decay, languished, and finally died out with its last amiable cultivator, Professor Stewart."

Cultivators, amiable or otherwise, of the Philosophy of Mind, nevertheless exist amongst us. If that philosophy died out with Dugald Stewart, it was not finally. It has had its resurrection—if to nothing better than another rickety infancy. And, with all respect for the memory of the Edinburgh professor in question, we submit that there is far more of the vigor of manhood—its bone and muscle, its condensed energy, its firm grasp, its piercing vision—in Sir William Hamilton, than in him we once heard irreverently styled, in the Glasgow Baillie's lingo, "that Dougal creatur." Other cultivators of note and ability, and of more or less enthusiasm in their vocation, might be named—some of them at no immeasurable distance from the royal Stewart dynasty—in the persons of Professors Ferrier and De Morgan, John Stuart Mill and Thomas De Quincey, Samuel Bailey and J. D. Morell, Macdougall and Whewell. In fact, a final dying out of the Philosophy of Mind, even in this nation of shopkeepers, seems possible or probable, only in connection with the dying out of minds to philosophize. As the sparks fly upwards, so does the spirit of man—meditative, speculative, imaginative—on Philosophic thoughts intent. "Qui," asks Madame De Stael, "peut avoir la faculté de penser,

* "If there be any." Not a needless impression of incertitude in behalf of those of the *Cabanis* sect, who show that man's highest conceptions, as Religion "and all that," are, in very truth, a mere "product of the smaller intestines." So our old friend Matthew declares of the Mind, that

"The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly"—

and compares her to a watch, averring that

"Tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells our being what's o'clock;"

and that you may, indeed, tamper with other and minor points of mechanism, however delicate and transcendental—

"But spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question."

et ne pas essayer à connaître l'origine et le but des choses de ce monde?" We are told, indeed, that the *gros bon sens*—the plain practical reasoning of the English public pronounces philosophy unworthy of study, and neglects it:—"Let steady progress in positive science be our glory; metaphysical speculation we can leave to others." We are told that the annals of philosophy teach but the vanity of ontological speculation—that skepticism is the *terminus ad quem*, skepticism the gulf which yawns at the end of all consistent metaphysics. We are summoned to thank and admire David Hume for having brought philosophy to this pass—for destroying the "feeble pretension that metaphysics can be a science." And we are referred to the oracular utterance of Goethe: "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence." Yes: but the oracle does not end there. Goethe continues: "but he must, nevertheless, attempt it, that he may learn to know how to keep within the limits of the Knowable." In this way, necessity is laid upon him: an irresistible attraction draws him. The centre of truth is far above, out of his reach: the assurance that he is not born to penetrate it, is a centrifugal force tending to alienate him from its neighborhood; but the inevitable longing to penetrate it, in its light to see light, is a centrepetal force urging him to pierce into the heart of its mystery; and between these antagonist forces, he is whirled round amid the music of the spheres, ever journeying, even though doomed to make no advance towards the centre—ever hoping, even though destined to an eternally baffled hope—ever learning, even though never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. "Sans cesse attiré vers le secret de son être, il lui est également impossible, et de le découvrir, et de n'y pas songer toujours." And supposing one mind to be eventually disgusted by a recurring series of disappointments, and consequently to renounce the study as futile and worse; still, there is generation after generation to follow, whose thinkers repudiate thought by proxy, and must vex for their own relief the old vexed questions, and come by a road of their own cutting to the goal *Vanitas vanitatum*. The wisdom of their forefathers will not satisfy a new generation which knows not Locke and grins at Berkeley. Absolute truth may be absolute moonshine; and to extract the essence of the one may be classed with extracting the other from cucumbers: yet is the metaphysician absolutely resolved on casting in his lot with the "foolish people

and unwise" who pursue this *art de s'égarer avec méthode*: If there be such absolute truth, he contends* it must be elicited by philosophical thinking; if there be not, then philosophy is equally necessary to convince me that I can have no knowledge but what is contingent—that is, which may not at some future time be error and delusion. Every branch of human knowledge, he contends again, if generalized to its full extent, brings us into the region of metaphysical research; as the chemist finds when investigating matter—the mechanician when engaged with the laws of dynamics, involving the notion of Power—the physiologist when examining the idea of life. Mental philosophy is declared by one of its leal and laborious champions in our day, to be the portal through which all must pass who would enter the inner temple of intellectual treasures, and though not *itself* the sum of all knowledge, it is the "necessary instrument in the successful prosecution of other branches of human wisdom. Without it," adds this devout believer in skeptical times, "every man is a child, an intellectual imbecile, and can have nothing valuable or abiding in him."† He is sanguine, we may add, as to the projects of his favorite study—in spite of the Positivists and their predictions—and, as one deeply impressed with the absolute utility and importance of metaphysical researches, he calls it cheering "to witness so many indications of their progress and extension in every direction to which we can turn the intellectual eye. We know that great ideas are never lost; and we consequently feel an inward and firm conviction that the advances which we are in this age effecting in the first of all branches of human knowledge, will never be effaced by any future retrograde movements whatever in the minds of individuals or of nations. The whole progress of human society speaks loudly against any such catastrophe." Metaphysics in some guise or other will never say die.

The metaphysical department of the *Edinburgh Review* owes whatever *prestige* it enjoys to the contributions of Sir William Hamilton. This may be the least popular of the sections of that journal's division of labor. Yet it were hard to name among all the able coadjutors on its staff, a contributor of superior weight and vigor. The jubilee year of *Buff and Blue* is past; her age hath

attained the matronly lot of fifty, making her a "lady of a certain age:" but of all the distinguished worthies who have written to her profit and her praise—from the time when she was dandled, an infant of days, on the plump knees of Sydney Smith, and thence transferred to the surveillance of Jeffrey, to the sober maturity of her adult renown when superintended by Macvey Napier, and rendered somewhat heavy and sleepy under the regimen of Professor Empson (may Mr. Cornwall Lewis have the art to renew her youth, even in her sixth decade!)—of all the "braw, braw lads" who have espoused her cause with the pen of ready writers, we know not one, in calibre and erudition, to top the Edinburgh Professor of Logic. No candidate in the Blue and Yellow interest comes before us of bigger, burlier figure, though many may wear their colors with a more jaunty air, and win the electors by smarter and smoother speechification. In the arena of the Review, from first to last, there is hardly one gymnasiarch but must yield to the prowess, however he may exceed the grace and agility, of this massively framed and rigorously disciplined athlete. We remember who have disported themselves on the same platform; we are not unmindful of such contributors, avowed or unavowed, as Brougham, Malthus, Allen, Horner, Thomas Brown, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Chalmers, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Arnold (the Toms are in great force), Romilly, Payne Knight, Palgrave, George Ellis, Walter Scott, Malcolm Laing, James Mill, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Playfair, Stephen, H. Rogers, *et cæteros, et cæteros*. Sir William is as true a son of Anak as any of them. His head is as high, his shoulders are as broad, his port is as manly, as the best of them can affect; and woe to the best of them who should rashly challenge him to a wrestling-bout, or venture to initiate him into a new mystery in the noble art of self-defence. To have a ton of a man "down upon you," with a view to punishment,—a man, too, so versed in the science in all its ramifications, that like Mrs. Quickly, you know not where to have him,—is no laughing matter. In erudition he is an acknowledged prodigy,—a very *Monstrum horrendum—ingens*—but no; that quotation won't do, because of the exquisite inapplicability of the *informe* and of the *cui lumen ademptum*. The mediæval scholarship of those omnivorous book-worms whom we regard, after the lapse of centuries, much as we regard certain pre-Adamite mammalia,

* See Morell's Introduction to his "Speculative Philosophy of Europe."

† R. Blakey's "History of the Philosophy of Mind," vol. i.

is revived in this modern Antique. Whatever is knowable, he seems to know; and most things that are unintelligible, to understand. His learning is literally *de omnibus rebus*, and, as panting common-place, that toils after him in vain, is driven and goaded (in *bull* fashion) to add, *de quibusdam aliis*. The junior soph in the Cambridge stage, who was so harassed and disgusted by being snapped up, every time he cited a line from the classics, by his fellow-traveller Porson, and requested to prove its existence, as per quotation, in the author to whom he had too recklessly attributed it—each author in succession, from Homer and Hesiod down to Plutarch and Lucian being produced, for verification, from Porson's capacious pockets—that junior soph might have enjoyed a sweet revenge, we surmise, could he have booked a third inside place for Sir William, and pitted *him* against the boozy, musty old classic (honored be his manes!). Lord Jeffrey, who was not easily frightened within the sphere of belles lettres, avowed himself fairly frightened by the "immensity" of Sir William's erudition: "He is a wonderful fellow," added his lordship, "and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and over-awe us for years to come."* He has been compared with Magliabecchi, the Italian librarian, who, as a facetious critic describes his peculiar genius, could (by dint of trotting and cantering over all pages of all books) not only "repeat *verbatim et literatim* any possible paragraph from any conceivable book, and, letting down his bucket into the dark ages, could fetch up for you any amount of rubbish that you might call for, but could even tell you on which side, dexter or sinister, starboard or larboard, the particular page might stand, in which he had been angling." And in polyglot powers, Sir William has been classed with Cardinal Mezzofante, who is said to have radically mastered, so as to speak familiarly, thirty-four languages. Forty years ago, he was regarded by a distinguished contemporary, akin to himself in breadth and intensity of intellectual character, as possessing a panyelopædic acquaintance with every section of knowledge that could furnish keys for unlocking man's inner nature. "The immensity of Sir William's attainments," testifies his fellow-philosopher and friend, "was best laid open by consulting him, or by hearing him consulted, upon intellectual difficulties, or upon schemes literary and philosophic.

Such applications, come from what point of the compass they might, found him always prepared. Nor did it seem to make any difference, whether it were the erudition of words or things that was wanted." It may—and ought to—be added, that he is just as unostentatious of his mental wealth, as the foregoing legend makes Porson demonstrative of *his*. At any rate, Sir William has no occasion to load his pockets with *bijou* editions of the classics, nor inclination to appal undergraduates by haling from the stores of memory as exhaustless an array of authorities, as (O the illegitimate triumphs of the legitimate drama, in days of yore!) the grave-digger in "Hamlet" used to doff of waistcoats, in the bleak churchyard of Elsinore.

M. Victor Cousin has somewhere pronounced Sir William Hamilton the greatest critic of the age. His celebrated edition of "Reid" attracted and fixed the attention of Christendom at large. That his own part in it should be left unfinished in the middle of a sentence, has had the effect of suggesting words of censure and objection to criticsasters who could find no other weak point for which to rate him. His recently published "Discussion on Philosophy"—comprising some of his most valued contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, with a mass of supplementary matter, which for various extrinsic reasons, polemical and personal,* as well as for its intrinsic worth simply as coming from him, had a special interest to all concerned—have deservedly enhanced his reputation, and present a noble collection of essays, the result of laborious thought (*ille gravem duro terram vertit aratro*), wide-sweeping vision, and indefatigable research. "The results of his reading are now sown and rooted at Paris, not less than at Berlin; are blossoming on the Rhine; and are bearing fruit on the Danube." We have seen these "Discussions" pooh-poohed in one London journal, as though they involved, after all, nothing better than verbal subtleties, and were expended on shadows and chaff, and airy nothings. Sir William is not the man to spend his strength for naught, in that sort of way. He must have tangible interest for his solid capital. He is not to be satisfied with Bank of Elegance notes, payable during the next Greek Calends. His philosophy is not a system of dry chopping logic. Nor can it content itself—for it is of British, not of Deutsch growth—with transcendental reve-

* Letter to Professor Empson, 1848. See "Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey," vol. ii., 422.

* E. g., his tilt with Archdeacon Hare.

ries of baseless fabric, not put up with unfurnished apartments in castles of the air. His spirit, though

"Habitant, par l'essor d'un grand et beau génie,
Les hautes régions de la philosophie,"

is far too practical and sagacious to become absorbed in profitless abstractions. He is as impatient as the veriest utilitarian can be, of that *pompéux galimatias*, that *spécieux babil*, which, as Molière says, "vous donne des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets." Words, with him, must represent things, and scientific *formulæ* must show cause for their use, and find bail for their good behavior.

No officious slave

Is he of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.

In his purest speculations he is too entirely saturated with the Aristotelian spirit to lose himself in Platonic dream-worlds, and too genuine a representative (more robust and independent, however, than any dead or living *confrère*) of the *esprit Ecossais*, and its Baconian tendencies, to deal with logic and its subtleties as an end, not a means.

The section of these "Discussions" which is devoted to literature and miscellaneous questions, holds out naturally the chief, perhaps the only, attraction to general readers: among the subjects of discussion being, the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Revolutions of Medicine (from the *humorism* of Galen to the *solidism* of Hoffman and Boerhaave), the Study of Mathematics as an Exercise of Mind, the Conditions of Classical Learning, the State of the English Universities, and that celebrated German satire, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. The review of the last is an admirable specimen of Sir William's range of powers, natural and acquired, and a worthy treatise on a work which, by the testimony of Herder, effected for Germany incomparably more than Hudibras for England, or Garagantua for France, or the Knight of La Mancha for Spain,—which gave the victory to Reuchlin over the Begging Friars, and to Luther over the Court of Rome—"and never, certainly, were unconscious barbarism, self-glorious ignorance, intolerant stupidity, and sanctimonious immorality, so ludicrously delineated; never, certainly, did delineation less betray the artifice of ridicule."* The inquiry into the value of

Mathematics as an engrossing study, is another highly characteristic paper—a perfect curiosity as a repertory of authorities *pro* and *con*: the writer's conclusion being, that an excessive study of mathematics not only does not prepare, but absolutely incapacitates the mind, for those intellectual energies which philosophy and life require—disqualifying us for observation, either internal or external, for abstraction and generalization, and for common reasoning; nay, disposing us to the alternative of blind credulity or irrational skepticism. Very striking passages in confirmation of his views, that mathematics are not a logical exercise, and that in no sense is geometry a substitute for logic, are cited by Sir William from a host of witnesses—many of them distinguished highly in mathematical science—such as Aristotle, D'Alembert, Descartes, Pascal, Arnauld, Du Hamel, Joseph Scaliger, Le Clerc, Buddeus, Basedow, Gibbon, Berkeley, Goethe, Dugald Stewart, De Staël, &c., &c. But if there is one investigation in this volume which, more than another, may be recommended to all who would appreciate, after their manner, the veteran Professor's grasp of thought, system of metaphysical doctrine, and lucid elaboration of ideas necessarily obscure in themselves, we incline to name the thesis "On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned"—though the bare name may suffice to repel those *ad extra*, especially when the *alias* of the article is added, "In reference to Cousin's Infinito-Absolute." Smart and petulant sarcasms have been pelted at Sir William's choice of terms—his "uncouth," and "barbarous," and neologistic terminology. Nibble away, gentlemen: laugh as you please, carp as you will, be as witty as you can. Only remember, the while, that a terminology of some sort is needed, and that novel combinations of thought require new modes of expression. Even in the base appliances of the dinner-table, the terms mutton and beef will hardly suffice, in the present day, to describe in all their individual varieties and culinary *nuances*, the preparations ovine and bovine due to a Soyer or a Francatelli. And surely an aristocracy of transcendental ideas may be allowed a *haute noblesse* of titles. In such a case, the quarrel about names is a

excited. Sir William contends that the actual authors were three,—viz., Hutten, Crotus, and Buschius. "Morally considered," he observes, "this satire is an atrocious libel, which can only be palliated on the plea of retaliation, necessity, the importance of the end, and the consuetude of the times."

* Erasmus is said to have been cured of an imposthume in the face by the laughter these satires

quarrel about things. Cancel the name, and, unless you provide another equally graphic, comprehensive, and precise, you cancel the thing. The new wine must have for its receptacles, new bottles; if you try to preserve it in old bottles, it is marred. Discretion is of course desirable in the selection or organization of the necessary terms. * But certainly Sir William Hamilton is not pedantic or puerile enough to coin neologisms only to perplex the vulgar. It remains to be shown, that, in a field of research so emphatically his own, so many fallow parts of which he has put into cultivation, and from which he has removed so much obstructive matter, he had not a perfect, a peculiar right, to appropriate descriptive titles to the objects of his toil. As he had the right to bestow some kind of title, so he has the ability—as a profound philosophic grammarian and philologist,—to choose such titles as would duly convey his meaning and answer the purpose of his science. Compare his terminology with that adopted by the several leaders of German metaphysics; and you find that while his innovation demands, for its ready comprehension, only such ordinary attention at starting, as every reader of metaphysical works may be supposed to bring to the subject,—on the other hand, the Hegels, and Fichtes, and Kants, require each a lexicon for himself. Depend upon it, had Sir William met with an existing system of terms which would serve to transmit accurately and completely the ideas he discusses, he would not have troubled himself to create, or us to master, the novelties in question. And after all, these novelties are really few in number and mild in form. Do you object to the “Unconditioned?” If you strain at a gnat of that sort, what capacity of swallow have you for the caravan of camels trooping

In silent horror o’er the boundless waste

of German Saharas? For this particular term we happen to entertain a particular regard, because of its connection with a metaphysical doctrine of primary value, in the elucidation and limitation of which Sir William has employed such rare gifts of

Energetic reason and a shaping mind.

The doctrine affects the whole question of absolute and relative knowledge. And with consummate tact Sir William shows, that as the eagle cannot out-soar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he is supported; so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through

which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized. Thought, he argues, is only of the *conditioned*, because to think is to *condition*: conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. Hence, philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. How he demonstrates this, and proves that reason is weak without being deceitful, and that its testimony is valid so far as it goes—how he enforces the salutary lesson that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence, nor the domain of our knowledge to be recognized as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith—and how he deduces from the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, a justifiable belief in the existence of something unconditioned, beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality—how, in short, he confronts M. Cousin’s doctrine of the Absolute and the Infinite on the one hand, and the hopeless negations of Positivism on the other, will be examined with real profit and interest, if only with diligence and docility, by every the minutest shareholder in common *vöge*.

In further illustration of this doctrine, should be studied the Appendices entitled “Conditions of the Thinkable Systematized,” and “Philosophical Testimonies to the Limitation of our Knowledge from the Limitation of our Faculties.” In them, it has been said, we have a kind of guarantee that the age is not becoming wholly shallow.

Another appendix is assigned to Logic—and is incomparably harder to read, and, to ordinary readers, next to impossible to digest. Sir William, in this section, treats of Syllogism and its varied functions—of Affirmation and Negation—of Propositional Forms, &c. As a Reformer in logical details much of his celebrity has been won. There are cases in which, says M. de Quincey, he is the “very first revealer of what had lurked unsuspected even to the most superstitious searchers of Aristotle’s text.” To him men still look with hope for a comprehensive treatise on every part of logic, “adapted to the growing necessities of the times.” Should this hope come to naught—should the construction of an “edifice of so much labor and fatigue” be declined by this potent master-builder—yet, thus much is evident, adds the critic just named, “that whensoever and by whomsoever such an edifice shall be raised, the amplitude of the beauty of the superstructure will depend largely upon foundations already laid, and ground plans already

traced out, by the admirable labors of Sir William Hamilton." One other publication we may more definitely expect from him—and one of exceeding value—namely, his Lectures before his classes in Edinburgh.

It is a becoming Lenten reflection, suggestive of mortifying ideas, that in such a paper as we have just perpetrated, on such a subject, no subscriber to the *New Monthly* may have cared to follow us. Albeit, we have the consolation of knowing that we are sure of an audience of three—which is a number not to be sneezed at, as times go. Do turbulent skeptics dun us with shouts of

Name! Name!—Well; the triad consists of no other than Editor, Compositor, and Reader to the Press. True—their perusal of us may be *ex officio*, and in the quality of *no-lentes volentes*: but to analyze men's motives is sometimes to inquire too curiously for one's comfort and peace of mind. And here a triumphant thought strikes us—causing the addition of a glorious Fourth to the severely scrutinized list: Sir William Hamilton reads everything; needs there syllogism to show, then, that he will read, or has read, us?—And "put us down" again with a portentous, thorough-bass Bah!

From the North British Review.

SUNDAY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *

WHEN things are considered from the outside, the number Two is certainly the most apparent cypher of the world; and that owing to the very nature of existence. All things go flocking in pairs before hoary Proteus, that time-honored shepherd of the Dorian mythology, who continually drove his countless creatures over the fields of space, and was the symbol of the heaven-descended energy, or soul, of the visible universe. Every positive has its negative, every part its counterpart, every right its left, every surface its substance, every position its opposite, every yes its no. Each child of the Mighty Mother is united in marriage with another, and the two are one; but each is nothing without the other, or rather (not to state the point too curiously at present) each is quite another thing without the other. Sun and planet, earth and moon, night and day, cold and heat, plant and animal, animal and man, man and woman, soul and body, are so many instances of this quality. Yet the contemplation of these relations is unsatisfactory, so long as this external point of view is insisted

on. There must be some deeper law, underlying all this apparent duality; and so, indeed, there is; but it cannot be seen without looking at things from the inside, that is to say, not from the sensation of them (nor yet the judgment according to sense concerning them), but from the Idea;—for this is one of those weightier matters which yield their secret only to the eye of spiritual discernment.

Beheld from the ideal point of view, then, night is not night without day, nor day without night. The thought of night implies that of day. Be it supposed that the earth did not turn on its axis, yet going round the sun once a year, so that one hemisphere should bask in continual light, and the other lie in boundless shade. The imaginable Adam of the darkling side could never have called the unchanging state of his dreary gardens by the name of night; nor the restless denizen of the unshadowed and excessive paradise have ever known that the sun was the Lord of Day. It is impossible to pronounce the conception of Day, in the mind, without speaking that of Night at the same time, and also without (likewise in the same moment of thought) the intellectual sense of the likeness in unlikeness of Day and Night. Think Day, and you also think both Night and the Relation between Day and Night. In truth, then, the idea (call it that of Day, or that of Night) is threefold, not twofold:

* 1.—*Report from Select Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath day; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed. August 6, 1832.

2.—*The Duty of observing the Christian Sabbath, enforced in a Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, &c.* By SAMUEL LEE, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, &c. Second Edition. London, 1834.

—Day, Night, and their Relation. Day is the thesis, Night the antithesis, their Relation the mesothesis of the triad,—for triad it is, and not a mere pair or duad, after all. It is the same with all the other couples cited above, and with all couples, for every idea is a trinitarian. Positive pole, negative one, and that middle term wherein they are made one; sun, planet, their relation; solar atom, planetary one, their conjunction; and so forth. The term of relation, betwixt the opposites in these ideal pairs, is sometimes called the Point of Indifference, the mesoteric Point, the Mid-point. This mid-point is to be seen standing betwixt its right and left fellow-elements in every dictionary: for example, Men, Man, Women; or adjectively, male, human, female. “So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.”

Now this threefold constitution of ideas is universal. As all things seem to go in pairs to sense, and to the understanding, so all are seen in threes by reason. This law of antinomy is no limited, no planetary law, nor yet peculiarly human; it is cosmical, all-embracing, ideal, divine. Not only is it possible for man to think Beauty without simultaneously thinking Deformity and their Point of Indifference, Justice without Injustice and theirs, Unity without Multiplicity and theirs, but those several theses (Beauty, Justice, Unity, namely) cannot be thought without these their antitheses, and without the respective middle terms of the pairs. As the eye of common-sense cannot have an inside without an outside, nor a solar orb without a planetary orbicle (inasmuch as it ceases to be solar the instant it is stript of its planet), so the eye of reason cannot see an inside without seeing an outside and also their connection as the inside and the outside of one and the same thing, nor a sun without his planet and their synthesis in a solar system. In short, three-in-one is the law of all thought and of things. Nothing has been created, nothing can be thought, except upon the principle of three-in-one. Three-in-one is the deepest-lying cypher of the universe.

It were irrelevant in the present connection to enlarge on the significance of the number Five, or rather of Five-in-one,—for such is the true formula of all those Pythagorean figures, which have so pleased and tantalized the mind of man in every age. It was on the fifth day of creation that the animal kingdom proper made its appearance: but, of course, Man is never to be included in

that kingdom, seeing he is an animal and something more, that something more being his greater part. It were as philosophical, in fact, to class an animal with the vegetable world, merely because it is a plant and something more, as to call man an animal. He is in the kingdom, but not of it: he has a sphere all to himself, constituting and belonging to the fifth kingdom of terrestrial nature. Precisely as a mineral is a congeries of atoms and something more, as a plant is a mineral and something more, and as an animal is a vegetable and something more, is man (be it repeated aloud) an animal and something far more—the space between him and the highest of the brutes being immeasurably greater than what separates the ox from his pasture, or the heather from the rock to which it clings. It was, therefore, on the Fifth day that the animal world was made manifest in the beginning, according to the Scripture. Now, there are five kinds of sensible form, five structures of tissues, in the general anatomy of the animal nature: there is the amorphous, exemplified by the earthy nature of the bones and the fatty matters of the cellular substance; there is the globular shown in the blood, “which is the life;” the cellular, particularly seen in the skinny parts, but shed through the whole frame, covering, protecting, and supporting; the fibrous, the specific tissues of the muscular system, and entering into all tubular structures; and, fifthly, there is the cerebral, the proper matter of the brain and nerves, which no man can yet describe or qualify. There are likewise five organic systems in the more exalted “moving creatures that hath life;” the stomach and its assistant chyle-elaborating organs; the quickening and circulating system, namely, the heart, the lungs, and the vessels; the muscular and bony, or the locomotive apparatus; the reproductive one; and, fifthly, the nervous system,—“the be-all and the end-all here.” Then the higher animal trunk (even such as occurs in the cetaceous sea-brutes, or great whales of the fifth day), itself containing five well-marked compartments, sends out five limbs, two hind-legs, two fore-legs or arms or wings, and one neck:—for the innocent reader must understand that these new anatomists consider the animal head as nothing more than the last vertebra, or end bone of the neck, developed to extravagance, as if it had been made of obstinate glass (like that in the well-known tale) and slowly expanded by some patient blowpipe: and as for the tail, it is just the other end of the neck, and it can be

done without, witness Man himself. Indeed Man himself is the most perfect type, by way of inclusion always, of the animal form; just as a lion is really a more finished plant than any rooted palm in his jungle. It is therefore not out of place to take notice of his five senses, the five parts of which each of his legs and arms is composed, the five fingers of his hand, the five toes of his foot, and the five teeth in each of his four infantile jaws (those legs and arms of the face, the nose being the facial fifth or neck), not to mention any more of these fantastical, but obtrusive and innumerable fives. In short, the prevalence of this number Five in the animal domain has impressed the more recent mind of Europe with its image, just as it seized the imagination of the men of old; and an eminent continental naturalist founds his classification on the fact, taking Five as the cypher of animated nature.

To carry these cursory remarks about this number, and the fifth note of the weekly octave, a little farther (by way of curiosity, if not for much edification) it should be mentioned that an interesting and important proposition has been advanced and argued by Dr. Samuel Lee, the learned and authoritative Hebraist of Cambridge, which will be found to affect the present question in a touching manner.* That proposition is to the threefold effect; first, that the primitive Sabbath of those patriarchal epochs, which went before the Exodus of the arising Hebrew people from Egypt, was in reality put back a day by Moses after and in commemoration of that outcoming; secondly, that this was intended to be a temporary and purely Jewish change, or a mere deciduous graft, foreordained to fall off when the fulness of the time should come for making the whole world kin by and in Jesus Christ; and, thirdly, that the Sunday of Christendom is actually the Sabbath-day of Abraham. The professor pleads for this view with much erudition, and with a great show of reason; and he cites names no less redoubtable than Capellus, Ussher, and Gale in favor of the point, in whose researches the same result had come out. Now there is certainly no doubt, but that the all-conceiving editorial We are competent to the criticism of any and everything under the sun; but I, the present organ of that singular Plurality, know nothing of the Hebrew tongue and antiquities, and therefore refrain from venturing an

opinion on the truth of this most ingenious and fruitful speculation.* But suppose it to be proved (and the extra-judicial mind will perhaps find it difficult to resist) then it follows that the Saviour arose, not on the first day of any but the Jewish, temporary, and purposely misdated week, but on the old, new and sempiternal Sabbath of the world, as our divine observes.

To come down from those more solemn altitudes, and take up the numerical thread again: it might be charming, especially to such as are never afraid to inquire too curiously, to find out why Five follows Three with so much pertinacity everywhere; why it lays hold on us every time we shake hands; why it answers our eye from so many high places; what its ideal significance is; what it means;—in one word, what its rational ground can be; but Terminus forbids. It was both desirable and in keeping to bring out the secret of the tri-unity of all things and all thoughts, at the beginning of this criticism, and that because of its symbolical relation to the Divine Trinity; but these notes and queries about the natural and ideal Pentad or quincunx (to steal an illustration from the landscape-gardener) are intended partly to deepen the sense of numerical periodicity in the affairs of the constitution of man, and partly to serve as a bridge from the cosmical triad to that peculiar human cypher, number Seven, which is the proper object of Christian and civilized solicitude in this the nineteenth century.

According to the popular thought, finding its voice in poetry, the life of man has seven ages. It is certain that his average æon, or proper period, is now three score years and ten, being ten times seven years; and the climacteric periods of his length of days in any case, according to broad and general observation, are so many multiples of the same number. In the language of science, though not that of the nursery, the time of infancy lasts seven years. Then the first teeth have come laboriously out, during the six years; and had their little day of rest, in the seventh. Then the volume of the brain (not the head) is completed; at least, by the consent of the overwhelming majority of physiologists: and the fact, as it stands,

* See the Sermon named in the heading of this article.

* Having thus eliminated the *Ego* from the *Noë*, the distinction shall occasionally be kept in view during the progress of the present discussion, in order to save Our Majesty from the consequences of any opinion which may be deemed too personal and limited.

has been heaved as a conclusive battering-ram against phrenology, by no less great a philosopher than Sir William Hamilton. Yet the proposition appears to be true only in a manner; and that a manner not incompatible with some actual or possible physiognomy of the head, which phrenology is or may well become. From the measurements of a more experienced and accurate craniometer than any predecessor, Mr. Straton, it comes out that, while the general figure and bulk of the brain is finished within the first seven years of life, yet, in a large proportion of men, the thing swells and fills up in a measurable enough degree, and in the few it actually grows and alters its shape, till the end of the forty-ninth annual revolution, a period of seven sevens, and the real completion of a man.* It is not only allowed, however, but strongly affirmed by this observer, that the expansion taking place (even in a Napoleon, or let it be supposed, a Shakspeare or a Newton) betwixt seven and forty-nine is small, in comparison with not only the growth from zero to seven, but even with what occurs between one end and the other of any of the first seven years. To continue;—the boy or girl ceases, and the man or woman begins to appear, upon the close of the fourteenth or second seventh year. Adolescence is done by the end of twenty-one, the third seventh; manhood and womanhood are brought to perfection (as such) by the twenty-eighth or fourth seventh year; and so forth:—but it is always to be understood that these periods and figures are deduced from a generalization taken, not only from all climates, but also from both sexes; for if woman is earlier, man is later, and the balance must be struck between them for undivided humanity. If the hand is analyzed, you have seven pieces,—five fingers, metacarpus, and carpus; the foot,—five toes, tarsus, and metatarsus: and when the arm is examined more curiously, than in that first glance which divides it into five, it yields you seven parts,—the shoulder-blade and collar-bone (composing the shoulder), the humerus, the ulna or ell-long bone of the forearm, the fibula or brooch-pin bone of the same (and the reason these are counted two is obvious,—the latter is planetary to the former, it revolves round it, it has a purpose of its own, it and its muscular system turn the wrist on the ell-bone, which alone is the true forearm), the carpal system or wrist, the metacarpal or palm, and, seventhly, the digital

one or bunch of fingers. In short, just as the first look at man divides him into threes, and the second into fives, he falls into sevens at the third analysis; and pages might be filled with its results, but it is better to refrain from anatomical detail. It has to be observed, however, that the pious mediæval transcendentalists were so pungently impressed by the sevensomeness of the microcosm, as they denominated man, that, having descried seven planets, they thought there could not possibly be any more, and, therefore, they made no more discoveries in that direction. They did the very same by their seven poor metals: and they associated these bright bodies, both in name and in the idea of mystical correspondence, with the days of the week and the planets, gold with Sunday and the Sun (for Sol was dethroned in the days of the Ptolemaic Astronomy, and degraded to the planetary estate), silver with Monday and the moon; and so forth throughout the triple series. One can only say that the new Astronomy and Chemistry have exploded all this cunningly devised superstructure; but the number of the planets is not yet determined, far less that of the metals, and, therefore, there is no saying what multiples of seven may come out in the long run. It is just possible, then, that the antique planetary and metallic Seven may turn out to be something more than fantastical jargon:—although it is certainly impossible not to laugh at the conceit of one of the latest ornaments of those old schools, who argued against the earlier Copernicans, that it is beyond Omnipotence there should be more than seven planets, because there are only seven metals, and only seven holes in the head—two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and one mouth!

The majority of our readers, and all our critics (since even critics and critics' critics have critics, like the dogs' man's man of my Lord Harkaway's kennel,) will think this all moonshine; yet your positive, skeptical, and contemptuous Modern Science is not, dares not, and cannot be ashamed of Seven; for moonshine itself is a web of seven-twisted thread, and the moon (that Penelope, who weaves the evervanishing fabric) goes on her way, and does all her stints of work, to the music of the same homely Number, whereby the very sea, "and the dead that are in it," are rocked in their great cradle to the selfsame tune. No sooner is a pencil of light made to pass through a prism, than it blabs its secret, and shows itself seven-twined and beautiful. It is to no

* *Researches in Cerebral Development, &c.* By James Straton. London, 1851.

purpose that the more refining optician avers, that there are only three primary colors. Possibly, nay certainly, there are; but there are seven colors of the rainbow, for all that. It is here as elsewhere, in fact: for the first analysis gives three, the second five, and the third seven; the first, third, and fifth constituting the natural chord of this painted scale. Ever since God did set his bow in the cloud, that rested on the mountains of Ararat, over against Noah and his household, on the occasion of that first family-worship after the flood, the children of Light have been saying, We too are Seven, with speechful look, if not with still small voice. But if the eye is silent, the ear is not deaf to the seven-toned rhythm of the universe, nor the mouth dumb to give it echo, nor yet the fingers without skill to fetch its antitype out of reeds and pipes and strings. Music, that catholic and published tongue, that speech of cherubin and seraphin, that poetry taken wing, that science passed into ecstasy, that transfiguration of the common state of man (whether in the body, or out of the body, one cannot tell) is also a system of sevens. Enough, in short, might be advanced to show that anatomy, physiology, optics, astronomy, and the science of music (which are surely not superstitious, nor mystical, nor transcendental, nor credulous of ancient authority) are all familiar with "the peculiarly human number Seven," as we have ventured to define it;—and that not only because the body of man (that organization and summary of the known powers of nature) is figured all over, without and within, with Seven, but also because his thought has (sometimes instinctively, sometimes rationally, sometimes in superstition) embraced and sanctified it in all ages and lands, and likewise because it is the astronomical ratio of the sub-system to which this world belongs, namely, that of the earth-and-moon. It is a number which his spirit knows, which his soul loves, which his body like an illuminated missal shows forth; and it is the very number of his house in the heavens:—an irresistible fact, which carries the mind right into the heart of the proper topic of this various, but not unproportioned dissertation.

It is certain that the division of man's time into octaves, that is, into weeks of seven days each (the octave of one, being the first of the next week) is co-extensive with history and tradition, and also co-extensive with the world, except in those places where feeble races have gone prematurely down into dotage; and such division has always been

associated with the more or less serious consecration of one day, in the seven, as peculiar and supreme. Secular historians have never been slow to admit the fact; the fathers of the Church were forward to proclaim it; and modern divines have not neglected to keep it forward. The day distinguished as festival, holiday, or high day of some sort, has invariably been that of the Sun, the symbol of the creative energy of the invisible Godhead; or at least the same day, with a corresponding name and significance. In truth, Dupuis, in his famous *Origine de tous les Cultes* (which presents an infamously shallow theory of human worship, however) insisted that the system of chronology, the mythologies of Egypt, India, old Greece, and even the mythology (as he considered it) of Christendom, have all sprung out of an elaborate scheme of Sun-worship and its Sundays: and the book is so full of curious and important things, that the students of these matters might well study it with advantage, appropriate its treasure, and then laugh at its presumption in trying to explain a deeper phenomenon by means of one lying nearer the surface,—as if a great brass handle could unlock the gates of St. Paul's in London city without a key! When the seven-some analysis of Time began, history cannot tell, inductive science cannot find out, and no conjectural Dupuis or Volney of them all can divine. Not only as a writer in a Christian Review; nor yet as one who makes bold to "claim the honorable style of a Christian," after the manner of Sir Thomas Browne in the preamble to his account of the Religion of a Physician; but also as the humblest of the disciples of an older philosophy, drawn from profounder sources, than that of Helvetius and the Encyclopædia, I have not a doubt upon the point. I believe that Man knew this, and many a far deeper secret, in Paradise, during the true prehistoric epoch of human story;* and that, after the fall from the intuitive and holy life of Eden, these things could not be forgotten in a day. Such is the idea set forth in the opening of the Book of Genesis: and, since it is impossible to argue so great a proposition within these limits, it is better just to alight at once on the plain fact, be its interpretation what it may, that the oldest written record in the world not only claims a prehistoric and all-conceiving epoch or angelic infancy

*Truly prehistoric, because not progressive, being full. History wants struggle, development, rise, advancement, as its objects. A narrative of innocent days among the perfect is not History.

for the life of humanity, but at once announces the measure of earthly time by Seven, and that from the divine side of the thing. Before going a step farther then, let us look into this miraculous account of the creation. It is a strange story, and every well-bred child in Christendom knows it by heart; but few bearded men can agree about it, although no one is willing to give it up, it is so strange and true.

IN THE BEGINNING (how high and awful an archway into the scene!)—IN THE BEGINNING GOD (not found out by arguments of design, nor deduced from first principles, but known without a doubt, as the father is known of his children) CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. In the beginning (wherein was the Word) the city of God had been founded; the solar system and our world had been set in motion: but “the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep,” which covered it round. But “the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters once more: and then began that preparation of the world for the inhabitation of man, which is commonly called the Creation; but, in reality, the earth had been made unknown æons before, even “in the beginning.”

I. For unknown æons the sun had been standing in the midst of his planets and their satellites, but no ray of light had yet reached the face of our deep, either because the sun had not yet grown luminous, or more likely because the vaporous darkness, that brooded over our waters, was still too thick. But at last it came, though not in sudden and full enough blaze to show the figures of either sun or moon; and a sunless gray morning arose upon the earth, to be followed by a moonless evening: for “God divided the light from the darkness:” and “the morning and the evening,” namely, the day and the night, “were the first day:” the day of the coming of light, therefore of necessity the first; the day of the first glad tidings of the sun; the Sunday of the awakening week of time.

II. Under the impulse of this new-come accession of muffled solar radiance, the waters divided: part arose, namely, the horrid mist, and fashioned itself into a spherul and unbroken cloud; part remained below, as it was, namely, the liquid element; and the atmospheric or skyey firmament stood between them. The day and night of this world-wide sublimation “were the second day.” One might well conjecture that the air was so far cleared in the course of the day-time of this

day, that even the reflected light of the moon might penetrate, though still too faintly to reveal her form: and in that not impossible case, it has been appropriately invested with the name of Monday.

III. The next process was the standing out of the dry land or earth, and the gathering of the water into seas: followed by the springing of “tender grass,” or those seedless plants called acotyledons; of “the herb yielding seed,” or the monocotyledons; and of “the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth,” the crowning class or dicotyledons, capable of propagation by grafts and cuts, their seed being in themselves upon the earth. This was the third epoch: that of the coming forth of continents and islands, and their getting covered with the three kinds of plant, in their right order of succession; first with stony lichens, muddy funguses, tender mosses, ferns, and the like; then with reeds, grasses, palms, and all manner of herbs yielding seed, but whose seed is not in themselves; and, thirdly, with the completed vegetable, whose British type is the oak with its acorns. This is the Tuesday of our week: the day of the manifestation of vegetable organization and irritability, call it Life who will; sacred in that Scandinavian form of the old Pagan mythology, which cannot but be dear to the imagination of men who use the English tongue, to Tyr or Tiesco, the god of battle or conflict, the divine symbol of effort yet in process.

IV. While vegetation ran riot over the dripping earth (and that under a leaden sky, still unbroken by a streak of blue, or even traversed by a blood-red beamless orb) nature could not unfold her ulterior resources: but that vast exuberance of every kind of plant swiftly appropriated and solidified enormous volumes of the atmospheric moisture; and it is just possible that they also sucked in and assimilated opaque vapors or gases now not known: so as to clear the way for the true arising of the sun on the morning of the fourth day, to be duly followed in the evening by the apparition of the moon and stars; the irradiations of the solar heat, as well as other obvious powers, having meanwhile been working towards the same magnificent result. Such was the splendid work of the palæontological Wednesday; now symbolized and known to us as the day of Woden, the Valorous Person of the multipersonal godhead of our Norse forefathers, corresponding with the Hercules of the Egyptian-Greek theosophy. Hercules, going through his twelve labors,

was the sun, going through the twelve signs of the Zodiac; so that our familiar name is a good one for this the day of the sun, moon, and stars.

V. The Thursday or fifth of this marvelous octave was made memorable by a new and strange display of creative power, more than worthy of our ancestral conception of Thor the Thunderer, or God of sheer might. It was then that animal life began to appear. The waters brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life or soul, and that up to the level of the great whales of those pre-adamic seas; while every winged fowl, also, was let fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. The cetacea, or water-mammals (quadruple-hearted, lunged, red-blooded, viviparous-breasted creatures), were the highest manifestations of this amazing period; and they belong to the noblest class of all, even that in which the animal body of Man himself is included. It is a touching thing, in the Mosaic narrative, that God is not represented as having even "seen that it was good," when he had said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" nor yet on the consummation of the purely separate work of second causes, which occurred during the second day: but when the earth burst into unrestrainable vegetation, during the progress of the Tuesday or third age, "God saw that it was good;" and likewise, when the sun had flashed for the first time upon the forest-green and ocean-blue of the world, and the moon had reëchoed the Memnon-tone of his ray in the evening, and the stars had joined the chorus at night, again "God saw that it was good." But now living things sported in the waters, and in the open firmament; happy creatures, akin to man, and therefore nearer to the Creator himself: and so, it is written in the Scripture for us to read, "God blessed them."

VI. Next came the grand day of work. In the morning, the animal kingdom was carried to completion; the unapparent Maker seeing it to be good. But all those fish of the sea, and fowl of the air, and cattle upon the dry ground, and even all the creeping things that creep upon the earth, were unfinished till the coming of a greater than they. No order of things is complete till it have passed into union with a higher, any more than the seventh sound of an octave is complete till the eighth, or first of a higher scale, have struck. The anatomic order is incomplete until embodied in the mineral, the mineral till taken up into the vegetable,

the vegetable till lifted into the animal; and therefore all those goodly figures that rested in the coverts, and leaped upon the plains and mountain-sides of the foreworld, were but an uncrowned rabble (not even definable as the animal kingdom) until their nature should have passed into incorporation and unity with a nobler; that is to say, until the coming of the Lord. "So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them: and God said unto them, Be ye fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." It is almost frivolous, after so sublime a quotation as this, to remark that the prime feature of the day, in so far as man and woman are concerned, is the divine command to be fruitful, or the extension of the law of animal propagation to man, notwithstanding that he is infinitely more than an animal (precisely as an animal is much more than a plant), having been made in the image of God. It is doubtless on that account that the day of our week, corresponding with this creative sixth, is dedicated to Frigga, or Freya, the Scandinavian Venus, or goddess of love and generation. Be that as it may, certainly every Friday of the year, but Good Friday above all, must be dear to every Christian who is not overmuch afraid of the formalism of days and years, when he bethinks himself of the Crucifixion of his God manifest in Flesh, and of the mother who stood near the cross:—

*"Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius."*

VII. On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: not that the Almighty will ever cease from working, since the sustaining of the universe is a standing and perpetual miracle; but that this particular series of operations, namely, what geologists call the palæontology of the world, or the preparation of its surface for the appearing of man in the image of God, was done. That which the penman of this wondrous scroll set himself to describe was finished. The house was thoroughly furnished unto every good and perfect work,—the man and his mate had come, and it now behoved their life to begin. "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his

work which God created and made." How daring a poetic license, yet what a touch of nature, to speak of our never-weary God resting, when the morning of the seventh terrestrial æon had arisen on the darling, for whom his Fatherhood had been creating and making during the six week-days of the world! What a sweet and altogether human, yet godlike thought, to bless the day as though it were a living thing,—for no blessing was pronounced by the Word upon the dayspring from on high, nor on the dividing waters, nor on the seas, and the earth with its leafy cover, nor yet on the sun and moon, but only on the animal kingdom and its King! "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it."

Such is the genesis of the present order of things in the world: told from the divine side of the phenomenon;—for it was the manner of patriarchal thought, not to look into nature for the godhead, but to behold both nature and man in God. Such was the Mosaic Cosmogony, or Moses' express idea of how this planet was got on in readiness, and brought to the condition in which it now continues for a time. Next to its surpassing beauty is its philosophical accuracy, and next to that is its geological truth, for our especial wonder; its sublimity being a thing apart, and yet arising out of all those particulars of its literary character. Yet it was not written as a poem to delight the world; it was not elaborated as a speculation on the ideal triad; and still less was it raised on the basis of observation among stratus and ignigenous rocks. On the one hand, it was not a logical deduction; on the other, not a geological, botanical, zoological induction of multitudinous instances. Above all, the day of the victorious observation of nature had not even dawned. Roger and Francis Bacon were yet afar off, the predestined sons of a new dispensation, which was not to begin till that of Moses and the prophets should be ended: Hutton and Werner were invisible in the distance, athwart a long and dreary middle age of Christian time: our geologists could not possibly have existed in any other age than this, for the growings of science are according to law, and the preliminary sciences were not ready for the success of their labors till the approach of the current century. Yet the narrative in Genesis, though making many exquisite distinctions, does not violate the ideas of causation, of classification, and of geological series, brought out by the very latest science, in a single instance. That narrative must,

therefore, have been written down from the traditions of the unfallen, all-naming state of man or its reminiscences; or else from direct insight, that is, from immediate beholding of the idea and the law; and that is, in either case, from inspiration, mediate or else undiminished by the traditionary medium, Adamic or Mosaic.

It must already be evident, from some of the phrases used above, that we follow those new and doubly protestant divines who confess themselves compelled, by the great results of geology, to acknowledge the days of this miraculous writing to be the symbolical representatives of mighty ages: and it therefore appears to us that we are now in the morning of the seventh day, the Sabaoth of the Lord, the day of the life of man, but not determined or constituted a day (philosophically speaking) until the sounding of its octave, that is to say, till the arising of an eighth morning, the first of a second week and higher scale of things; wherefore we do and must look for a new heavens and a new earth. These things we hold, without the discomfort of a doubt, but likewise with perfect respect for those who cherish the old opinion. It is not necessary to go with us in this, in order to accompany us with cordiality in our further argument. It is only desirable to admit that it is a questionable point, which faith and science may settle betwixt them some other day: and surely, when one considers the laboriousness and the rigor of geology, the thing deserves the compliment of an honest pause. Let the mere English reader of the Bible also remember that he is reading a translation from an antique, oriental tongue, into a modern, western, and quite unrelated language.

But aside from all this there still remains a fact of immense importance in favor of our view: and that fact consists in the difference between the spiritual and intellectual attitudes of the writer and intended first readers of Genesis, on one hand, and of us peeping literal quidnuncs, English and Scottish, in the last three centuries of Christianity, after a thousand years of popish corruption. The difference between the psychological attitudes of Moses and the like of Liebig or Murchison, to speak the truth, is almost as great as if the former had stood on his feet like a man, with his eye heavenward, and the latter had learned to stand and run about on his hands, with vast agility and the advantage of finding out a thousand terrestrial secrets, counterbalanced by the costly damage of only remembering, if not forgetting,

instead of ever anew beholding things celestial. The patriarchal and prophetic spirit not only saw everything in God, as has already been remarked, the pious modern soul (even Shakespeare himself) rather striving to see God in everything; but its vision, when philosophical, was all for things in the idea, not in the concrete instance, the very reverse being the Protestant English turn of mind. They were imaginative and poetic; we are the lovers of matter-of-fact, and the conquerors of common nature. Their spirit of inquiry took the way towards philosophy; ours has cut itself a road into inductive science. They were born-idealists; we are sensationists born and bred, the seekers and the finders of whole treasures of natural fact. Above all, it was their way to be continually putting the idea into some suitable symbol; it is ours to consider everything as the symbol of some idea or law, and to be for ever hunting it up. Their whole manner of speech was symbolical and round; ours is literal, and deals in straight lines. Noticing, then, their characteristic, and following the bent of our own, the very first question it becomes us to ask in the present instance is, What is the idea put by that true Seer into this symbol of these seven days, and what was a cosmical day to him? Thus interrogated, Science, the seeker of ideas and the discoverer of laws, answers with modest decision, One of our geological Epochs: adding with astonishment, In other particulars the Scripture is a marvel, for we have found it all out again in our own way!

In conclusion of this short discussion of a long question, it must not be forgotten that those to whom the book of Genesis was and is addressed (exceptions going for nothing in history) could not have understood, and cannot understand, a discourse on geology. A geogenetic era would have been, to the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Greeks foolishness; and, in brief, it would have been a senseless sound in all Hebrew and Christian ears, until these present days: nay, to the overwhelming majority even now, and for many a long age to come. The Bible was not written for us otherwise and ridiculous few exceptionals, but for the whole world, bond and free; and even more especially for the poor and otherwise unlettered. And as for the knowing and critical favorites of science, in the meantime, we have endeavored (though only by a hint) to show them how easily their geology may be taken in, assimilated, and glorified by their faith: and, if the time ever come when sanitary amelioration, social

reform, improved policy, ecclesiastical reformation, theology made free by obedience, secular and religious education, and whatsoever other good spirit is in the world, shall not only have brought out the life of God in the soul of every son of man upon the earth, but also made all men familiar with the rich results of science,—why then, the whole world shall easily comprehend how a genetic Day is only the Mosaic symbol for a geogenetic Time.

Then it is simply impossible that a nobler or a homelier, (nay, or another!) symbolical expression for the idea intended could have been found or invented. The sevensomeness of the luminous or of the musical octave,* for example, is of another species: and, in fact, the only Seven in man's common world of sense, which has to do with time, is that of the division of the lunar month by two, as measured by the waxing and the waning of the moon, and then by two again, giving her quarters. This is the only symbol in the world for the idea; for a symbol must partake of the very nature of what is symbolized, as the etymology of the word plainly bears upon it yet. In truth, it is the characteristic of the greater Scripture symbols that they are the very symbols wanted, and the only symbols to be found. They are not arbitrary, not fanciful, not capricious; they are according to law. Hence the significance of the days of the succeeding weeks of the moon, and the sanctity of the sevenths, to Moses and his people, and to all such as have drunk into their spirit, Jew or Gentile: and, what is far more astonishing, hence their sacredness in the eye of almost every Pagan mythology! No wonder, then, that we find so many indications that the Patriarchs, rich with the remainders of the lore of Paradise, ended and rested from the work which they had done during the six creating and working days of their week, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it,—or set it weekly apart. But it was on Moses that the idea of this symbolical (if not literal) seventh, considered as a day of cessation from creating and making, seized with such divine force as eventually to move the greater part of the whole world to the thought. By him at length the blessed law of the Sabbath was formally announced, cut into stone, and published to the hosts of Israel at the foot of Mount Sinai: and thence it was already

* An exposition of the part that Number Seven plays in Music has unfortunately to be suppressed for sheer want of space. The musical reader will be able to supply the want, perhaps.

spread over Christendom, and all Moslem too ; being sure to reach the uttermost parts of the earth in the long run. REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

Jesus of Nazareth, that greater than Moses, did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. He never abolished this patriarchal and Mosaic institution. On the contrary, the Church of Christ, though not founded on this rock, has been built, not in a little proportion, with stones fetched from no other quarry. It never appears that the early Jewish Christians (whether at Jerusalem, about the towns and country-sides of Judea, or in foreign parts) forgot the Sabbath-day of their countrymen, while they did not forsake the assembling of themselves together on the Sunday or first day of the succeeding week, as the day of their Lord and Master's arising. The example of fidelity to the old ways, of loyalty to Moses and the prophets, of the tenderest patriotism in unison with charities so wide as to overflow the earth, shown by Jesus himself, might almost make one sure that they did not. Certainly the tenor of Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, and indeed of all the Pauline writings, was against any such self-assertion and insolence, if not impiety, as so divisive a course would have thrust upon the angry eye of those who did not believe their report:—and assuredly they would not be the worse of a true and whole Day of Rest and Old-Testament reading, followed by ever so partial and broken a day of New-Testament exercises. At the same time, the apostle of the other nations of the world always sternly insisted on the Jewish tests not being forced upon them; and a noble piece of charity and wisdom it was. They were to remain free, not only of all other particulars of the Mosaic ceremonial, but also of the particular day appointed by that authoritative lawgiver as the Seventh;—and the particularity of the day selected, it must be evident, was the only thing that was purely ceremonial in the Fourth Commandment. It was, therefore, among those foreign converts, first called Christians at Antioch, that the consecration of the Christian, not Sabaoth or rest, but Sabbath-day arose. Like all the disciples, Jew as well as Gentile, they came together on their Lord's day (not having rested the day before, however, like their Hebrew brethren); but that very day was the Sunday of their heathen neighbors and respective countrymen, and patriotism gladly united with expediency in making it at once their Lord's day and their Sabbath. Wherever

VOL. XXIX. NO. I.

Christianity appeared and triumphed and grew strong, accordingly, there the Day of the Sun became transformed, yea, transfigured into the Christian Sabbath-day; and, if our Cambridge Hebraist and his divines be right in their computation, that the Sabbath of the patriarchal dispensation was on one and the same day with the wild Solar holiday of all pagan times (the latter having, in reality, descended and degenerated from the former), then the restoration of the heaven-descended resting-day of Paradise, of Enoch, and of Abraham, was as beautiful as it was natural and easy. On the other hand, if this speculation be but a chapel in the air, and if the authority of the church is to be ignored altogether by Protestants, there is no matter; because opportunity and common expediency are surely argument enough for so ceremonial a change as the mere day of the week for the observance of the rest and holy convocation of the Jewish Sabbath. That primitive church, in fact, was shut up to the adoption of the Sunday,—until it became established and supreme, when it was too late to make another alteration: and it was no irreverent nor undelightful thing to adopt it, inasmuch as the first day of the week was their own high-day at any rate; so that their compliance and civility were rewarded by the redoubled sanctity of their quiet festival. Perhaps the patriarchal and Hebrew Sabbath needed this added charm to draw all the manifold nationalities, idiosyncrasies of race, and climatic temperaments of the vast and various heathen-world, to the love and obedience of it; and certainly the time-honored Sunday of our own forefathers is as good a Sabbath, just as it is as good a Seventh, as any other. Nor is it an easy thing to choose exclusively betwixt the two venerable names: for, while SABBATH is laden with the sweetest ideas of peace and repose and antiquity older than antiquity, SUNDAY is doubly glorious, inasmuch as it speaks of the arising of the Sun of Righteousness as well as of the Sun of common Light. Both these arisings were the beginnings of new divine epochs; both the openings of new creations: and they were both veiled, though effective, and hastening duly to be altogether revealed on the fourth days of Time. The latter was natural and symbolical; the former is spiritual and real: but the imagination marries and makes them one, and the new name of their union is Sunday; as dear to the conquering heart of England, as is its Sabbath-day to Scottish constancy and awe.

Thus, then, we stand before the patent and

unavoidable, and really most curious fact, that at least all Christendom has for hundreds of years ended its work on the seventh day, and rested on the seventh day from its work, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it! Come it whence and how it may, that is the fact: and this were the proper place to inquire whether anything can be said concerning the rational ground, on which this institution of an ever-recurring day of rest has been erected, before going into the actual position of the institution, and state of the Sabbath-question, in our own age and country. If this question were to be answered in full, the reasonableness of the Biblical day of rest would be expounded as threefold. Its natural or scientific, its ideal or philosophical, its spiritual or religious reasonableness, in the strongest sense of that term, would be discussed in succession and together; but it would be ridiculous to try the reaping of so broad and thick (and also so white) a harvest within the time of a Quarterly reviewer. As to the last of these heads, indeed, it is better to keep away from it altogether, than not to express one's whole mind in a roomy and leisurely manner; the religious part of the subject having been sorely vexed almost ever since the Reformation. The Roman Catholics find this element in the authority of the Church; the Grecians and the majority of Protestants, in the authority of Moses in the moral law; and a large minority of Protestants, in the authority of Christian expediency and experience:—not to divide divided Christendom too much at present. For ourselves we cannot but think that the Fourth Commandment as standing in the moral law of an inspired lawgiver like Moses, the lifelong practice of the Church, and that Church's experimental knowledge of the benefits of compliance with the Mosaic idea and of keeping up the old day, make a threefold cord, to gird the week withal, which shall never be easily broken: but we also profess it our opinion, that all the three strands are necessary to its integrity, and that on account of the change from Saturday to Sunday. Such, in brief, is pretty nearly our notion of the Christian-religious reasonableness of this service: and it is obvious that the natural-religious reason of its fitness, from the nature of the case, must spring out of the stem of philosophy and science, tree and bark, like a fruit;—else it is non-existent altogether. The ideal, philosophical, or truly rational ground of the necessity of every seventh day being given to waking rest, in addition to the nightly sleep of every whole day, has never been opened

up and demonstrated; and our own demonstration is too little elaborated, and, therefore, too long, for insertion here. The topic is merely mentioned in this connection, partly to stimulate this high kind of investigation by the hint of deep-lying treasures, and partly to sound a note of defiance against all should-be philosophical sneerers at our hebdomadal pause.

The natural or scientific argument (for argument it is, and nothing more) is greatly more accessible; and it has very often been drawn upon, though by no means exhausted at any of its streams. Like the argument of design, and all purely scientific arguments, it goes up from the facts to the conclusion of the case, not down from principles to details. Like those arguments it is cumulative and a thing of increasing probability, not direct and matter of demonstration. The greater the numerical and qualitative strength of the probability, the nearer to the nature of certainty; until the amount of probability become so large as to be tantamount to demonstration. The Copernican astronomy, even as it stands now, is raised on an immeasurable mountainous foundation of mere probability; not on logical demonstration, but only on so huge a sum of probability as is, what Kant denominates, an analogon of demonstration; and therefore we refuse to deal with a person who will not acknowledge it, as being an unreasonable fellow. Such precisely is the kind of service which science may one day be able to render to the cause of the weekly Sabbath, and that in full measure, heaped and running over, yet hitherto this great power has contributed only a few half-hewn and unplaced stones to the work. Unlike the religious and philosophical processes, this of science is a cumulative task, now fairly begun, necessarily slow, always to be going on; and every passing laborer may do his share of it, as he passes:—until some master-builder and his workmen take it all upon themselves, as in other departments. Revelation is like the coming of light; philosophical demonstration at least goes in a straight line; but the path of science, with its observations and inductions, is devious and very slow; and we have nothing better than a handful of uncut pebbles, fetched from no foreign brook, for our present offering.

I. The multifarious sevensomeness that is so striking in the bodily life of man and in his immediate world, as has been shown above, should come in here as the van of the argument *a posteriori*; but it is needless to

repeat the illustrations. Nor must too much weight be laid upon them. Taken all together, and increased by as many more instances as science may know, they do no more than furnish a broad and reiterated hint, to the effect that the periodicity of seven is deeply natural to the movements of the human being. This pointed indication is only a preliminary business, though a thing that may well mean more than meets the eye; but it has no scientific (that is, intelligible) connection with the last or first day of the hebdomadal seven being spent in rest. All that science has yet done in this direction is probably summed up in the evidence of physiology and physicians, averring that the powers of the body need repose; that the bow of vitality must be unbent every now and then, if it is to keep its spring; that in these days of overtension during the six days the rest of the seventh has grown indispensable, in addition to the successive nights; and so forth. Now all this is undeniable, and the materialist will perhaps be the foremost to urge it home in his own way; but it is general, and cannot possibly condescend upon the proportion of time necessary or desirable for the kind of Sabbath it inculcates. When coupled with the Christian reason for the weekly rest, indeed, it is of much value; and it has been put before a parliamentary committee in that connection.* But when this general opinion of science, regarding the want of a daytime of rest now and then, is ingenuously viewed through the medium of the unfailing tendency to periodicity in the Constitution of Man, the presumption is strong that such daytime should recur at regular intervals: and then that particular sevenness in human affairs, which has just been animadverted on, puts in its claim for the hebdomadal period as being at least peculiarly human, if not the best for the purpose. At all events, the combination of these three scientific considerations must be held to constitute a powerful moving barrier against all would-be rational encroachments on our sacred institute, not easily resistible when aggressive, and not to be broken down when honorably assailed.

II. It has already been suggested that, when anything has to be said by science concerning man, it is man in the genus or rather kingdom, not in the individual, the city, the nation, or the race; a broad average must be struck of the ways of man in all

times, climes, and other circumstances. This cannot be done to perfection by the limited survey of fallen, and still growing and therefore boy-like, humanity as it now is; but a nearer approximation must be always being aimed at in researches of this sort. It is accordingly impossible to tell with accuracy, by induction, how many of the twenty-four hours should be spent in the state of rest by the normal or ideal man; nor yet how many have been and are passed in rest by the average or actual men of history. We say Rest advisedly, for this period needs not be altogether spent in sleep or the completed trance of animal repose, any more than the waking period ever is passed in absolute wakefulness and erection of the whole being; neither any more, nor any less; and this observation is important in the sequel. But it has here to be observed that the all-pervading law of dualism, which has been explained already, at once insinuates the hint that twelve hours are for work and twelve for rest, say rather, twelve for activity and the same for repose, for, of course, many modes of activity are neither creating nor making. Action and reaction are equal, except when free-will disturbs the balance. It is only in man and by him, that the law of equilibrium is broken. He is the sole sad occasion of either scale ever kicking the beam. Now, that in the present age, with his overlate and overearly hours; his coffees, teas, tobaccos, hops, alcohols, and opiums; his riotous eating of flesh on one side, and living on husks on the other; his frivolities and his toils; his unresting competitions, of the field, the workshop, the market, the theatre, the college, the forum, the church, the state, and even the drawing-room; his ambitions and fears; his grandiose anxieties and lowlived cares; in one word, that now, with his legion of follies and sins, not unaccompanied by noble though exaggerated aims, man does not (or cannot) allow himself daily rest enough, is what nobody doubts; and it does not appear that the historical world was ever better, either here or anywhere else. Yet there is a natural indolence in him too, whereby he saves one part of himself to overstrain another; and the lazy trick preserves him from headlong ruin: the boxer does not use his brain, the student leaves his muscular system untaxed; and so things are kept as near the straight line as such an awkward squad can keep. Taking this variegated and extravagant creature all in all, however, considering eight hours as the average-time he spends

* See especially the fine testimony of Dr. Farre at page 116 of the Report.

in sleep, and allowing him two for his meals and little unbent occasions, the poor fellow gets only ten hours of retributive quiet instead of twelve. In fact, fourteen hours of activity in the twenty-four is on all hands, in parliament and out of it, counted a just average distribution of the daily life of man, at least in Great Britain and Ireland. It is true and sad, indeed, that multitudes do not and cannot secure more than eight of rest; but doubtless there are just as many who take their whole twelve, and unprofitable servants they are: and if not a few of us scarcely make out our six, there are not a few who deftly manage to suck up eighteen, not knowing what to do! But even human legislation, to say nothing of divine lawgiving, bethinks itself of nations, colonies, and planted continents of men and women; and the true average there is only ten hours of repose instead of twelve. Now the defect of two hours a day for six days of labor is exactly made up, to the comprehension of an infant-girl lisping her first Sunday-hymn, by the twelve of a weekly Sabbath daytime. It is, of course, understood that the whole twelve hours of the seventh night time are also sacred to rest; and this is the strong point of those Sabbatarians, who have been pleading with their countrymen, besieging corporations and praying the legislature, for no canonical holiday, but for an undiminished rest and festival of the soul. In the meantime, however, it is but too clear, take it how one will, that in this overwakeful century, the stimulants and overaction have it all their own way; and hence—what do we see? Men not living half their days; men not reaching their legitimate fulness of development, in body or in being; men too fragmentary, too feverous, too one-sided, too busy and little-minded, excited but not strong, lively but not long-lived: and if men, then nations. Surely the sweet and solemn Sabbath-rest of yore were a true cordial, and the beginning of many subsidiary calmatives, for this chronic and outwearing fever of the world.

III. But is the Sabbath then, it will perhaps be retorted here, to be a day of sheer animal repose? Is it set apart for sluggish quiet? Must great Christendom imitate the frugality of the maid of all work, and spend her weekly holiday in sleep?—By no means. In the first place, excessive as is the activity of some one or more parts of the nature of almost all men during the week, the whole nature of almost none is ever awake an hour on end, from the beginning to the close of life.

We are sleepy and conservative, as well as wild and wasteful, though not wisely. What is wanted, then, in a physiologically conceived Sabbath is the going to sleep of the weekly propensities, sentiments, and faculties; and the awaking, rather, of such as are too latent from busy day to day: and hence a natural right of each individual to the choice of his Sabbath occupations and enjoyments, always within proper social or sacred limits. Yet are there two principal things, common to nearly the whole race: firstly, the poor body, in one part of its organism or another, is overworked; and secondly, it is with secular things and forms of thought that men are overbusied during the week. Thence the two plain indications of bodily rest, on one hand, and the conversation of the mind with the higher order of ideas within the reach of man's apprehension, on the other, as the natural avocations of the seventh day of the week. It is change of occupation that is true rest. For the laborious artisan, for example, what a restful alternation to be sweetly attired, to sit at home, to open the family-classic leisurely morning and evening, to sing the immortal songs of King David and the other inspired psalmists with all his neighbors in church or chapel, to send his aspirations to heaven winged by his brethren's prayers, to caress and teach his Sunday-dressed children, to pray down the blessed Spirit of God into his lowly home, and, this low life almost forgotten, to take the sleep of the beloved in an unwearied bed this one dear night of the week! The student, too, possessed by the one thought of his work day after day, chased by it through his fiful day-sleep, pursued by it all the night, never without its image before him or ready and eager to come forward in a trice, his brain and nerves thrilling all over with it, rules of health given to the winds, many natural movements of the heart bidden away, a rush into society of an evening his one unwilling and rarely pleasing change, were surely a whole world the better of the pause, the altered circumstance, the sociality, the homeliness, the common joys, the blessed associations, the church thoughts and feelings, the pure air, the moony evening peace, the less turbid sleep, the swift low-voiced parenthesis, of his and all men's predestined Sabbath-day. Or could the great minister of state forget his greatness, and his burdens, and his dread responsibilities, and his cares almost too heavy for a man to endure and live, commending them heartily to God for a day, as remembering that the beneficent elevation to

which he is raised above his fellows does not absolve him from the unescapable necessity, imposed on every man or woman born, of living two lives, an outer and an inner, a lower and a higher (or else a lower still),—it is never to be doubted but that the sight and companionship of wife and children, the soft extension of his allowable couch, the quiet unattended meal, the high bible-reading, the serenity and depth of the public service, the canticle sung at home to the music of Handel, and the early hours of a Mosaic day of rest, might well be more than half the battle on the side of God and the Right; and England, with all her lands, would rise up and call him blessed.

Such is the sort of change or rest, not only prescribed by the commandment, and practised during at least two Dispensations in the Church, but deducible from the latest conceptions of physiological science:—not, indeed, that science would by this time have discovered the natural necessity of a seventh day of such rest, and drawn out its formula as a rule of life, but that the thing being almost as old as time, science comes into the world and sees that it is good, and can honestly plead for its conservation and extension. At the same time, we are disposed to go further than some of our Sabbatarian friends in behalf of the first element of the world-old Sabbath, namely, bodily rest, intending that of brain and nerve, as well as that of bone and muscle; and this is the element with which the State has to do, intent upon refreshed and healthy citizens against the day of need. The body has far less to do with the manifestation of humanity than the phrenologist supposes, but far more than anybody else suspects. It is mentioned with lyrical emphasis that, when Israel went forth of Egypt, “there was not one feeble person among their tribes.”* The wild Sunday of the great Pagan nations of antiquity was no Sabbath, and they are gone; the Jews were always disobedient, idolatrous, and Sabbath-breaking, though singularly persistent too, being a living contradiction, and they are scattered; the gay and turbulent Sabbath of Continental Christendom is liker the Pagan Sunday than the quiet feast of Christian people, and they are the prey of Despotism, that many-headed vulture. In short and urgent fact, the nations want a genuine day of rest, else they perish: and we Britons need it more now than ever, being the advance guard of humanity in Europe; and that almost alone

now, needing all our self-possession and well-rested strength. The whole physiology of the country craves repose: and that man is no faithful keeper of the Sabbath-day, who expends it in an excess of even bible-studies, passionate communings in the closet, church-services and sermons, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school labors, domestic solitude and unsociality, and untimely vigils. Such a day was never drawn from the Old Testament, and nobody ever pretended to draw it from the New. To listen to the re-reading of the well-known Law, to tell the oft told tale of Egypt and the wilderness, were quieting and easy exercises, alike to priest and people, to parents and children. By all means, let the Sabbath be maintained as a “day of holy convocation,” as it certainly was from the very commencement of the Mosaic era; but let it also be remembered and kept holy as a day of much passivity and real repose, for such was its other, and indeed its primary use from the beginning.

— But we must stop midway in this *a posteriori* or afterhand discussion of the claims of the Christian Sunday on the attention and observance of the world. The adverse reader must understand however, as the friendly one knows full well, that this is not a hundredth part of what has to be said; and the purpose of this article will be abundantly subserved, if it drive the former to the more secret and legitimate study of so national and momentous a subject. Even the little that has been advanced, on the present occasion, has been put forth in a peculiar style, of set purpose: the commoner strain of argument has been avoided, or only alluded to: and there has rather been presented the individual view of a particular mind, living much aloof from others, than anything like the generic plea of ever so catholic a party. It is the humble contribution of a private student to the common cause. Such as it is, it is a distant and unfinished approximation to the adequate expression of one mode of thought concerning this Patriarchal, Mosaic, and right Christian institute of the Sabbath-day: an institute thoroughly paganized and vilified in the territories of the Greek and Roman Churches already, and grievously imperilled in our own land at last. Last century there arose amongst doubters and unbelievers, this century there has actually arisen among professing Christians and wellwishers, a spirit of indifference and hostility to our most patriotic and politic, as well as world-old and sanctioned Day of Rest. Excitement cannot stop

* Ps. cv. 37.

pleasure cannot be stayed, cupidity will not withhold from gain, public and popular tyranny must and will have unrested slaves, the senses grudge the soul a day. Yet this reverted and fateful current of apathy, frivolity, and dissipation has by no means been suffered to run unstemmed. True-hearted men of every class of our composite society have lifted up their voices, and put forth their hands. Bishops and divines, noblemen and gentlemen, clergymen and scholars, physicians and men of science, preachers and teachers, bookreading and bookwriting artisans and peasants, even humble maids with workaday fingers round their pens, and thousands of dumb, but prayerful dwellers in palaces and in huts "where poor men lie," have come forward with their strong protest against the rapid and insidious changing of the old English and Scottish Sabbath into a Pagan Sunday, no better than the Roman Merry-Andrew's holiday of giddy France, or of wicked Austria and her cruel allies in belated Italy. Most prominent by parliamentary position, equal to any in the depth of the principle that quickened him, foremost in persistent constancy, and the favorite butt of popular as of polished scorn, stood and fell, in the thick of this unprosperous cause, the late Sir Andrew Agnew, the principled and steadfast member for Wigtonshire, during seven sessions of Parliament. Conceiving that his nature has been much misunderstood, and in order to come a little nearer the actual Sunday question as it stands in the everyday world of London and Edinburgh, it may be an act of justice to inquire, in these pages, devoted by a *North British Review* to this urgent social and scientific, as well as religious, subject of Sunday in the Nineteenth century, what manner of man the arch Sabbatarian of this century of Sabbath-loving Christianity really was. For a full-sized image of the man, the well-written and hearty Biography by M'Crie must be referred to by the more curious student;—a work already in its second edition, and too well known and approved for a regular review at this time of day.

The scion of a long-ascending line of baronets, constables, knights, untitled Scottish barons, and Norman soldiers of fortune in England and Ireland, a race remarkable for keeping to the purpose of their heart even in Scotland the land of pertinacity, this obstinate and unflinching Sabbatarian was born at Kingsale, in Ireland, just sixty years ago, the only child of a poor young father who died before the birth of this genuine Agnew.

From the showing of his congenial biographer, one might well suppose that the old and aboriginal Agneaus must have been so-called (like Kirke's Lambs) on the principle of contraries. Yet combative, aggressive, and self-providing soldiers and constables as it behoved them to be (in order to suit the times, we fancy), they seemed to have early displayed a religious turn of mind; and that quite compatible spirit could not fail to show itself indomitable, valiant, dogmatic, and ready alike for coercion or martyrdom, in such a race. Taken all in all, this ancient family of the Agnews seem to have approved themselves as soldier-like, loyal, steadfast, kindly, and prudent a house as any in the land; at once proud and homely, brave yet wary, pious but by no means suffering their proper goods to be spoiled, more capable of deep conviction than of wide toleration, and much more tenacious than ready to render a reason.

On the other hand the De Courcys, those old Earls of Ulster, with the head of whom the first authentically recorded Agneau planted himself in Ireland, (whence a descendant eventually crossed in the reign of David II. to Wigton, and acquired Lochnaw, formerly a royal castle,) probably underwent the softening, light-hearted, sprightlier, and less earnest influences of the Green Isle. Be this as it may, it is curious to find these long-parted lineages coming together again near the close of last century, in the marriage of Lieutenant Agnew to the Honorable Martha de Courcy, eldest daughter of John twenty-sixth Lord Kingsale, premier baron of Ireland; a loving, sensitive, and most excellent woman, who would assuredly have been frightened out of her wits among the old Scottish Agnews. Their son Andrew and his sweet mother resided chiefly at Kingsale, under the guardianship of the maternal grandfather, until the death of Sir Stair in 1809, when he was summoned to take possession at Lochnaw. Then he was handed over to Edinburgh, Oxford, Cheltenham, and glorious London for a season. A young baronet, of an uncommonly high and delicate spirit, elegant, accomplished (for that he was—especially in heraldry), and as amiable as his mother, though as staunch as old Sir Stair, this must have been a perilous time for the future friend of the workman:—and certes, that gay youth was actually getting ready to be the workman-like friend of all who toil, us of the horny hand, and us also of the knitted brow! Well-principled and, what is equally to the purpose

well-natured, he escaped the dangers of youth and fashion. Nay, the steadfast and self-preserving blood of the Agnews moved easily and at once in his heart to the music of ideas more remote and fascinating than those of prudence and honor. The accents of antique gospel-lore fell on his ear like no foreign tongue. Such glowing oracles as Gerard Noel, M'Crie the historian, and Chalmers, had only to speak, that so prepared a spirit might hear and understand the sign: and in an Agnew to understand was to obey, when the subject-matter of intelligence was the saving of one's soul alive. In short, Sir Andrew solidified with the advance of manhood into an Evangelical Protestant, with a natural preference for episcopacy and the Church of England, derived from habit and early associations, but sturdily Scottish and Presbyterian at the core;—and, in fact, he eventually identified himself heart and hand with what is called the Free Church of Scotland.

In 1830 Sir Andrew was sent to Parliament by the county of Wigton, and after some reluctance he went with the Reform Bill. But another sort of task, and a deeper Reformation was getting in readiness to try his mettle. Parliament was besieged in 1831 with petitions about the Sabbath. The out-of-doors leaders of the movement eventually fixed on him as their parliamentary chief; and a stout and obstinate battle he fought of it, in the house and on the platform, before both open and exclusive meetings, in season and out of it, till he died in the cause. The man became possessed by the idea of our blessed Sabbath; and that to such a pitch of inspiration that, if the age had not been at once averse to repose and incredulous of good, or even (with such fearful odds against him) if he had been as logical, imperious, and eloquent as he was otherwise able and heroic, he must have won the day. Yet this gallant and unyielding soldier of the Law and the Testimony wanted no laurels. It was his rare distinction to be indifferent to popular applause and not afraid of popular obloquy. Here, said he, is the last new ballad just sung under my windows: send it down to the North. When the Zanies were mocking Copernicus on the public stage, he said the same:—Let them have their fun: the things I know give no pleasure to the people, and I do not know the things that give them pleasure. For more than twenty years Sir Andrew waged a thankless and unpromising and (sooth to say) a little successful warfare, never fearing the face of clay, nor cove-

tous of admiration and sweet voices, but trusting his convictions, and true to his secret God. We question whether any public character of recent times has done his stroke of work from such a depth of conviction, so unsustained by adventitious circumstances, even Clarkson, and certainly Wilberforce, not excepted. In the last result, this is his proper glory—to have been capable of doing without commensurate success and without applause! Yet Sir Andrew had respect unto the recompence of reward: he would scarcely have been a true Agnew if he had not. But he neared the goal before he died. "It is dangerous," he said in that great hour, "to speak of what we have done." "The instrument is nothing: God is all in all." It is what they all say, the good men and true, in one dialect or in another:—Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us!

Such is a faint image of the great Scottish Sabbatarian. The cause is left with us who remain, now that he has joined the majority at last; but we want a chief. In the meanwhile, this were a proper time and place to review the past procedure of the case in the spirit of searching and inexorable criticism, to see if it were not defeated or deferred by the errors of its friends; and also to discuss the broader and more politic principles on which the standard should be advanced anew. But these practical questions must be deferred till another opportunity. The lawyers have decided that the People's Palace, as it is fondly called by the Proprietors, cannot be opened of a Sunday; and the recent ministerial and Parliamentary changes render it unlikely that a special bill will be soon presented. After all, moreover, the true beginning of a National Reformation were the radical self-reform of the friendly. Above everything, let the professing Sabbatarian, whether Jew or Gentile, whether Popish or Protestant, Evangelical or Formularian, cease from mere opinion and denunciation, and begin to be a Sabbatarian in right earnest. That is to say, let him see that he really work like an honest man during the six days of the week; for no soft and sighing donothing, no minion of ease and pietistic self-enjoyment, no idle busybody whose soul has lost its original sense of the comeliness of industry, is obedient to the First Part of that most noble Fourth Commandment, or can even try to obey the Second. He must then make sure that, supposing him to have been faithful to the primeval pledge of honest labor, he really and truly rest on the Seventh Day, and all his household, nay, and all the world in so

far as he is concerned. He must be no party to the overtasking of ministers and teachers, any more than to the mulcting of household or street servants of ever so small a part of their one day of rest, and freedom, and Christianlike self-disposal. In short, he must irremissibly determine that not only himself, but also every other man of woman born however humble (to the extent, that is, that he can help or withhold from hindering) shall actually be a gentleman of the grand old type of the Garden of Eden, at least for

fifty-two days, or seven weeks and a half, of the Christian year. What an altered world it were, even in a secular point of view, if such a consummation could only be brought about! Then in very deed might the gentle poor man, a far nobler being than the poor gentleman of "the ignorant present time," look down without reserve into the welcoming eye of his loftiest brother man, were it a burdened prophet, a laurelled poet, a crowned discoverer, or a king sitting on his serviceable throne.

From Hogg's Instructor.

LIBERIA.

OF the millions who have recently perused with such deep interest the vicissitudes of Uncle Tom, from the time when he left the shadow of his master's mansion, till he entered those worlds "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," and who have coördinately traced the noble Harris, with his beautiful Eliza, from the land of their servitude to those shores where British liberty unfurls her flag in welcome to the sons of freedom, and thence to the scene of their more permanent and cordial labors, Liberia, not a few have inquired, Where, and what sort of a place, can this Liberia be? and, inquiring, have received no satisfactory reply. It may be, perhaps, that most readers have some indistinct recollection of having seen, on maps of Africa, a little slip of land on the western coast marked with that name; but, beyond this, few opportunities have existed by which an inquirer could make himself acquainted with the history and character of the interesting colony so designated.

Even the encyclopædias, where one usually expects to see everything discussed, from the number of joints in the vertebra of a pre-Adamite ichthiosaurus, down to the latest improvements in the composition and construction of a tobacco-pipe—even these yield information on the rise and progress of Liberia, almost infinitesimal in amount. You find the article "Liberia," and are referred to "Colonization Society;" you find "Colonization Society," and are requested to see "Slavery;" you find "Slavery," and begin

to think the right track has been dropped upon at last; and just at the moment when, in the intensity of expectation, your eyes have assumed a resemblance to tea-saucers, and your mouth has become a tolerable representation of a bottomless pit, you are cruelly balked by a polite desire that you would see "America." Turning to "America," it is see "Virginia," "Kentucky," &c., and, seeing them, you find—nothing: nothing, that is, of what you are in search for.

There is a reason for this. Liberia is comparatively a new settlement; and hence the more systematic works on geography have hitherto had but few facts of more than transient interest which could be embodied therein. There have been the official reports on the colony, published at Washington; occasional scraps of information respecting it in the newspapers; somewhat more abundant fragments in the journals of various missionary societies; here and there an article in the magazines; and some allusions to it in works which treat of the slavery question. To make the matter worse, those very books which have been written with special reference to the colony, have appeared under a name that would never suggest to any one not previously informed on the subject, the idea that it was the history and progress of Liberia of which they treated. Such, for instance, are the works entitled, respectively, "Our New Republic," and "Africa Redeemed." Indeed, it would almost appear, that the name had purposely

been kept in the background for some special reason, which, after all, may not be far from the truth; for it has not been till very lately that the friends of Africa could point to Liberia with any degree of confidence, as an example of what the negro race can become, inasmuch as great doubts have existed, from time to time, as to whether the experiment would not issue in failure. The establishment of the colony, as an independent republic, has now set these doubts at rest. What little we pretend to know of this subject, has been gathered from sources similar to those above alluded to; and a digest of what we have thus collected we here present to our readers, not so much with a view to their mere entertainment, as to demonstrate the reasonableness of extending to our African brethren all the advantages of civilization and freedom which we of a whiter skin enjoy, and the probability of their using those advantages for their own spiritual and moral elevation.

Liberia was originally founded as an asylum for emancipated and recaptured slaves, where they might be trained in the arts of civilization, and be gradually prepared for the enjoyment of a free government, that government to be by degrees surrendered to their own hands, in proportion as they showed themselves qualified to undertake it.

The necessity for such an asylum arose from two widely different sources. In the first place, the northern states of America had made strenuous efforts to abolish the slave-trade, and had been so far successful, as that, towards the close of the last century, legislative measures were adopted in several of the states, having for their object the gradual extinction of slavery and its concomitant evils. As a consequence, a great number of emancipated slaves were to be found in most of those states. These were soon found to be a dangerous and troublesome class, not owing to anything vicious or blamable in themselves, but owing to the degrading position which they held as compared with that of free white men. They were virtually excluded from some of the most important civil privileges which white men of a really inferior station were permitted to enjoy. They were shut out from civil offices, were excluded from all participation in the government, were taxed without their consent, were compelled to contribute to the resources of a country which gave them no protection, were made a separate class, and had every avenue of improvement effectually closed against them. Anecdotes, too, abound

on this side the Atlantic, of the indignities to which educated freemen have been subjected in America, merely on account of the color of their skin. Standing thus, as a middle class between the black slave and the white freeman—their condition an object of envy to the former, while to the latter it was one of contempt—and exhibiting, as they often did, such marks of patient endurance, undaunted courage, and spirited enterprise, they were a cause of constant apprehension to the slaveholders, lest they should foment insurrections among their less fortunate brethren, and so increase a class already felt to be troublesome. Hence it became a matter of solicitude among all classes of the white population, to provide a spot to which manumitted slaves might be transferred in a manner consistent with those principles which first procured them their freedom. This was one source. On the other hand, there was a noble band of Christian philanthropists, who saw and felt the desirableness of doing something more than merely *getting rid of* their “poor African brethren,” and who were anxious to provide for them a home, where they might be gradually prepared to engage in and enjoy all the arts and privileges of civilized life, where they might take the same part in the affairs of their own government that European nations did in theirs. From the fusion of these two motives into one common project, resulted the establishment of the colony, now the Republic of Liberia.

But the process was a gradual one. It was proposed by Jefferson, as far back as the year 1777, in the legislature of Virginia, to emancipate all slaves born after that period, to educate them, the males to the age of twenty-one, the females to that of eighteen, and then to transplant them, with their own consent, to Africa or some other suitable place, where they might be trained to self-dependence and self-government. The plan of colonization thus proposed, was subsequently approved of by several different states—a vote of approbation costing very little either of care or cash. Nothing was *done* by the legislature of any of the states beyond this, till the matter was taken up and set going by individuals, although it must be acknowledged, that the forty years’ discussion which preceded direct action had prepared the public mind in a great measure for sympathizing with the undertaking.

The initiative to the movement was taken in a spirit which boded well for its ultimate success. On the 30th of December, 1816,

there met, at the house of one Mr. Elias B. Caldwell (a staunch and earnest friend of the negro), certain other staunch and earnest friends of that afflicted race. Amongst them were Messrs. Robert Finley, Samuel J. Mills, Francis S. Key, and others of like character. No record was kept of the proceedings of that memorable evening, and all that can be said positively concerning it is, that it was an evening of prayer. They were shortly to have to do battle with the physical elements, and even with the powers of darkness themselves, and now they were preparing themselves for conflict by a little practice in scaling the battlements of heaven, and taking that kingdom by force—of all war-practice the most commendable. On the following day was the great meeting to which this was introductory.

On the 31st of December, the capital at Washington was crowded with those who longed to lend a helping hand to Africa's sable sons, or to hear what probability there might be of doing so to the negro's permanent advantage. The Hon. H. Clay presided over the meeting, which terminated in the formation of the American Colonization Society. A constitution was sketched out, and adopted unanimously. It fixed the name of the society; provided for the colonizing of the free people of color in the United States, in Africa, or such other place as Congress should see fit; also, that the society should act in co-operation with the general government, and such of the States as might adopt regulations on the subject.

Nearly a year elapsed before the first ship was sent out to explore the coast of Africa, with a view to find a suitable spot for the intended colony. The persons who set out on this arduous enterprise were Mr. Mills, before named, and a friend of his, Dr. Burgess. With letters of introduction from London to the governor of Sierra Leone (a colony similar in character to the one they sought to establish, and which was under the protection of the British), they arrived safely on the African coast, after a somewhat perilous voyage. According to instructions received before leaving home, and with the assistance of friends from Sierra Leone, they visit the Island of Sherbro, 120 miles to the south of the English colony. They hold a "palaver" with the King of Sherbro, produce a favorable impression on him, obtain permission to purchase land for a colony, and turn with cheerful hearts towards America, to report success; but only one of them reaches their much-loved land. Mr. Mills took a violent

cold on his way home, which terminated in his death.

The favorable account, however, which Mr. Burgess gave of the land he had visited, and the good disposition of the Sherbro king towards their project, inspired the friends of the Colonization Society with new hopes. There was no want of men and women to settle in the new colony. Manumitted slaves were only too glad of the chance of rising to the dignity of men, which they saw they never could in America, however pious, intelligent, or rich they might become. A sloop-of-war and a merchantman were fitted up for the use of the Colonization Society. About thirty families, consisting of eighty-nine persons, set sail for the African coast, under the care of two government agents, and one agent of the society, in January, 1820, and, after a short passage, entered the harbor of Sierra Leone. They immediately made for the Sherbro territory, and proceeded to stipulate for the purchase of land. But, arriving as they did in the rainy season, fever and sickness assailed the crew, and all the agents fell victims to their malignant and fatal effects. The emigrants were removed to Fourra Bay—a settlement under the care of the British government, and near to Sierra Leone.

In this dark hour, Jehovah was at work according to the plan prescribed in his almighty councils. This was the discipline he saw best adapted to strengthen the sinews of the young colony; and, that the sufferers might not be cast down beyond measure, he immediately raised up other brave and patriotic men to fill the posts of the fallen heroes. Two more agents were sent out by the government, and two by the society. On their arrival, and after much deliberation with the officers at Sierra Leone, they determined to abandon the Sherbro territory, and seek a more elevated and healthy tract of land, fevers raging with more virulence in the low lands than in the higher. Coasting along in a south-easterly direction, they came to a projecting tongue of elevated land, about three hundred miles from Sierra Leone, called Cape Mesurado. For more than a century past, the French and English had been making repeated offers to the chiefs occupying this territory, who had resolutely refused to part with even the smallest portion. A chief, named King Peter, who carried on an extensive traffic in slaves, held possession of this part of the country, and, as such, had reason for a determined hostility to the nations of north-western Europe. The new

visitors, however, endeavored to obtain an interview with him, but all their efforts proved abortive. They again set sail, and proceeded still further in a south-easterly direction, and, at a distance of about sixty miles from Cape Mesurado, they arrived at the mouth of a river called the Grand Bassa. Here they met with a more welcome reception; and, after carefully exploring the country in the neighborhood, and acquiring favorable impressions of its climate and natural features, they determined, if possible, to obtain a "palaver" with its chief, Jack Ben of Grand Bassa. By means of presents (an invariable condition on which a "palaver" can be secured), they obtained access to his majesty in the palaver-house of Jumbo Town. Additional presents having been laid at his feet, the king desired them to make known their wishes. The end of the matter was, that the chief agreed to sell a piece of land to the applicants, on certain conditions, which were to be written in "book" (as the natives denominate written documents of every kind), and the agents returned to Sierra Leone, arriving there after an absence of seven weeks, more than ever interested in all that pertained to their enterprise.

Once more the leaders fall. The agents who conducted the last named expedition had not returned many days, before two of them entered into that rest which remaineth to the people of God; and one was so disabled by ill health as to be compelled to return to America—Mr. Wiltberger, the remaining agent of the society, being left alone to carry on the affairs of the settlers. Behind this dark cloud, however, the face of the Almighty was beaming with smiles, and his hand was already raising up fresh servants for his work. No sooner were the vacancies caused by death and sickness made known in America, than another brave heart, in the person of Dr. Eli Ayres, was enlisted in the cause. His services, which were gladly accepted, he courageously offered to the Colonization Society.

Shortly after his arrival at Sierra Leone, he was followed by Captain Stockton, who had been sent by the government of the United States to co-operate with the agents of the society. He and Dr. Ayres soon determined to prosecute another exploring voyage along the African coast. Accordingly, they committed the negroes to the care of Mr. Wiltberger, and left them at Fourra Bay, where they had found the means of subsistence ever since they first left the un-

healthy Sherbro territory, shortly after their arrival on the African coast.

On the 11th of December, 1821, Captain Stockton and Dr. Ayres reached the oft-coveted Cape Mesurado. Anchoring in Mesurado Bay, Captain Stockton, in the spirit and with the knowledge of a man who understood what he really wanted, pointed to the noble promontory before them, and said, "*That is the spot we ought to have—that should be the site of our colony—no finer spot on all the coast.*" Whereupon Dr. Ayres, with his characteristic energy, replied, "*Then we must have it.*"

That part of the business was soon and easily done. But then there was the *getting* of it which remained to be accomplished, and this was found to be attended with rather greater difficulties.

We have before intimated, that all negotiations set on foot—all offers, however liberal, that had been made—all gifts that had been forwarded with a view to conciliate the chiefs, and pave the way for an advantageous purchase of land, had signally failed. The present applicants were not to be so easily repulsed. Treatment equally rough they at first received, it is true; but they so far succeeded as to obtain the promise of a "palaver," provided they would *dare* to meet King Peter in his capital. They did *dare*; and forward they went. Through forests—through jungles—sometimes up to their necks in water, at others up to their knees in mud—surrounded by savage beasts, and yet more savage men—unarmed but fearless—they sped their way to the palaver-hall of the monarch of Mesurado. Their reception was anything but flattering. The king frowned at them, and wanted to know *what business* they had in his dominions. Captain Stockton was recognized by some of his majesty's attendants as one who had often thwarted them in their inhuman traffic; and as he was standing beside the throne, a large band of savages rushed forward with a furious howl to lay violent hands on him. The captain, perceiving his danger, drew forth a pocket-pistol which he always carried with him, and pointed it at the head of their chief, while he extended the other hand towards heaven, and sought protection from the Most High. The manœuvre had its intended effect, and the prayer received its answer. The attendants perceiving the danger of their master, fell flat on their faces; the king himself quailing before the calm courage of the white

man. Withdrawing the pistol, Captain Stockton proceeded to business. But it was not till after two or three ceremonious palavers that Peter and the neighboring kings consented to sell a portion of their land to the colonists; and when they did, they took care to have all written in "book," to prevent any subsequent disputes. The document containing the contract is a very amusing one, which we must copy entire. We have sometimes seen contracts drawn up by English lawyers, and have tried more than once to get through one of them, but never could. We have tried to understand them; that was still more nearly approaching the impossible. But this African deed is quite within our reach, and we earnestly recommend it to the study of attorneys and solicitors all the world over. It runs thus:—"Know all men, that this contract, made on the 15th day of December, 1821, between King Peter, King George, King Toda, King Long Peter, their princes and head men, on the one part, and Captain Robert F. Stockton, and Dr. Eli Ayres on the other, witnesseth—that whereas certain persons, citizens of the United States of America, are desirous of establishing themselves on the western coast of Africa, and have invested Captain Robert F. Stockton and Dr. Eli Ayres with full powers to treat with, and purchase from us (here follows a description of the land), we being fully convinced of the pacific and just views of said citizens, and being desirous to reciprocate their friendship, do hereby, in consideration of so much paid in hand—namely, 6 muskets, 1 box of beads, 2 hogsheads of tobacco, 1 cask of gunpowder, 6 bars of iron, 10 iron pots, 1 doz. knives and forks, 1 doz. spoons, 6 pieces of blue baft, 4 hats, 3 coats, 3 pairs of shoes, 1 box pipes, 1 keg nails, 3 looking-glasses, 3 pieces of kerchiefs, 3 pieces of calico, 3 canes, 4 umbrellas, 1 box soap, 1 barrel rum; and to be paid the following:—6 bars of iron, 1 box beads, 50 knives, 20 looking-glasses, 10 iron pots, 12 guns, 3 barrels gunpowder, 1 doz. plates, 1 doz. knives and forks, 20 hats, 5 casks of beef, 5 barrels of pork, 10 barrels of biscuit, 12 decanters, 12 glass tumblers, and 50 shoes—forever cede and relinquish the above-described lands to Robert F. Stockton and Eli Ayres, to have and to hold said premises for the use of said citizens of America.

King Peter + his mark.

King George + his mark.

King Toda + his mark.

King Long Peter + his mark.

King Governor + his mark.

King Jimmy + his mark.

Capt. R. F. Stockton.

Eli Ayres, M.D."

Thus, then, after more than five years of distressing toil—years laden with discouragements that would have crushed the energies of less earnest spirits—the American flag is hoisted on African soil. And better still, the beacon of gospel truth and European civilization is set up there; from which shall radiate as from a centre beams of light and glory, till the whole of that benighted continent shall be filled with their lustre, and all the sons of Ham shall bask in their invigorating rays.

The poor negroes who had been staying at Fourra Bay since their removal from Sherbro Island, were now transported to their new settlement, which was situated about two miles from the sea, and about half a mile south of the Mesurado River. And as freemen only can work, they worked at the heights of Mesurado, till each had provided himself a habitable home. This took place in April, 1822.

In the following month, Captain Stockton, with the society's agents, Dr. Ayres and Mr. Wiltberger, left for the United States, having first committed the management of affairs to one of the settlers, named Elijah Johnson, a man of singular ability, as subsequent events amply proved. He had served in the last war between America and England, and had shown himself as skilful as he was brave. Two months after the departure of the agents, Mr. Jehudi Ashmun, the new functionary from the society, arrived, bringing with him thirty-five more emigrants and various stores. Houses were quickly reared for them; and the work of clearing the ground and cultivating the soil again proceeded with vigor.

And now the hissing of the war-demon comes breaking in upon the busy hum of peaceful industry, and the whoop of hostility overwhelms the merry clatter of the axe and saw. Neighboring chiefs have heard with displeasure of King Peter's treaty with the new comers, knowing, as they do, that the accursed traffic in the blood of their own kindred will be rendered more difficult than ever. Tribes the most savage and inhuman, incapable of coöperation in aught besides, now act in concert, with the prospect before them of a revel in spoliation and death. Revenge, than which no higher virtue they know, inspires them with skill, and arms them with courage. In the spirit of the

gospel of peace, the settlers seek to pacify the turbulent natives by presents, and to purchase from them a promise of peace, although Elijah Johnson is quite sure from his experience that nothing but a fight will bring them to their senses. A bargain is nevertheless concluded, but, as Johnson had predicted, without any lasting results. War is obviously inevitable. That point settled, war must be prepared for.

In the first place, the thickets, which come up close to the settlement and provide an ambush for the savages, must be cleared. The trees cut down will then serve for barricade. This done, the six cannon, all they possess, must be stationed at the most advantageous points. Two are placed at the eastern post, and the others guard those parts most open to attack. All the posts are connected by a strong picket fence; ammunition is made up; the men are drilled; and everything that the foresight of Mr. Ashmun and the experience of Mr. Johnson can suggest to fortify themselves against an onset is diligently attended to. In the midst of these preparations, Mr. Ashmun was suffering severely from an attack of the African fever, generally so fatal to the unacclimated; and before he had recovered, his young wife became another victim to its virulence. After several weeks of hardship and suffering, she died.

In the beginning of November, 1822, the settlers are informed by some of the well-affected natives, who had watched the proceedings of the enemy, and brought intelligence of their war-councils from time to time, that an assault will be made within four days. Mr. Ashmun, sick and disabled as yet, examines the fortifications, and uses every means in his power to make them as perfect as time will allow. He then calls together those capable of bearing arms, only thirty-five in number, and delivers them a stirring address. One more day and one more night brought them to the Sabbath. Divine service was devoutly engaged in, and Lott Cary, a self-liberated negro, and an experienced preacher, gave them a most affecting sermon, having reference to the peculiarity and solemnity of the circumstances under which they met. Service is scarcely over, when a scout runs into the settlement to inform them that the enemy is crossing the Mesurado river. They encamp about half a mile west of the fortifications. Mr. Ashmun now gave minute instructions to all his men; stationed the guards at their respective posts—where they were to remain

till sunrise—and retired to rest. The next morning, the guards at the western post left it at *day-dawning*, instead of at *sunrise*, as the order ran, and consequently before the fresh guards were ready to take their places. Of this unguarded moment the eagle-eyed foe took prompt advantage, and making a rush at the post, took it. Notwithstanding the confusion and loss consequent upon this misapprehension, the garrison were soon in readiness to meet their assailants. Under the direction of Ashmun and Cary, two of the cannon, double-shotted with ball and grape, are made to bear upon the invaders. The first round does fearful execution, and the enemy, panic-struck, recoil. They repeat it, and following up their advantage soon regain their lost post. Now directing their cannon along the whole of the enemy's line, every discharge boomed with the death-knell of the foe. Elijah Johnson at this moment passes with a few musketeers to the enemy's flank, and puts them in complete disorder. Then such a yell, as none but savages can utter, resounds through the forest, as the defeated fall back into their impenetrable recesses. The day is won! the action having lasted only thirty minutes, and about one-half of the thirty-five men having been engaged. At nine o'clock, orders are issued to contract the lines, leaving out a fourth part of the houses; for it was impossible to say how soon they might be called upon to withstand another attack.

Nearly a month passed away, amid difficulties and apprehensions of the most alarming nature. At the end of that time it became evident that another onset was about to be made. "We must make God our trust," said Ashmun, "and wait his deliverance, or lay our bones on Cape Mesurado." The enemy was continually prowling in the neighborhood, and on the 2d of December a brisk fire was suddenly opened on the western post. It was promptly returned by the cannon, with terrible effect. The assailants fell back. A second attempt is made to reach the post, and again they are repulsed. And a third, with like result. At the eastern post, four similar assaults were made, but the two-gun battery, with its rapid and "pernicious fire," sent the invaders tumbling over their dead and dying, in a precipitate retreat. After an hour and a half of sharp and determined battle, the savages proclaimed their own defeat with a furious yell, panic-struck that such a handful of men should overpower them who had mustered by hundreds and thousands. In this conflict only

one settler was killed, though several were wounded.

The neighboring kings were not long before they heard of the valor and skill of the new settlers, and a conviction rapidly gained ground among the natives that it would be to their own interest to make friends with them as soon as possible. Accordingly we hear no more of fighting in the neighborhood of Mesurado from that day to this.

No more of fighting. On the following night, however, the guards thought they heard a rustling among the trees, and some few random shots were fired, and one cannon sent its thunder in the direction of imagined danger. Happily it proved a false alarm. But another enemy, and a real one too, in the form of famine, had been staring them in the face for some time. Ammunition had almost failed; and it seemed a grievous thing that any of it should be expended on phantom dangers. Poor fellows! they no doubt said or thought "all these things were against them." There was one of old thought so, just at the very moment when the Almighty was about to show that all was for him.

That midnight cannon-thunder echoed far and wide, and, amongst other things, fell on the ears of a ship's crew just then passing the Cape. Lest it should be a signal of distress, the captain landed. Sympathizing heartily with the brave settlers as they narrated their adventures, he rendered them timely aid, and brought to them Mr. Laing, the African traveller, who was then in the ship. Mr. Laing used his influence with the native chiefs to secure a treaty of peace, into which by this time they were only too glad to enter.

In the spring of 1823, Dr. Ayres returned from the United States, bringing with him fresh supplies. Henceforward, we find the colonists struggling with difficulties, but struggling successfully: occasionally engaged in skirmishes with some of the tribes from the interior, or with those with whom they came in contact as they extended their boundaries along the coast, but mostly coming off victorious; and gradually surrounding themselves with the comforts and immunities of civilized life.

The name of Liberia (the land of the free) was given to the colony in 1823 by the Senate at Washington, and that of Monrovia was given to the first settlement in honor of the president, Monroe, who had taken a warm interest in the enterprise from the first.

About the year 1839, the settlements had so far increased in number as sometimes to

occasion mutual embarrassments to each other's proceedings, when it was deemed desirable to unite them all under one constitution, and so prepare the settlers still further for self-government and the duties of independent sovereignty. A constitution was drawn up by a committee consisting of four individuals, appointed by the Colonization Society. It enacted, among other things, "that the legislature should be vested in a governor and council of Liberia; the council consisting of representatives elected by the different settlements, and ten others from the two counties into which the colony was divided: that there should be no slavery in the commonwealth: that the right of trial by jury should be inviolate: that every male citizen of the age of twenty-one should have the right of suffrage: and that all elections should be by ballot." This step was an important one in the history of Liberia; it conduced greatly to her immediate interests, and from that time she made rapid advances, till she found herself in a position to claim her independence.

To seek an independent sovereignty, the Liberians were driven as much by necessity as by desire. Disputes would frequently arise between the officers acting under the Governor of Liberia and traders entering the Liberian ports, respecting the duties on goods imported to the colony, and other matters of like nature. In the arbitration of such questions, it was difficult to find the ground on which the differing parties could meet each other. The Colonization Society were a company of private individuals, and, therefore, it was not competent for them to enter into negotiations with the British or any other government. The United States could not appeal on behalf of Liberia, inasmuch as Liberia was not properly an American colony. Nor could Liberia enter into diplomatic relations with established governments on her own behalf, for her sovereignty was not recognized. Hence, the necessity of another change in her government, which was at length decided on.

That change, though a highly important one, was effected without much difficulty. The colonists had none to consult in the matter but themselves. They probably knew that the governments with which they were most closely connected were favorable to their independence, or, at least, would offer no obstacle to their claiming it. Certain it was that England and America had always regarded them with emotions that might be regarded as paternal rather than otherwise.

Accordingly, in the year 1847, their Declaration of Independence was published. It was a manly and dignified production, and was in itself sufficient to show how thoroughly imbued its compilers were with those principles without which no people can be really free, but with which any people may be safely made so. It wound up with an explicit statement of the articles of the new constitution, the fourth of which was, "that there shall be no slavery in this republic; nor shall any citizen or any person resident therein deal in slaves, either within or without its bounds," thus rising superior in one point at least to its parent model.

As it was owing, in a great measure, to the abilities of Governor Roberts that the republic was thus successfully established, he was elected its first president; shortly after which election, he visited America, England, France, and Belgium, in order to obtain from their respective governments an acknowledgment of the independence and sovereignty of Liberia. He was courteously received in all these places, and, after a little hesitation on the part of England and America, Liberia was recognized by them as an independent republic.

Thus, then, we have traced the progress of Liberia from its first small beginnings to the proud position which it now occupies among the nations. We will conclude this article by briefly summing up its present physical and political characteristics.

Physically, its advantages are very great. It possesses a coast line nearly 500 miles in extent; reaching from the Sherbro River on the north-west, to Cape Palmas on the south-east. From the coast towards the interior the land gradually rises, thus affording every facility for effective drainage and irrigation. Several rivers, but none very large, run through the territory, and empty themselves into the Atlantic; the Sherbar, Pissou, St. Paul's, Mesurado, St. John's, and the Sesters are amongst the principal. A little below the mouth of St. John's is a beautiful "cove,"

to which the attention of seamen has recently been called by an article in the "Nautical Magazine," which states that "it is one of the very best harbors on that long line of coast." It is called Bassa Cove. The deep surface soil of Liberia is rich and fertile in the extreme; producing, naturally, palm oil, dye-woods, gums and spices; while it is capable of being easily cultivated so as to yield sugar, cotton, coffee, and almost every other kind of vegetable usually found either in temperate or torrid zones. Ivory, gold-dust, and timber-trees abound.

Politically, its prosperity is astonishing. No less than a quarter of a million of people are now enjoying all the advantages of a regular government: not above six or seven thousand of which are of American origin, the rest consisting of the population of neighboring states, whose chiefs have requested that their territories might be incorporated with those of the new republic; so obvious, even to savages, are the benefits of a wise constitution. But, better than all, it is the attractiveness of the Christian religion which forms the chief ground on which these heathen tribes seek the friendship of their more enlightened neighbors. Several towns and settlements have sprung up in a very short space of time. Among them may be mentioned, Monrovia, Millsburgh, Edina, Port Cresson, Caldwell, New Georgia, Hedington, Robertsville, Bexley, Bassa Cove, &c., most of which have been named in honor of some of the more eminent friends and patrons of the republic. Places of worship, mission stations, schools and other educational establishments, are rapidly increasing both in number and efficiency; so that, whatever may have been the doubts and misgivings of the friends of Liberia in former days, the time has now arrived when the promoters of freedom and progress may look with confidence to this country for an exemplification of what the negro can become, and of the safety with which he can be intrusted with the management of his own affairs.

From Hogg's Instructor.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

SOME people are led to suppose, that the long line of bards who have cast a lustre on the world's course will soon become extinct: that the genius of poetry is about to plume his golden wings, and leave us for a brighter sphere. They think that the divine art rose in those magnificent productions, fragments of which have come down to us, snatched from the spoils of time; that it continued until it had reached its meridian splendor; that the galaxy of poets of the last age was the purple pomp of its departing glory; and that the sons of song who adorn the present day are but the rainbow hues which hover for awhile above the sunken luminary, and then fade away into the dusky twilight. But we feel assured that, while there is a rainbow in the cloud, a star in the sky, or a blade of grass on the everlasting hills, there will be a poet to hold mysterious commune with creation, and to point from "Nature up to Nature's God:" that while in this world of ours there is a smile of joy or a tear of woe, a holy love or a heavenward aspiration, a shattered hope or a buried flower, there will be a poet to encourage suffering virtue, to fire flagging zeal, to denounce the proud oppressor, to assist the trampled slave, and to hymn in prophetic strains the pæan of a renovated earth.

We have been led to make these preliminary remarks by the book which is the principal subject of our present paper: and we conceive "Festus" to be, not only a triumphant vindication of the permanence of poetry, but also essentially *the* poem of the age. The author is eminently catholic in his spirit: he stands, as it were, "in the sun, and with no partial gaze views all creation." The rolling world, with all its varied features, its mighty mountains and frowning forests, its verdant vales and sunny slopes, the melody of its woods, and winds, and waters, and the ten thousand diversities of loveliness which flash from its every recess, all minister to him. Lightning and tempest, hurricane and whirlwind, earthquake and volcano, war, famine, and wind-walking pestilence are obedient to his away. The powers, passions, prejudices

of mankind; love, hope, madness, exultation, despair; the past, the present, the future; Paradise and Pandemonium are subject to his scrutiny; he "exhausts old worlds, and then imagines new:"—

"Existence sees him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toils after him in vain."

We feel, while reading this book, like a man gazing upon the midnight heavens, or wandering in a wilderness of sweets—scarce knowing where to begin, or how to analyze; our remarks, therefore, must be, like the flight of the dragon-fly, somewhat discursive.

"Festus" is essentially a true and an earnest book: the author's existence has not passed like a summer zephyr, fitted merely to "float among the lily bells, and ruffle the rose:"—life, in all its awful reality, in all its labyrinthine mazes, in all its ebb and flow of passion, in all its hidden meaning, has been written on his heart in characters of fire. He speaks of "youth as passionate genius, with all its flights and follies;" he unfolds for us the human soul, "the sphinx-like heart consistent in its inconsistency"—the powers therein contending for mastery—the world witching, the flesh fascinating, the devil dazzling but to destroy—now high up in its aspirations after the Eternal; now back again to earth, basking in the beauty of her smile, and caring naught for fate or for the future. Festus is a type of mankind, but he is no ordinary mortal: vulgar temptations have no power upon him; the lures which suffice to lead off secondary natures are as feeble to fetter him as the green withes to Sampson; but love is the master-passion of his soul—a potent spirit which he cannot baffle; and when she flings her chains of flowers about him, he cannot choose but follow. The love of Festus is not that phase of the passion which we find possessed by those individuals who can sit down calmly and state the matter to themselves, balancing each consideration pro. and con. with the niceness of a banker or a bullion merchant, and letting their decision be regulated by the turning of

a scale. Neither is it the ghastly phantom which personates God's image, and leads its votaries on to death and madness. No—it is a pure and spiritual passion, reared like the rainbow partly in heaven and partly on earth, and subsisting as a connecting link between the two: it is that intense perception of the loveliness of woman which none but a poetical imagination can conceive; it is the rejoicing of the nature when “something in us says, Come let us worship beauty!”—it is the enthusiastic pilgrimage of the devotee to the shrine where he fondly deems he shall meet with a divinity, and where he hopes to shadow himself, although it be all silently as sits the brooding dove. It is a passion which now “tears the sea-like soul up by the roots, and lashes it in scorn against the skies;” and now passes off as gently as the last lines of sunset or the lingering close of a lovely melody. It is of necessity imperfect, chequered like the greensward with sunbeams and shadows of the clouds; overshooting its mark by the headlong haste with which it draws the bow; forgetful of the past and future—conscious only of the present; prompting in its fiery flight, acts, words, and feelings which the Tempter brings up like grim phantoms when the spent soul pauses to reflect. A passion like the great heaven overhead, which, however dimmed by clouds and fired by lightning, retains in storm and calm its own pure stainless majesty, and shines out clear at last.

Our author does not create for his readers an Arcadian scene of delicious sights and sounds, where time is counted by golden sands, and the days pass off to the sound of moonlight music. He looks upon the world as it is, and presents it to us in its veritable aspect: he sees the good within it, and loves it though the brand of sin be on its brow. He would not have earth's terrible magnificence and rugged grandeur melted down into forms of the fairest fashioning and most symmetrical proportions. He would not have the ocean ever calm, the skies ever blue, and the hills and valleys ever steeped in sunlight: for to him “terror hath a beauty even as mildness;” and he loves to walk abroad when the spirit of the storm is aroused, and “volleys all his arrows off at once;” when the thunder booms heavily along the arch of heaven; and the stern strife and wild warfare of the elements reveal to him Nature in all her grandeur and sublimity. And as in the physical, so in the spiritual universe. He finds matter for elevation and improvement in the ebb and flow of tempestuous passions, when sorrow sweeps across the soul, and

crests its every wave with foam; when love and woe are “ravelled and twined together into madness;” in blighted hopes and severed affections, and heart-breaking farewells; in the voices of the distant and the dead; and in the memory of seasons of happiness which are gone, not forgotten—past, not lost. He does not ignore the existence of sin, and vice, and crime, but he seeks to show their meaning and their mission, their cause and consequence. He discerns the Deity not only in the fountains and the flowers, the woods, the waters, the nodding pines, and the still stars of heaven; but also in the revolutions of humanity, the varied aspects of mankind, wherever found. He deems religion to be faith in God and a noble life, a high intent, a firm resolve, a calm reliance on the Universal King; a love serene and holy, ruffled not in woe or woe; undaunted and undazzled alike in storm and calm, in life and death. He sees, and strives to help, the feeble ray of light which glances with a fitful and inconstant flame among the ruins of the sin-bound soul; deems that every aspiration, every struggle of the spirit, every attempt, however abortive, after excellence, is the divinity in man, which, spite of opposing elements, shall burn up all its foes, and stand revealed at last, pure and high. He bids us “think on noble deeds, and thoughts ever, count o'er the rosary of truth, and practise precepts which are proved wise.” He admires the beautiful, wherever found, and bids us look through all to God; and blesses him who gave the soul such boundless powers, and winged it for such flight. He reverences great men of every clime and creed, and asks not so much what they believed, as what they did. He teaches us that truth shall live and be triumphant though the world withstand; that empires and dynasties arise and fall as they are needed or their mission done; and that the world rolls onward to its final goal in blood and darkness, and in calm and peace—growing wiser by every circuit round the sun.

The book has no regular plot, but ranges life-like over a wide surface, and presents situations of the most striking contrast. We have scenes in heaven followed by scenes on earth, in the air, in the planets, in pandemonium; scenes of passionate love side by side with those of spiritual worship and of solitary meditation. Noble resolutions and stern condemnings of the vanities of life are succeeded by feasts and follies, and the careless gaiety of one who seems resolved to sound the depths of pleasure, and if life be a burden, “to do his best to make it but the burden

a song." We have sublime discoursings, elaborate arguments, descriptions of external nature and internal passion, instinct with the divinest poetry; and as foils to these we find "quips and quiddities," verses irresistibly comic, pages garlanded with the gayest wreaths that ever decorated joyous festival, bursting around us like a shower of fireworks, and sometimes passing off into absolute absurdity.

We are very much struck with our author's conception of Lucifer; it is the finest impersonation of evil with which we are acquainted. He is represented as adapting himself to all classes of society, and as being present, however well disguised, in every phase of life. He muses with the meditative soul over tombstones and ruined temples; he unfolds for those who thirst after knowledge, the records of antiquity, and the mysteries of science; with the gay he has a dashing, sparkling, boon-companion, and his presence irradiates the festive circle as a fire-fly the eastern heaven; with those "whose bliss, whose woe, whose life, whose all is love," he is the impassioned admirer, whose words are dipped in honey dew, and feathered with celestial fancies. And then the work complete, the soul seduced and standing on the portals of eternity, the tempter drops his mask, and with a bitter laugh taunts his poor victim, declares he shall be damned, "and has but served the purpose of the fiend." He knows his mission, and steadily he works it out, though like the lightning it be "but to blind and slay." He feels himself, with all his power, only a permission of the Infinite, a thread in the loom of destiny; and so he carries on his schemes, conscious that he strives against Omnipotence, and that his orbit is as fixed and fated as the everlasting stars.

The sole aim of the book is God the Father's glory, and an attempt to justify his ways to man. Whether our author's theory be correct or not, we shall not here pronounce, but we must admit that he has shadowed forth the perfections of the Deity as completely as the nature of the subject will admit. The love to God is brought out in vivid contrast with the love of man:—the latter flashing out by fits, rapid, irregular, of the earth earthy; the former ever resting high and calm above it, "as the stars o'er thunder:" the latter heaven-born and heaven-bound, but sheathed like the lightning in a cloud, having to struggle upward, losing itself in many a devious wandering, and dimming its lustre by many a dark descent; the former boundless and exhaustless, bending compassionately over its

feeble offspring, and ever lifting and allaying them with itself.

Respecting the poetry of "*Festus*" we cannot speak too highly—the magic of Bailey's verse is perfectly astonishing. We find frequently long sweeping passages which carry the reader out of himself, as it were on the wings of a whirlwind; wave succeeding wave with marvellous rapidity, and still the climax is deferred, still the poet pauses not, and flags not to the final close, then leaves behind "a rocking and a ringing, glorious and momentary madness, might it last, and close the soul with heaven as with a seal."

Images gathered from the four winds, from every science physical and psychical, are flung down as lavishly as sunbeams at the opening morn, or fire-hued leaves when Autumn sweeps across the trees. Here is no hoarding of wealth, no dexterous arrangement of similes to the best advantage; but every turn reminds us of the lavish pomp and princely splendor which adorned the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid. And there are little quiet home scenes and home feelings springing up ever and anon, as it were by the way, like wild violets, doubly sweet on account of their unexpected appearance and retiring beauty. And there are powerful appeals, soul-stirring sentiments, wisdom of world-wide significance, condensed like the thunderbolt into the smallest possible compass, and left to make their way and produce their impression by their own intrinsic power.

"*Festus*" is a book of too high an order to be popular with the masses; too ethereal to find favor with the votaries of sense; but it commends itself to those to whom it has been given to read the mystic meaning of the universe and the "star-written prophecies of heaven." It numbers those among its followers who, in an age of mammon-worship, have not bowed the knee to Baal, those who will not join in celebrating the sacrifice of all things pure and holy to the idol self. Its friends are the ardent, the generous, the enthusiastic; the souls that feed on beauty, as the flowers on dew; the hearts that hallow themselves by intercourse with nature; the minds that struggle upward, and for ever seek to sun themselves at the Fount of light.

Reader! has the world ever seemed to thee but a waste wilderness of woe and sin? hast thou been gifted with a poetical imagination, and forced by circumstances to take an active part in the stern battle of life?

hast thou felt sick at heart, perceiving that thy path was uncongenial, thy companions unsympathizing, thy strength unequal to the strife? Hast thou been tempted to fling away thy high resolves, thy finer feelings; to "shed thy shining wings," and to become an earthling? Look up and hope, our poet tells thee; keep true to the dream of thy youth; gladden thyself with the bright spots of humanity glinting out like glow-worms ever and anon; let thy "soul have a look southward, and be open to the whole noon of nature;" use the talent that is given thee; do thy best to elevate thy fellow-men, and raise their spirits skyward; and in so doing thou shalt be blest.

Hast thou been doomed to stand with all thy household gods shivered around thee—to see thy brilliant prospects fade away like fire-flies, and the gray dawn rise upon thee cold and comfortless? Does the funeral-bell strike up a mournful echo in thy soul, telling thee in slow, sad murmurs of the loved and lost? Does the eventide awaken wildering recollections of the past, when the flush of morning was upon thee, and a guiding star beacons thee to a brilliant future—a star that died upon the blue of heaven, a future that shall never come? Look up and hope, our poet tells thee; the world of spirit hovers round the world of sense, the fiery ordeal was sent to serve a purpose, the burning baptism shall be a blessing, and shall bring thee, if not now, yet certainly hereafter, peace. Art thou troubled that the still firmament of faith in which thou wast wont to move is dimmed? because thy spiritual vision is not as it was; because thou canst only now and then catch a glimpse of glory, which renders doubly dark the gloom which surrounds it? Look up and hope, our poet bids thee:—

"Time tells his tale by shadows, and by clouds
The wind records its progress, by dark doubts
The spirit swiftening on its heavenward course."
Keep thine eye upward, thy path onward,
and thou shalt yet

"Re-rise from ruin,
High, holy, happy, stainless as a star,
Imperishable as eternity."

But we must hasten forward, and give but one glance in passing to the "Angel World," our author's second work, which, though different in style and expression from the first, is still stamped with the features of the same mind that moulded "Festus." The one reminds us of the sun donning his crown of light, marching in majesty through the heavens, illuminating the universe with the sparkles of his eye, and setting amid the clouds which have been accompaniments of his course, and are the ornaments of his close; the other is like "a night of stars, wherein the memory of the day seems trembling through the meditative air." The one is an *Æolian* harp, wide as the welkin, where the winds come and go, and make wild music; the other is a silver symphony, a seraph song, a moonlight melody of breeze and billow. The one is the battle of good and evil related by an actor in the drama, who has come off from the contest with scars of many wounds upon him; the other is the same scene described by the shining ones that walk upon the golden battlements, that aid the wounded warrior, and crown the conqueror with wreaths that never fade.

And now we must conclude our paper; pleasantly have we sheltered ourselves awhile among the bowers of song, and refreshed our spirits by this temporary sojourn under the palm-trees in the desert. We love dream-land and cloud-land, which are the true and inner life, the heaven that never dims the lustre of its eye; the fount that never fails; but we are reminded that we must be up, and take a part once more in the battle and the march. We go with a heart all the stronger and a courage all the higher for our discourse with thee of Festus and his wonder-world of song.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

AND THEN?

THE oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders

conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt an imprudence in years long by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them for ever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when *he* says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in *it* if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unfailing good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added: "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: "Don't go."

"No, that I won't," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good night" and "bless you" to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homewards, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked: "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain: "Fine scenery;" on which the host added: "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said: "An indifferent one indeed." After a pause, and suffering his

mirth to subside, he continued: "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth: "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he is likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin too, you know); and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine;

I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused, out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute more slowly.

"Why, then,"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation:—

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely suggestive words, "And then?" It proved a long and a toilsome night's journey for that belated traveller; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, be-

held afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky: the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" the soft night breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: "And then?"

It is true he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, as he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined that they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and night-

ingales, when Ambermead was in its glory ; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door ; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenery, was festooned with roses ; and a band of maidens in white, lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forwards on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming : "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute ! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say : "Miss Clara !" —as he gazed from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said with deep feeling : —

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so ?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

"Two words, spoken in season, wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect,"

returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity ; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, '*And then?*' enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart ; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidently on her husband ; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man ; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race !

The prognostication proved correct ; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant —a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words—" *And then ?*"

From Punch.

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.

IN the columns of *Punch* there has lately appeared a series of honey-moon scenes between a romantic young bride and a quizzical good fellow of a bridegroom. Here is a bit from the last portion of it. The fond couple are beginning to tire of the monotony of an English watering place on the South-

ern Coast. The lady is the narrator ; and thus proceeds with a dialogue respecting their future movement. The husband *loquitur*.

* * * * "Or, to make it shorter, there is a globe in the drawing-room, and we'll give it a turn or two, and with our eyes shut, so choose. Or, what is better still, we'll go

straight over the way," and Fred pointed to the coast of France that, in the clearness of the day, is quite distant and bright.

"That will be beautiful," said I. "France! Well, that will be a surprise to Mamma, and Mary, and Margaret; and I'll bring 'em all back a beautiful—"

"My love," said Fred; "my ever dear Lotty;" and he placed his arm around my waist and drew me close to him, rumpling all my curls about his shoulder, "my rose, my pigeon, and my pearl,"—(what *was* he going to say?)—"in taking you from your native British Isle to introduce you to our natural enemies, you must not forget your duties and your rights as an English matron."

"Well, Fred," said I, "I hope I know my duties; but"—and I did laugh—"what are my rights?"

"Bone of my bone—" replied Fred, very gravely—"don't be impatient. Learn and practise your duties; and as for your rights, why, leave them to come as best they may. Right, my love, is a plant of slow growth. You can't tell how long Justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before justice could run alone. As for women's rights, my forlorn one, they were sent into the world somewhere, but certain philosophers believe—and I confess myself one of them—believe that women's rights have been frozen in the North-West passage. Who knows? they may drift back again at the great thaw."

I didn't understand a word; and so I nodded. "But then," said I; "about France and—"

"And that brings me back to my exhortation. Sweetest daughter of Eve—"

"Don't be foolish, Fred," said I.

"Bud of Eden and chosen flower for my button-hole—"

It was of no use to interrupt—so I let him go on.

"Before we quit our beloved Albion, it is necessary—it is most essential, my darling, to our future peace, and the perennial growth of our fireside flowers—(and without thorn the rose)—that we should come to a serious understanding; should ratify a solemn compact between us."

"What!—another!" said I, and I know I laughed.

"Another. Being man and wife—"

"I should think that sufficient," was my very courageous remark.

"Being man and wife, we should have nothing hidden from each other—"

"I hope not; indeed, Frederick, I am sure *not*. One soul!" was my exclamation.

"Very true: one soul in two dwellings. Because where there is secrecy in married life, especially when visiting France—"

"But why, visiting France above all places?" I asked.

"Or rather, when leaving France," continued Fred, looking at me very earnestly; "the result *may* to the feelings of a husband be most distressing. Imagine, my beloved Lotty, what would be my emotions as your husband if—the wife of my bosom were found out."

"Found out! my dear;" and I *was* mystified.

"Found out, my love: for I know too well—it is impossible it should be otherwise—the guilty thought that possessed you. I saw it tinging your cheek, lightening in your eye—"

"Guilty thought!" and I was fast becoming serious—angry.

"Put it from you—crush it—annihilate it—"

"Now, Frederick," said I, and I drew myself with a sudden twitch from him, "have no more of this: I won't listen to another word, until you tell me what you mean. Found out! Guilty thought! I ask what you mean?" and I threw myself back in a chair, and was ready to cry, but wouldn't.

"I mean this, my dear. You allow with me that there should be nothing secret between man and wife?"

"Most certainly."

"That there should be nothing hidden?"

"No—to be sure not: of course not."

"Very well, love; on that understanding I will take you to France."

"But why on *that* understanding?"

"Because, when we leave it—strong in your principles—you will scorn smuggling."

Now, I don't think 'twould ever have entered my head, if he hadn't named it.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal new publications and announcements noticed by the London Literary Journals during the past month, are as follows :—

Among new works to be shortly published, Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. announce a historical volume by Miss Jane Strickland, sister of the author of the "Queens of England," "Rome, Regal and Republican;" by Miss Frederica Bremer, impressions of her visit to America, entitled "Homes in the New World;" and "Memorials of Early Christianity," by Edward Miall, M.P., a popular sketch of early ecclesiastical history.

Chapman has some important commercial and educational works in the press, especially a volume on "The Educational Institutions of the United States," translated from the Swedish of Dr. P. A. Siljeström, by Frederica Rowan.

Longman and Co. announce two more volumes of the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," by Lord John Russell, next week. The fourth volume of Colonel Mure's "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece" is ready. Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth's book on "Education, as affected by the Minutes of Privy Council, from 1846 to 1852, with Practical Suggestions for Future Policy," will be acceptable in the present state of public feeling on the question.

The concluding volume of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" is at length promised by Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh, a thick volume of 720 pages.

Blackwood and Sons are preparing a "People's Edition of Alison's History of Europe," to appear in weekly numbers, monthly parts, and quarterly volumes, commencing at the end of this month.

Bentley announces important works on India and Indian affairs, including Mr. Kaye's volume "On the Administration of the East India Company," and a "History of the Governors-General of India," by the same author.

A new work announced by Hurst and Blackett, "Eighteen Years on the Gold-Coast of Africa," by Brodie Cruikshank, Esq., Member of the Legislative Council, Cape Coast Castle, will be an acceptable work to all interested in African civilization and commerce.

Murray announces Dr. J. D. Hooker's "Himalayan Journals;" Mr. F. Galton's "Travels in South Africa;" the eleventh volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece;" the concluding volumes of the "Diary of George Grenville, including Unpublished Letters of Junius, with a clue to the Authorship;" a translation of Ancient Spanish Ballads, by Lockhart; a reprint of Lord Campbell's Life of Bacon.

A posthumous volume by Edward Quillinan, the son-in-law of Wordsworth, is also announced; an instalment of an English version of Camoens' *Lusiad*, by the same; Patrick Scott's *Thomas à Beckett*.

The Right Hon. George Banks is to edit the Story of Corfe Castle and of Persons who have lived there, including the Private Memoirs of a Family in the time of the Civil Wars; Mr. Bruce, the treasurer of the Camden Society, undertakes the same task for The Verney Papers, a Selection from the Correspondence of the Verney Family during the Reign of Charles I. to the year 1639; and the Rev. T. T. Lewis has in hand The Correspondence of Lady Brilliana Hardy during the Civil Wars; a Life and Times of Savonarola, by Mr. R. R. Madden; a

translation of Felice's History of the Protestants of France; a Church History in England, by Mr. Martineau, late of Cambridge; and a History of Latin Christianity from the Fifth Century down to the Reformation, from the estimable pen of Dean Milman, not yet made a bishop.

Another instalment of Macaulay's History is once more positively promised; and the right honourable gentleman is to contribute an article on "Atterbury" to the new edition of The Encyclopædia Britannica, for which are destined papers on *Æschylus*, by Professor Blackie, and on Addison, by Professor Spalding.

Croker's long promised Works, Prose and Verse, and Correspondence of Pope, is again announced as forthcoming.

Peter Cunningham promises a carefully revised and annotated edition of Johnson's Lives of the English Poets.

Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, in the Years 1850-51, under the Orders and at the Expense of Her Majesty's Government, by the late James Richardson. Mr. Richardson penetrated far beyond the limit of former travellers, and composed during the year that was spared to him a record of his adventures in eight small closely-written volumes, besides dispatches and scattered memoranda, which are here arranged by Mr. Bayle St. John in the form of a cheerful narrative.

On the 30th of March, 1850, Mr. Richardson started from Tripoli, and on the 4th of March, 1851, at a place called Ungaratura, 1500 miles in the interior, and within six days' journey of that great central lake which was the subsequent boast of and grave of his companion, that he died. The Prussian *savans*, Drs. Barth and Overweg, accompanied the author of this posthumous narrative as scientific observers, and intelligence of the death of the latter has reached us. The work has a great scientific value.

Military Life in Algeria, by Count P. De Castellane. This work on, an important subject, does not satisfy the critics. The *Literary Gazette* says:—"It by no means satisfies an ideal of what an account of Algeria and its wars might be. It belongs to a class daily becoming more and more common in this age of book-making—works in which the author takes no trouble to lay out his subject systematically, so as to give the reader the requisite idea of the theatre of events, and of the entire 'situation' (as the French say), before leading him along by a string of mere personal adventure. In the two volumes before us we have sketches of military adventures, short historical retrospects, accounts of conversations, descriptions of scenery, and glimpses of Arab manners, beliefs and customs,—but all so loosely strung together, that, though we have a general notion of being in Algeria, we have not the slightest idea in the end how we found matters going on there when we entered the country, and how we left them going on when we quit- ted it."

Notwithstanding all this, the book, being written in a gay, lively French spirit, and containing a great number of miscellaneous scraps of information, may be read with pleasure, both by those who have already a complete picture of Algeria and its condition before their eyes, and by those who are content to be without such a picture."

The Great Cities of the Middle Ages, or the Landmarks of European Civilization, by Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A. Notices of Bagdad and the principal cities of Europe; slightly topographical, but principally used as a means of introducing historical sketches. Thus, the leading feature of Aix la Chapelle is the char-

acter and exploits of Charlemagne; at Upsala and Stockholm, the early history of Sweden is presented, still embodied in biographical notices of the eminent actors.

Memoirs of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, by January Searle. The *Critic* thinks "January Searle is admirably fitted to discourse on the genius of Ebenezer Elliott. His mind is searching and analytical, and his style of composition like a perpetual summer, full of melody and lovely colors. Having had many opportunities of sounding the turbulent depths, moral and political, of the Masbrough poet, whom he admired and loved, he has given the result of his investigations with unusual impartiality. We do not think that there is much new light thrown on the character of Elliott's genius; but this is no disparagement to Mr. Searle, for Elliott was a man who wrote, and in the act his entire being was transfused into words—his poems were his blood, heart and brain. Every thing, however, which relates to his private life,—to his friendships, to his spontaneous emotions and utterances in moments of domestic frankness,—is interesting, and Mr. Searle has added to this interest. Probably the letters at the end of the volume are the surest medium of showing the details of the poet's mind.

The Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Memoir, by William Beechey. The *Literary Gazette* says: "We are glad that a modern publisher presented an excellent and commodious edition of the writings of one who did so much for English painters, both by his pencil and pen. To the works of Sir Joshua is prefixed a Memoir of his Life, by Henry William Beechey, with remarks on his professional character, illustrative of his principles and practice. This memoir, like all those previously given by artists, as Northcote, Farrington, &c., must be highly interesting to those who study the theory, the principles, the history, and the progress of painting; but to the general reader the name of Reynolds is familiar, not only as the greatest painter of his age and country, the philosophical expounder of the rules of beauty, and the originator of the Royal Academy, but as the amiable and accomplished gentleman, the founder of the Literary Club, the friend and associate of Burke and Johnson and Goldsmith, and of all who were most eminent for literature, taste and genius, during the middle of the eighteenth century.

History of the Church of France during the Revolution, by the Abbé Jager. "The subject of this work," says the *Athenæum*, "would demand for its adequate treatment philosophical grasp and academic elegance. With neither of these is the compiler (for the Abbé Jager is little more) endowed. His three long volumes are filled up with copious citations from the speeches made during the Revolution; and he offers neither profound generalization nor vivid passages of description. As might be expected, he treats the whole question from the sacerdotal point of view:—and he falls into the error of making the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau the main causes of the French Revolution. The modern historical writers of France have shown very clearly that the train had been long laid which eventuated in the explosion of 1793,—and that to attribute the destruction of the French monarchy to the pens of Voltaire and Rousseau is to be superficial and incorrect."

The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age, by Samuel Warren, F.R.S., is the title of a lecture delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Hull, of which town the learned counsellor is the Recorder. The lecture ranges over a vast variety of topics without much connection or purpose, but presenting as he proceeds all manner of facts and opinions, literary, scientific, social and religious, in a *melange* that must have sustained the attentive curiosity of his original audience, and that now affords amusing and instructive matter for an hour's reading.

Ancient Irish Minstrelsy, by William H. Drummond, D.D., attacks the claim of Macpherson to the authorship of Ossian. Dr. Drummond enters into this controversy with the ardor peculiar to his country, asserting his ut-

ter ignorance of the Erse language, his falsifications of Irish history, and his impudent plagiarisms from the bards of Erin.

Mr. Mariotte's new work, *Fra Dolcino*, is well received. The *Athenæum*, at the close of the most reluctant notice we have seen, says of it: "As an episode in Italian history—an episode full of romance, with considerable novelty of scene and character, and lighted throughout by a high moral interest—we are nevertheless glad to receive this book. There is much information in it about Italy in former times,—and not unfrequently there are suggestive hints as to present and future."

A Poet's Day-Dreams, by Hans Christian Andersen. The *Literary Gazette* says, "it will be as welcome in any month of flowers or harvests as at the canonical time

When icicles hang by the wall:—

since it may be read and remembered by poets and the children of poets long after this busy year and its busy people shall have been gathered to their fathers."

History in Ruins; embodying a popular sketch of the History of Architecture. By George Godwin, F.R.S. This is a reprint, with additions and corrections, of an entertaining series of letters, fourteen in number—and first printed in *The Builder*,—a journal conducted by Mr. Godwin, the writer of the letters. The *Literary Gazette* says of it: "The author calls his book, *A Handbook of Architecture for the unlearned*; and, in many respects, it is a work well answering to that intention,—while, in others, it will, in the language of an old quotation, amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile. Mr. Godwin trips agreeably over his ground; his range of illustration reaching from Cain to Sir Charles Barry, from the Ptolemies to Mr. Pugin and Mr. Pennethorne. It is perhaps a little too minute at the beginning and too slight towards the end of his labors. But yet, like *Phyllis* in the song, 'he never fails to please'—relieving the severity of truth and the use of architectural terms by agreeable anecdotes, peppered and sweetened for the nonce."

The Book of the Garden. By Charles M'Intosh, F. R. P. E. What Mr. Stephens has done for the Agriculturist in his great Book of the Farm, the *Examiner* thinks Mr. M'Intosh is now doing for the Horticulturist in his proportionately great Book of the Garden. "The first volume only is now issued, containing nearly eight hundred pages, exclusive of a good body of plates. The work is well written and amply illustrated; and here in a man may learn the entire mystery of flower plots, and what style means in laying out a piece of garden ground. In short, the man who can afford to be constructive in his garden, will be unwise, we think, if he commence operations without having consulted the first volume of M'Intosh."

AMERICAN BOOKS.—The *Athenæum*, noticing a new edition of the Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, pays this passing tribute to this poet: "In his own country, Mr. Lowell ranks high among the younger bards who are to assist in the poetical awakening which is probably at hand. He has many of the qualities for the task—an earnest spirit of love and a passionate sense of wrong. He has the genius of his office,—is skilful of hand,—but deficient in tone."

An Englishman's Experience in America. By Marianne Finch. The *Literary Gazette*, in reviewing this work, says, "The opening chapter of this volume does not present a very favorable impression of the author, and the work is tinged throughout with a dash of unfeminine boldness, sufficient at times to raise a blush, and hardly to be regarded as the type of a well-bred Englishwoman. The narrative is a singular compound of wit, immodesty, and feebleness. With some clever snatches of observation the reflections and comments are too often light, puerile, or unsound, and, as we shall presently show, there is an infinite deal of nonsense about the science of society and the rights of woman. From its intense interest, however, on this point for the softer sex the book will find many light readers."

Remarks on African Colonization, and the Abolition of Slavery, by a citizen of New England, is characterized

by the *Athenæum* as a "document to be read with interest by those of our countrymen who have come to agree with Mrs. Stowe and the sober-minded crusaders against slavery, that the prosperity of Liberia is a point gained for the whole Negro race."

The *Athenæum*, noticing the delightful little work by the late Mrs. Prof. Phelps, of Andover, entitled the *Tell-Tale*, makes the absurd remark: "It is impossible for us to tell whether or not the greater part of the matter forming this little volume has already been presented to the English reader; so actively carried on at present is the republication of American books, and so little agreed among themselves appear to be the republicans."

A reprint of Mr. Wallis's Spain and her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men, elicits from the *Examiner* the following notice: "It handles the subject with the greater ease and knowledge of a man who has become more thoroughly familiar with it. It is by far the most favorable account we have had of the existing condition of Spain—of the people, as well as of the country. We think it amusing throughout, always observant and shrewd, and we have read with great interest the notices which are given by Mr. Wallis of the leading politicians and men of letters in Madrid. The book will correct, indeed, much prevailing misapprehension on the various matters of which it treats."

Pulszky's White, Red, Black, originally published by REDFIELD, and reprinted by Bentley, is generally favorably noticed. The *Critic* closes a fair review thus: "Both Madam Pulszky and her husband pass their opinions with great freedom on American institutions, and the manners and habits of the people, and they speak out plainly enough when occasion calls for it. Judging from the tone of many observations, we should suspect that, upon the whole, the visitors were disappointed with their reception, enthusiastic though it was at first, and respectful always. This disappointment has somewhat colored their views of the country; and, though Madam Pulszky finds little positive fault and indulges in no satire, she criticises freely, praises coldly at times, and even ventures upon occasional objections. Such a work cannot but be acceptable to the book-club and library, and doubtless it will be the book of travels for the season, for it is very amusing and readable in itself, apart from the special interest attaching to its origin."

The Diplomacy of the Revolution, an Historical Study, by W. H. Trescott, is characterized by the *Literary Gazette* as a sober and well-written *precis* of the negotiations which took place in connection with the War of American Independence. We do not observe that Mr. Trescott has had access to any peculiar sources of information,—and it is to some extent unlucky for the interest of his book that it is rather a didactic treatise than a narrative. Mr. Trescott has the merit, however, of not writing at too great length, and of writing with modesty and good sense."

The fine edition of Coleridge's Complete Works, edited by Prof. Shedd, is continued by the HARPERS. Four of the projected seven volumes of the edition have appeared.

The Philosophy of Spirit-Rappings, by E. C. Rogers, an attempt to explain, on scientific grounds, this phenomenon, has been published by JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston.

Messrs. R. CARTER & BROTHERS have published, during the month, a new volume of Dr. Kelto's erudite and admirable series of Bible Illustrations. It is the third of what is termed the Evening Series, and embraces historical and critical annotations on the Life of our Lord. These works display learning, taste, and unaffected piety.

A fine specimen of Missionary biography is afforded in the life of Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, who was one of the earlier missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of London,—a fine character in all respects. Learned, adventurous, pious and faithful, his life abounds in

information and traits of admirable feeling. Published also by the CARTERS.

The Gospel Glass, a reprint of one of the earnest, marrowy religious treatises of the seventeenth century,—a work not unworthy of the companionship of Howe, Baxter, Owen and Flavel.

The Letters and Diaries of Philip Saphir, a converted Jew of Pesh, in Hungary, supplies a great deal of rare information, and exemplifies a novel type of religious experience. (CARTERS.)

Mr. REDFIELD has published, in three fine volumes, a translation of Michaud's celebrated History of the Crusades,—a work of rare merit and ability, and occupying a place which no other work fills. It is highly graphic and brilliant in description, and, on the whole, fair and philosophical in its treatment of a subject not without its difficulties.

Mr. R. has also published, in three large octavo volumes, the works of William H. Seward, U. S. Senator.

Memoirs of the Count of Struenzee have a vivid interest, and not a little value as a historical picture. (Boston: J. P. JEWETT & Co.)

The Historical and Critical Essays of Thomas De Quincey have been gathered by TICKNOR, REED & FIELD, Boston.

The uniform edition of Thackeray's early satirical works, begun by the APPLETONS, is continued,—the last being the Fat Contributor.

A collection of Essays in Literature and Ethics from the accomplished pen of Rev. Dr. White, President of Wabash College, Indiana, has been published by S. K. WHIPPLE, Boston.

ITEMS.

A translation of Mr. Macaulay's Essays, &c., has appeared at Brunswick, in six volumes. The sixth volume contains the Lays of Ancient Rome. A French translation of Mr. Macaulay's History of England has just been published by Baron Peyronnet.

An important classical work is about to be issued from the Cambridge University Press, the Orations of Hyperides for Lycophron and for Euxenippus, now first printed in fac-simile from the manuscript obtained at Western Thebes in 1847, with an account of its discovery, by Joseph Ardee, Esq. F. S. A.

Kosmos has become almost as popular as a novel. It has been translated into Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Russian, and Polish; twice into the French language, and four times into English. The fourth volume of this admirable work has just appeared.

Mr. Ticknor's valuable work on Spanish literature has recently been published in a Spanish translation, by Gyngoes and Vidal.

A member of the Civil Service of the H. E. I. Company, on the Bengal establishment, has offered the sum of 3000*l.* for the best essay in the English language in refutation of the errors of Hindu philosophy, according to the Vedante, Nyaya, and Sankhya systems.

A complete, minute, and exact map of France is about to be terminated after thirty-five years' incessant labor, and at an expense of nearly 400,000*l.* It is the grandest work of the kind ever undertaken.

Prof. Ayton, of the University of Edinburgh, the author of the Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and known to many more from his connection with Blackwood's Magazine, is about to deliver a course of public lectures in Edinburg,—"On the Nature, Forms, and Development of Poetry."

Mr. Charles Millward, President of the Liverpool Literary and Dramatic Society, has been lecturing with considerable success on "The Life and Writings of Thomas Hood."

On Tuesday week, that day being the centenary of the birth of the elder Roscoe, a public breakfast was given in Liverpool in celebration of the event.

A pension of 100*l.* a year has been granted to Mr. Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette* from its commencement in 1817 to the close of 1850, in consideration of his literary labors.

At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. I. Murchison communicated the fact that a pension had been obtained by Lord Palmerston for the widow of Mr. Richardson, the lamented fellow-traveller in Africa of Dr. Barth, and of the equally-lamented Dr. Overweg.

M. Philarete Chasles, of the Bibliothèque Mazarine, relates in the "Journal des Débats," that to his great delight, a few days ago, he found amongst a box of neglected manuscripts in that library, the copy of an unpublished and unknown letter of Madame de Sevigné, "full of the sap and verdure of early youth," in prose and verse, of "becoming playfulness, of marvellous emotion, and of the style which is not a style, but life itself, the movement and the essence of thought."

The library of Christian and Clement Brentano, brothers of Bettine von Arnim of Cologne, is to be sold by auction on the 5th of April. The library is not a large one, the whole number of lots not exceeding 3660, but there is a good collection of autographs, some valuable works on old church history, and rare treatises of magic and witchcraft.

The French Academy of Sciences have elected Marshal Vaillant, by a majority of fifty-four to eight, in the room of the late M. Heron de Villefosse.

M. Guizot will be called to the senate as representative of the interests of the Protestants, and will, with consent of the Protestant body, take his seat as the avowed organ of their sentiments.

M. Albert Gaudry, attached to the Museum of Natural History, has just been charged with a scientific mission in the island of Cyprus and on the coasts of the Levant, the natural history and geology of which he is to study.

Napoleon III. has given to M. Huc, one of the Catholic missionaries, whose travels in Thibet and Tartary were recently published in France and this country, the cross of the Legion of Honor.

A very general movement has been commenced for the purpose of establishing a university in Wales, and a petition was drawn up to that effect at the last annual meeting of the Anglo-Welsh clergy on St. David's-day.

The Norwegian Government has spontaneously credited the Ethnological Department of the Crystal Palace with a certain sum, to be expended for such articles as can be best procured in Scandinavia, on the understanding that such other articles as can be best procured in Great Britain shall be forwarded to the Museum of the University of Christiania, in the way of exchange or payment in kind. The Directors of the Ethnological Museum of Copenhagen have also expressed their readiness to effect exchanges.

The London Art Union has just celebrated its anniversary, when some interesting details as to its financial progress were pointed out. The first year's subscription amounted only to 500*l.*, the second 750*l.*, the third 1,300*l.*, the fourth 2,200*l.*, the fifth 5,500*l.*, the sixth 13,000*l.* The amount of subscriptions had culminated at 17,800*l.*, and then subsided into a settled average income of 12,000*l.* The Association had already spent at least 170,000*l.* for the encouragement of art. The prize-holders had expended about 90,000*l.* in the purchase of pictures, and the Council about 50,000*l.* on these and other works of art. For pictures purchased from the Royal Academy alone, 34,291*l.* had been paid. Engravers had received 16,000*l.*

Among recent literary deaths, the most prominent are

those of Mr. SOUTHERN, our late Minister in Brazil, and the Rev. T. KERCHVER ARNOLD, the Rector of Lyndon. Mr. SOUTHERN was once well known in London periodical literature, most notably as the joint editor, with Dr. BOWRING, of the *Westminster Review*, when first founded by JEREMY BENTHAM. Mr. ARNOLD was everywhere known in scholastic and educational circles as the editor of a long and most successful series of school-books; and just before he died he had brought out a defence of those publications against an attack which appeared in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*.

The correspondence between Benjamin Constant, the well-known newspaper writer, parliamentary orator, and *littérateur*, and the equally well-known Madame de Récamier, will shortly be given to the world. It is chiefly of a sentimental character, but is represented to be peculiarly interesting. Some years ago a literary lady, to whom it was confided by Madame Récamier, proposed to publish it; but on the application of the families of the two correspondents, she was prevented from doing so by a positive prohibition of one of the Law Courts.

The *Critic*, speaking of some recent American works, thus notices the appreciation which English writers here receive:—"In England," Coleridge used to say, "I am a poor poet, but a great philosopher beyond the Atlantic." CARLYLE's earlier works fell flat on his own countrymen, nurtured in the literary traditions of the eighteenth century, but they produced an immense commotion in the intellect of Young America; and the American literary journals are now advertising a fourth edition of a translation of such a work as NOVALIS's *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, of which no version has yet appeared in England. JOHN STERLING's scattered writings were collected in America before ARCHDEACON HARE edited them here; and the veteran DE QUINCEY has just acknowledged the penetration and competency with which American editors are conducting the collective re-issue of his multifarious and widely-dispersed writings, which his own country is only now beginning to hope for from himself."

The *Giornale di Roma* of the 21st ult. contains a comparative table of the population of Rome in 1851 and 1852, from which it appears that the population, which in 1851 amounted to 172,382, is now 175,838, being an increase of 3456. The proportion of births to the entire population is as 1 to 33; of deaths, as 1 to 36; the average number of births per month is 463, per day 15. The average number of deaths per month is 422, per day 14. The proportion of marriages to births is as 1 to 4; the number of the former amounted in 1832 to 1470. For the last ten years the total increase of population at Rome is 13,432.

The sale of the gallery of the Prince of Canino took place recently. These pictures, as it is well known, were, with the exception of four works, reserved at the sale of the celebrated gallery of the late Cardinal Fesch, by his grandnephew, the Prince. The collection was not extensive in point of numbers, consisting altogether of 47 subjects, only two of which fetched high prices. One of these, which was the last sold, obtained the sum of 1,200*l.* It is by Rubens, entitled *The Adoration of the Magi*.

The following description of a sitting of the House of Commons is given in a recent *feuilleton* by Méry, one of the most celebrated poets and one of the most amusing writers of modern France:—"Speeches are delivered in a psalm-singing tone; members sleep here and there, and everybody yawns; the speaker does not use a bell, and no one is ever called to order; there is never any agitation on any of the benches; *ennui* rains in torrents; Whigs and Tories share amongst themselves badly-baked biscuits; a good deal of Barclay and Perkins's porter is drank; members go out every moment to swallow a basin of turtle soup; on their return they turn over collections of caricatures; ministers play at short whist in a corner; those who are not asleep read a romance of Dickens; speakers seem not to care about being listened to."

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ENGRAVING OF THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE, BY J. VAN DER SCHEER.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE, BY J. VAN DER SCHEER.

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1997: 123-124.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1977; 237: 1001-1002.

1. *Phragmites* (Common Reed)

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1853.

From the Westminster Review.

THACKERAY.

FIVE years ago, in dedicating the second edition of "Jane Eyre" to the author of "Vanity Fair," Currer Bell spoke of him thus:—"Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because, I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius, that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." When this was written, Mr. Thackeray was not the popular favorite he has since become. He counts readers now by hundreds, where

then he only counted tens. In those days, Currer Bell's panegyric was pronounced extravagant by many who now, if they do not echo, will at least scarcely venture to dispute it; but it may be doubted whether, up to the present time, full justice has been done by any of Mr. Thackeray's critics to the peculiar genius of the man, or to the purpose with which his later books have been written. It is not, indeed, to the Press that he owes the appreciation which it is probable he values most. Its praise has generally been coupled with censure for what has occupied his most deliberate thought, and been conceived with the most earnest purpose. While it has extolled his wit, his keen eye, his graphic style, his trenchant sarcasm, his power of exposing cant and Pharisaism in all its phases, it has, at the same time, been loud in its outcry against the writer's cynicism and want of faith, the absence of heroism and elevation in his characters—the foibles of all his women, the vices of all his men. Enough, and more than enough, has been said and written upon these points; but among a large section of his readers it has long been felt, that it may not have been

without a purpose that Mr. Thackeray has never endowed his characters with ostentatious heroic virtues, or dwelt much on the brighter aspects of humanity; that his most unsparing ridicule, and his most pungent delineations of human folly or vice, are not tinged by the sour humors of the cynic or misanthrope, but that, through his harshest tones, there may be heard the sweet under-notes of a nature kindly and loving, and a heart warm and unspoiled, full of sympathy for goodness and all simple worth, and of reverence for all unaffected greatness.

Not many years ago, when reputations which are now effete were at their zenith, a pen was busy in our periodical literature, in which the presence of a power was felt by those who watched that literature, which seemed only to want happier circumstances to develop into forms worthy of a permanent place among English classics. Under many patronymics, its graphic sketches and original views were ushered into the world. The immortal Yellowplush, the James de-la-Pluche of a later date, the vivacious George Fitzboodle, the versatile Michael Angelo Titmarsh, were names well-known and prized within a limited circle. In Mr. Thackeray's lucubrations under all these pseudonyms, there was a freshness and force, a truthfulness of touch, a shrewdness of perception, and a freedom from conventionalism, whether in thought or expression, which argued in their originator something more akin to genius than to mere talent. Here was a man who looked below the surface of things, taking nothing for granted, and shrinking from no scrutiny of human motives, however painful; who saw clearly and felt deeply, and who spoke out his thought manfully and well. In an age of pretence, he had the courage to be simple. To strip sentimentalism of its frippery, pretension of its tinsel, vanity of its masks, and humbug, literary and social, of its disguises, appeared to be the vocation of this graphic satirist. The time gave him work to do in abundance, and manifestly neither skill nor will were wanting in him for the task. Best of all, he did not look down upon his fellow-men from those heights of contempt and scorn, which make satirists commonly the most hateful as well as the most profitless of writers. The hand that was mailed to smite had an inward side soft to caress. He claimed no superiority, arrogated for himself no peculiar exemption from the vices and follies he satirized; he had his own mind to clear of cant as well as his neighbors', and professed to know their

weak side only through a consciousness of his own. Just as he proclaimed himself as Mr. Snob, *par excellence*, when writing of the universal snobbishness of society at a later date, so in the "Confessions of Fitzboodle," or "The Yellowplush Papers," he made no parade of being one whit wiser, purer, or more disinterested than other people. Relentless to fobbery, falsehood, and rascality, however ingeniously smoothed over or concealed, he was not prone to sneer at frailty, where it laid no claim to strength, or folly where it made no pretence of wisdom. The vices of our modern social life were the standing marks for the shafts of his ridicule, but here and there, across his pages, there shot gleams of a more pleasing light, which showed how eagerly the lynx-eyed observer hailed the presence of goodness, and candor, and generosity, whenever they crossed his path.

That he may, in those days, have thought them rarer than his subsequent experience has proved, is more than probable; and, indeed, this circumstance gave to many of his earlier sketches a depth of shade, which leaves an impression on the mind all the more painful, from the terrible force with which the tints are dashed in. No man ever sketched the varieties of scoundrelism or folly with more force than Yellowplush or Fitzboodle, but we cannot move long among fools and scoundrels without disgust. In these sketches, the shadows of life are too little relieved for them to be either altogether true to nature, or tolerable as works of art. We use them as studies of character, but, this purpose served, are fain to put them aside for ever after. Hence, no doubt, it was that these vigorous sketches, at the time they appeared, missed the popularity which was being won by far inferior works; and hence, too, they will never become popular even among those whom Mr. Thackeray's subsequent writings have made his warmest admirers. Bring them to the touchstone, whose test all delineations of life must bear, to be worthy of lasting repute,—the approval of a woman's mind and taste,—and they are at once found to fail. Men will read them, and smile or ponder as they read, and, it may be, reap lessons useful for after needs; but a woman lays down the book, feeling that it deals with characters and situations, real perhaps, but which she can gain nothing by contemplating. No word, image, or suggestion, indeed, is there to offend her modesty—for, in this respect, Mr. Thackeray in all his writings has shown

that reverence for womanhood and youth, which satirists have not often maintained ;— but just as there are many things in life which it is best not to know, so in these pictures of tainted humanity there is much to startle the faith, and to disquiet the fancy, without being atoned for by any commensurate advantage. With what admirable force, for example, are all the characters etched in Yellowplush's "Amours of Mr. Deuceace!" The Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace himself, his amiable father, the Earl of Crabs,—Mr. Blewitt,—where in literature shall we find such a trio of scoundrels, so distinct in their outlines, so unmistakably true in all their tints? How perfect, too, as portraits, are Dawkins, the pigeon, of whom Deuceace and Blewitt, well-trained hawks, make so summary a meal, and Lady Griffin, the young widow of Sir George Griffin, K.C.B., and her ugly step-daughter, Matilda! No one can question the probability of all the incidents of the story. Such things are happening every day. Young fools like Dawkins fall among thieves like Deuceace and Blewitt, and the same game of matrimonial speculation is being played daily, which is played with such notable results by Deuceace and Miss Matilda Griffin. The accomplished swindler is ever and anon caught like him, the fond silly woman as constantly awakened, like her, out of an insane dream, to find herself the slave of cowardice and brutality. Villany so cold, so polished, so armed at all points, as that of the Earl of Crabs, is more rare, but men learn by bitter experience, that there are in society rascals equally agreeable and equally unredeemed. There is no vulgar daubing in the portraiture of all these worthies;—the lines are all true as life itself, and bitten into the page as it were with vintol. Every touch bears the traces of a master's hand, and yet what man ever cared to return to the book, what woman ever got through it without a sensation of humiliation and disgust? Both would wish to believe the writer untrue to nature, if they could; both would willingly forego the exhibition of what, under the aspect in which it is here shown, is truly "that hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Of all Mr. Thackeray's books, this is, perhaps, the most open to the charge of sneering cynicism, and yet, even here, glimpses of that stern but deep pathos are to be found, of which Mr. Thackeray has since proved himself so great a master. We can even now remember the mingled sensation of shuddering pity and horror, with which the conclu-

sion of this story years ago impressed us. Deuceace, expecting an immense fortune with Miss Matilda Griffin, who, on her part, believes him to be in possession of a fine income, marries her; the marriage having been managed by his father, the Earl of Crabs, in order that he may secure Lady Griffin for himself, with all Miss Griffin's fortune, which falls to her ladyship, in the event of Matilda marrying without her consent. Lady Griffin has previously revenged herself for the Honorable Algernon's slight of her own attachment to him, by involving him in a duel with a Frenchman, in which he loses his right hand. The marriage once concluded, Deuceace and his wife find their mutual mistake, and the penniless pair, on appealing for aid to the Earl of Crabs and his new-made wife, are spurned with remorseless contempt. What ensues, let Mr. Yellowplush tell in his own peculiar style:—

"About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves were on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll on the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly a head, and us as happy as possibl, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

"My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the exquiset beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of butife and virtuous sentament sootable to the hour. It was dalitessle to hear him. 'Ah!' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!'

"Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm, and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the inflinwts of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

"Jest at the place was a bench and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countnints. He was not shaved and as pale as stone.

"My lord and lady didn take the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carridge. Me and Mortimer lickwise took *our* places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

"No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstrame dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screeching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

"Deuceace turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pointed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell screaming.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!"

There is a frightful truthfulness in this picture that makes the heart sick. We turn from it, as we do from the hideous realities of an old Flemish painter, or from some dismal revelation in a police report. Still, the author's power burns into the memory the image of that miserable woman, and his simple exclamation at the close tells of a heart that has bled at the monstrous brutalities to the sex, of which the secret records are awfully prolific, but which the romance writer rarely ventures to approach. If we have smiled at the miserable vanity and weakness of poor Matilda Griffin before, we remember them no more after that woeful scene.

"The Luck of Barry Lyndon," which followed soon after the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers," was a little relieved by brighter aspects of humanity, but so little, that it can never be referred to with pleasure, despite the sparkling brilliancy of the narrative, and abundant traces of the most delightful humor. How completely, in a sentence, does Barry convey to us a picture of his mother!

"Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbors regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way, that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her."

The same vein of delicate sarcasm runs throughout the tale, where every page is marked by that matchless expressiveness and ease of style for which Mr. Thackeray is the envy of his contemporaries. The hero is as worthless a scoundrel as ever swindled at *ecarté*, or earthed his man in a duel. He narrates his own adventures and rascalities with the artless *naïveté* of a man troubled by no scruples of conscience or misgivings of the moral sense,—a conception as daring as the execution is admirable. For a time the reader is carried along, with a smiling admiration of the author's humor, and quiet way of bringing into view the seamy side of a number of respectable shams; but when he finds that he is passed along from rake to swindler, from gambler to ruffian,—that the men lie, cheat, and cog the dice, and that the women intrigue, or drink brandy in their tea, or are fatuous fools, the atmosphere becomes oppressive, and even the brilliancy of the wit begins to pall. Yet there are passages in this story, and sketches of character,

which Mr. Thackeray has never surpassed. Had these been only mingled with some pictures of people not either hateful for wickedness or despicable for weakness, and in whom we could have felt a cordial interest, the tale might have won for its author much of the popularity which he must have seen, with no small chagrin, carried off by men altogether unfit to cope with him in originality or power.

There is always apparent in Mr. Thackeray's works, so much natural kindness, so true a sympathy with goodness, that only some bitter and unfortunate experiences can explain, as it seems to us, the tendency of his mind at this period to present human nature in its least ennobling aspects. Whenever the man himself speaks out in the first person, as in his pleasant books of travel,—his "Irish Sketch Book," and his "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo,"—he shows so little of the cynic, or the melancholy Jaques—finds so hearty a delight in the contemplation of all simple pleasures, and so cordially recognizes all social worth and all elevation of character, as to create surprise that he should have taken so little pains in his fictions to delineate good or lofty natures. That this arose from no want of love for his fellow-men, or of admiration for the power which, by depicting goodness, self-sacrifice, and greatness, inspires men with something of these qualities, is obvious,—for even at the time when he was writing those sketches to which we have adverted, Mr. Thackeray's pen was recording, with delightful cordiality, the praises of his great rival, Dickens, for these very excellences the absence of which in his own writings is their greatest drawback. It is thus he wrote in February, 1844, of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." We quote from "Fraser's Magazine."

"And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a

hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now,—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? . . .

"Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knows the other or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, 'God bless him!' As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, 'God bless him!' What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!"

In a writer who felt and wrote thus, it was most strange to find no effort made to link himself to the affections of his readers by some portraiture, calculated to take hold of their hearts, and to be remembered with a feeling of gratitude and love! Whatever Mr. Thackeray's previous experiences may have been, however his faith in human goodness may have been shaken, the very influences which he here recognizes of such a writer as Dickens must have taught him how much there is in his fellow-men that is neither weak nor wicked, and how many sunny and hopeful aspects our common life presents to lighten even the saddest heart.

The salutary influence of Dickens's spirit may, indeed, be traced in the writings of Mr. Thackeray about this period, tempering the bitterness of his sarcasm, and suggesting more pleasing views of human nature. The genius of the men is, however, as diverse as can well be conceived. The mind of the one is as hopeful as it is loving. That of the other, not less loving, though less expansive in its love, is constitutionally unhelpful. We smile at folly with the one; the other makes us smile, indeed, but he makes us think too. The one sketches humors and eccentricities which are the casualties of character; the other paints characters in their essence, and with a living truth which will be recognized a hundred years hence as much as now. Dickens's serious characters, for the most part, relish of melo-dramatic extra-

gance; there is no mistake about Thackeray's being from the life. Dickens's sentiment, which, when good, is good in the first class, is frequently far-fetched and pitched in an unnatural key—his pathos elaborated by the artifices of the practised writer. Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged, is never otherwise than genuine; his pathos is unforced, and goes to the roots of the heart. The style of Dickens, originally lucid, and departing from directness and simplicity only to be amusingly quaint, soon became vicious, affected, and obscure: that of Thackeray has always been manly and transparent, presenting his idea in the very fittest garb. Dickens's excellence springs from his heart, to whose promptings he trusts himself with an unshrinking faith that kindles a reciprocal enthusiasm in his readers: there is no want of heart in Thackeray, but its utterances are timorous and few, and held in check by the predominance of intellectual energy and the habit of reflection. Thackeray keeps the realities of life always before his eyes: Dickens wanders frequently into the realms of imagination, and, if at times he only brings back, especially of late, fantastic and unnatural beings, we must not forget, that he has added to literature some of its most beautiful ideals. When he moves us to laughter, the laughter is broad and joyous; when he bathes the cheek in tears, he leaves in the heart the sunshine of a bright after-hope. The mirth which Thackeray moves rarely passes beyond a smile, and his pathos, while it leaves the eye unmoistened, too often makes the heart sad to the core, and leaves it so. Both are satirists of the vices of the social system; but the one would rally us into amendment, the other takes us straight up to the flaw, and compels us to admit it. Our fancy merely is amused by Dickens, and this often when he means to satirize some grave vice of character or the defects of a tyrannous system. It is never so with Thackeray: he forces the mind to acknowledge the truth of his picture, and to take the lesson home. Dickens seeks to amend the heart by depicting virtue; Thackeray seeks to achieve the same end by exposing vice. Both are great moralists; but it is absurd to class them as belonging to one school. In matter and in manner they are so thoroughly unlike, that when we find this done, as by Sir Archibald Alison, in the review of the literature of the present century in his "History of Europe," we can only attribute the mistake to a limited acquaintance with their works. Of Dickens, Sir Archi-

bald apparently knows something, but he can know little of Mr. Thackeray's writings, to limit his merits, as he does, to "talent and graphic powers," and the ridicule of ephemeral vices. On the contrary, the very qualities are to be found in them which in the same paragraph he defines as essential to the writer for lasting fame—"profound insight into the human heart, condensed power of expression,"—the power of "diving deep into the inmost recesses of the soul, and reaching failings universal in mankind," like Juvenal, Cervantes, Le Sage, or Molière.

Sir Archibald comes nearer to the truth when he ascribes to Mr. Thackeray the want of imaginative power and elevation of thought. But what right have we to expect to find the qualities of a Raphael in a Hogarth, or of a Milton in a Fielding? If genius exercises its peculiar gifts to pure ends, we are surely not entitled to ask for more, or to measure it by an inapplicable standard. It cannot be denied that Mr. Thackeray's ideas of excellence, as they appear in his books, are low, and that there is little in them to elevate the imagination, or to fire the heart with noble impulses. His vocation does not lie peculiarly in this direction; and he would have been false to himself had he simulated an exaltation of sentiment which was foreign to his nature. It has always seemed to us, however, that he has scarcely done himself justice in this particular. Traces may be seen in his writings of a latent enthusiasm, and a fervent admiration for beauty and worth, overlaid by a crust of cold distrustfulness, which we hope to see give way before happier experiences, and a more extended range of observation. To find the good and true in life, one must believe heartily in both. Men who shut up their own hearts in skepticism are apt to freeze the fountains of human love and generosity in others. Mr. Thackeray must, ere now, have learned, by the most pleasing of all proofs, that there is a world of nobleness, loving-kindness, purity, and self-denial in daily exercise under the surface of that society whose distempers he has so skilfully probed. The best movements of his own nature, in his works, have brought back to him, we doubt not, many a cordial response, calculated to inspire him with a more cheerful hope, and a warmer faith in our common humanity. Indeed, his writings already bear the marks of this salutary influence; and it is not always in depicting wickedness or weakness that he has latterly shown his greatest power.

The unpretending character of Mr. Thack-

eray's fictions has no doubt arisen in a great degree from a desire to avoid the vices into which the great throng of recent novelists had fallen. While professing to depict the manners and events of every-day life, their works were, for the most part, essentially untrue to nature. The men and women were shadows, the motives wide of the springs of action by which life is actually governed, the sentiments false and exaggerated, the manners deficient in local coloring. Imaginative power was not wanting, but it revelled so wildly, that it merely stimulated the nerves, and left no permanent impression on the heart or understanding. Elevation of sentiment abounded in excess, but the conduct of the heroes and heroines was frequently hard to square with the rules of morality, or the precepts of religion. Bulwer's genius had run wild in pseudo-philosophy and spurious sentimentalism. James was reeling off interminable yarns of florid verbiage. Mrs. Gore's facile pen was reiterating the sickening conventionalisms of so-called fashionable life; and Ainsworth had exalted the scum of Newgate and Hounslow into heroic beings of generous impulses and passionate souls. Things had ceased to be called by their right names; the principles of right and wrong were becoming more and more confounded; sham sentiment, sham morality, sham heroism, were everywhere rampant; and romance-writers every day wandering farther and farther from nature and truth. Their characters were either paragons of excellence, or monsters of iniquity—grotesque caricatures, or impossible contradictions; and the laws of nature, and the courses of heaven, were turned aside to enable the authors to round off their tales according to their own low standard of morality or ambition, and narrow conceptions of the working of God's providence. In criticism and in parody, Mr. Thackeray did his utmost to demolish this vicious state of things. The main object of his "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and his "Catharine Hayes," was to show in their true colors the class of rogues, ruffians, and demireps, towards whom the sympathies of the public had been directed by Bulwer, Ainsworth and Dickens. Mr. Thackeray felt deeply the injury to public morals, and the disgrace to literature, inflicted by the perverted exercise of these writers' powers upon subjects which had hitherto been wisely confined to such recondite chronicles as "The Terrific Register," and the "Newgate Calendar." Never was antidote more required; and the instinct of truth, which uniformly guides Mr. Thackeray's

pen, stamped his pictures with the hues of a ghastly reality. Public taste, however, rejected the genuine article, and rejoiced in the counterfeit. The philosophical cut-throat, or the sentimental Magdalene, were more piquant than the low-browed ruffian of the condemned cell, or the vulgar Circe of Shire-lane; and until the mad fit had spent itself in the exhaustion of a false excitement, the public ear was deaf to the remonstrances of its caustic monitor.

Nor was it only in the literature of New-gate, as it was well named, that he found matter for reproof and reformation. He had looked too earnestly and closely at life, and its issues, not to see that the old and easy manner of the novelist in distributing what is called poetical justice, and lodging his favorites in a haven of common-place comfort at the close of some improbable game of cross-purposes, had little in common with the actual course of things in the world, and could convey little either to instruct the understanding, to school the affections, or to strengthen the will. At the close of his "Barry Lyndon," we find his views on this matter expressed in the following words:—

"There is something *naïve* and simple in that time-honored style of novel writing, by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every worldly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than to make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that of the *summum bonum*? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord, *perhaps not even to be happy*. Poverty, illness, a humpback, may be rewards and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship."

With these views, it was natural that in his first work of magnitude, "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray should strike out a course which might well startle those who had been accustomed to the old routine of caterers for the circulating libraries. The press had already teemed with so many heroes of unexceptionable attractions, personal and mental,—so many heroines, in whom the existence of human frailty had been altogether ignored; we had been so drenched with fine writing and poetical sensibility, that he probably thought a little wholesome abstinence in all these respects might not be unprofitable. He plainly had no ambition to go on feeding the public complacency with pictures of life, from which nothing was to be learned,—which merely amused the fancy, or inflated the mind with windy aspirations, and false

conceptions of human destiny and duty. To place before us the men and women who compose the sum of that life in the midst of which we are moving,—to show them to us in such situations as we might see them in any day of our lives,—to probe the principles upon which the framework of society in the nineteenth century is based,—to bring his characters to the test of trial and temptation, such as all may experience,—to force us to recognize goodness and worth, however unattractive the guise in which they may appear,—in a word, to paint life as it is, colored as little as may be with the hues of the imagination, and to teach wholesome truths for every-day necessities, was the higher task to which Mr. Thackeray now addressed himself. He could not carry out this purpose without disappointing those who think a novel flat which does not centre its interest on a handsome and faultless hero, with a comfortable balance at his banker's, or a heroine of good family and high imaginative qualities. Life does not abound in such. Its greatest virtues are most frequently hid in the humblest and least attractive shapes; its greatest vices most commonly veiled under a fascinating exterior, and a carriage of unquestionable respectability. It would have cost a writer of Mr. Thackeray's practised skill little effort to have thrown into his picture figures which would have satisfied the demands of those who insist upon delineations of ideal excellence in works of fiction; but, we apprehend, these would not have been consistent with his design of holding up, as in a mirror, the strange chaos of that "Vanity Fair," on which his own meditative eye had so earnestly rested.

That Mr. Thackeray may have pushed his views to excess, we do not deny. He might, we think, have accomplished his object quite as effectually by letting in a little more sunshine on his picture, and by lightening the shadows in some of his characters. Without any compromise of truth, he might have given us somebody to admire and esteem, without qualifications or humiliating reserves. That no human being is exempt from frailties, we need not be reminded. The "divine Imogen" herself, we daresay, had her faults, if the whole truth were told; and we will not undertake to say, that Juliet may not have cost old Capulet a good deal of excusable anxiety. But why dash our admiration by needlessly reminding us of such facts? There is a wantonness in fixing the eye upon some merely casual flaw, after you have filled the heart and imagination with a beau-

tiful image. It is a sorry morality which evermore places the death's-head among the flowers and garlands of the banquet. In "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray has frequently fallen into this error; and he has further marred it by wilfully injuring our interest in the only characters which he puts forward for our regard. Anxious to avoid the propensity of novelists to make Apollos of their heroes, and paragons of their heroines, he has run into the opposite extreme and made Dobbin,—the only thoroughly excellent and lovable character in the book,—so ungainly as to be all but objectionable, and his pet heroine, Amelia, so foolishly weak as to wear out our patience.

This is all the more vexatious, seeing that the love of Dobbin for Amelia is the finest delineation of pure and unselfish devotion within the whole range of fiction. Such love in woman has often been depicted, but Mr. Thackeray is the first who has had the courage to essay, and the delicacy of touch to perfect, a portraiture of this lifelong devotion in the opposite sex. It is a favorite theory of his, that men who love best are prone to be most mistaken in their choice. We doubt the truth of the position; and we question the accuracy of the illustration in Dobbin. He would have got off his knees, we think, and gone away long before he did; at all events, having once gone, the very strength of character which attached him to Amelia so long would have kept him away. Why come back to mate with one whom he had proved unable to reach to the height of the attachment which he bore her? Admirable as are the concluding scenes between Amelia and the Major, we wish Mr. Thackeray could have wound up his story in some other way, for nothing is, to our minds, sadder among the grave impressions left by this saddening book, than the thought that even Dobbin has found his ennobling dream of devotion to be a weariness and a vanity. It is as though one had ruthlessly trodden down some single solitary flower in a desert place.

Mr. Thackeray has inflicted a similar shock upon his readers' feelings in handing over Laura Bell, with her fresh, frank heart, and fine understanding, to Arthur Pendennis, that aged youth, who is just as unworthy of her as Amelia is of Dobbin. If such things do occur in life—and who has been so fortunate in his experiences as to say they do not!—is the novelist, whose vocation it is to cheer as well as to instruct, only to give us the unhappy issues of feelings the highest and purest, and never to gladden us with

the hope that all is not disappointment, and our utmost bliss not merely a putting up with something which might have been worse? With all the latitude of life to choose from, why be evermore reminding us of the limitations of our happiness,—the compromise of our fairest hopes? It was a poor and false conception of human happiness which placed it always in worldly prosperity; but is it not also wide of truth, to make the good and noble always suffer, and to teach that all high desires are vain—that they must either be baffled, or, if achieved, dissolve in disappointment? This is a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless; and it is by bringing it too prominently forward, that Mr. Thackeray has exposed himself to a charge of cynicism and want of heart.

Of these defects, however, no thoughtful reader will accuse him. His writings abound in passages of tenderness, which bespeak a heart gentle as a woman's, a sensitiveness only less fine;—a depth of pity and charity, which writers of more pretence to these qualities never approach. "The still, sad music of humanity" reverberates through all his writings. He has painted so much of the bad qualities of mankind, and painted them so well, that this power has been very generally mistaken for that delight in the contemplation of wickedness or frailty, and that distrust of human goodness, which constitute the cynic. But this is to judge him unfairly. If his pen be most graphic in such characters as Becky Sharp, the Marquis of Steyne, Miss Crawley, or Major Pendennis, it is so because such characters present stronger lines than the quiet charities or homely chivalry in which alone it is possible for excellence to express itself in the kind of life with which his writings deal. Such men and women strike the eye more than the Dobbins, the Helen Pendennises, and Warringtons of society. These must be followed with a loving heart and open understanding, before their worth will blossom into view; and it is, to our mind, one of Mr. Thackeray's finest characteristics, that he makes personages of this class so subordinate as he does to the wickedly amusing and amusingly wicked characters which crowd his pages. This, indeed, is one of those features which help to give to his pictures the air of reality in which lies their peculiar charm, and make us feel while we read them as though we were moving among the experiences of our own very life. Here and there amid the struggle, and swagger, and hypocrisy, and time-serving, and vanity, and falsehood of the

world, we come upon some true soul, some trait of shrinking goodness, of brave endurance, of noble sacrifice. So is it in Mr. Thackeray's books. In the midst of his most brilliant satire, or his most crowded scenes, some simple suggestion of love and goodness occurs, some sweet touch of pathos, that reveals to us how kind is the nature, how loving and simple the soul, from which they spring.

It is not cynicism, we believe, but a constitutional proneness to a melancholy view of life, which gives that unpleasant color to many of Mr. Thackeray's books which most readers resent. He will not let his eye rest upon a fair face, without thinking of the ugly skull beneath, and reminding himself and us "that beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes." In his heartiest mirth he seems to have in view the headache, or the labors of to-morrow. Because all humanity is frail, and all joys are fleeting, he will not hope the best of the one, nor permit us to taste heartily of the other. He insists on dashing his brightest fancies with needless shadows, and will not let us be comfortable, after he has done his best to make us so. There is a perversity in this, which Mr. Thackeray, in justice to himself and kindness to his readers, should subdue. Let him not diminish his efforts to make them honester, and simpler, and wiser; but let him feed them more with cheerful images, and the contemplation of beauty without its flaws and worth without its drawbacks. No writer of the day has the same power of doing this, if he pleases. We could cite many passages in proof of this, but can it be doubted by any one who reads the following essay, from the series which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, as from the pen of Dr. Solomon Pacifico?

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

"Some time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

"Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or

Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you: when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favoritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humor, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogey. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her: there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that: and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

"Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a great jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possible with a little factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

"After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go

through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardor, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the Saccharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you, you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I *am* jealous of him. Timotheus's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

"When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. 'They all tell me that,' she said; 'nobody cares for anything but that,' cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

"I once heard of another lady, '*de par le monde*,' as honest Des Bourdeilles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, 'I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!' and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if any body would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. 'We are full of love and kindness, ye men!' each says; 'of truth and purity. We don't care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy.' I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephtha's daughter, condemned by no fault of her own,

but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendor to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. 'Ah!' says she, 'it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to every body but me.'

"How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bear-skin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

"When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is, (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog, who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general,) *we* look for Beauty: women for Love.

"So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne: the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As

with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia : were I Timotheus of the tuneful choir, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, Madam, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a proser : and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you."

Why should not Mr. Thackeray give us another Erminia in his next novel, and confute his detractors? Addison never wrote anything finer in substance or in manner than this sketch. Indeed, a selection of Mr. Thackeray's best essays would, in our opinion, eclipse the united splendor of the whole British Essayists, both for absolute value in thought, and for purity and force of style. Had he never written anything of this kind but "The Book of Snobs," he would have taken first honors. What a book is this, so teeming with humor, character, and wisdom! How, like Jaques, does he "pierce through the body of the country, city, court!" Not, however, like him, "invectively," but with a genial raillery which soothes while it strikes. The kindly playfulness of Horace is his model. It is only in dealing with utter worthlessness, as in his portrait of Lieutenant-General the Honorable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c., &c., that he wields the merciless lash of Juvenal. How every word tells!

"His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough snob. A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old; and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses: he never read a book in his life; and with his purple old gouty fingers still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and gray hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto, of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells fifty garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us with a stupid

and artless candor which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately, for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honorable and deserving beings in the world. About Waterloo-place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it."

If this book were read in every household, especially in every household where the British Peerage is studied, what a world of weariness and vexation of spirit, of hypocrisy and meanness, of triviality and foolish extravagance, would be saved! We would prescribe it as a manual for the British youth of both sexes: containing more suggestions for useful thought, more considerations for practical exercise, in reference to the common duties of life, than any lay volume we know. Never was satire more wholesomely applied, more genially administered. We have read it again and again with increasing admiration of the sagacity, the knowledge of the human heart, the humor, and the graphic brilliancy which it displays. Every page furnishes illustrations of some or all of these qualities. Take as an example of its lighter merit this exquisite sketch of suffering humanity at that most inane of all fashionable inanities—a London *conversazione* :—

"Good Heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a door-way (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful;) after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four-hundredth time that night; and, if she's very glad to see you, waggles her little

hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

"Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I wouldn't kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society: whose dictates we all of us obey.

"Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ('The Death-Shriek'; 'Damien'; 'The Faggot of Joan of Arc'; and 'Translations from the German',—of course)—the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, 'My dear Lady Ann', and 'My dear good Eliza,' and hating each other as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronize her Fridays.

"All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call 'the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps'—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. 'The Great Cacafogo,' Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by.—'A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Platoff's pianist, you know.'

"To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied sinners, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione roués*, whom you meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last caught lions of the season—Higgs, the traveller; Biggs, the novelist; and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes—*que sais je?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neckcloths? Ask little Tom Prig, who is

there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings in Jermyn-street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

"You go up (with your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in a corner.

"Oh, Mr. Snob! I'm afraid you're sadly satirical."

"That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quivering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honor's lordship's cab.

"And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!"

What wonder Mr. Thackeray should be so often condemned, when the foibles and vices which he paints are just those which, more or less, infect the whole body of society. Some way or other, he hits the weakness or sore point of us all! Nothing escapes his eye; and with an instinct almost Shakspearian he probes the secrets of a character at one venture. Like all honest teachers, he inevitably inflicts pain; and hence the soreness of wounded vanity is often at the root of the unfavorable criticism of which he is the subject. It requires both generosity and candor to accept such severe lessons thankfully, and to love the master who schools us with his bitter, if salutary, wisdom. But Mr. Thackeray has wisely trusted to the ultimate justice of public opinion; and he now stands better in it for never having stooped to flatter its prejudices, nor modified the rigorous conclusions of his observant spirit for the sake of a speedier popularity. Despite the carping of critics, his teaching has found its way to men's hearts and minds, and helped to make them more simple, more humble, more sincere, and altogether more genuine than they would have been but for "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Book of Snobs."

The strength of Mr. Thackeray's genius seemed to lie so peculiarly in describing contemporary life and manners, that we looked with some anxiety for the appearance of his

"Esmond," which was to revive for us the period of Queen Anne. We did not expect in it any great improvement upon his former works, in point of art, for we confess we have never felt the deficiencies in this respect, which are commonly urged against them. Minor incongruities and anachronisms are unquestionably to be found; but the characters are never inconsistent, and the events follow in easy succession to a natural close. The canvas is unusually crowded, still there is no confusion in the grouping, nor want of proportion in the figures. As they are in substance unlike the novels of any other writer, so do they seem, in point of construction, to be entirely in harmony with their purpose. We therefore feared that in a novel removed both in subject and in style from our own times, we should miss something of the living reality of Mr. Thackeray's former works, and of their delightful frankness of expression, without gaining anything more artistic in form. The result has, we think, confirmed these fears.

"Esmond" is admirable as a literary feat. In point of style, it is equal to anything in English literature; and it will be read for this quality when the interest of its story is disregarded. The imitation of the manner of the writers of the period is as nearly as possible perfect, except that while not less racy, the language is perhaps more grammatically correct. Never did any man write with more ease under self-imposed fetters than Mr. Thackeray has done; but while we admire his skill, the question constantly recurs, why impose them upon himself at all? He has not the power—who has?—of reviving the tone as well as the manner of the time; and, disguise his characters as he will, in wigs, ruffles, hair powder, and sacs, we cannot help feeling it is but a disguise, and that the forms of passion and of thought are essentially modern—the judgments those of the historian, not the contemporary.

It is, moreover, a great mistake for a novelist to introduce into his story, as Mr. Thackeray has done, personages of either literary or political eminence, for he thereby needlessly hampers his own imagination, and places his readers in an attitude of criticism unfavorable to the success of his story. Every educated reader has formed, for example, certain ideas, more or less vivid, according to the extent of his reading or the vigor of his imagination, of Marlborough, Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, or Steele; and what chance has the novelist of hitting in any one feature the ideal which his reader

has so worked out for himself? The novelist cannot, moreover, keep within the limits of the biographer, but must heighten or tone down features of character for the purposes of his story. This he cannot do without violating that rigorous truth which ought uniformly to be preserved, wherever the character or conduct of eminent men is concerned. It would be easy to convict Mr. Thackeray not only of serious offences against this wholesome law, but also of anachronisms far more serious than any in his former works, and of inaccuracies in regard to well-known facts, which are fatal to the verisimilitude of the book as an autobiography. One of these latter is so gross as to be altogether inexcusable,—the betrothal of the Duke of Hamilton just before his duel with Lord Mohun, to Beatrix Castlewood, whereas it is notorious that the Dutchess of Hamilton was alive at the time. We can scarcely suppose Mr. Thackeray ignorant of a circumstance which is elaborately recorded in Swift's Journal, but in any case his perversion of the facts transcends all lawful license in matters of the kind. A still graver transgression has been committed in his portraiture of Marlborough, which is so masterly as a piece of writing, that its deviation from historical truth is the more to be deprecated. When he has branded him for posterity in words that imbed themselves in the memory, it is idle to attempt to neutralize the impression by making Esmond admit that, but for certain personal slights from the hero of Blenheim, he might have formed a very different estimate of his character. This admission is a trait true to life, but it is one which is not allowable in a novelist where the reputation of a historical personage is at stake. History is full enough of perversions without our romancers being allowed to add to them. Such defects as we have adverted to are probably inseparable from any attempt to place a fictitious character among historical incidents, but if this be the case, it only proves that the attempt should never be made.

These defects are the more to be regretted in a work distinguished by so much fine thought and subtle delineation of character. It has been alleged against it that Mr. Thackeray repeats himself,—that "Esmond" has his prototype in Dobbin, Lord Castlewood in Rawdon Crawley, and Beatrix Castlewood in Blanche Amory. We cannot think so. It is surely but a superficial eye which is unable to see how widely removed a little hypocritical affected coquette like Blanche Amory is from the woman of high breeding and fiery impulse

—"the weed of glorious feature,"—who is presented for our admiration and surprise in Beatrice Castlewood. It were easy to point but in detail the differences between the prominent characters in this and Mr. Thackeray's other books, but such criticism is of little avail to those who cannot perceive such differences for themselves. The only feature which it owns in common with "Vanity Fair" is the insane attachment of Esmond to Beatrice. This pertinacity of devotion bears some analogy to Dobbin's for Amelia. But there was nothing humiliating in Dobbin's love: in Esmond's there is much. He is content to go on besieging with his addresses a woman, who not only rejects them, but has passed from the hands of one accepted suitor to another, till the whole bloom is worn off her nature. It is taxing our credulity too far to ask us to reconcile this with the other characteristics of Esmond. We never lose our respect for Dobbin: Esmond has wearied it out long before he shakes off his fetters, and weds the lady's mother, who has been wasting her heart upon him for years. Lady Castlewood is a portrait so exquisitely made out in all the details, so thoroughly loveable, and adorned by so many gracious characteristics, that we cannot but regret Mr. Thackeray should have placed her in a situation so repugnant to common feeling, as that of being the enamored consoler of her own daughter's lover. Could we but forget this blemish, how much is there to admire in the delicacy with which the progress of her love for Esmond is traced,—the long martyrdom of feeling which she suffers so gently and unobtrusively,—the yearning fondness which hovered about him like a holy influence! Mr. Thackeray's worship for the sex is loyal, devout, and pure; and when he paints their love, a feeling of reverence and holiness infinitely sweet and noble pervades his pictures. Many instances may be cited from this book; but as an illustration we would merely point to the chapter where Esmond returns to England, after his first campaign, and meets Lady Castlewood at the cathedral.

"They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, and with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. 'I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid, horrid misfortune.' . .

"You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner," Mr Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond

repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. 'I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you; and it was better, even, that having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" I looked up from the book, and saw you. I knew you would come, my dear; I saw the gold sunshine round your head.'

"She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see for the first time now clearly her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

"As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depth overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain, not in vain, has he lived,—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition, compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*,—if dying I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me."

How cruel must be the necessities of novel writing, which drove Mr. Thackeray to spoil our interest in the actors in this exquisite scene by placing them afterwards in circumstances so incongruous! Mr. Thackeray is, we believe, no favorite with women generally. Yet he

ought to be so; for, despite his sarcasms on their foibles, no writer has enforced their virtues more earnestly, or represented with equal energy the wrongs they suffer daily and hourly in their hearts and homes from the selfishness and sensualism of men. There are passages in this book for which they may well say of him, as that woman said of Dickens for his "Christmas Carol," "God bless him!" They do not forgive him, however, for the unnatural relation in which he has placed his hero and Lady Castlewood, and he is too wise an observer not to regard this as conclusive against his own judgment in the matter.

Mr. Thackeray will write better books than

this, for his powers are ripening with every fresh emanation from his pen: his wisdom is more searching, his pathos sweeter, his humor of a more delicate flavor. He fills a large space now in the world's eye, and his reputation has become a matter of pride to his country. He is not a man to be insensible to the high regard in which he is so widely held, or to trifle with a fame which has been slowly but surely won. Kind wishes followed him to America from many an unknown friend, and kinder greetings await the return of the only satirist who mingles loving-kindness with his sarcasm, and charity and humility with his gravest rebuke.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Few, it may be reasonably affirmed, will demur to the judgment which assigns to Mr. Washington Irving the most distinguished place in American literature. Meaning thereby, not the distinction of incomparable genius in general, nor of pre-eminent superiority in any special department of authorship; but—without present reference to his personal or intrinsic claims, however great—the distinction of intrinsic, popular renown, the external evidence of long-established and world-wide recognition. Wherever America is known to have a literature at all, she is known to rejoice in one Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., as its representative. If an unreading alderman presiding at a public dinner wished to couple with a toast in honor of that literature the name of its most distinguished scion, Washington Irving's, we presume, is the name he would fix on; not, perhaps, that the alderman may have read that author much, but that he has read his brother author less, or not at all, and, in short, proposes the toast in an easy, conventional, matter-of-fact way, as paying a compliment the legitimacy of which will be impeached by no compotator at the civic board. The alderman's private opinion, he being "no great things" as a student and critic in the *belles lettres*, may be valued at zero; but his post-prandial proposition, as the mouthpiece of public opinion,

as the symbol or exponent by which society rates a name now to be toasted with all the honors, is of prime significance. There may be American writers who, either in the range, or the depth, of literary power, or in both combined, are actually the superiors of the author of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "History of New York." He may yield in picturesque reality to Fenimore Cooper—in dramatic animation to Brockden Brown—in meditative calmness to Cullen Bryant—to Longfellow in philosophic aspiration—to Holmes in epigrammatic ease—to Emerson in independent thought—to Melville in graphic intensity—to Edgar Poe in witching fancy—to Mayo in lively eccentricity—to Prescott in accurate erudition—to Hawthorne in subtle insight—to Mitchell in tender sentiment. He may, or he may not, do all this, or part of it. But, notwithstanding, his position remains, either way, at the top of the tree. Thitherwards he was elevated years ago, by popular acclamation, when as yet he stood almost alone in transatlantic literature; and thence there has been little disposition to thrust him down, in favor of the many rivals who have since sprung up, and multiplied, and covered the land. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is of course infinitely more popular for the nonce, or, indeed,

It may be for years, and it may be forever;

but, recurring to that distinction which is traditional, conventional, and thus far "well-ordered in all things and sure," Washington Irving holds it in possession, and *that* is nine points out of the law.

In effect, he is already installed on the shelf as a classic. His sweet, smooth, translucent style, makes him worthy to be known, and pleasant to be read of all men. Be his theme what it may—and in choice of themes he is comprehensive enough—whether a Dutch "tea and turn out," or a "Siege of Granada;" a full-length of "Mahomet," or a crayon sketch of "Jack Tibbetts;" a biography of "Goldsmith," or of "Dolph Heyliger;" a "prairie on fire," or a "Yorkshire Christmas dinner;" a night on the "Rocky Mountains," or a morning at "Abbotsford"—to each he brings the same *bello stile che*, as he may say, and *has said,* m'ha fatto onore*. His style is indeed charming, so far as it goes. That is not, possibly, very far, or at least very deep. For it is not a style to compass profound or impassioned subjects, or to intone the thrilling notes which "sigh upward from the Delphic caves of human life." It has not, speaking generally, and "organically," more than one set of keys, and can give little meaning to passages demanding diapason grandeur, or trumpet stop. It fluently expresses ballad and dance music; or even the mellifluous cadences of Bellini, and the gilding graces of Haydn; but beyond its range are such complex harmonies as a Sinfonia Eroica, such tumultuous movements as a Hailstone Chorus. And therefore it is not what one sometimes hears it called, a perfect style—unless the perfection be relatively interpreted, *quoad rem*, which of itself is a "pretty considerable" concession. But in its proper track, it is eminently delightful, and flows on, not in serpentine, meandering curves, but straightforward, "unhasting, yet unresting," with musical ripple as of some soft inland murmur. Hence a vast proportion of the favor vouchsafed to its master, who has made it instrumental in popularizing subjects in the treatment of which he had scarcely another advantage, or even justification. Quiet humor, gentle pathos, sober judgment, healthy morality, amiable sentiment, and exemplary professional industry, have done the rest.

That Mr. Irving was eminently endowed

* In the preface to his "Life of Goldsmith," to whose literary influence over himself he applies the address of Dante to Virgil.

with the mytho-pœic faculty—the art of myth-making—was delightfully evident in the production of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." In relation to the infant experiences of the city he depicts, he occupies as notable a position from the positive pole as Niebuhr does from the negative; the German's skill in the use of the *minus* sign, he emulates in dexterous management of the *plus*; whatever fame the one deserves as a destructive, the other may arrogate as a conservative, or rather a creator; the former immortalizes himself because he exhausts old worlds, the latter because he imagines new. All honor, then, to the undaunted historian of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty—being the Only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published; which peremptory "only," so far at least as it excludes other claimants, is a terse and tidy challenge, "which nobody can deny." Equally undeniable is it that, for a historian and chronicler, old Knickerbocker is "a jolly good fellow;" and that even Sir Robert Walpole might have been tempted to revoke and recant his slander on history at large, had he been familiar with such a dainty dish as this. Every pursuivant of useful knowledge is conciliated *in limine*, by the honest man's assurance, that if any one quality pre-eminently distinguishes his compilation, it is that of conscientious, severe, and faithful veracity—"carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge." Inspired by this stern principle, it is beautiful to hear his disclaimer of all records assailable by skepticism, or vulnerable by critical analysis—his sublime rejection of many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure—his jealous maintenance of that fidelity, gravity, and dignity which he accounts indispensable to his order. The heroes of the New York mythological æon swagger before us in memorable guise. Good Master Hendrick Hudson, for instance, with his mastiff mouth, and his broad copper nose—supposed (the latter, to wit) to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of the tobacco-pipe; a man remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and for a voice which sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet, owing to the number of hard nor'-westers swallowed by him in the course of his sea-faring. Walter the Doubter, again, so styled because the magnitude of his ideas kept him everlastingly in

suspense—his head not being large enough to let him turn them over, and examine them on both sides; an alleged lineal descendant of the illustrious King Log; hugely endowed with the divine faculty of silence, and loving to sit with his privy council for hours together, smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Golden age of innocence and primitive blessedness! when tea-parties were marked with the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment—no flirting, or coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, or hoyden, chattering, and romping of young ones—but when the demure misses seated themselves for the evening in their rush-bottom chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, nor even opened their lips, unless to say “Yah, Mynheer,” or “Yah, ya Vrouw,” to any question that was asked them—while the gentlemen tranquilly “blew a cloud,” and seemed, one and all, lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles of the fireplace, representing, perhaps, Tobit and his dog, or Haman swinging conspicuously on his gibbet, or Jonah manfully bouncing out of the whale, “like harlequin through a barrel of fire.” Then comes William the Testy—that “universal genius”—who would have been a much better governor had he been a less learned man—who was perpetually experimentalizing at the expense of the state, and reducing to practice the political schemes he had gathered from Solon and Lycurgus, and the republic of Plato and the Pandects of Justinian—who introduced the art of fighting by proclamation (an art worthy of Mr. Cobden* himself), and wrought out for himself great renown by a series of mechanical inventions, such as carts that went before the horses, and patronized a race of lawyers and bum-bailiffs, and made his people exceedingly enlightened and unhappy. And lastly, we have Peter the Headstroung—tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, leathern-sided, and wooden-legged—a hero of chivalry struck off by the hand of nature at a single heat—a beautiful

* This fellow-feeling between these two great men may be illustrated by the annexed passage from Knickerbocker:—“The great defect of William the Testy’s policy was, that though no man could be more ready to stand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head; in other words, whatever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual.”—“History of New York,” book iv., c. 4.

relique of old-fashioned bigotry—a perfect fossil of effete notions—a peremptory and pugnacious man, who would stump to and fro about the town, during political ferment, with a most war-betokening visage, his hands in his pockets, whistling a low Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a north-east wind when a storm is brewing. The very dogs, as they eyed his excellency, and heard his wooden foot-fall, skulking anywhither in dismay. It argues a significant talent for ironical composition and easy badinage in Mr. Irving, that he has sustained to the last, in this perhaps over-long history, the quaint tone of subdued comedy and simple gravity which marks its opening. It abounds in pungent reflections profitable for later times, and likely to remain applicable until the last public quack and parliamentary humbug and official mountebank shall be no more.

“Salmagundi” belongs to the same—the earliest—stage in the author’s literary career, and partakes of the same satiric features. But the satire is good-natured enough in both cases, and indeed comes from too kindly a heart to be impregnated with any very bitter stuff. What Byron calls

The royal vices of the age, demand
A keener weapon and a mightier hand.

And against such it is not Geoffrey Crayon’s mission to set himself in array.

Still there are follies e’en for him to chase,
And yield, at least, amusement in the race.

So that, although it is not for him, “good easy man, full surely,” to confront and apprehend gigantic vice stalking in the streets, or to extinguish the “guilty glare” blazing from what threaten to be “eternal beacons of consummate crime,” yet he can speak on the hint,

Are there no follies for my pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs deserve the scourge?

And, albeit, the fools have nine lives, and kind Geoffrey’s scourge, or cat, hath only one; he lays it on with what appetite he may. He certainly has the gift “d’apercevoir le ridicule, et de le peindre avec grace et gaieté.” And, as certainly, he has had so much “evil communications” with a mocking spirit* as

* Speaking of the above “sense of the ridiculous,” and of the art of painting it with vivacity and mirth, Madame de Staël adds: “Ce n’est pas la le genre de moquerie dont les suites sont les plus à craindre; celle qui s’attache aux idées et aux sentimens est la plus funeste de toutes, car elle s’insinue dans la source des affections fortes et dévouées.”—

to corrupt his "good manners," or freeze his warm heart.

Hitherto Mr. Irving had catered for the New World. He was now to identify himself with the literators of the Old, by publishing "The Sketch-Book," under (to use his own words) "the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott," and by the agency of the prince of book-sellers, John Murray. This Sketch-Book he compares with that of a wayward travelling artist, who, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, copies objects in nooks, and corners, and by-places; the result being a volume crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins, but neglectful of St. Peter's, or the Colosseum, the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples, and without a single glacier or volcano in the whole collection. This absence of aught volcanic or violent, removes the sketches from participation in Diderot's judgment, that "*les esquisses ont communément un feu que le tableau n'a pas. C'est le moment de chaleur de l'artiste, &c.*" Look not in these *esquisses* for *feu* or *chaleur*. They are the placid, dreamy droppings of a limner's truant crayon, wandering over the paper at its own sweet will. Variety the collection designedly has; the collector's design being that it should contain something to suit each reader, to harmonize with every note in the gamut of taste. "Few guests," argued he, in arranging his Miscellany—"few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavor of venison and wild fowl; and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knick-knacks here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet amidst this variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the

guests." Is pathos your passion? There is "The Widow and her Son," to ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears—the affliction of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, bereaved of her last solace; and there is "The Pride of the Village," a love tale, and a tale of sorrow unto death—a prose elegy, most musical, most melancholy, on as pretty a low-born lass as ever ran on the green sward. Is humor to you a metal more attractive (though every true taste for pathos involves a hearty relish for humor, and *vice versa*)? There is the discursive chapter on "Little Britain"—that heart's core of the city, that stronghold of John Bullism, as it seemed to Mr. Crayon, looking as usual through colored spectacles, so that he here recognized a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions, where flourish in great preservation many of the holiday games and customs of yore, and where still revisit the glimpses of the moon not a few ghosts in full-bottomed wigs and hanging sleeves, or in lappets, hoops, and brocade. Such a little Britain was hardly to be found in Great Britain when Geoffrey pilgrimized amongst us; and is now traceable, in its merest outline, only in his Sketch-Book. Then, again, there is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," recording the expedition of Ichabod Crane, and his adventure with the Goblin Horseman; and the essay on "John Bull," from an American point of view; and the "Christmas Dinner" at Bracebridge Hall, with boar's head and carol, with wassail bowl of "gentle lamb's wool," celebrated by Master Simon, in certain roistering staves about the "merry browne bowle" and the "merry deep canne," and followed by a Christmas mummery, superintended by a Lord of Misrule, in which Ancient Christmas duly figures away with a frostbitten nose, and Dame Mince Pie, in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. Or, if your demand be for the romantic and the superstitious, is there not "The Spectre Bridegroom," and the peerless narrative of "Rip Van Winkle?" Or, should you be of literary predilections, there are the essay on "The Art of Book-making," and the Shakespearean researches in the Boar's Head Tavern, and Stratford-on-Avon. A like miscellaneous character pertains to "Bracebridge Hall," and the same refractive medium of colored spectacles everywhere occurs. The merry England described, is almost in the state of the old lady in the ballad, market-bound, egg-laden, and sleepily

DE L'ALLEMAGNE, IV., § ii. This "wise saw," in its warning against the perverting tendencies of satire, reminds us of a "modern instance." Thomas Moore, a man of as gay and kindly a disposition as the author of "Salmagundi," had attained a far greater renown as a satirist, and with far greater pretensions to that "bad eminence," when apprehensive of its corroding power, as well on agent as patient, he wrote in his diary (1819): "Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire; it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns." Five years previously, Lady Donegal had urged him to take the same resolution, on the same grounds.

recubans sub tegmine fagi, to whom, locked in dreamland, "there came by a pedlar, and his name was Stout, and he cut her petticoats all round about;" so that when the matron recovered her consciousness, it was (Hibernicè) not to know herself, and to infer from the new guise of her scant classic drapery that her personal ME (Teutonicè) had evaporated, or transmigrated, or disintegrated itself in some ineffable fashion, precipitating this ineffable residuum or result. Geoffrey Crayon has played more amiable but equally revolutionary pranks on "merry England," adorning her in vestments so out of date (alas!), and so dreadfully fictitious, that she fails to recognize in the glass even the general resemblance. He has painted her, not as the sun paints portraits, with harsh and unflattering fidelity, blackening every frown, deepening every furrow, indenting every crow's foot, but rather as the sentimental artist, who has a soul above accuracy, and who groups together prosy people in poetic attitudes, after the manner of the family piece in the "Vicar of Wakefield." These Yorkshire squires and villagers are but demi-semi-realities. They are mostly too good to be true. The angularities of the originals are too much smoothed down, their crooked ways made straight, and their rough places plain. Distance seems to lend enchantment to the view, and a dreamy haze to soften the vision. Be it far from us, nevertheless, to rail at the sketcher's kindly idealism; nor ever can his book be other than dear to us while we remember in it a Ready-Money Jack, and a Tom Slingsby, the school-master, or recall that substantial, drab-breeched, top-booted mystery, the Stout Gentleman in No. 13. Nor must we omit allusion to that august widow, Lady Lillycraft, tender-hearted, romantic, and fond of ease—living on white meats, and little ladylike dishes—cherishing the intimacy of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing birds—an insatiable novel-reader, though she maintains that there are no novels now-a-days equal to "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison," and that the "Castle of Otranto" is at the head of all romances. Old Christy, too, and Mrs. Hannah, merit a passing salutation—a couple as evidently formed to be linked together as ever were pepper-box and vinegar-cruet. The story of "Dolph Heyliger" glides on with sprightly ease.

Next, we come to the "Tales of a Traveller." Comparatively, it is a well-known truth, they were a failure. Mr. Irving's rambling among the forests of Germany and

the plains of Italy provided him with copious *matériel* for legendary lore; but the critics decided that of this *matériel* he did not make the most. Notwithstanding his advantages, he might have written the tales, it was averred, without being a traveller at all; instead of spending three years on them, he might have finished the thing in three months, without stirring out of London. The ghost stories, it was alleged, were some of them old, and nearly all badly told—that is, not told seriously, but in a sort of half-witty vein, with little dancing quirks interspersed. "Good Heavens!" cried a *Blackwood* censor, "are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love story tolerable?" The story of the Inn at Terracina, of the Beheaded Lady, of Buckthorne, &c., all were more or less found wanting; in descriptive passages, where the traveller had taken up his rest at Venice, Florence, Naples, and other such inspiring abodes, he was declared to have produced either a blank or a blunder; and the only meed of praise awarded him was for that section of the book devoted to "some of his old genuine stuff—the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the Manhattoes." He was therefore counselled to eschew European and classical subjects, and to riot once more, as Knickerbocker, in pumpkin pies, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump little Dutch maidens, and their grizzly-periwigged papas. If he would have honor, he was bid go seek it by prophesying and historicising about his own country, and his father's house.

So far he followed this counsel as to write in detail the life and the voyages of his country's immortal visitor, not to say her mortal creator, Christopher Columbus—

Who the great secret of the Deep possess'd,
And, issuing through the portals of the West,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurl'd,
Planted his standard on the Unknown World.*

Verily, a fascinating narrative—a strange, saddening, yet inspiring tale of the great Genoese sea-king, and of his great fight of afflictions, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils by his adopted countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. In narrating the story of this hero, Mr. Irving has endeavored to place him in a clear and

* Rogers.

familiar point of view; rejecting no circumstance, however trivial, which appeared to evolve some point of character; and seeking all kinds of collateral facts which might throw light upon his views and motives. In this endeavor he has succeeded. Few biographies surpass in sustained interest this memoir of the

Ἄνδρα . . . πολυτροπον, ὅς μαλα πολλὰ
Παραγγέλη—

a misconceived, misrepresented man—with none to sympathize with and foster his high imaginations,

Moving about in worlds not realized.

Perhaps the subject might have warranted a little more warmth of coloring—indeed Mr. Irving is less ornate than usual in the present instance, and might easily have drawn a more impressive figure of the admiral in the waste deep waters—"around him, mutinous, discouraged souls," to use the words of Carlyle; "behind him, disgrace and ruin; before him, the unpenetrated veil of Night." However, apart from the intrinsic charm of the recital, there is so much of the author's wonted fluency and unaffected grace of style and clearness of method in working it out, that it leaves us sensibly his debtors, and in charity with him, if not (remembering the wrongs of Columbus) with all mankind.

The bent of his Spanish studies at this time found a new direction in the "History of the Conquest of Granada"—wherein he has fully availed himself, says Mr. Prescott, of all the picturesque and animating movements of the romantic era of Ferdinand and Isabella, and has been very slightly seduced from historic accuracy by the poetical aspect of his subject. "The fictitious and romantic dress of his work has enabled him to make it the medium for reflecting more vividly the floating opinions and chimerical fancies of the age, while he has illuminated the picture with the dramatic brilliancy of coloring denied to sober history."* The concoction of this modern Iliad is certainly admirable. The hand of a master is seen in the delineation of character, Christian and Moorish; in the grouping of the *dramatis personæ*; and in the evolution, act by act, and scene after scene, of the drama itself. Especially we remember with interest the portraits of Don Juan de Vera, ever dignified and chivalric, and the gallant Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; of the daring old warrior, El Zagal,

and the ill-starred Boabdil. Tenderly the historian tells the exodus of the latter, with his devoted cavaliers, from the city of the Alhambra—how they paused on the mountain side to take a farewell gaze at their beloved Granada, which a few more steps would shut from their sight forever, and which never before had appeared so lovely in their eyes—the sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighting up each tower and minaret, and resting gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra, while the vega (plain) spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil; how the proud exiles lingered with a silent agony of tenderness and grief in view of that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures—until a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem king lost for ever; and how, thereupon, the heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with woe, could no longer contain itself, and the words of resignation, *Allah achbar!* died upon his lips, and tears blinded his last glance at the metropolis of his sires.

Far less satisfactory, to our thinking, is the collection of tales entitled "The Alhambra"—for we shared in the "dolorous disappointment" of an eminent reviewer, who observes that he came to it with the eager supposition that it was some real Spanish or Moorish legend connected with that romantic edifice; and behold! it was a mere Sadler's Wells travesty (before the reign of Phelps and legitimacy) applied to some slender fragments from past days. The observation applies, however, to the plan of the work, not to the execution.

But we must "hurry on"—which Mr. Irving did, *à merveille*, in his rapid production of volume after volume. "A Tour on the Prairies" recalls him to his own country, in one of its most distinctive features, and is agreeably described, without any straining at effect, or long-bow draughtmanship. "Astoria" followed—the story of a merchant-prince's commercial enterprise, from its projection to its failure; sometimes tedious, but not without moving accidents by flood and field. "Abbotsford and Newstead" is a delightful specimen of biographical-topographical gossip; the former part making up one of the most charming chapters in "Lockhart's Life of Scott;" which is giving it unstinted praise, yet praise as discreet as

* Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," vol. ii., ch. 4.

emphatical. "Captain Bonneville" is a kind of sequel to "Astoria," relating the expedition of a chieftain of trappers and hunters among the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. But the supply of this sort of information concerning bark canoes and wigwams, Indian swamps and Indian scamps, snowy mountains and sun-scorched prairies, beaver-skins and buffalo meat, salt weed and cottonwood bark, was by this time beginning to exceed the demand, and the excitement kindled by Cooper's romances was becoming subject to the law of reaction. Hence these works fell comparatively flat on the public ear, and the public voice was heard to murmur that Geoffrey Crayon had written himself dry, and that every later literary birth was a still birth—a sleep and a forgetting.

For a while he was silent. When again his voice was heard, it was heard gladly, and the echo of response was still fraught with the music of popularity, and swelled with resonance of welcome. "Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography," was a theme a little the worse for wear; but an English public was too fond of both Geoffrey Crayon and him "for shortness called Noll,"

Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll,

not to lend a willing ear to what the one had to say of the other. Prior's life was voted a pattern of industry, but left unread. Foster's was highly, widely, and deservedly admired, and remains *the* Life—being executed, as Mr. Irving himself testifies, with a spirit, a feeling, a grace, and an eloquence, that leave nothing to be desired. That Mr. Irving's biography made its appearance at all, when by its own averment it was no desideratum, is explained by the fact that its author had already published it in a meagre and fragmentary form, which attracted slight notice; and now, in the course of revising and republishing his *opera omnia*, felt called upon to reproduce it in a more complete and satisfactory shape. He writes *con amore*, and with ever-prompt indulgence, of one to whose literary genius his own is indebted and akin. Whereas Johnson said of poor Goldsmith, "Let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man,"—it is Mr. Irving's course to say, let them rather be remembered, since their tendency is to endear; since he was no man's enemy but his own; since his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and touching circumstances as to disarm anger and conciliate kind-

ness; since there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring creature, that pleads affectingly to our common nature—as being ourselves also in the body, ὡς καὶ αὐτοὶ ὄντες ἐν σώματι. Prudish censors may scout this sort of indulgence on the part of a critical biographer. For ourselves, we have too much fellow-feeling with Elia's veneration for an honest obliquity of mind, to find the indulgence culpable; thinking with Elia, that the more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not bewray or overreach you. "I love the safety," protests dear, canonized Charles, "which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." Goldy was no fool, though; but his nature found it occasionally *dulce desipere*, and not always *in loco*.

The "Life of Mahomet," like the preceding, seemed to require explanation, since it confessedly could add no new fact to those already known concerning the Arabian prophet. The author tells us it forms part of a projected series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain—most of the particulars being drawn from Spanish sources, with the addition of assistance from the elaborate work by Dr. Weil, and other recent authorities; his object in constructing it being, to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative (wherein so few can compete with him) the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with the leading legends and traditions connected with his creed, and a summary of the creed itself. The pretensions of this memoir are, therefore, small, as regards historical weight. It is deficient, moreover, in the matter of contemporary history, so essential to a due understanding of Mahomet's political and religious standpoint. The criticism on Mahomet's personal character is of that moderate and judicious kind which the author's antecedents might have warranted us to expect—neither condemning the prophet as an impudent impostor, juggler, and sensualist, nor exalting him to the honors of hero-worship. Mahomet is neither taxed with heartless selfishness, and ruinous imbecility, nor eulogized for "total freedom from cant," "deadly earnestness," and "annihilation of self."* He is por-

* Carlyle.

trayed as an enthusiast originally acting under a species of mental delusion, deeply imbued with a conviction of his being a divine agent for religious reform, but who, after his flight to Medina, became subject to worldly passions and worldly schemes—yet throughout his career, in a great degree, the creature of impulse and excitement, and very much at

the mercy of circumstances. With equal impartiality Mr. Irving discusses the lives and actions of his successors.

But *New Monthly* space and patience will no farther go, and leave us only room, in anticipation of his promised life of Washington, to bid that great man's namesake a pleasant and respectful *au revoir*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY,

Author of "THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD."

CHAPTER III.

Points of Similitude and of Contrast between the Ancient Persian and the Modern Turkish Empires.—Egypt as a Persian and as a Turkish Province.—Importance of Egypt and Syria, with a view to the Conquest of Central Asia and India.—Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, Conquerors of Egypt.—Glory of the Foundation of Alexandria.—Compared with Charlemagne's Project for Uniting the Danube and the Rhine.—Splendor of Alexandria under the Ptolemies.—Cæsar's Egyptian Campaign.—Cleopatra.—Napoleon's Egyptian Expedition.

"THIS old Europe is weary and stale to me. It is in the East that Genius must seek for Empire and Glory." So said Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power: and his fondest day-dreams, when he was First Consul, and when he was Emperor, were of renewing the attempt which he had made, when he was the simple Republican General,—the attempt to retrace Alexander's path of conquest, and become Lord of the Oriental world. Similar visions had haunted the ardent mind of Cæsar. The great Roman is said to have wept with emulative envy, when, during his first command in Spain, he gazed in the Temple of Hercules at Gades on the statue of the Macedonian conqueror; and the last projects which he was forming, when his career was cut short by assassination, were schemes of leading

his legions against Parthia, and the other powers of the Eastern world.

The part of Alexander's life, that possesses most interest for modern readers, probably consists of his operations in the remote East, in Central Asia, and the north of Hindostan. His campaigns in those districts fix our attention, on account of the formidable difficulties, arising both from the natural features of the country, and the obstinate bravery of the inhabitants, which he encountered and overcame. We, and not we alone, have learned by bitter experience, during the last few years, how to appreciate those difficulties. The Russian expedition against Khiva and Bokhara, in 1840, and our own recent wars in Afghanistan and the Punjaub, have done more to aggrandize the fame of Alexander, than to build up the reputation of any of the modern European commanders. The disastrous fates of Peroffski's and Elphinstone's armies must make both Muscovite and English military students envy the superior fortune, or admire the superior genius, with which the Macedonian columns were conducted. And the carnage of our troops, even when successful, at Moodkee, at Ferozeshah, at Sobraon, and at Chillianwallah, ought effectually to hinder us from depreciating the triumphs which Alexander gained in the same regions over the ancestors of our own foes.

On the other hand, a comparative view of the ancient condition of the countries, which were the scenes of Alexander's earlier achievements, and of their state at the present time, is calculated to make us think too lightly of the first part of his career, unless the comparison be very carefully made. We can easily realize to our minds the idea of one of the strong powers of modern Europe attacking Turkey, and, if uninterrupted by any of its own European rivals, rapidly overthrowing the armies, and appropriating the provinces of the Osmanlis. The complete superiority of English, Austrian, French, or Russian troops, over those of modern Turkey, is a truism. We can readily understand the existence of a similar superiority of the Macedonian veterans over the armed rabbles that crowded the camps of the last Darius. With respect, also, to the facilities, which the decay of central authority, the corruptness of administration, and the insubordination of provincial governors offer to a foreign conqueror, the resemblance between ancient Persia and modern Turkey is striking at the first glance. The relation of the Satraps to the Great King, was precisely that of the Pashas to the Sultan. The powerful Satrap, like the powerful Pasha, seldom sought to throw off the semblance of allegiance, but his constant aim was to make his power hereditary in his family; and he exercised, in all substantial points of government, a lawless independence of the sovereign whom he affected to venerate. The classical reader of the biographies of Paswan Oglou, of Ali Pacha, and Mehemet Ali, is continually reminded of Ariobarzanes, Artabanus, and Datames. And, when we turn back to ancient history, it is peculiarly striking to observe how Egypt was in the same chronic state of revolt against her Persian rulers in former times, that she now exhibits towards her Turkish suzerains. Moreover the same wretched system of statecraft was practised at Ecbatana against refractory vassals that long has been established* at Constantinople. Treachery and assassination were the favorite weapons of the court against a formidable or even a suspected rebel; and it was thought the height of royal policy to play off the ambition and the turbulence of neighboring Satraps against each other. The misery, which this system of organized anarchy inflicted on the subject populations of the

dominant Persian race, may be imagined from what we know now to prevail in the East: and the victorious stranger who offers to such populations the blessings of order and of protection for person and property, will be welcomed as a deliverer, though his rule be equally arbitrary, and equally extinctive of national independence.

But after admitting the general truth of the parallel of ancient Persia and modern Turkey, with respect to their means of resisting a powerful European invader, there are some important points of distinction to be observed. In the first place, the Persian kings employed large bodies of Greek troops in their armies;—troops whose skill and spirit were little, if at all, inferior to those of the Macedonians; and who fought against Alexander, not with the carelessness of mere condottieri, but with the bitterest national animosity; like that with which, in after ages, the Varangian guards of the Byzantine emperors encountered the Normans from Apulia; or that with which the Irish brigade assailed the English at Fontenoy. The Greek soldiers of fortune, who served the Persian king, were chiefly natives of the republics of southern Greece, whose glory and whose independence had been destroyed by Philip and his son. Many of their leaders, like Ephialtes and Leosthenes, the eminent Athenians, were compulsory refugees from their country, and the objects of the deadliest Macedonian enmity. These men opposed Alexander with all the resources of Greek skill, and with all the vindictive energy of personal and national hatred. To make our imaginary analogy perfect, we must suppose the case of Austria attacking Turkey, and finding herself resisted by large bodies of well-disciplined and well-paid Hungarian troops in the Sultan's service; or of Russia, in a similar enterprise, being encountered by Polish armies acting under the banners of her Ottoman foes.

Another peculiar obstacle in the path of Alexander, to which there is nothing analogous in the present state of the same countries, was the inveterate hostility of the great maritime and commercial city of Tyre. This Venice of the ancient world had once been the undisputed mistress of the Mediterranean, and had also long monopolized the coasting trade of the ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules; sending her merchantmen northward to the British Isles for tin, and to the shores of the Baltic for amber; and southward round the Atlantic coast of Africa for gold-dust, palm-oil, and ivory. Tyre

* The present sultan and his father, the energetic but unsuccessful Mahmoud, deserve to be excepted from the general censures passed upon modern Turkish sovereigns.

also, by means of caravans, and of ports and fleets in the Red Sea, kept in her hands the large and lucrative traffic between India and the countries round the Mediterranean. As ages rolled on, she was surpassed in her Gaulish and Spanish and Atlantic commerce by her own daughter, the powerful colony of Carthage. She also suffered a disastrous siege from the Assyrian conqueror, Nebuchadnezzar; but her undaunted citizens, leaving the ruins of their old city, established a new Tyre on an island at a little distance from the main land, as the Venetians sought a refuge from Attila amid their islets and lagunes. The parallel holds good for the wealth and splendor with which these uninviting sites were soon crowned. In the course of time New Tyre submitted to the nominal authority of the Persian kings, who left to her her local self-government and her commerce, with but slight interference, and who required little of her beyond the services of her fleets in their wars against the Greeks;—services which the Tyrian merchants and mariners willingly rendered; for it was among the Greeks that the Tyrians found their most fatal rivals, as to both the colonization and the commerce of the Mediterranean, so far at least as regards its northern coasts and its islands. Probably the sagacious forethought of the Tyrian merchant-princes enabled them to comprehend the character of Alexander, not only as a winner of battles, but as the great promoter of the ascendancy of Hellenic civilization, and as the ordainer of new channels for the commerce of the world. They resisted him with a "strenuous ferocity" and a determined skill, which, aided by the natural advantages of their city and its colossal fortifications, would probably have been successful against any other general. Tyre fell at last before Alexander, but it was only after a siege which is among the most memorable that either ancient or modern history records.

We have seen Alexander, at the passage of the Granicus, bold and rapid, like Napoleon, almost to temerity, when boldness and rapidity were requisite. But his conduct after that battle, as well as after the battle of Issus, showed that he did not suffer himself to be hurried forward by any impatience for winning pitched battles and capturing his enemy's capital; but that he could recognize the necessity of thoroughly securing one province before he grasped at another; that he knew how to make each successive conquest a base of operations for the next enterprise, and that he acted throughout with the de-

liberate intention of founding a new and enduring empire, and not of merely changing the ruling dynasty of the despots of Asia. The whole of the year that followed his victory at the Granicus was spent by him in consolidating his dominion over Asia Minor, and not until that was effected did he seek to advance beyond that peninsula. In 1332 B. C. he met and overthrew the multitudes of Darius at Issus, as boldly and as easily as Clive routed Surajah Dowla at Plassy. But even then he did not move prematurely upon Ecbatana or Babylon; but first secured his rear and flank by the thorough conquest of Phœnicia, Syria and Egypt. The importance indeed of the last-mentioned country to every ruler who aspires to be the ruler of the world, has always been fully felt:—by Cambyses and his successors, by the Cæsars, by the first Caliphs, by the Crusaders, by Sultan Selim, and by Napoleon, as well as by the great Macedonian.

The Persian yoke was preëminently hateful to the Egyptians, and Alexander made himself master of the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs, without his military talents being called into display. Egypt is, however, the cornerstone of his truest glory, and Napoleon has duly said of him that "Alexander did more to render his name illustrious by founding Alexandria, and conceiving the idea of making it the seat of his empire, than by achieving his most brilliant victories. This city should be the capital of the world. It lies between Asia and Africa, within reach of India and of Europe. Its port affords the only anchorage to be found along the five hundred leagues of coast which extend from Tunis or ancient Carthage to Alexandria or Iskenderoon. It is situated at one of the former mouths of the Nile; all the squadrons in the world might anchor there, and in the old port would be sheltered both from the winds and from attacks of every kind."*

It may, upon first consideration, seem marvellous that the great natural advantages of this site should have been so long neglected before the time of Alexander; and especially that none of the native monarchs of ancient Egypt, during the long centuries of her primitive splendor, should have founded a city on so promising a spot. But it is to be remembered that the population and civilization of Egypt were concentrated in early times along the banks of the Upper Nile. There is indeed reason to believe that

* "Montholon's Memoirs," vol. iv. p. 218.

Lower Egypt is a country gained in comparatively late ages from the river and the sea, partly by the natural alluvial deposits of the Nile, and partly by great artificial works constructed for the purpose by the ancient Egyptians, with pre-eminent engineering skill and unremitting industrial energy.* Still, when this had been accomplished, and when Memphis became the seat of empire instead of Thebes, we find no attempt made by the dynasties, at whose bidding the pyramids arose, to give Egypt maritime and commercial splendor by founding a city at the Canopic mouth of the Nile. The reason of this may partly be found in the fact that Egypt is, and must always have been, deficient in timber fit for the construction of large sea-going vessels; and still more in the peculiar tenets taught by the Egyptian priesthood, who (anxious probably to shut out innovation) taught the people to regard the sea with religious abhorrence. It was only under the last and short-lived Egyptian dynasty of Psammetichus that foreign mariners were encouraged or even permitted to frequent the Egyptian shore. And even then, though Pelusium and Naucratis became commercial places of some small activity and influence, the old Egyptian jealousy was watchful to prevent the foundation and growth of such an imperial city as Alexandria afterwards became. In fact, the Egyptian rulers appear to have actually observed the advantages offered by the site that was destined to become Alexandria, and they seem to have taken especial precautions against any settlement being made there. A village, named Rachotis, then occupied part of the ground. The Egyptian kings stationed in this village a permanent military force to prevent the landing of any foreigners; and they purposely granted the adjacent country to pastoral tribes, who were unlikely either to become sea-faring adventurers themselves, or to sympathize with any stranger from beyond the sea.

Under the oppressive domination which the Persians inflicted on Egypt, there was no probability of any thing being undertaken, that was calculated to augment the power of the always dissaffected, and frequently rebellious province. But, on the arrival of Alexander, a new era of power and prosperity began for Egypt. He was welcomed by the natives as a deliverer from insult and oppression. By respecting their religious

institutions, and relieving them from the burdensome tributes which their former masters had imposed, he assured himself of their devoted loyalty; and made it his own interest, as well as theirs, that Egypt should become wealthy and strong. But it was a fixed principle with him in all his conquests, to introduce the elements of Hellenic nationality and Hellenic civilization; and for this purpose it was necessary to develop the resources of Egypt for maritime traffic. Alexander, therefore, carefully examined in person the various embouchures of the Nile, and the adjacent coasts of the Delta. He saw at a glance the superiority of the site, where only the wretched huts of Rachotis then stood, to Pelusium and the other ports. Already was he meditating the conquest of India; and he resolved that on the sheltering belt of sand which divides Lake Mareotis from the sea, and on the adjacent little isle of Pharos, should arise the city which was to receive the commerce of India by the route of the Red Sea and the Nile, and become the great emporium of trade and civilization for the three continents of Africa, Asia, and Europe.

The worthiest parallel for this masterpiece of Alexander's genius may perhaps be found in the magnificent project which Charlemagne formed, during his Saxon wars, of uniting the Danube and the Rhine, and thus establishing a channel by which the commerce and the civilization of Western and of Eastern Europe should interpenetrate through the centre of our continent. It has been only within the last few years, that the canal, which the old Frankish Emperor projected, has been completed. The natural difficulties of the soil proved too much for the engineering skill of Charlemagne's time. But the conception was worthy of the imperial mind that formed it, especially when we remember the rude barbarism of the age in which Charlemagne lived, and the contemptuous indifference with which even the best of his chieftains and counsellors regarded the interest of the merchant and the artisan, as compared with the glory of the soldier. We can readily imagine that in Alexander's great works of civilization, the lessons of Aristotle bore their natural fruit. Charlemagne had been inspired by no such master of the human intellect. His glory, as a civilizer, is peculiarly his own; and though, in point of immediate success, his design for developing the full capabilities of the German rivers cannot be compared with Alexander's foundation on the banks of the Nile,

*See Niebhur's "Lectures on Ancient History," vol. i. p. 66.

it deserves to be mentioned and classed with it, as marking the grandeur of the originating mind.

There is, however, one point in which Alexander's genius, as displayed in the selection and creation of his Egyptian capital, is unrivalled. That is the decisive rapidity with which he acted. He did not become familiar with Egypt, as Charlemagne did with Germany by repeated campaigns. He passed only a few months of his life in that country; but he felt at once the need of such a city as Alexandria became; he saw at a glance the advantageous nature of the site which he determined on, and he instantly caused the idea of his new city to become a reality.

No words can describe this intuitive power of comprehending instantly the natural advantages of a particular spot, either for purposes of peace or war, better than the words which Napoleon uses in that part of his memoirs, which is devoted to the subject of Alexander and of Egypt. Napoleon truly says, that the eye of the great commander is the eye of inspiration. "This faculty consists in a facility of seizing at a glance, the various circumstances connected with the ground, according to the nature of different countries. It is, in short, a gift which is called the military glance, and which great generals have received from nature."

The city, which Alexander thus planned, was reared rapidly at his orders, by the skilled labor of the ready myriads of the Egyptian population, guided and animated by Greek science and inventive genius. Alexander saw the works so far advanced, as to feel assured of the successful completion of his great design, before he led his army, in the spring of 331 B.C., back from Egypt to Syria, and thence to the Euphrates, on their further path to the conquest of the East.

Two others of the Imperial Four, Cæsar and Napoleon, appeared in after ages in Egypt as conquerors, and we are naturally led to the contemplation of their exploits on the same scene of action. The parallel between Alexander and Napoleon in Egypt is peculiarly interesting, as each of these two commanders sedulously bent his mind to revive the wealth and splendor of Egypt, and to make the secure possession of her and of the neighboring Asiatic province of Syria a base for extensive operations against Upper Asia and India. Cæsar's campaign at Alexandria is the most romantic part of his career, but it is not the portion that fur-

nishes the best points of comparison between him and either his Macedonian predecessor or his Corsican follower in the subjugation of Egypt. It was in the autumn of B.C. 48, that Cæsar landed at Alexandria in eager pursuit of his rival Pompeius, whom he had recently defeated at Pharsalia. Pompeius had been murdered there by order of the Alexandrian Court a few days before Cæsar's arrival. The ministers of the young King of Egypt thought that they should conciliate Cæsar's favor by this crime; but they only excited his horror, and he entered Alexandria fully resolved to take every advantage which the quarrels among the Egyptian royal family offered him, for aggrandizing his own power and that of Rome (which now had become identical), and in particular for exacting the payment of an enormous sum of money, which he claimed from the Alexandrian Court for political services which he, as a Roman senator, had formerly rendered to the late King Ptolemy Auletes.

The dynasty of the Ptolemies was descended from Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one of the ablest of Alexander's generals, who, in the confusion that followed the great conqueror's death, secured Egypt as his own share of the empire. The country had been generally prosperous under him and his successors, and the city of Alexandria itself acquired a degree of splendor which made it the second city of the world. Indeed as a seat of commerce, of literature, and of the arts and sciences, it was far superior to Rome itself. The fortifications were strong, the fleet was large and well equipped, and an army of 20,000 regular soldiers (many of whom were deserters from Roman armies), under the generals of the young King, was encamped close to the capital, at the time when Cæsar, at the head of only 4,000 troops, haughtily made his way into Alexandria with all the insignia of Consul and Emperor of Rome, and bade the rival factions of the young King and his two sisters, Cleopatra and Arsinoë, submit their claims to his decision.

The charms of Cleopatra soon fascinated her judge; and Cæsar espoused her cause with an ardor that makes us think rather of some youthful Paladin of the days of chivalry, than of the grave, middle-aged statesman and warrior of ancient Rome. He was speedily involved in a war with the Alexandrians, in which not only all the resources of his genius, as a commander, were called into action, but he more than once owed his safety to his own personal prowess as a com-

batant. In one of the sea-fights that took place between his galleys and the flotilla, which the Egyptians fitted out after he had surprised and burnt their fleet, the vessel which bore the great Roman was sunk, and Cæsar was forced to swim for his life. Ultimately he baffled all the attacks which the Egyptian soldiery and the populace made on his scanty force, and when his reinforcements at last were approaching, and King Ptolemy marched off with his regular troops to intercept them, Cæsar followed and gave his enemies a crushing defeat, probably not far from the very spot where Bonaparte afterwards defeated the Turkish army at the battle of Aboukir.

Ptolemy was killed in the battle, and the Egyptians in unconditional surrender implored the mercy of Cæsar. At a later period of his life he is said to have meditated making Alexandria one of the chief seats of his empire, and he probably would have done so now had not he been under the urgent necessity of encountering with the least possible delay the formidable enemies that yet defied him in Pontus and in North Africa.

He was unwilling, too, in that troubled state of the Roman world, to give any Roman officer the command of so important a province as Egypt, which could so readily be made the seat of independent power. Perhaps, also, his love for Cleopatra may have combined in inducing him to give her the crown of Egypt. It was not till after the Great Dictator's death, and till after that wondrous Princess had led other Romans to dare all and neglect all for the love of her, that Egypt was finally subdued by the Romans, and made an integral portion of the dominions of Augustus.

Eighteen hundred and forty-six years passed away between the time when Cæsar fought his war of barricades against the last Ptolemy, for the sake of Cleopatra's eyes, and the time when Napoleon left his Josephine to invade Egypt. More than twenty-one centuries had intervened between the foundation of Alexandria by the great King of Macedon and the restoration of its fortifications by the French engineers under Gen. Bonaparte's directions.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

FRENCH FEMALE CELEBRITIES.

READERS now approaching M. Sainte-Beuve for the first time, would hardly surmise that he was, in times past, a devout adherent to the Romantic school. Once he espoused its cause, expounded its beauties, and defended its teachers. But with years that bring the philosophic mind, and that also, be it added, chill the fires and tame the hey-day blood of youth, he has been changed into a veteran of another creed, bound by other canons of taste, and sound in quite other articles of faith. Without venturing to discuss the limitless controversy suggested by such change, involving as it does so manifold an appeal to criticism in its principles, and to the illustrations of French literature at large, we shall content ourselves at this present, with a cordial expression of interest in M. Sainte-Beuve as one of the most accomplished, graceful, refined, and withal, instructive of French critics. And hereby we invite attention to

his "Causeries du Lundi,"* of which six volumes have now appeared, — reprinted from the pages of the *Constitutionnel*, where this Monday chit-chat, as he modestly phrases it, has long attracted, and still continues to attract, an extended and well-merited notice. The "Causeries" are, indeed, tolerably known in England; and, where known, are highly relished. We may hope, however, to introduce them to some at least who, with the certainty of relishing, happen as yet *not* to know them. For their author's privilege it is to

Charm with graceful negligence,
And without method talk us into sense;
And, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

* *Causeries du Lundi*, par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Deuxième édition. Paris : Garnier Frères. 1858.

Literary portrait-painting has long been a favorite and flourishing art in France. A host of names renowned in the art might be adduced: suffice it to allude to Mlle. de Scudéry, in her "precious" romances; to Bussy Rabutin (the Sévigné's "most devoted"), pronounced inimitable in the easy grace and originality of his pencil; to M^{me}. de Sévigné herself; to *La Grande Mademoiselle* (Henrietta of Orleans); to the Abbé de Choisy and M^{me}. de Caylus, and Saint Simon, and La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues, and Fontenelle, and successors innumerable, small and great. The France of our own day teems with artists similar in kind, and sometimes vastly dissimilar in degree. Of these, many may surpass M. Sainte-Beuve in boldness, vivid effect, and intensity of coloring. Beside the studies of not a few contemporaries, his own have a pale, sober, almost chilly tint: and admirers of the exaggerated and the pretentious will complain of a comparative absence, in his designs, of glare and glitter, and of those dashing appliances by which adventurous sketchers pander to a popular greed for something *ultra*. His style, on the contrary, is quiet, mellow, strict, and carefully toned down. Common taste will probably vote it common-place. It eschews meretricious arts; it is true to a self-imposed law of self-restraint. *Causeur* though he be by profession, M. Sainte-Beuve's *causeries* have a method, a system, a principle of limitation: the chat may not transgress certain rules, or lose itself in chaotic miscellanies and wandering mazes and passages that lead to nothing; it must not reveal a mere voluble chatterbox; it must not evaporate in the thin air of purposeless gossip, or become a disorganized mass of "bald disjointed chat." The critic reverences and magnifies his office. He is a veteran in his labor, and it is a labor of love. His reviews prove him

Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-
bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind.

To him we may apply the words of Madame du Deffand, forgetting the original object: "Il a beaucoup d'esprit, très cultivé, le gout très-juste, beaucoup de discernement sur les hommes et sur les ouvrages, raisonne très-consequemment, le style excellent, sans tortillage, sans pretention. . . . Tous ses *Portraits* sont très-ressemblants et bien frappés." His criticisms are excellent in

moderation, clear-sightedness, and good sense. Not very profound or subtle, perhaps; yet searching and thoughtful, and with a singular and thrice-blessed freedom from the cant vices of the craft. He is not one of your hyper-panegyrists, nor of your savage Ishmaelites; he neither sides with those who decry a microcosm of meaning in a prosy *quoi qu'on die*,* nor with those whom genius turns against and rends as "cut-throat bandits" who "mangle to expose,"† and do their best to snuff out fiery souls by an extinguishing *article*. He is not one of the ready-made critics, after Byron's recipe,‡

Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote,
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt, &c.

M. Sainte-Beuve brings to his work a lofty sense of its moral as well as of its intellectual requirements; he has scanned its responsibilities, and evidently seeks to employ the conscience of a careful, as well as the pen of a ready, writer. He strives to do justice to his author, his reader, and himself. As for his author, he labors to realize, in *his* behalf, what he calls "cette faculté de demi-métamorphose," or quasi-identification with that author, with his point of view, which is (and Coleridge would nod assent) "le triomphe de la critique," consisting as it does in the critic's putting himself "à la place de l'auteur, et au point de vue du sujet qu'on examine, à lire tout écrit selon l'esprit que l'a dicté." How far the *Causeur* would succeed in reducing his principle to practice, if engaged on English literature—in criticising Wordsworth, for instance, or Charles Lamb, or our Elizabethan worthies—is a question we will shirk with a *n'importe*: but, so far as we are capable of judging, or "guessing," he succeeds right deftly in applying it to the messieurs and mesdames of his "ain countree." French philosophers and French poets, French politicians and French peers,

* "Ce *quoi qu'on die* en dit beaucoup plus qu'il ne semble.

Je ne sais pas, pour moi, si chacun me ressemble;
Mais j'entends, là-dessous, un million de mots."
Les Femmes Savantes, iii., 2.

† According to Burns' wrathful invective, in his Lines to Robert Graham:

"Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Munroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose."

‡ His lordship's tenet, at one time, being, that
"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

French matrons and French maidens, French pietists and French infidels, French nobles and French *sansculottes*,—all in their turn he discusses under duly diversified aspects, and really goes a good way towards becoming all things to all [French] men. It is allowed that few rival him in an intimate acquaintance with the history and literature of his country during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—in the shifting phases of its many-colored life—whether the *couleur de rose* of tranquil days, or the blood-stained *tricolor* of revolutionary frenzy, or any other shade and hue of social experience, before or since.

In style he is clear, classical, simple. Great and constantly repeated is his aversion to turgid, grandiose diction; great and warmly-expressed his admiration of the simplicity* and purity of the school of Pascal and Bourdaloue. He has a keen eye, and a severe one, for neologisms and solecisms; he loves to expose them in their monstrosity, and conjure up the ghost of a Nicole or a Fontenelle, and ask what *he* would think,

* Thus, in his essay on Readings in public, he insists on the importance of losing no opportunity of instilling into one's audience a love *du simple, du sensé, de l'élevé, de ce qui est grand sans phrase*; advising the Reader, for instance, to follow up a chapter of some modern romance with an extract from Xavier de Maistre. "Causeries," i., 224. Again, speaking of Balzac, he contrasts his giddy-making, capricious, indefinite style, with that of the old French classics, "simple, grave, sincere," *qui va loin*, as La Bruyère says; and quotes admiringly that Maxim-maker's remark, that for every thought there is one single expression available, which, and no other, should be used, and if necessary hunted up without stint of time and pains (ii., 357). He delights in Bonald's rule, *Le beau en tout est toujours sévère*: he ratifies as essential to literature, the axiom of Vauvenargues, *La netteté est le vernis des maîtres*: he reiterates the sarcasm of Pascal on those who cannot call a king *roi*, but forsooth *auguste monarque*—who are afraid to call Paris, Paris, but must drag in the periphrasis *capitale de royaume*. And on one occasion M. Sainte-Beuve thus enthusiastically apostrophises his literary models—after having wearied and sickened himself over the *bigarrees* and *convulsives* pages of Camille Desmoulins' "Vieux Cordelier"—"On se prend à s'écrier en se rejetant en arrière: O le style des honnêtes gens, de ceux qui ont . . . placé dans les sentiments mêmes de l'âme le principe et la mesure du goût! O les écrivains polis, modérés et purs! O le Nicole des *Essais*! O Daguesseau écrivant la Vie de son père! O Vauvenargues! O Pellisson!"—"Causeries," iii., 97. Alas and woe the day for SIR NATHANIEL, were *his* vagabondage of diction and nondescript style—anarchical, anomalous, antinomian, and a good many other bad adjectives—to come under the ken and pen of M. Sainte-Beuve! That *Lundi* were a Black Monday for Sir Nat.

what *he* would say, of such a piece of wickedness. Sir Thomas Browne would trouble him; Elia would fidget him; Coleridge would give him no peace; Carlyle would drive him mad.

In politics and ethics, those delicate points for English readers of French authors, he is cautiously conservative—not using that phrase technically, or as a party word, but as significant of his opposition to assailants of what is established and time-honored in morals and social science. The immoral in fiction, the lawless in fact, he cannot away with. Romancers who weave network of false sentiment, and political theorists who never tire of playing "Much Ado about Nothing," at the state's expense and society's risk—find in him an adversary "of credit and renown." Condorcet's conduct in 1792, is enough, he protests, merely in a moral point of view, to make one curse revolutions, and shudder *non pas pour sa vie, mais pour son propre caractère*. André Chenier's denunciation of demagogues who hate the *ancien régime*, not because it is bad, but because it is a *régime* at all, evokes his fervent plaudits. To countrymen of his he commends Turgot's exclamation: "Liberty!—sighing I say it, men are unworthy of thee!—Equality! thee they may desire, but thee they cannot attain!" With zest he quotes Béranger's reply to Chateaubriand, when the old Legitimist said to the old Republican, "Well, and so you've got your Republic at last;" and Béranger answered, "Yes, so I have; but I'd rather dream about it than have it." He is severe on what he calls the mysticised sensualism of the *René* school of novelists, as well as the unmasked sensualism of the Sues and Paul de Kocks. In short, he enjoys and deserves the repute of a "healthy" writer.

One of the chief attractions of his *Causeries* is the series of portraits of eminent French women, to whom he assigns a foremost place. The labors of Miss Pardoe and Miss Julia Kavanagh, among others that might be named, have lately popularized this compartment of his Gallery in our own reading world. The popularity of the subject in France itself is inexhaustible; and great credit is due to M. Sainte-Beuve for the tact and discrimination with which he has approached it—without affected prudery on one side, or, on the other, any thing like prurient license. He is at once the sagacious man of the world, and, as aforesaid, the "healthy" writer.

Out of this long line of lady portraits, a

select few may here be mentioned, in honor of the artist. Mademoiselle de Scudéry, for instance—whom he depicts as a sort of Madame de Genlis, *plus* the momentous addendum of *la vertu*. A Genlis in fact, of the Louis Treize era; full of strength and honesty, and a decorous, steadfast old maid “of fourscore and upwards.” Like the Genlis, this illustrious Sappho (as she was called, from her autograph, or auto-portraiture, in the *Grand Cyrus*) was intent on panyclopædic attainments—from a knowledge of the properties of simples and the confectionery art, to the anatomy of the human soul; every incident in social life must be apprehended, and turned to account as material for the concoction of romance, essay, moral dissertation; it must serve for a lecture or a compliment. Both the ladies were distinguished by a combined habit of pedantry, and extreme delicacy of observation, and familiarity with the ways of the world. There is something highly instructive in the completeness of Mademoiselle de Scudéry’s survival of her brilliant renown in literature—the last twenty-four years of her life being a gradual decadence, thanks to the satire of Boileau, and the new style in romance of Madame de la Fayette, whose *Zaïde* and *Princesse de Cleves* had a freshness and nature quite alien from the old-fashioned *roman*. The “correct taste” of the Place-Royale and the Hôtel Rambouillet had, happily, no lease of perpetuity; and the *Précieuses* so respected in the palmy days of *Clélie*, must submit to become, under Molière’s dynasty, the *Précieuses Ridicules*.

Madame de Sévigné is neatly portrayed; that rich and vigorous nature, healthful and ever fresh; impassioned in one direction only, in her tender enthusiasm towards her daughter; distinguished by a pervading grace all her own, a grace not indeed serene and smart, but lively, exuberant, full of sense and even smartness, and with no one pale hue in its harmony of colors. “There is a dash of Molière about her. She reminds one of his Dorine—she is herself a Dorine of fashion and high life.” She belongs to the race of lightsome, vivacious spirits—occasionally *brusque* in manner, and unrestrained in speech—such as Ninon and La Fontaine; a generation elder in period and younger in heart than that of Racine and Boileau. As Madame de la Fayette told her, she seemed born for pleasure, and pleasure created for her; her presence lent new charms to the amusements of life, and *they* to the inspiration of her beauty—which beauty, real,

though a little irregular, radiated light and sparkles all around when itself lit up by joyous animation. Rightly is it affirmed, that this Queen of letter-writers is, like Montaigne, like La Fontaine, one of those subjects which are always the order of the day in France—not only a classic, but an acquaintance; and, better still, a neighbor and a friend.

Such another subject, in respect of national interest, is Madame de la Vallière; of whom, if M. Sainte-Beuve says nothing new, he repeats the traditional eulogies in his own approved and well-ordered manner. She is one of the historical names which, tarnished though they be, yet in a cemetery of French soil, and to a people constitutionally disposed to be a little blind to faults and very kind to virtues such as hers,

“Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

To France she is the ideal of the lover in disinterestedness, faithfulness, and devoted tenderness—the ideal, moreover, of touching and sincere penitence. Comparing her with Madame de Fontanges, a languishing and somewhat vain-glorious beauty, Madame de Sévigné applies to her a description almost identical with Wordsworth’s figure of Lucy, as “a violet by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye.” Her cloister life, as Louise, Sister of Mercy, is here pleasingly sketched—a seclusion which certainly tesuifies as strongly to her depth of heart, as it does to the heartlessness of the Grand Monarque. Then again we have a careful study of the most renowned of her successors in his majesty’s graces, the serious and sagacious widow of Scarron, and ultimately* the widow of “Lewis Baboon” himself. Madame de Maintenon is no special favorite with our intelligent *Causeur*. What service, he asks, did she ever render France? and makes haste to answer, None—except the day when she bade Racine write a sacred drama for St.

* Long has the controversy lasted, whether Madame de Maintenon altogether, or almost, persuaded Louis to be her husband. Here a miss is as good as a mile. Yet people have been somehow accustomed to regard her as a sort of matrimonial *tertium quid*, a kind of “betwixt and between.” She has been discussed as a historical enigma. But St. Simon, her contemporary, calls the enigma transparent. However, formal proofs of what Win Jenkins would call the “matter-o-money-al surry-money,” have not been produced—from the days of St. Simon, who fixes the date of the private espousals at 1683, (the year of the Queen’s death,) to the Duc de Noailles, who (in his “*Histoire de Madame Maintenon*,” 1848) places it two years later—though without new documents to back his plausible scheme.

Cyr. Active, obliging—thus he defines her—innuating without meanness, interesting herself adroitly in the pleasures and pains of others, yet perfectly devoid of real sympathy; an intellectual coquette; tolerably winning at a distance, by a certain imposing air of noble simplicity and dignified discretion; her dominant passion a love of personal consideration; her safeguard through life a punctilious and cold-blooded respect for religion. That for no one moment throughout her protracted life she surrendered herself to an impulse of the heart—this, he affirms, is the secret of the coldness she inspires us withal, much as might

A stoic of the court—a dame without a tear.

The Duchess of Burgundy (mother of Louis XV.) appears in this gallery under a less amiable aspect, on the whole, than that with which we have been wont to accredit her. Our guide freely bears witness to the charm of her natural graces, to that winsome, fairy-like manner which enchanted the court of Louis XIV. He thinks it a subject of regret that she was not spared to reign by the side of Fénélon's virtuous pupil, and thus happily defer the reign of their son, destined to the stigma of *le plus méprisable des rois*. But he does not cloak her weaknesses for wine, and gaming, and such-like *modes*, at that day so indulgently regarded, nor omit to record the charge against her, that she abused the king's confidence by betraying French state secrets to an enemy of France, and instructing her father, the Duke of Savoy, in all the military designs of Louis and his marshals.

The busy, piquant little Duchess of Maine is capitally portrayed—one of the most anomalous and whimsical productions of the reign of the Great Louis. Almost a dwarf in person; in ambition unbounded, in spirit indomitable, in intrigue exhaustless. Her husband, timid and undemonstrative; herself, hardy, inquisitive, restless, imperious, fantastic. Everything by turns, from severe blue-stockings to private theatricals and park bucolics. Now deep, for a dabbler, in the philosophy of Descartes, the Latin of Virgil and Terence, and the astronomy of Fontenelle; now making the welkin ring with the laughter of a well-dressed, neat-handed Phillis; now outwatching the night-watches in schemes of conspiracy—covering sheet after sheet of paper with polemics and strictures, designed to inspire a new *Fronde* against the regent of the new century. In her we are invited to behold a perfect model of the spoilt-child egoism, the fanciful des-

potism and coquettishness, of a princess of the blood in days of yore; gifted (or cursed, if you will) with a naïve incapacity for conceiving any other existence in the world than her own, and whose philosophy has actually attained the sublime conviction that the universe is but a dependence and extension of her dainty self: *L'Univers, c'est moi!*

Then again we have Horace Walpole's "dear old blind woman," Madame du Defand—forgetting, as far as might be, her affliction, and trying to make all others forget it too, by dint of tact and agreeable manners; capricious and unromantic, a very *débauchée d'esprit*, frank and fastidious, fiery and fussy, quizzical and shrewd; in whose fanatical "fancy" for the lord of Strawberry Hill we are here taught to recognize a kind of motherly tenderness which had hitherto been objectless, and which all at once burst into life without knowing its real name. Her companion and rival follows, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—for ten years her household confidante and bed-side intimate, and ever afterwards divorced by mortal feud—a lady without name, without fortune, without beauty, who, by the sole charm of mental attraction, "created" a saloon surpassed by none in influence and brilliancy—whose life from early days was a romance, and something more—at whose bidding gathered together with unstinted homage such admirers as Turgot and Brienne, D'Alembert and Condorcet, and other renowned seceders from the established rites of the Convent of St. Joseph. We have a full-length portrait of Madame d'Epinay, whose memoirs are pronounced, an idiomatic French, not a work, but an epoch—herself the social type of her day and generation—and therefore of a peculiar merit inappreciable by us stolid sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. We have Madame du Chatelet, deep in her books and scientific pursuits, and as much of the stoic as a Frenchwoman of the Louis Quinze era can be supposed, with Voltaire under her roof. We have her curious visitor, Madame de Graigny, the Peruvian letter-writer extraordinary,—and assist at that poor lady's prompt and curious expulsion from the *otium cum dignitate* at Cirey. We are introduced to Madame Geoffrin, in her exquisitely neat and modestly simple attire; silver-haired, and not a whit ashamed to be and to seem old; with that upright figure of hers, that mien so dignified and becoming, that mingled air of benignity and thought: heiress to Madame Tencin's tact in *salon* arrangements, but herself the first to conceive of the *salon* in all

its possibilities of extension and interest—to include among its *habitués* artists as well as *littérateurs*, politicians as well as scribes, men of the world as well as poetasters—to make its attraction such, that no “illustrious stranger” could leave Paris without trying to gain admission, and that princes were proud to be accepted there, and broad Christendom glad to send its representatives thither, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. There we admire the noiseless activity and tranquil moderation of the hostess, and smile at the respectable husband who “assists” in silence, and who realizes Coleridge’s apple-dumpling-loving guest, and in whose stead Burigny officiates as major-domo—Burigny, one of madame’s oldest friends, and therefore one of the best scolded (for it is a rather questionable distinction that *celui qu’elle aime le mieux est aussi le mieux grondé*). In her we see the Fontenelle of her sex—more benevolent, indeed, than Fontenelle, but his counterpart almost in prudence, art of enjoying and managing life, manner of speaking (by turns familiar, epigrammatic, and ironic without acerbity), and above all, in avoidance of excitement, in dread of all disquieting influences, all disturbing forces, and whatsoever is called ardent and impassioned, whatsoever accelerates the even tenor of the pulse, or flushes the cheek with emotion.

Besides all these, we have presented to us Madame de Caylus, youngest and sprightliest of the *Grand Monarque* epoch, the pride and torment of her aunt Maintenon, and the first-born of St. Cyr; and Adrienne Lecouvreur, the first French actress who reconciled the hitherto incompatible privileges of success on the boards and “consideration” in society; Ninon and Sophie (de Monnaie); the Rousseau-bitten Madame de la Tour, and the circumspect Madame de Lambert; the staid Madame Necker and her impulsive daughter; Marie Antoinette, Mesdames Récamier, Girardin, Dudevant, &c., &c.—a long list, but which we hope to see longer still, by a periodical arrival of new and old candidates for the Monday *séances* of the gallant critic.

Creation’s worse half—the messieurs—he depicts in still greater number and variety; from Philip de Comynes and Rabelais, and Montaigne and Amyot down to Lamartine, and Villemain, and Jules Janin. Montaigne he describes in his best manner—which is not that of Emerson, whose Michael, the Representative Man, seems quite another person. The philosophic Gascon of the “Causeries” is a Lucian-Aristophanes—

blessed with a happy temperament—simple, natural, a man of the people—originally endowed with a deep fund of enthusiasm, vivacity, and tender feeling, which he had corrected by cherished habits of reflection and inquiry, though without at any time abjuring his more genial self. The grand peculiarity of Montaigne, that which made him a phenomenon, is defined to be his moderation, his sound discretion, his self-possessed discipline, in an age of extremes in things small and great: extreme credulity and extreme skepticism—ultraism in the court, the camp, the field; an age of ferment and chaos, of storm and tempest, of many-voiced strife and tumult; an age pronounced by one who lived through the Reign of Terror, the most tragical age in the annals of history. Fénelon (to name a sufficient contrast to the author of the *Essays*) is carefully delineated—with that lightsome spirit of innocent gaiety, as pure from dissipation as from hypocrisy, the natural impulse of a chaste, placid, equable temperament—with that disposition sweeter than sweetness itself, more patient than patience, which on this account impels M. Sainte-Beuve to murmur against it as faulty and *irritating*. Saint-Simon, again; almost unrivalled in penetration, and intuitive analysis (so to speak) of human character—in the power of reading minds and hearts *à travers* face and expression, and of plucking forth the mystery of motive and intention—in perfecting into an art, a science, a system, his piercing detection of what lay beneath the masks of the actors around him—in the burning curiosity, sometimes insatiable and unrelentingly cruel, with which he would anatomize a courtier’s soul, and make visible the invisible, on the point of his scalpel. Le Sage, laughing for laughing’s sake, without special contempt towards his own age, or hobby of an idea to be set trotting at the expense of his fellow-men; herein distinguishing himself from the satirists of his century, and allying himself to the more genial and jovial race of by-gone days. Huet, commemorated by Voltaire as

—cet évêque d’Avranché,

Qui pour la Bible toujours penche—

and, alas for the vanity of literature! better known now-a-days by that poor couplet than by his once proverbial and prodigious scholarship, and the reputation of the greatest *helluo librorum*, and digester of them when swallowed in his omnivorous maw, that ever committed ravages in library stores; perfect exemplar of the man of polish, the man of the world, and of *l’honnête homme* under

Louis XIV. Poor bishop! well might he proceed to demonstrate by a process in geometry the fatuity of those who reckon on an income of posthumous renown, or a bill on posterity for twelve months after date of decease.—Fontenelle; in whose case, brain was all in all, and heart totally omitted; who passed through his long existence without one burst of laughter, or one gush of tears, or one fit of passion.—Vauvenargues, a softened, not enfeebled Pascal; the little Abbé Galiani, uttering alternately thoughts "worthy of Vico, if not of Plato," and balderdash unworthy of an ordinary buffoon; the Abbé de Choisy, who was never himself save in woman's clothes, and whose ideal *summum bonum* consisted in dressing and undressing himself all day long, and dreaming about it all night; the Abbé de Chaulieu, debauched and apoplectic, shrewd and serviceable;—together with such notables as Voltaire and Rousseau, Boileau and Molière, La Fontaine and Daguesseau, Diderot, Condorcet, Beaumarchais, Bernardin St. Pierre, Florian, Malesherbes, Barnave, Mirabeau, &c., &c., come before the *Causeur* for judgment.

Of contemporary genius, M. Sainte-Beuve has evidently a special grudge against Lamartine and Chateaubriand. The former he pounces upon, not indeed with the vulturous swoop, or rather perhaps the worrying tenacity, of Cuvilier Fleury (of the *Débats*), but with a resolute desire to turn him and his sentiment inside out, and show, by shaking it to the winds, what inflated falsity there is in the poet-politician's personal composition and literary compositions. This is not the time, or place, to enter at length into the justice of the strictures on the author of *Raphaël*; we can only refer to the fact, that he is severely handled—his egotism roundly ridiculed—and his questionable morality more than questioned. Chateaubriand, again, is sadly "cut up," notwithstanding the liberal eulogies which besprinkle the detracting page; he is twitted with a whimsical imagination, an enormous and puerile vanity, an undue tendency to voluptuous themes, and especially—in spite of his great name as a pillar of orthodoxy—a deep-seated and desolating skepticism. He is represented as incessantly victimized by a twofold fatuity—that of the man of fashion who would be always young, and that of the *littérateur*

who cannot but be ostentatious. Passion, as a poet, is freely conceded him; but what kind of passion? that which involves the idea of death and destruction, a satanic fury, mingled all the while with a subdued emotion of the pleasurable, altogether composing a strange hybrid epicureanism, peculiar to Chateaubriand, and very unwholesome for society. The unfortunate Memoirs are sarcastically and searchingly interpreted, in a way infinitely displeasing to those enraptured admirers of the noble viscount, to whom their voice *d'outre tombe* came with so sepulchral a spell of fascination, and who found in their changeful records a recurring series of delights; and indeed the Memoirs have the merit of diversity in matter, if not in manner—as another noble poet has it,

Love, war, a tempest—surely here's variety;
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's-eye view too of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have naught else, here's at least satiety.

Among the other literary men of this century who come under review in the *Causeries*, are Villemain, commended as uniting patient meditation with prompt facility of expression, and presenting a fine example of moral and literary *growth*; Victor Cousin, equally adroit at deciphering a musty manuscript, and at idealizing its significance by the enthusiasm of artist and orator; Guizot, grave and emphatic; Thiers, sprightly and energetic; St. Marc Girardin, clear-sighted opponent of the Werter or René "green and yellow melancholy;" Montalembert, the impassioned apologist of Rome; Lacordaire, the trumpet-tongued militant churchman; Alfred de Musset and Théodore Leclercq, both famous for their *Proverbes Dramatiques*; Béranger, Balzac, Jasmin (the barber-poet of the south), Bazin (historian and historical romancer), Armand Carrel, Mignet, Hégésippe Moreau and Pierre Dupont (two recent French poets—the former a kind of Chatterton in life and death, the latter a democratically disposed minstrel of too mobile temperament); such are specimens of the company to be found at the Monday réünions *chez M. Sainte-Beuve*.

Long may he preside there in the same pleasant spirit—making no more enemies than need be, and as many friends as he deserves.

From Bentley's Miscellany

THE TUILERIES TILL 1815.

It is quite characteristic of France and French dynasties, that they should have no Windsor and no Westminster, no spot in either town or country, kept sacred as haunt, as residence, or as temple, by the family of sovereigns; no spot hallowed by recollections of glorious, of feudal, of chivalric kind. The only remains of the residence of the old French Kings within the old city of Paris, are the chapel and the prison, which flanked the royal residence on either side. The *Sainte Chapelle*, restored indeed, but still with sufficient of genuine antiquity which recalls St. Louis, and the Conciergerie have reminiscences of the old Justiciaries. But the modernized Palais de Justice is as unlike Westminster, as if there was a determination to suggest a contrast. What more different than Westminster Hall and the Salle de Pas Perdue, which answers to it; modern, noisy, glaring, full of police and petty venders. The old royal palace there, as well as the latter palaces, built around, such as that of the Tournelles, have disappeared, and there is now no royal residence in Paris more ancient than the Louvre, none in the provinces more ancient than Fontainebleau.

The palatial history of France, however, like that of most other countries, is symbolic of its political and social progress. England, which still retains the chivalrous and the feudal element even in its modern constitution and habits, has preserved the old donjon of Edward the Third, in which the trophies of Crecy still hang; and it is surrounded by edifices of each successive century. The palatial history of Windsor is the counterpart of the political history of England. Russia never passed through feudalism; there are, consequently, nothing but Corinthian and Ionic columns at St. Petersburg. The Kremlin of Moscow has vanished, and, despite of restoration, all the vestiges of the barbarian antiquity of Russia have disappeared.

The palatial antiquity of Prussia goes no further back than the great Frederic. Potsdam is all in all. There, and at Spandau, is Prussian history written. The Hofburg

at Vienna tells equally well the story of the House of Hapsburg. Built on the very battlements, and overlooking the very glacis, which so short a time ago repelled the besieging army of the Turks, it is still a fortress, though not a feudal one, and bespeaks the military sovereign, surrounded with imperial power. Not very far from it, indeed, between the palace and the gate of Carinthia, took place the late mad attempt on the life of the young Emperor.

In France, the change from those old turreted and befossed residences of the fourteenth century, to the courts and halls of the Louvre, bespeaks the kingdom having emerged from feudalism into a more civilized period. Francis the First fitted up the Louvre chiefly for the purpose of receiving Charles the Fifth. He employed his architects and artists to fit out and adorn the palace, so as to give the highest idea of the magnificence of its master. Italy, then, instead of Machiavelism, which it matured in the previous century, had, under the school of the Medicis, come to practise itself, and, of course, to give the example of magnificence in princes. The Medici adorned Florence and Rome; Francis was determined to vie with them, and throw all the capitals of his rival, Charles, into the shade. He therefore planned, built, and painted the Louvre. His palace, forming but one side of the square pile of building, now called the Louvre, is, however, grandiose for that period, nothing remarkable for this. His interior arrangement and decoration, too, were of the frittered and fantastic kind, which succeeding sovereigns did not respect. And little remains of Francis, beyond his portraits by Titian, his goldsmith's work and armor by Benvenuto, his porcelain, and his carvings. Francis was a magnificent upholsterer. The Louvre, which he built to inaugurate French magnificence, was devoted for the rest of the century to the plots, meannesses, and cruelties of a miserable set of bigots. Here was Guize murdered, here the signal for the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day given. The

most beautiful specimen of architecture in the Louvre, is the end-window, that looks upon the Seine. Near this window, and from its stone balustrade, Charles the Ninth fired with his own royal hand upon the Huguenots, as they fled from massacre across the bridge. The infancy of the Louvre was magnificence and gilding; the maturity was intrigue, cruelty, and blood.

Even Catherine of Medicis was appalled by the spectral reminiscence of the gloomy Louvre. She removed to the Tuileries in order to forget, amidst its gardens and green fields, the grim aspect of the royal palace and its deeds. It was Francis the First himself, whilst in the midst of his rearing up the Louvre, who made the site of the future Tuileries royal property. Louise of Savoy, his mother, complained that her residence, the Palace of the Tournelles, was unwholesome. Francis, therefore, purchased for her a small residence, about a bowshot countrywards of the Louvre. It had been a place for drying tiles or slaughtering cattle, until M. De Villeroy had enclosed it and built a small house. This Francis purchased, and Louise inhabited. Later, Catherine of Medicis took possession of it, and spent her Florentine taste and fortune in building the central tower and the two wings, which form about half, and that the central part, of the present edifice.

The Louvre still remained the royal abode. It and the Palais Royal remained for a century longer the seat of intrigue and power. With Louis the Fourteenth commenced another epoch and another taste. He first of French, and perhaps of European princes, conceived a horror of the close walls and narrow streets of and around the old town residences. His youth was passed in a kind of captivity in the Palais Royal. And his first impulse, on taking power into his hands, was to transfer his court to more open and independent space, away from the prying eyes of citizens. He first of monarchs felt that he could do this in security. His predecessors required a castellated residence, with moat and drawbridge, well guarded against surprise or conspiracy. But by Louis the Fourteenth's time the frowardness of the nobility was broken, religious dissent crushed, civic freedom destroyed, the parliament so humbled, that the King could enter there whip in hand, and control them in the rudest manner. Louis the Fourteenth thought the windows of his residence need no longer look into a narrow court, or contemplate a watery ditch. He hated the Louvre, and forsook St. Germain's. He deemed the finest palace

nothing without its adjunct of garden and grove, lake and water-works. He found an artist to his taste in Lenotre, and a parterre became to him as essential as a pilaster. Louis the Fourteenth enlarged the Tuileries, and built Versailles. In saying, that he considered a garden the necessary adjunct to a palace, we were wrong. It should have been said, that he considered a palace the necessary adjunct of the garden. For the garden was the principal object with him, and the palace was built, so that its every window should afford a view of alley and fountain.

But although Louis the Fourteenth completed the Tuileries itself, as well as the long gallery connecting it with the Louvre, it was not to inhabit it. Marly, and finally Versailles, were his favorite residences. And all the reverence of monarchy and court, its splendor and pettiness, intrigue and ambition, were confined to Versailles. The characteristic of the sovereigns of the French, from the commencement of the century to the extinction of the monarchy, was timidity, reserve, almost bashfulness. They had no desire more strong, than that of escaping from the world, hiding themselves from the metropolis, creating for themselves a kind of retirement, in which women, woman's pleasures, and woman's ways, quite superseded every manly ambition and manly thought. Effeminacy without purity, idleness without repose, solitude without seriousness, such was the unhappy lot of monarchs, endowed with all that the world would consider an immense accumulation of enjoyment.

There was no greater cause of the estrangement of the Parisians from the Bourbons, and of the harshness first dealt in judgments upon their character, and then in cruel insult upon their persons, than the simple act of their altogether deserting the capital, and inhabiting Versailles. Here the Court resided. Had it passed the winter months at the Tuileries, it could not fail to have sent forth the ramifications of obligation and dependence amongst the middle and lower ranks of the Parisian population. The expenditure, the *fêtes*, the shows, the ceremony, the small and large acts of benevolence, personal contact and condescension,—these thousand things would have endeared the prince and his family to thousands. Instead of this, the French Kings had raised up a rival city, peopled by courtiers, and nothing else, not containing, in fact, any body of the people, and leaving the capital widowed of the splendor, gaiety, and scattered wealth, attendant on a court. No troops ever resounded in the de-

serted courts of the Tuileries, no equipages rattled through them, no lights illumined its long line of windows. Nor did the gay foims of courtiers enliven the garden promenades. Versailles was all, Paris nothing, except the abode of that Parliament, to which the King came from time to time to dictate the registry of his decrees of injustice and taxation. The hatred of Paris against Versailles was one of the foremost causes of the Revolution of 1789. A cause that has never been sufficiently taken into account.

Here again the palatial history typifies the political. The French dynasty turned their back on the middle classes, and ignored the existence of the lower, shutting themselves up with courtiers and *noblesse*, that crowded to Versailles for means and permission to prey upon the people. Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth saw nothing of the people, save their courtiers, and notwithstanding the triple row of etiquette and the profundity of obeisance, there was no great amount of mutual love or respect engendered even between monarch and *noblesse*.

At last came the catastrophe of 1789, when the citizens and the mob of Paris rose simultaneously against the courtiers of Versailles, the end of the first act of that terrible drama being the triumphant re-capture of the King by the *poissardes* of Paris, who brought the monarch away from Versailles in procession to inhabit the Tuileries. The transferring of royalty thither was indeed a revolution. It at once established a very different kind of monarchy from that which had thriven at Versailles. Instead of being surrounded by courtiers and *gardes du corps*, it was watched by an envious public, whilst the sentinels on duty at its gates were now taken from the National Guard, and bidden to receive the orders, not of the monarch, but of Lafayette.

The memoirs of the period represent the distresses of the royal family, driven from their comfortable apartments in Versailles to those of an uninhabited palace like the Tuileries, in which there was neither comfort nor convenience. Yet what luxury was it compared with what awaited these hapless victims! Had the population of Paris, or their terrible tribunes, who were at that time assuming the sway over it,—had these had the building of the Tuileries, they could not have planned a royal residence, where privacy was more impossible, or where the monarch could be more completely watched and intruded upon by his people. It is, in fact, a mere gallery of glass, that can be seen

through, a long series of apartments, without even room for corridors to establish separate communication.

Poor Louis the Sixteenth was obliged to develop the ingenuity of an artizan in order, first, to sink in the wall an iron closet or recess for the holding of valuable papers, and, secondly, to devise his escape, and that of his family, from such a transparent palace. Such concealments had, however, a facility which they could never have at present. This was the space now open towards the Carousel, between the palace and the *grille*, was occupied by a cluster of low buildings and courts, which obstructed the vigilance of the citizen guard, and the suspicion of the revolutionary police.

Never was so painful and so tedious a royal martyrdom as that which Louis, his Queen and sister now endured. Their residence in the Tuileries was attended with as much misery, and more incertitude than when they came to be confined in the Temple. The King was confiding, the Queen suspicious, and when Louis might have got help from the Constitutionalists, Marie Antoinette would never allow him. The unfortunate and doomed couple invariably refused all reconciliation or understanding with any party, as long as that party had power to save them; but the moment they ceased to have that power, then the royal pair were ready to enter upon terms with them. The reason was natural enough: as long as a party was in power, they spoke the language of the people, and were obliged to echo the inveterate and universal suspicions of the Court. As soon as they declined from popularity and power, more moderate sentiments resumed their sway. But their moderation was but in proportion to their feebleness and want of influence.

The Queen would never trust Lafayette; the King never trusted Mirabeau, till he had lost his power and health. Nor would he listen to Barrave or the Girondins, till these had been reduced to a minority, and made to stand on the defensive for their lives. The Constitutionalists of their day were not more wise than those who came after them, but they were more energetic. They left the King a full command of money; and if they did not leave him the command of an army, it was that the old *régime* had left no army to command. But with the money he had, the army that was left, and the Constitutionalists who were ready to aid him, if he had trusted to them, and given them the right guarantees, Louis might have been

saved. But he would trust no one, save M. de Bouillé and the emigrants; in other words, he refused to make friends, or make use of the aid, of any influential or acknowledged party within his kingdom. And the wonder is, not that he was taken at Varennes, but that the royal fugitive had escaped so far on his way to the frontier.

One of the great difficulties even at present for the tenants of the Tuileries is, how to take the air. There now extends a narrow garden, railed off under the windows; a promenade far from private.

In Napoleon's time there was a subterranean passage discovered, leading from the cellar of the palace underneath the garden. It was supposed to be for the secretion of treasures. The passage was prolonged by Louis the Eighteenth, and it was brought to open upon the terrace which overlooked the Seine. Through this dark and long passage the Duchess of Berri, while *enclinte*, used to proceed to her morning promenade on the terrace, which was considered the safest for her.

Poor Louis and Marie Antoinette were worse off. The authorities assigned to them the Terrace des Feuillans, that on the side of the Rue Rivoli, for their promenade, and the public was shut out from it at certain hours by ropes. Here the royal family walked not very often; for they met with more insult than respect. It was no wonder, for the walk extended on the opposite side to the very *foci* of agitation.

On the site of the present Rue de Pyramides stood a large wooden building, in which the Assembly sate, and around which crowds were wont to press, not merely of the enthusiasts and the idle, but of deputations and petitioners. Here, of course, in the very head quarters of *sans-culotte* publicity were cried those flying sheets of calumny, impiety and blood, which gave dread immortality to the names of Hebert and Marat. The waves and the clamors of such a tide could not break and rise around the walls of the Tuileries without bursting into it. And accordingly, on two occasions the popular ocean did burst in, once in a kind of essay of strength, to insult and see how far popular violence might be carried with impunity.

It was then that poor Louis got behind a table of the hall adjoining the Pavillon de Flore, and harangued the mob with protestations, that he had accepted the revolution, and would carry out its interests and behests. The mob expressed at once their approbation and contempt by pulling a greasy red night-

cap over the powdered locks of the King. Louis himself seemed unaware of the indignity, till one of his friends in the crowd withdrew the revolutionary badge.

This was the forerunner of the tenth of August. Santerre very needlessly brought his artillery into the Carousel to blow open the gates. The Swiss guards were incapable of any prolonged defence, at least of such a pervious building, consisting of suite of halls and the wide staircase of the Tuileries. These, as has been said, seemed made to tempt a mob. Indeed, no royal occupant of the Tuileries had ever been attacked by a popular force without at once losing all courage, and giving up all strength of resolution. It was just the same with Louis Philippe at the close of the revolutionary period, as with Louis the Sixteenth at its commencement.

After having been the scene of the long agony of Louis the Sixteenth's decline, from the period of his capture at Versailles to that of his escape into the wooden building, in which the Assembly sate, and which was still standing in 1820, on the site of the present Rue des Pyramides, and from which building he was transferred to the Temple, the Tuileries became the seat of the Convention and its government. Paris, in truth, did not contain another building suitable for the purpose. And the many issues from it were considered advantageous for enabling the deputies to escape upon occasion the fury of the mob.

The true government, however, will never be found in a legislature, or in the place of a legislative sitting, but beside it. And thus the government of France, though nominally established at the Tuileries, was in reality to be sought at the Jacobin's, or found in the hall of the Hotel de Ville. The armed force of the capital was in the hands of those who held the municipal magistracy. And this enabled the Terrorists to send the Girondists to the scaffold, and, later, enabled Robespierre to sacrifice Danton and Desmoulins.

A very slight degree of moderation and address would have secured to Robespierre a reign of some duration. But he had become like a wild beast, that must have prey, and his friends and fellow-assassins were obliged to turn against him, lest he should devour them. The Tuileries was the scene of the fearful struggle, in which Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen were fully avenged. The royal victims left the palace to the executioners as an abode of faction, terror, of death-struggles and mutual extermination.

Soon after came the Directory, and the separation of Executive and Legislature, the Directors withdrawing to the Luxembourg and leaving the Tuileries to the Assembly. But even then, the terror over, the royal palace was a place of panic and of trial to those who sate in it. In the reaction of the moment the better thinking of them became royalists and sought a restoration. The Republican Directors punished them for it by arrest, and by a sweeping deportation to Cayenne. The young citizens, who entertained the same royalist ideas, and who without the Assembly sought to establish themselves in the streets, were crushed by the cannon of Bonaparte, firing from the steps of St. Roche. The Directory in employing Bonaparte had taught the military instrument how to put down themselves. This, after a glorious campaign, he had the character and the courage to effect. And Bonaparte, as First Consul, took possession of the Tuileries at the commencement of the century.

He was the first occupant to whom the residence of the Tuileries really brought prosperity, and for the time happiness. The *locale* he contrived to render splendid. If the first object of Louis the Fourteenth was to have a garden to contemplate, which inspired ideas of the beautiful and the *grandiose*, the first object with Bonaparte was a good review-ground. And he forthwith formed it by removing all the cross buildings and courts that obstructed the palace on the side of the Carrousel. These he swept away, and was enabled always to review 20,000 soldiers from his balcony. This was the diversion he loved. It was to him, what guillotining was to Robespierre, a pleasure he could not dispense with. And as the one cut off heads, till his comrades, in fear of their own, cut off his, so Napoleon went on marshalling and marching armies against his dear friends and brother sovereigns, Alexander and Francis and Frederic, until they turned their big armies against him, and having crushed him once, declared they would never trust him with an army again.

Inside, Napoleon filled the Tuileries with the best and most enlightened society that his position could command. His wife was charming, agreeable, and had the manners of the highest class under the old Court. Napoleon himself patronized men of science, was an ardent lover of the drama. The Institute, and the theatres, both objects of his care and patronage, grew eminent under his fostering care. But philosophy, and that

description of letters which partakes of it, and brings large and philanthropic views into its views and rules for men, these could never be brought in harmony with a despotism, of which the very principle was to annihilate freedom and publicity, to forbid politics to the masses, and proscribe all intellect that would not wear the livery. Genius and art, therefore, were not to be found in her saloons. Let it be hoped, however, that had the age demanded a Voltaire, a Montesquieu, or a Rousseau, there would have been politicians, there would have been moral, religious, and political philosophers, in despite of despotism, to answer the demand. From 1800 to 1815 was, however, a halt for the French mind—a syncope of its intellects.

If the Tuileries were an abode of triumph and success for Napoleon, they were not so for those who succeeded him. For as he grew and swelled from the general into the emperor, he flung off from him all his old friendships, loves, companions, and society. Duroc and Berthier were the only military commanders who enjoyed his intimacy. A cannon ball carried off the one, whilst the other lived to be a traitor to him. Talleyrand and Fouché fell into disgrace, which both found the opportunity of avenging. Josephine, who at first rendered the saloons of the Tuileries so charming, and who made herself generally beloved by the *noblesse*, whom she protected, and the people, who appreciated her virtues, had even cause to regret her country retreat of Malmaison, and the private condition, which was hers ere advanced to grandeur. At first rendered unhappy by the favor of Mademoiselle Georges, she soon found more serious cause of anxiety in the project to remove her from her throne, in order to make way for the daughter of the Cesars. The cold *faste* of Marie Louise was very different from the *enjouement* of Josephine. But whatever regrets were felt or shown by either her husband or by the Court for Josephine, were soon extinguished in the breasts of both by the emulation and hope arising from the birth of the King of Rome. It was no longer the mere reign of the hero, but the dynasty and the empire, that promised to be eternal. This mighty jubilation gave a high tone to national feeling. It swelled Napoleon's pride and confidence to a degree that mocked all prudence, and the orders for the Russian expedition were given. Napoleon did not again see the Tuileries until his return from Moscow. And then, day after day, its court was filled with troops, which he as anxious-

ly as ever reviewed. But they were no longer the veterans of his early victories, but beardless youths, torn from their families, who adored his renown, indeed, and were prepared to sacrifice themselves to uphold it, but in whom even Napoleon could no longer see the certitude of victory. There are few pictures more touching than that of the Emperor's departure for the next campaign, when the troops filling the ground before the Tuileries were no longer of the line, but consisted of the National Guard of the capital, to whom the Empress Marie Louise appeared on the balcony, holding in her arms the King of Rome. Napoleon entrusted these pledges, he declared, to the protection of the National Guard of Paris—pledges that he was destined never more to behold. The Marshals, without perhaps an alternative left, abandoned them. The brother of the Emperor despaired of the defence of the capital. And the Empress, with the ladies of the court, carefully packing up their jewels, escaped to Blois, almost without an escort, certainly without one staunch follower or friend.

Thus were the Tuileries a prize for which royal pretenders and rival politicians struggled, pleaded, conspired, and intrigued for. The game was played out in the saloons of Talleyrand at the corner of the Rue St. Florentine. The Bourbons carried the day, and Louis Dixhuit, with legs like those of an elephant clothed in enormous gaiters, was wheeled into the Tuileries, swore there to the people's liberties, which he meant to be illusive, and received in turn the oaths of allegiance, which were given with the same conviction. Within the year the chair of the great king was wheeled out, even before the grand officers were installed. Then came more reviews, the rekindled enthusiasm of the young, the redoubled mistrust of the old, more promises of constitutions, and more oaths of allegiance and attachment. The fortune of war fixed the duration and value of both, and Napoleon, flying from Waterloo, hid himself in the Elysée, nor dared to face the sombre grandeur of the Tuileries. The Constitutionals bearded him in the Elysée, whilst Fouché tracked and cast his nets around him. Fortunately he threw him-

self on board an English ship, for Baron Muffling's Memoirs, [containing Gneisenau's original letters, prove that Wellington had some difficulty in saving his old rival from being actually shot by the Prussians. Gneisenau stigmatizes the Duke's determination in this respect as a signal proof of his *weakness*.

When such were the feelings of the allies, the marvel is that there were not more executions. And Louis the Eighteenth must be done the justice to admit, that at such a moment of general reaction, he stood as firm as could be expected of him against the hosts of proposals, which were showered upon him for establishing tyranny and shedding blood. A younger person, or a more active man, might have been carried away by this savage and retrograde zeal. But Louis sat in his easy chair, thought of Hartwell, of English sentiments, principles and ways, and so withstood the frenzy, not merely of his courtiers, but of the Chamber of Deputies itself. Louis established himself in the pavilion or square tower of the Tuileries near the river, his brother, the Count d'Artois, at the other end. The Duke and Duchess of Angouleme took the ground-floor apartment on the south side of the great entrance. The Princes and courtiers filled the old palace to the very garrets. And secretaries and aides-de-camp were obliged to seek lodgings elsewhere. The *gardes des corps*, composed of youths, who could claim birth with the *Cent Suisses*, who could merely boast height, now filled the *Salle de Maréchaux*, a great square guard-room under the central clock, a beardless generation compared with the old *mous-taches*, whom they expelled. The Count d'Artois restored, as far as he could, the old etiquette of Versailles, whilst the Duchess d'Angouleme tried to bring back with it the prior usages, which the Court of Versailles had neglected. The Chapelle Royale began to be the great resort, and almoners came to jostle aides-de-camp on the great staircase.

We have dwelt enough, however, on the Tuileries as it was, and must reserve for another time an account of what they have been for the last twenty-five years, and are now.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, AND CHARLES DUKE OF BOURBON.

"Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius!
Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods."

"Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon."

—SHAKESPEARE—*Coriol.*, Act I. sc. 1.

"And glory long has made the eagles smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style,
Than on the name a person leaves behind."

—LORD BYRON.

As remarkable instances of haughtiness of temper and ungovernable pride, leading to perilous and unjustifiable extremes, Coriolanus and the Constable Bourbon appear to stand in close relationship. Two thousand years intervened between them. They existed under forms and institutions of social and political government exceedingly dissimilar; and yet they may be classed as historic brothers, closely resembling each other in moral and physical attributes, in the leading incident of their lives, the extent of their provocation, the nature of their revenge, and the violence of their deaths. Each, under the impulse of grievous wrong, renounced allegiance to his own country, cast aside the ties of kindred, friendship, and loyalty, and took up arms as leaders in the ranks of foreign enemies. The indelible stamp of renegade thus attaches to two names otherwise noble, and distinguished by heroic actions beyond the compass of ordinary mortals. On abstract principles of right and wrong, they must be condemned; in a comparative estimate of strong temptation, they may be pitied and excused. Who can affirm that he would not have yielded under the same trying circumstances? Man cannot read the heart of man, and is incompetent to pronounce sentence on defective proof—

"Then at the balance let's be mute;
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."*

* Burns' "Address to the unco guid, or the rigidly righteous."

The life of Coriolanus is familiar to all classical readers in the pages of Plutarch, who derived his materials from Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, authors preceding the Greek biographer by more than a century. Their information came from Fabius Pictor. He lived and wrote two hundred years before they were born, and is the first Roman who composed an historical account of his own country. His work is known to have been lost. That which still remains and bears his name, has been proved by Gerard Vossius* to be a spurious composition.

Shakspeare transfused the essence of Plutarch into his own glowing scenes, with accuracy enriched by genius; and those who are old enough to remember John Kemble in Shakspeare's magnificent paraphrases, have seen the lofty Roman move before their eyes in living identity. According to the nearest computation, Coriolanus lived about six hundred years before the Christian era. The period refers back to a remote date, but there are no conclusive grounds for supposing that these early annals are to be rejected as unauthentic, however they may have reached us through oral tradition, or transmitted documents. All writers are agreed on their leading features, and this unanimity of opin-

* See his treatise, "De Historicis Latinis." Gerard Vossius must not be confounded with his son Isaac, also an eminent scholar, and Canon of Windsor in Charles II.'s time. He was skeptical in matters of religion, but very credulous on all other subjects. This made his Majesty remark—"Vossius is a strange fellow for a parson: he believes everything except the Bible."

ion in essential points is reasonable evidence of veracity. Written memorials are sometimes less to be depended on than traditions. They are more likely to be distorted by prejudice, biassed judgment, or wilful misinterpretation. Traditionary lore is usually founded on facts. It may amplify, but rarely invents. Discrepancies in particular details exist in the most unquestionable authorities. Such may be traced even in the inspired writings of the Evangelists; but no candid arguer attempts, on this showing, to depreciate the currency or throw doubt on the sterling value of the works in which they appear. Neither would the argument be received by clear logicians, if it was put forward. Antiquity is not in itself a necessary bar to correct information. Truth is still accessible, although it may be distant, fenced round with obscurities, and the avenue of approach a winding path, instead of a direct and open road. Where positive evidence is wanting, we must rely on circumstantial testimony; and if both are deficient, there is still a retreat on probable inference. The course is admissible in reasoning, if not in law.

We can speculate with more certainty on the causes and effects of many ancient revolutions of the world, than on some that have occurred within recent times. We are more familiar with the siege of Troy than with the siege of Paris by Henri Quatre. We know more of Horace and Cicero than we do of Shakspeare, and possess more undisputed details on the campaigns of Alexander and Cæsar, than we can produce of the wars of Turenne, Marlborough, or Napoleon. The present age inquires deeply, and demands substantial proof. There is a disposition in the spirit of the day to question reputed learning, early discoveries, and statements hallowed by time. Our ancestors were easily satisfied, and believed everything they saw in print. We reject positively one half of what has been handed down as history, and are much inclined to throw doubt on the remainder. Everything is now put to the question, and being subjected to the torture of analysis, generally turns out to be something else. Established opinions are thrown aside as exploded fallacies to such an extent, that we hourly expect to hear the Newtonian philosophy repudiated as a mistake, and to find Euclid ostracized as an unsound mathematician. In a comparison with modern genius, the "wisdom of the ancients" is descending to a very humble level. Does it ever occur to any of the competitors in this headlong race, that they may gallop too fast,

and that Shakspeare once said something about "vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side?" There can be no doubt that, with the progressive march of education, every succeeding race of man is, as it ought to be, wiser and more enlightened than that which went before; but it is surely no token of wisdom to deny all that has been said or done by our progenitors, or to ignore their existence altogether. Between extreme credulity and utter disbelief, the balance of evil vibrates as a pendulum, in regular time and equal proportions—

"And so great names are nothing more than nominal,

And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would, as 'twere, identify their dust
From out the wide destruction which, entombing all,

Leaves nothing till 'the coming of the just,'
Save change; I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome."*

Let us, in the interim, turn over once again the leaves which afforded us such delight in our boyhood, and endeavor to extract from them a summary of what we find in connection with the present subject. Caius Marcius derived the surname of Coriolanus from his supereminent valor and conduct at the capture of Corioli—a distinction not easily won where all were brave, and courage was synonymous with virtue. Scipio Africanus the Elder has been mentioned by several historians† as the first Roman who bore the name of a conquered state, as a trophy of renown achieved in war, thus carelessly passing over Coriolanus and the exploit immortalized by his honorary cognomen.‡

The family of Marcius was one of the noblest in the commonwealth. He descended in direct lineage from Ancus Marcius, the fourth King of Rome, and grandson of Numa, by his daughter Pompilia. His father dying while he was yet an infant, he was brought up by his mother, Volumnia,§

* Lord Byron's "Don Juan," canto iv.

† Amongst others, by the usually accurate Abbé Seran de la Tour, in his *Life of Scipio*.

‡ Livy and Horace mention a Roman general about this time, called Posthumius Regillensis. If this was the same dictator (Aulus Posthumius) who commanded at the victory of Lake Regillus, which is not clearly indicated, his honorary surname preceded that of Coriolanus by several years.

§ So named by Plutarch, who is followed by Shakspeare. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Livy, and Valerius Maximus, call her Veturia, and give the name of Volumnia to the wife of Coriolanus.

who, knowing that military prowess was all in all at Rome, trained his body to active exercise, and his mind to daring resolution. Nature had gifted him with great strength, activity, and fearlessness of danger. The frame and constitutional temperance of Hercules, joined to a mind of towering aspiration—qualities indispensable in the composition of a successful warrior, at a time when, to decide the event of battles, the arm of the private soldier was nearly as important as the head of the commanding general. But the stern check of paternal influence was wanting in his education; and thus the temper of Marcius, always domineering and aristocratic to a painful extent, was suffered to grow with his growth, and expand with his years, until it entirely overshadowed his more generous qualities, and became (as the wayward history of the human heart illustrates in a thousand other instances) the bane of his existence, the stumbling-block of his fortunes, and the source of the only stain that tarnishes his memory. When Caius Marcius lived, the Romans had not matured or ripened into national dissoluteness: their habits were still primitive, their manners simple. They carried on little intercourse with other nations, and held in equal esteem domestic propriety and public patriotism. They were incessantly engaged in wars with surrounding states, as restless and semi-barbarous as themselves, and had no time to cultivate the vices of indolence. Twenty years before, and thirty after the time of which we are now writing, the individual profligacy of Sextus Tarquin and Appius Claudius occasioned two revolutions.

Coriolanus regarded his mother with love approaching to adoration. He pursued and coveted glory, because it delighted her to see him honored and applauded. He married, rather in compliance with her wishes than from any personal preference or taste for conjugal retirement; and though uniformly kind and attached to his family, continued to dwell in his mother's house, even after his wife had borne him children. Plutarch draws a comparison between Coriolanus and Alcibiades. We can trace but little similarity beyond the one important characteristic of each abandoning the cause of his native land, and going over to the enemy. In military capacity, and in the importance of his victories by sea and on shore, while yet the soldier and champion of his own country, the Athenian, perhaps, excelled the Roman; while he left him, at an immeasurable distance, in the suavity of manner, the subtle

eloquence, and the self-command, which win all hearts, and sway the listeners according to the views and wishes of the speaker. But again, the Roman towers above the brilliant and unsteady pupil of Socrates, in the manly consistency and unbending firmness of his character, in the unblemished purity of his private life, his temperate habits, his lofty contempt of riches, his disregard of self-interest, and his ingenuous openness, which scorned dissimulation. Alcibiades was accomplished in all the arts and chicanery of politics; capable, by studied sophistry, of turning the tide of a debate even in a modern senate-house—a practised trimmer, withal, who could shuffle in or out of a leading question, as adroitly as any disciple of expediency in our own House of Commons. Coriolanus, on the other hand, presented a magnificent specimen of a high, unflinching Tory, an absolute protectionist, who lost his consulship by losing his temper, and who would really have died on the floor (instead of threatening to do so) rather than compromise his opinions; a man to vote with his party to any extreme, no matter how palpably they might be in the wrong; who thought the people totally unfit for self-government, and not sufficiently grateful for permission to live and breathe the common air.*

His military practice began while he was a mere stripling. In the great fight at Lake Regillus, where Tarquinius Superbus (then in extreme old age) made his last effort to recover the regal power, young Marcius distinguished himself by saving the life of a fellow-soldier, for which he was rewarded by the general with an oaken crown—a decoration of nobler order than the laurel garland; as preserving a citizen was deemed an act of more valuable service than destroying an enemy. The Romans at that time were engaged in other wars, and fought numerous battles, in all of which he participated, and never returned home without some additional token of honor. Early reputation gave him a preponderance beyond his years, which ministered to his inherent pride, and encouraged rather than softened his unbending manners.

The common people were generally oppressed by the senate and the richer classes. Those proceedings drove them at last to

* Pope's estimate of senatorial virtue, its impulses and convictions, may stand as an average specimen for all ages and countries—

"And here and there a stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued."

abandon the city in a body, and retire to the Mons Sacer, from whence they were won back by the address of Menenius Agrippa, who availed himself of the celebrated apologue of the belly and the members, and by the conceded privilege of appointing tribunes* to defend their rights on all occasions. The persons of the new functionaries were held sacred. Their chief power consisted in a *veto*, or prohibition, against the passing of any law which displeased them; a power nearly absolute, which, while it produced some good, created greater evil, and engendered a race of restless, dissatisfied demagogues, who perpetually impeded legislation, and then as now, were ever on the alert for turmoil and sedition. It was not so much the abolition of undue rights, as the transfer of despotism from bad hands into worse. Government of every kind and degree, in all ages and countries of the ancient world, appears to have been an unmitigated choice of evils; an unremitting, selfish struggle for place and power, aptly designated by Sir W. Napier, "a scourge with a double thong," whether vested in prince or people, the peer or the plebeian; equally unjust and tyrannical under the open name of a monarchy, or the specious delusion of a republic. The newly-created tribunes were not long in selecting a victim from the ranks of the aristocracy. Their choice fell upon Caius Marcius, who, in truth, had rendered himself obnoxious by many overt acts and expressions of contempt against the sovereign majesty of the people. In the meantime he pursued his military career with increasing success and renown, and had gained the surname by which he is best known to posterity. After the taking of Corioli, and the subsequent battle—in both of which his courage and conduct were conspicuous above all the other Roman officers—the Consul, Cominius, who impartially attributed these great successes to his individual prowess, awarded him a tenth of the entire booty taken, including horses and prisoners, before any distribution was made to the army in general. Coriolanus nobly rejected all pecuniary recompense, accepting only a charger fully caparisoned, and the exemption from slavery of one amongst the captives, with whom he was bound in ties of reciprocal hospitality. He fought for glory alone, and thought not of prize-money or reward—unlike the French republican generals in the early wars of the

Revolution, who combated with a sword in one hand, and a poker in the other, to ferret out and stir up the treasures of the vanquished. "*Il n'a pas trouvé le fourgon d'Augereau*" ("He has not found the poker of Augereau") passed into a proverbial expression with the French soldiers, when either a scruple of conscience, or the absence of opportunity, prevented any one of their generals from enriching himself by plunder. Augereau was distinguished for rapacity above all the rest. While in command at Milan, in 1796, he levied a contribution of one million of francs (£50,000) on the city. The authorities complained to Napoleon, as general-in-chief. He indignantly reprimanded his lieutenant, ordered him to disgorge the money, and sent him the amount from his personal funds. Augereau, according to Bourienne, contrived to pocket both the robbery and the compensation. History records but few examples of disinterestedness and contempt for money, similar to that of Coriolanus, on the part of victorious commanders, who usually consider lawful spoil as part and parcel of their vocation. A remarkable modern exception deserves to be recorded to the honor of the late Marquis Wellesley, whose private fortune was insignificant. When governor-general of India, he gave up his prize-money for Seringapatam, to swell the shares of the army who achieved the conquest.

Coriolanus now being at the height of his fame, stood for the consulship. The law required the candidates for this high office to solicit votes publicly in the Forum. It was no slight penance for a haughty spirit like his, to lay aside his ordinary habiliments, with the symbols of patrician dignity, to put on the gown of humility, and prate of his claims and services to parties he so thoroughly despised. He got through the degrading ordeal with tolerable grace, exhibited the scars of seventeen battles, and told his gentle constituents that he received the greater part of them while they ran away and roared for mercy. His speech sounded strangely in their ears; some hesitated, others wished to recall their votes which they had given in a hurry, but the influence of his great reputation prevailed, and they chose him consul. When, shortly after, the day of election arrived, he was conducted by the senators with great pomp into the Campus Martius, for the ceremony of installation. It was then found that the fickle populace, instigated by the tribunes, had changed their minds. Coriolanus was rejected, and another of far less

* The tribunes were at first five in number, but in a few years afterwards were increased to ten.

consideration proposed in his place. The offence proved indelible, and the wound too deep to be forgotten. His resentment as yet extended only to the people and their representatives, and embraced no thought of treason against his country. Open war was declared between conflicting parties, but peace and reconciliation were still within the circle of probable events. About this time, a scarcity prevailed. To meet the general want, grain was bought up in other parts of Italy out of the state coffers, and a present of a large quantity reached Rome, from Gelon, King of Syracuse. Then ensued in the senate a warm discussion as to the disposal of these supplies; the first corn-law debate of which we have any authentic records. The people demanded through their tribunes that the purchased corn should be sold at a reduced rate, and that the gift should be distributed gratis. There was nothing very outrageous in the expectation. More unreasonable demands have often been conceded by popularity-hunters and expedientists. Coriolanus vehemently opposed this measure, using strong and opprobrious language. He recommended that all should be sold at a high price, to teach the commonalty submission to their superiors, and concluded by moving the abolition of the tribuneship. This excited an immediate tumult. The tribunes ran out among the people, called on them to stand by their own magistrates, to surround the senate-house, and demand the life of Coriolanus as a just expiation. He came forth attended by his friends and supporters, including all the fiery young patricians who had been trained to war and victory under his commanding genius, and who sympathized with his detestation of democracy. The tribunes, acting by the influence of Sicinius Vellutus, the most turbulent and boldest of their order, proclaimed aloud that he had incurred the penalty of death, and attempted to seize him by force to hurl him from the Tarpeian Rock. He was rescued by his partisans, who conducted him safely home, and formed a guard for his future protection. Coriolanus seeing the senate considerably embarrassed and divided in their opinions by these untoward proceedings, demanded a fair trial and a specific charge, declaring that he would submit to any kind of punishment, if found guilty in due course of law. He was told that he was to be impeached for treason against the commonwealth, in designing to set himself up as a tyrant. "Bring no other charge against me," said he, "and I will abide

by the issue." The tribunes agreed to these conditions, and the cause was to turn upon this single point.*

But the first infraction of the treaty originated with the tribunes. They compelled the people to give their votes by tribes and not by centuries—an innovation of the established law, which opened the rights of suffrage to ignorance and numbers, and thereby neutralized rank, wealth, and education. In the next place they passed over the charge of attempting sovereignty, which they knew could not be proved, and substituted in its place the proposal of Coriolanus in the senate, to raise the price of corn, and to do away with the tribunitian office. Finally, they added to the impeachment, as a supplemental article, his not having brought into the public treasury the spoils he had taken in the country of the Antiates, but which he had divided on the spot among his soldiers, who had done the work and gained the victory. The principal of supplemental charges as make-weights, in case the leading accusation should break down, has been sanctioned by practice in modern military jurisprudence. We could point to more than one court-martial, in which the party arraigned has been acquitted on the point that led to trial, and found guilty on some minor allegation which never would have been brought forward had the more important one been considered tenable. The principle of civil law, which condenses all in one specific charge, is more in character with equitable judgment.

Coriolanus disdained to appear before a prejudiced tribunal, or to answer charges not contained in the original indictment. He was then condemned without trial or hearing by a majority of three tribes; the penalty pronounced was perpetual banishment from the city and territories of Rome. Such is the correct substance of these transactions, as preserved by the historians who have written of them, and who differ only in unimportant particulars. From this it may be gathered, that if Coriolanus was mistaken and intemperate in the first instance, the tribunes and the people were more so in the second, and blinder still in the sequel, by which they drove from the national service their most incorruptible senator, their ablest general, and their bravest soldier against the foreign enemy.

Coriolanus at this time was in the enjoyment of more blessings than usually fall to

* Plutarch in *Vit. Coriolan.*

the lot of man. In the prime of his days, at the zenith of his fame, happy in his domestic circumstances, and placed beyond public competitorship by the number and importance of his victories, a single dark speck obscured his bright horizon, which, like the small distant cloud in a tropical sky, gathered rapidly until it exploded into a hurricane. He was a warrior of impulsive action, and not a thinking philosopher, subdued by mental discipline, and trained in the habit of calculating causes and effects. Had he really wished to seize supreme power, according to the idle asseveration of his enemies, he might have resisted the illegal decree of banishment perhaps with success. Another course already suggested itself, acting on which, he submitted in sullen indignation, not the less deep because it found no vent in words. He took an affectionate leave of his family, consigning his two children, both of tender age, to the care of his wife and mother, and, attended by the patricians in a body to one of the gates, left the city, which he never entered again. He spent a few days in solitude at a farm of his own in the neighborhood, pondering over many schemes which involved no thought of advantage to himself beyond the gratification of revenge for the injuries he had received. In the meantime the people of Rome and their tribunes gave way to the most tumultuous joy, as if a great national triumph had been achieved. The nobles and senators remained silent and depressed, as if in anticipation of a coming evil.

After a short interval, during which he arranged his plans in his own mind, Coriolanus passed over to Antium, an important city of the Volscians, placed himself on the hearthstone of Tullus Aufidius their leader, whom he had often encountered in personal conflict in the field of battle, demanded the rights of hospitality, and offered to serve against his ungrateful countrymen. His offer was gladly accepted; he was joined with his former adversary in the chief command; a pretext was easily sought and found for breaking the truce existing with the Romans, and the Volscians soon discovered the value of their new ally, in the altered aspect of their affairs, produced by the rapidity and success of his enterprises. He took many of the principal towns in the territories of Rome and Latium, sweeping resistance before him; and while the senate and people were wasting precious time in mutual recrimination, instead of attending to the national defence, he encamped with his victorious army at the Fossæ Cluiliæ, within five miles of the eter-

nal city. "His name and valor," says Plutarch, "resounded through Italy, and all were astonished that one person's changing sides could effect so prodigious a revolution." It was in truth a signal instance. History presents few so strikingly illustrative of the might which dwells in individual superiority. No better evidence of the great military talents of Coriolanus could be produced than the simple fact, that the Volscians who had never beaten the Romans before, now became, under his leadership, irresistible. At a vast distance of time, and in the absence of minute details, we have still the certainty of these great leading results on which to form opinions. It is also equally certain that soon after the death of Coriolanus, the Volscians relapsed back again into their inferior position, from which they never emerged, and were gradually swept away in the growing extension of the rival republic.

The Roman populace, astounded at the rapid progress of the enemy, and the near approach of danger, as usual cowered before the storm they had raised. Taken by surprise, unable or unwilling to fight, they appealed for protection to the senate and the higher orders, with whom, in the absence of external pressure, they waged perpetual war. The senate dispatched a chosen embassy from their body to propitiate the invader, and endeavor to obtain terms. The ambassadors included his dearest friends and relatives. He received them with cold solemnity, in council, surrounded by the Volscian officers; and proposed such humiliating conditions of submission and surrender, as would have kept Rome for a long series of years in a secondary state, and might have clipped for ever the lofty wings with which she soared in after ages to universal dominion. The Romans next had recourse to the influence of religion, and ordered the priests and flamens, the ministers and guardians of the mysteries, in their sacred vestments, bearing the symbols of office, to proceed to the hostile camp, as humble suppliants. They, too, were dismissed without effect. The heart of Coriolanus appeared to be converted to steel. Finally, as a last hope, the women came forward and offered their intervention in this urgent necessity. Headed by Volumnia, the mother, and Virgilia, the wife of Coriolanus, accompanied by her two young children, they proceeded in mourning robes to the tent of the victorious general, threw themselves at his feet, and embraced his knees with tears and lamentations. Volumnia was the principal speaker. Plutarch has con-

densed the substance of her speech (as handed down by the earlier historians) with his own peculiar eloquence, and Shakspeare has embodied this in immortal verse, which none but himself could have composed. Coriolanus was unable to resist this conclusive appeal. The soldier yielded to the man. Natural affection triumphed over assumed severity and the desire of vengeance. Raising Volumnia tenderly from the ground, he uttered these memorable words—"Mother, you have saved your country, but have lost your son!" He already foresaw the fate that awaited him at the hands of the Volscians, who would never forgive clemency to Rome when prostrate at their feet. It was scarcely within reason that they should. Rome had ever been merciless in conquest, and unsparing to vanquished enemies. The general dread and dislike in which she was held, is well conveyed in the speech which Thompson, in his alteration of Shakspeare, puts into the mouth of Tullus Aufidius, in answer to Coriolanus, who demands what he would desire for his nation, beyond perfect equality with Rome, in rights and privileges:—

"What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—

Fire the cursed forest where those Roman wolves

Haunt and infest their nobler neighbors round them;

Extirpate from the bosom of the land,

A false, perfidious people, who, beneath

The mask of freedom, are a combination

Against the liberties of all mankind—

The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers."

Charitable sentiments and benevolent feelings like these have been plainly indicated, and loudly expressed towards modern England, by more than one continental nation; who fall into the common error of fancying they are just where they are only jealous. We can afford to smile while we reject the application, and retort with the old Latin proverb, "*Qui capit ille facit*." Coriolanus drew off his army, promising to obtain for the Romans honorable terms of peace. His orders were implicitly submitted to, although opinions were divided on his conduct. Reasonable men thought he was to be excused. The lovers of peace were silent and satisfied. The restless spirits, who traded in war and rapine, loudly expressed their discontent, and threatened while they obeyed. Tullus Aufidius, on his return to Antium, charged him in full assembly with treason to the state, and assisted by prepared conspirators, surrounded, rushed on him in a body, and killed

him on the spot; an act of private pique and personal enmity rather than public indignation. As soon as the event was known, the inhabitants assembled from many cities, and honored him with a public funeral, attended by every possible token of esteem and admiration.

Such was the brilliant but short career of a very remarkable man, to whose name much interest attaches, and of whom it might be said, with more truth than in the case of Moolraj of Moulton, "he was the victim of circumstances."* Take away one questionable act, to which he was goaded by injustice, and his life appears to have been perfectly heroic and virtuous. There can be little doubt that Coriolanus died at the time and in the manner we have related, although the authorities differ even on this important point. Livy, following Fabius Pictor (the earliest writer), says that he lived to extreme age; and in the decline of life was wont to say, "a state of exile is more intolerable to an old man than to any other." We search in vain for some reasonable foundation for this. Had Coriolanus grown old amongst the Volsci, his counsels would have saved them from the ruin, and the dependence on Rome as a tributary state, into which they fell soon after the death of Tullus Aufidius, and the destruction of the army he commanded. Historians, in all ages, delight in raising doubts on questions which are not proved to the certainty of mathematic demonstration. It has been often said and written that Harold escaped from the disastrous field of Hastings, and was still alive, a secluded hermit, in the reign of Henry I.; that Don Sebastian of Portugal did not fall at Alcazar; and that James IV. of Scotland survived the slaughter of Flodden. These wild theories have given rise to much ingenious disquisition, in which more time has been lost than information gained. The sober inquirer must admit that they rest on a very sandy basis.

The family of Coriolanus appears to have fallen into oblivion with the misfortunes and death of their head. We hear no more of his children, or of that branch of the Marcian line in the long annals of Rome. The name survived, but its representatives seldom mounted beyond secondary fame. An ex-

* It will be remembered that the Court which sat on this criminal, found him guilty of the murder of the two English officers, Messrs. Anderson and Agnew, but recommended him to mercy as "the victim of circumstances." Many were astonished at the recommendation, and many more when they found it was acted on.

ception may be named in the person of Lucius Marcius, who, though only of the equestrian order, commanded the Roman armies in Spain after the death of the two elder Scipios, and whose skilful conduct was well contrasted with the incompetence of his successor, the Proconsul Claudius Nero.

The noble ladies who had rescued their country from the Volscians, were received and congratulated by senate and people, on their return to Rome, with affectionate regard and honor. It was decreed that they should name their own reward. They desired only that a temple should be built to the "Fortune of Women," the expense of which they offered to defray themselves. The senate ordered the temple to be erected at the public charge, but the women provided an image of the goddess, which, on being set up in its place, was said, like Orson, to become suddenly endowed with reason, and to have uttered these words, "O, women! acceptable to the gods is this your gift." The prodigy is gravely related by Dionysius, but Plutarch comments on it as absurd and fabulous. Ungenerous poets and romancists have much stigmatized the softer sex for the mischief they have wrought on man, while they have passed over, without sufficient praise, the public benefits produced through their agency. In this signal instance, Rome was saved by the patriotism of her female citizens, when all other resources had failed. The act and the sequel were equally glorious. Where would have been the subsequent deeds of the Fabii, the Decii, the Metelli, the Scipios, and the Cæsars? where the pens which have recorded their transactions? where the influence of Roman energy and civilization? where the vestiges of Roman greatness with which the world is filled? where the poems by which we are delighted, the volumes of philosophy by which we are soothed and made wise, if Volumnia and Virgilia had returned from the camp of Coriolanus as unsuccessful suitors? Our chronological tables would have contained a different series of events, and would have reached us through other channels. Otway, in the "Orphan," puts into the mouth of his hero, Castalio, an overcharged invective, when under the impulse of an imaginary wrong, he makes him burst forth as follows:—

"Woman! the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? a woman!
Who lost Marc Antony the world? a woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman."

And so he goes on, up to the weakness of Eve inclusive. We retrace the lines with reluctance, for although they flow easily, and carry an imposing sound, they contain only imperfect illustrations, and are not more to be depended on than the accounts of the merchant who, in summing up his balance-sheet, should offer but one side of the page, omitting the *per contra*. It is assuredly not difficult to cull from the weeds which choke up the fairer flowers of humanity, more than one Tullia, Tarpeia, Cleopatra, Helen or Messalina; but turn the same mirror in which these are reflected, and a corresponding surface will exhibit multiplied and graceful portraiture of Volumnia, Virgilia, Cornelia, and Agrippina; or ascending into the higher regions of sacred history, our attention will be arrested and our respect demanded by the domestic virtues and public services of Jael, Deborah, Abigail, Ruth, the regal Esther, and the devoted widow of Bethulia.

"The eyes glazing that o'erlook'd the world,
And saw no equal."

—*Deformed Transformed*—LORD BYRON.

"His only blot was this; that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country."
—THOMSON.

Charles de Montpensier, Duke of Bourbon, and Constable of France, was the second son of Gilbert Count de Montpensier, and was born in 1489. He was nearly connected by blood with the reigning house of Valois, and five years older than the King, Francis I. From boyhood his character bore the distinguishing marks of pride, self-concentration, and reserve. His general abilities were great, and his mind highly cultivated. His military skill, and knowledge of the science of war, placed him in the foremost list of eminent generals in an age which produced such men as Gonsalvo di Cordova, Gaston de Foix, Prosper, and Marc-Antonio Colonna, Pescara, Trivulzio, D'Alviano, Da Leyva, La Tremouille, and Bayard. Selected in early youth as one of the King's chosen companions at the castle of Amboise, they never cordially liked each other; this mutual distaste had almost broken into a single combat, arising from a quarrel in the tennis-court, which was with difficulty compromised by the authority of the Maréchal Rohan, governor of Fran-

cis, at that time heir presumptive to the throne. The quarrel rankled in the breasts of both for years. In mature manhood, as sovereign, and first subject of the crown, there was the outward semblance of friendship, but little internal cordiality. Bourbon was as remarkable for the beauty of his person as for his intellectual accomplishments. A mutual attachment existed between him and Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Francis.

The princess was compelled to marry, much against her inclination, the Duke D'Alençon, a man every way her inferior, and a painful contrast to the object of her choice. Bourbon soon after this united himself to his cousin Suzanne, daughter and sole heiress of Madame Anne de France, and the Sire de Beaujèu, by which prudential alliance he obtained the title of Duke, and undisputed possession of the largest estate in France. Although both parties were amiable, this marriage was not likely to produce domestic happiness: there might be esteem and regard where there was mutual good breeding, but affection was impossible, as their hearts were otherwise engaged. The young king, on ascending to the throne, yielded to the earnest request of his sister Marguerite, and still farther advanced the fortunes of Bourbon, by bestowing on him the vacant office of Constable of France—an act to which he was exclusively prompted by fraternal love, as the early quarrel at Amboise had never faded from his recollection.

The life and actions of the Duke of Bourbon have been amply detailed by Guicciardini, Brantôme, De Bellay, Ruscelli, Alloa, and other writers of established name. Modern historians have compiled many interesting narratives from these authentic sources. The stirring events of an age abounding in great men, have come down to us through pens well able to describe them.

The innate pride and haughtiness, which, as in Coriolanus, formed the prominent feature in the character of the Constable, had shown itself long before he appeared in arms against his sovereign, in his general demeanor and familiar conversation. It was easy to perceive that he was a man who might be roused to extreme measures by extreme provocation; one who would forgive an injury more readily than a personal offence. He was fond of repeating, with strong expressions of approval, the answer made to Charles VII. of France by a Gascon officer, who, on being asked by that monarch, whether anything in the world could detach

him from his service, replied, "Not even the offer, sire, of three kingdoms like to that of France, would have any effect on my loyalty, but I should be staggered by the slightest insult." The distinction between the effects of wrongs and affronts, on certain temperaments, is well explained by Junius, in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton:—"Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation; they degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge."

Soon after the accession of Francis I., he determined to recover the Milanese, a project which had been suspended only, but not abandoned, on the death of Louis XII. This led to the first great feat in war which illustrated his busy reign—the battle of Marignano. The Swiss here sustained a total defeat, after combating with an obstinacy which has few parallels. Bourbon, as constable, commanded the French army, and displayed the most consummate generalship. It was no easy matter to beat the hardy mountaineers who had scattered the Burgundian chivalry at Morat and Granson, who had trampled under foot the disciplined armies of Charles the Bold, and had since obtained the reputation of being the best and bravest infantry in Europe. Francis, who had before fought at Novara, distinguished himself by personal bravery, equal to that of the fabulous paladins of Ariosto, and after the battle received knighthood at the hands of Bayard, the good knight, without fear and without reproach. It was a bright day in the history of France, and the result carried the reputation of Bourbon to the highest point. The entire conquest of the Milanese followed rapidly, and when peace was concluded, he remained as governor of the new territory, with the title of Lieutenant-General of the King: a tribute to his acknowledged services, and no token of personal regard, as the sequel soon evinced. His administration, as might be expected from his known abilities, was vigorous and statesmanlike; honorable to the monarch he represented, just and satisfactory to the people he controlled. But clouds were gathering where least expected, to overcast the splendor of a public career, which hitherto seemed to set at defiance the ordinary chances of fortune. His private affections had been checked by an early blight, but, saving in this one instance, his life had been all sunshine.

Relieved for a time from the employment

* Letter xxxvi, February 14, 1770.

of war, King Francis began to indulge in another ruling passion, which possessed him through life as completely as inordinate ambition or love of glory. His mistresses became more numerous and more pernicious in their influence than were, in a subsequent age, those of his successor, Louis XIV. He had lately added to the list the beautiful Françoise de Foix, Countess of Chateaubriant, who reigned over his volatile heart for the moment with unbounded sway. From a blinded desire to promote her brother Lautrec, and from personal enmity to Bourbon, she instilled into the King's mind the first seeds of doubt as to the loyalty of his powerful subject. The fair favorite represented that Bourbon was courting popularity in his government with the object of erecting himself into an independent sovereign, and succeeded in persuading the King to recall an adequate representative, to be replaced by an incompetent one. Bourbon obeyed the royal mandate, and returned to Paris, in a state of excited disgust, of which he made no secret. He had also another active enemy, seldom absent from the court, the Admiral de Bonnivet, whose name was linked with that of the reigning sultana in a manner which rendered the King contemptible, and his mistress utterly depraved. When suspected by her royal paramour, she directed his suspicions on a wrong scent, and went so far as to insinuate that it was Bourbon, and not Bonnivet, who was endeavoring to supplant him in her affections. In a few years war broke out again. The command of an army, which, in his capacity of constable, Bourbon had a right to claim, was taken from him and given to the Duke D'Alençon, a soldier without a name, and no pretensions beyond the accident of being married to the King's sister. It is difficult to trace the progressive effect of these repeated insults on a man of so fiery a temperament as Bourbon, nor can we calculate exactly when and how the first thought of withdrawing his allegiance from France dawned upon his mind; but it is quite certain that he endured many heavy wrongs before he adopted the course which darkened his reputation, and has sullied the fair page of his history.

Soon after the commencement of the new war with the Emperor and the Pope (1522), the Milanese was invaded by the confederate army, and wrested from France more speedily than it had been conquered. The utter incapacity of Lautrec, either in military or legislative affairs, led directly to this disaster. Had Bourbon still commanded, the result

might have been very different. He would have been something more than man not to have rejoiced at the failure of his successor.

He was now a widower. The King's mother, Louise of Savoy, Duchess D'Angoulême, under the pretext of a family claim, had instituted legal proceedings against him to obtain restitution of the large property he had received as the dowry of his late wife. The attempt, if successful, would reduce him from being the richest to one of the poorest noblemen in France. But this abandoned woman had long secretly loved the Constable, and thought by these means to mould him to her wishes. She summoned him to Amboise, and in the course of their conference, offered him her hand, to compromise the law-suit pending between them. Bourbon at this time was thirty-two, and Louise in her forty-seventh year; her beauty unimpaired, her taste for gallantry as unrestrained as ever. The Constable rejected her offer with haughty contempt. He had never ceased to remember the Princess Marguerite. He still loved the daughter; the passion of the mother inspired him with disgust. From that moment he added another and most implacable auxiliary to the ranks of his enemies. The Duchess determined on his ruin, and instigated the chancellor, Du Prat, who was entirely subservient to her authority, to press on the law-suit with unrelenting acrimony. It was easy to foresee the result. A great portion of his property was wrested from him by an unjust award, and the remainder was threatened, although the parliament refused to ratify, *in extenso*, the decree of the inferior court. An impetuous temper, such as that of Bourbon, was not likely to remain quiescent under these reiterated injuries—this unprovoked system of persecution. He expressed his feelings loudly and in the most unguarded language, sparing neither the King's mother, nor the King himself, who entirely submitted to the arbitrary caprice of a bad and violent woman. As he began to waver in his thoughts of allegiance to France, the tempter appeared in the person of an envoy from the Emperor, with direct proposals to transfer his services on stipulated terms. Bourbon listened, temporized, and yielded. His indignation triumphed over his loyalty. The terms, to which Henry VIII. became an assenting party, included the partition of France between Charles and Henry, and the erection of Provence and Dauphiny into an independent kingdom for Bourbon himself. He was also to receive the hand of the Emperor's

sister, Eleonora, the widowed Queen of Portugal, with the province of Beaujolois, as her dower. Had these schemes been carried out, the state of Europe would have been very different from what it is at present. Bourbon was, if possible, worse treated than Coriolanus, but in his contemplated revenge, he thought much more of his own personal interest.*

The plot, in all its complicated machinery, was revealed to the King of France, who lost the opportunity of arresting his dangerous subject on the spot, and suffered him to retire from the court to his country residence at Moulins. Many of the dearest friends and relations of Bourbon crowded round him, admitted his wrongs, reminded him that they sprang from the "love to hatred turned" of a vindictive woman; that the King, if left to his own impulses, was still well disposed towards him; and that it was no time to desert his native land when the kingdom was threatened with invasion. Bourbon listened without conviction, and remained firm in his determination to forswear allegiance to France. "I have not shaped my own destiny," said he; "it has been hewn out for me, and I will follow it to the end."† From this time he assumed for his motto the Latin sentence, indicating his position and future fortune, "*Spes omnis in ferro sita est.*" A fine portrait of him was painted by Titian, in which he is represented pointing to these words inscribed on his helmet.‡

Francis now determined to possess himself of the person of Bourbon, but he feared to make the attempt in the Duke's own province, where his influence was paramount. He therefore determined to visit him privately, and sound, if possible, his real intentions. The Constable, pretending severe illness, received the King in his bed-chamber. The interview that followed was a mere fencing match of reserve and duplicity. Each stood on his guard, waiting for a favorable opening. They parted as they met, with mutual distrust. Bourbon removed from Moulins to his Castle of Chantelle, for better security against the surprise of a sudden attack. He knew not at what moment the blow might fall. Soon after this Lautrec forwarded to the King unanswerable evidences of the intended treason of Bourbon.

* See Brantôme, Thuanus, De Bellay.

† See Miss Pardoe's "Court and Reign of Francis I.," vol. i.

‡ An engraving from this portrait is in the first volume of Miss Pardoe's work, referred to above.

Francis immediately despatched an expedition to seize him in his fortress, proclaimed him guilty of *leze-majesté*, confiscated his possession to the last acre, and arrested many of his confidential friends. Bourbon seeing that resistance against the superior forces of the King would end in his capture, disguised himself as the valet of his own governor, M. de Pomperant, and sought refuge in flight. He encountered many difficulties and obstructions, but with the assistance of a small body of gentlemen devoted to his cause, raised a troop of horsemen, and after a delay of nearly two months, escaped through Germany to Mantua, where he found himself in safety.

The friends of Bourbon, who had been arrested as his accomplices, were tried for treason before the high parliament of Paris. The court rejected the charges, regarding Bourbon as the victim of private malice, proceeding from the King's mother. Nineteen of the accused effected their escape. Two only were condemned to death, the aged Count de St. Vallier and M. de Vauguiron. Neither of the two were executed. The latter, first reprieved, and finally pardoned, was saved by the intercession of powerful friends. The life of the former was granted to the prayers of his daughter, the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, who, it was currently believed, had sacrificed her honor to prolong the days of her parent. Be this as it may, she soon became another of the King's avowed mistresses. The great and chivalrous Francis I., the accomplished knight, the liberal patron of learning, the enlightened monarch, stripped of his outward tinsel, appears, in reality, a constitutional libertine, devoid of feeling, consideration, or remorse, entirely governed by his capricious tastes, and a slave to his sensual appetites.

In an interval of sound judgment, when not biassed by the presence of his mother, whose influence was generally exerted for evil purposes—looking steadily on the dangers by which France was surrounded, the King repented that he had driven from his side the strongest bulwark of his throne, the most popular and wealthiest noble in the land, and the ablest soldier in his numerous ranks. He privately despatched a confidential gentleman of his household, to offer Bourbon a free pardon, and the restitution of his estates, pensions, and honors, if he would return to his allegiance. Bourbon demanded immunity for all his friends. "I am only authorized to treat with yourself," was the reply. "In that case," rejoined

the Constable, "our interview need not be prolonged;" and thus was severed the last tie which bound him to his own country.*

The cold and calculating Emperor, finding the influence of his new adherent less than he expected, and that, instead of a powerful prince, with half France at his back, he had gained only an impoverished exile, with nothing but his sword and his name, sought now to draw back from the splendid promises by which he had seduced him. He withheld the hand of his sister, and even hesitated to give him employment until impelled to do so by the want of his abilities. Expediency rather than inclination obtained for Bourbon, after some delay, the command of the Imperial army in Italy. Pescara, a general of first-rate talents, was associated with him; but he was jealous of the Constable, and their combinations, from this cause, lacked the perfect unanimity which conducts the great operations of war to great results. Nevertheless, their campaign was successful on every point. The French army was led by the Admiral Bonnivet, the bitter personal enemy, and formerly the vassal of Bourbon. He had nothing to recommend him for this high post, but the favor of the Duchess Louise de Savoie, a remarkably handsome person, and reckless courage—the lowest qualification of a general-in-chief. It soon became apparent that he was no match for his opponents, although seconded by the long-tryed experience, the skill, and valor of Bayard. The defeat of Romagnano deprived France of the matchless chevalier. While covering the retreat, he received a mortal wound by a stone-shot, discharged from an arquebuss, which struck him across the loins, and broke the vertebræ of his back. He felt that he was dying, caused himself to be helped off his horse and placed at the foot of a tree, "that at least," said he, "I may die with my face towards the enemy." Bourbon and Pescara, leading the pursuit, rode up at this moment. The Duke dismounted, removed his helmet, and bent bareheaded over his old friend and companion in many desperate conflicts. "Alas! Bayard," cried he, in tones of unfeigned grief, "how shocked and confounded I am to see you, whom I have always loved and honored, expiring in such agony before my eyes." Bayard, making an effort to recover strength, raised himself, leaned forward to the Constable, and said, in a firm tone of voice, "My Lord of Bour-

bon, I desire no pity at your hands; keep it for yourself, who are fighting against your faith, your allegiance, and your sovereign, while I am dying for my sovereign, my allegiance, and my faith."* Bourbon replied no more, but turned away in silence. However conscience-stricken may have been his thoughts, they found no utterance at his lips. Perhaps he would then and there gladly have exchanged conditions with the unsullied warrior and patriot who lay before him. History can find no speck on the character of Bayard. He presents a perfect specimen of modern chivalry; a noble soldier, who may be set forward as a selected exemplar, a true type of the military profession in its most exalted grade. It was said of him, by his contemporaries, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, who always retires from his pursuers with his face towards them. His device was a porcupine, with the motto, "*Vires agminis unus habet*" ("One man may concentrate in himself the force of a whole troop"). This was given to him in commemoration of an exploit in which he singly defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards—a feat of prowess rivalling that of Horatius Cocles against the army of Porsenna.

The continence and generosity of Bayard have been immortalized in the *Spectator*. They are the favorite themes of every historian of his time. Being asked one day, what was the best legacy a father could leave to his children, he replied, "*La vertu et la sagesse, qui ne craignent ni pluie, ni vent, ni tempête, ni force d'homme*" ("Valor and virtue, which fear neither rain, nor storm, nor tempest, nor the strength of man"). Bayard was taken prisoner at Guinegate, and very courteously treated by Henry VIII., who, struck by admiration of his character, proposed to him to enter his service. "Sire," answered he, "I have already two masters, God and my own prince; I will never serve any other." His loyalty to king and country was more interwoven with his nature than that of Bourbon; but let it be remembered that he had never received the same bitter wrongs in the same exalted rank.

Bonnivet evacuated Italy, and retreated in confusion across the frontiers, closely pursued by the Imperial generals. Bourbon pressed urgently a vigorous invasion of France, and proposed a bold march into the

* See Guicciardini, Brantôme, and De Bellay.

* See "Histoire du Chev. de Bayard."

centre of the kingdom. Pescara refused to cooperate, alledging that their means were inadequate to so great an undertaking; but when he found that Provence submitted almost without resistance to the name and influence of the Constable, he consented to assist in the siege of Marseilles. The defence proving more obstinate than was expected, Pescara drew off his army, and Bourbon was compelled to abandon an enterprise which certainly would have succeeded, had they persevered and acted with mutual cordiality. The troops of the Emperor, always badly paid, and worse supplied, began to murmur at their arrears, became mutinous, and left their ranks to plunder. The French king, roused by the frowning aspect of his affairs, levied a large army, took the field in person, and determined to make a gigantic effort for the recovery of the Milanese. Bourbon pawned his jewels to pay his men, and hastening into Germany, levied a corps of twelve thousand lansquenets, with whom he speedily returned, and disciplined them into efficient soldiers. Francis laid siege to Pavia, which fortress was most gallantly defended by Antonio da Leyva, a brave and skilful officer; but being at last reduced to great extremity, Bourbon and Pescara, joined by Lannoy, Viceroy of Naples, resolved to attempt its relief, although their combined forces were much inferior in number and quality to the gallant armament of the French, which comprised all that was noble, knightly, and distinguished in the kingdom, fighting under the eye of their monarch, and burning to achieve another victory to parallel with that of Marignano. But they were still commanded by the incapable Bonnivet, whose fatal measures foreboded nothing but disaster. The Imperial army, as usual, were without pay or provisions, and a battle had become necessary to their very existence. But when they approached the enemy's position, and saw how formidably he was intrenched, they hesitated to attack under such disadvantageous circumstances. Every prudent motive called on the French to delay a battle, and wait the certain result of time and famine. But Francis had rashly sworn that he would take Pavia, or perish in the attempt. Yielding to his mistaken sense of honor, his impetuous courage, and the advice of evil counsellors, he came forth from his lines, and offered his adversaries the chance they could scarcely have compelled—a fair combat in the open field. The two armies engaged with a desperate determination to win on either side. But the superior skill of

Bourbon and Pescara prevailed over the most heroic efforts of ill-directed French valor, and obtained for them one of the most signal victories recorded in the annals of history. The success was materially indebted to a charge by the Spanish cavalry of Pescara, mingled with chosen companies of heavy armed musqueteers—a mode of attack hitherto unpractised in modern warfare, but afterwards adopted as a general principle, and always with irresistible result, by the Admiral Coligni, the Marquis of Montrose, Henry IV. of France, Gustavus Adolphus, and Turenne.* Da Leyva, too, seizing the critical moment, sallied with his garrison from Pavia, made a furious assault upon the rear of the French, and completed their confusion. Mere courage could effect nothing against such well-concerted manœuvres.

Ten thousand gallant Frenchmen fell on that fatal day, while the loss of the Imperialists was trifling in comparison. Francis, after performing prodigies of valor, and killing seven men with his own hand, was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner. Severely wounded, unhorsed, surrounded, and on the point of being cut down by numbers, he was rescued by Monsieur de Pomperant, the friend and confidant of the ex-constable, who galloped up, and throwing himself at his feet, entreated him not to sacrifice his life by a fruitless resistance. "To whom can I resign my sword?" said the unfortunate monarch. "The Duke de Bourbon is close at hand, sire," murmured Pomperant, with some reluctance. "Never," replied the King. "This sword is that of Francis of France. I would die a thousand deaths rather than surrender it to a traitor. Conduct me to the Viceroy of Naples—to him I may deliver it without shame." Around the person of the king lay, stiff in death, many of the highest nobility, the bravest warriors of France, while many more were made captives with him. The Duke d'Alençon, the contemptible husband of Marguerite de Valois, alone disgraced himself, by seeking safety in flight. He might have retrieved the day, or at least have rescued the king, by a timely and vigorous charge with the reserve, but he turned his face in an opposite direction, and lost

* Some historians say that to Antonio da Leyva, and not Pescara, is due the merit of intermingling the infantry with cavalry at Pavia. It is, perhaps, needless to remind our readers that the formation was invented by Epaminondas, at Mantinea. See a dissertation on this subject in Folard's *Commentaries*, vol. iv.

alike his character and his opportunity. His high-souled wife spurned him from her presence, and demanded her brother at his hands. In a month D'Alençon was dead, and slept in a dishonored grave, when he might have chosen a glorious one. Bonni-vet had fallen at his post, a brave soldier, although a defective general. Bourbon sought him through the field, burning for a personal encounter with his mortal enemy. When he gazed on his lifeless body, covered with wounds, he exclaimed, with mingled feelings of bitterness and compassion, "Miserable man! it is to you that both France and myself are indebted for our ruin."

This decisive victory, and the captivity of Francis, spread dismay throughout Europe. The power of Charles V. had no longer an opposing check. The French army was annihilated; Milan was immediately abandoned, and in a few weeks not a Frenchman remained in Italy.

By the success of Pavia and its important consequences, fortune seemed to make more than full atonement to Bourbon for her former fickleness. Had he then asked himself, with Zanga, "How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?" he would have found the scale inclining in his favor beyond all reasonable calculation, and might have dedicated a temple to Nemesis in token of gratitude. To all outward appearance his star was high in the ascendant. He had gained a great battle, which placed him in the first rank of first-rate generals; he had broken the power of France, and seemed to hold her destiny in his hands; the king who had wronged him was a vanquished prisoner; the minion who had supplanted him was cold in death; the only woman he had ever truly loved was a widow, and within two months the impatience of the captive monarch submitted to the reluctant conditions, that he should receive her hand, with the restitution of his forfeited honors and estates. Successful treason was never before so perfectly triumphant. But even then the worm that never dies was gnawing at his heart; the despotic influence of opinion was withering his laurels while they clustered most thickly on his brow, and within the flowing plumes of his helmet the grim skeleton sat, dart in hand, already preparing the blow which, within the short space of two years, prostrated his ambitious hopes, and closed for ever his stormy career. The moral is profound, the application salutary, and the lesson invaluable. De Lannoy, the Viceroy of Naples, more cunning in diplomacy than

effective in battle, conducted Francis to Madrid, with the view of making his own advantage with the Emperor, to the exclusion of the superior claims of Bourbon and Pescara. Bourbon hastened after him to look after his own interests, and in the presence of Charles, loudly taxed De Lannoy with treachery and cowardice. Pescara did the same by letter, and offered to prove his allegations in personal combat. The Emperor received Bourbon with the external show of deference, but with inward dislike. The proud Spanish nobles shrank from his contact, and extended to him no hands of fellowship. They stood aloof, and made no secret of their personal contempt. Robertson, following Guicciardini, says:—

"Notwithstanding his great and important services, they shunned all intercourse with him to such a degree, that Charles, having desired the Marquis de Villana to permit Bourbon to reside in his palace while the court remained at Toledo, he politely replied, 'that he could not refuse gratifying his sovereign in that request,' but added, with a Castilian dignity of mind, 'that the Emperor must not be surprised, if the moment the Constable departed, he should burn to the ground a house which, having been polluted by the presence of a traitor, became an unfit habitation for a man of honor.'"^{*}

This speech appears to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the answer of the stern lord of Tantallon to the double-dealing Marmion, when, under something like similar circumstances, he offered him his hand at parting, having been his imposed guest by the king's command—

"My manor, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."[†]

A noble and sensitive nature, like that of Bourbon, notwithstanding his fall, must have felt keenly the taunts he was compelled to endure; and still more acutely the overacted courtesy of King Francis, to whose presence he was occasionally admitted, and the studied reserve of the Princess Marguerite, then at Madrid, with whom he had a confidential communication on political points, but in which old memories and associations were neither revived nor alluded to. Time rolled

^{*} See Robertson's Charles V., v. ii. b. 4.

[†] Marmion, Canto vi.

on. Francis obtained his liberty by submitting to terms which he repudiated, as wrung from him by compulsion, the moment he set foot on his own soil. Pescara having been tempted into wavering allegiance, died suddenly, not without suspicion of being poisoned. Bourbon thus became more necessary than ever to the Emperor, who, glad to get rid of his presence, and to retain his services, sent him back to Italy in supreme command, with a promise of the investiture of Milan as the reward of success. But he supplied no funds either to feed or supply the army, who were authorized to plunder the unfortunate Italians, and to live at free quarters wherever they could obtain them. Bourbon felt that he was thus reduced to a captain of banditti on a large scale, but he had no alternative. When he entered Milan the magistrates and principal cities loudly entreated his mercy, and assured him that their resources were exhausted. The situation of Bourbon imposed on him acts of violence extremely repulsive to his natural character, which was generous and humane. He promised to withdraw and encamp beyond the walls, if the inhabitants would raise among themselves a sum sufficient to defray the arrears of pay due to his troops. They had already suffered from bad faith, and placed no confidence in his assurances. Some authorities have stated, that he then voluntarily called Heaven to witness that if he broke his pledged word, he wished that the first shot fired at the next battle in which he was engaged might end his life. He falsified his promise, and his death before the walls of Rome has been quoted as a judgment. But it appears more likely that the anecdote was the child of the catastrophe, and may be classed with the popular traditions which tell us that the cunning Athenian artist, Perillus, was the first victim of the brazen bull he presented to Phalaris; that Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, who died in peaceful retirement in 1814, was the first victim of the humane invention which bears his name; and that Dean Swift was the first inmate of the lunatic hospital he endowed with his fortune, but which was not erected until several years after his death. How many, or rather how few, of these ingenious coincidences are founded in fact is a puzzling question, to be decided as the organ of credulity or unbelief predominates in the development of the reader.

The army of Bourbon, driven to extremity by want of everything, and seeing no prospect of pay or further plunder, mutinied.

By great address, and the influence of their attachment to his person, he restored them to discipline and obedience, and feeling the necessity of striking a blow while there was yet time, resolved on an enterprise which has few parallels, either for the boldness with which it was conceived, or the unscrupulous disregard of all the laws of civilized war, with which it was carried into execution. He announced to his soldiers that he would lead them to the attack and pillage of Rome, and place at their disposal the treasures of the richest city in the world. They followed him with alacrity. In the depth of winter he began his march with a large and motley force, but without money, magazines, artillery, or field equipage. The inhabitants of northern Italy gazed in terror as he passed along. The garrisons of the different fortresses manned their ramparts, and watched anxiously his onward progress, marked by a track of desolation, portentous as the tail of a comet, on the line he had taken. Bourbon accompanied his men on foot, sharing their coarse food, enduring all their privations, and even joining in their camp ballads, in which they jeered his poverty, eulogized his valor, and expressed their confidence in his fortunes. The burden of their favorite song consisted of two Spanish lines, which may be thus translated—

"We are as good gentlemen as you,
And quite as rich, without a sou."

On the evening of the 5th of May, 1527, he encamped on the plains in the neighborhood of Rome, and having inflamed the passions of his soldiers, by pointing out to them the palaces and churches into which the riches of Europe had flowed for many centuries, early on the following morning he led them to the attack of the Eternal City. To render himself more conspicuous, both to friends and enemies, he wore a surcoat of white tissue over his armor, and, well knowing the force of example, planted the first ladder with his own hands. He was determined to distinguish that day either by his death, or by a success which should resound through the nations of the world. His foot had scarcely reached the third round of the ladder, when he was struck mortally by the ball of a retreating sentinel (who fired at random), and fell to the ground. He called on one of his attendant squires, Louis Combald, to cover his body with a cloak, that the soldiers might not be discouraged by the news of his death, and expired in a few moments, with their shouts of victory ringing in his

ears. No time was granted him for repentance, even if his thoughts turned that way; no friendly hand proffered the offices of religion, even if his agony of mind and body permitted him to require them. He fell with courage worthy of a better cause, and in the exercise of military abilities which would have placed him high in the temple of fame, had they been employed in the service of his country, and not at the head of her enemies. Take him for all in all he was a mighty, though an erring spirit; perverted from the true course of honor by circumstances he neither sought nor created, and driven into a career which carried its own punishment at the moment of the greatest apparent triumph.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his eccentric autobiography, claims the merit of having shot the Duke de Bourbon with his own hand, but nobody believes him. He says:—

“Levelling my arquebuss, I discharged it with deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest, but the mist prevented me distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then, turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke de Bourbon. He was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest.”—Vol. i. p. 120.

The memoirs of Cellini are full of marvels; a tissue of improbable adventures, in the style of those of the renowned Baron Munchausen. He was skilful with chisel and graver, unequalled in the moulding of silver and gold, almost as cunning in his art as Tubal-cain, the first instructor of every one who wrought in brass and iron; but he dreamed strange fantasies, and wrote them down as truth.

Many pens have described with harrowing eloquence the horrors which ensued on the capture of Rome by the army of Bourbon. Men of various nations, mercenary traders in human life, who sold their services for hire, unrestrained by discipline, infuriated by the loss of their commander, and prompted by the thirst of rapine, were let loose on the devoted city; nor did their outrages cease, as is commonly the case, when the first fury of the storm was over, and temporary excitement was glutted to satiety. For many months the helpless inhabitants, without distinction of age, rank, or sex, were plundered, outraged, and murdered. Pope Clement

VII., who had taken refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, was obliged to surrender at discretion, and was treated little better than a common malefactor. Priests were torn from the altar, and virgins suffered violation in the arms of their mothers. The booty in ready money exceeded one million of ducats, and that large sum was more than doubled by ransoms and confiscations. The systematic, organized barbarism exceeded all that had been inflicted in earlier ages by the hordes of Alaric, Genseric, or Odoacer. The excesses of an army professing Christianity, subjects of a Catholic monarch, in the sixteenth century, and in the acknowledged capital of the Christian world, have left in the shade the cruelties perpetrated in the ages of ignorance by heathen Huns, Goths, and Vandals. To match their unbridled license, to equal their proceedings in atrocity, we must trace down the pages of modern history, until we arrive, a hundred years later, at the dark chapter which describes the sacking of Magdeburg by the remorseless Tilly. War, the great safety-valve, but at the same time the heaviest scourge of society, has never been exercised in all its gloomy terrors without a redeeming ray of heroism, so completely as in these two memorable instances. A thirst for plunder, the worst of all human passions—the cupidity or exigence of the brigand, and not the martial spirit of the soldier—was in either case the exciting cause.

Bourbon had only attained his thirty-eighth year, when he fell, as described, before the walls of Rome. At the same age died Gustavus of Sweden, on the plains of Lutzen. But the latter perished in a bright field of glory, in a just cause, and with an unblemished reputation.

We have endeavored to bring under one view all that credible authority has disclosed with regard to two eminent personages, whose lives and characters suggest points of strong comparison. The modern presents a duplicate of the ancient, under very similar circumstances. Whatever may be the influence of times and manners in moulding the actions of men, the general features of human nature will always be found to be the same. In one respect, Coriolanus stands above Bourbon. He almost redeemed his disloyalty to his country, by pausing in the hour of triumph, and yielding up public resentment to natural affection. Bourbon suffered no touch of feeling to interfere with his steady march of vengeance, on which he was permitted for a time to advance with destructive power. The wrongs of Coriolanus were more exclusively

public wrongs. He was driven into banishment by the voice of the majority. His countrymen repudiated him; he was disfranchised, and became, by their own act, a free citizen of the world. The wrongs of Bourbon were private wrongs, the more stinging, perhaps, inasmuch as they arose from personal enmity, jealousy, and ingratitude. Rome was the enemy of Coriolanus. The King, his mother, and Bonnivet, not France, were the enemies of Bourbon. Coriolanus relented under abject supplications. It does not appear that Bourbon was ever *cordially* invited to return, that the offers of the King to reinstate him were sincere, or that he ever wavered in his schemes of retaliation. On the whole, the conduct of Coriolanus was more defensible, on broad grounds, and the close of his life more consistent with the elevation of his character. Coriolanus sought to pun-

ish Rome, rather than to exalt himself. Bourbon hoped to find a throne in the dismemberment of the French monarchy. The vengeance of Coriolanus was lofty and unselfish. That of Bourbon was never separated from personal ambition. We can justify neither entirely, while we may pity and palliate the conduct of both. It is more easy to find excuses for Bourbon than for either Bernadotte or Moreau, who, in our own days, appeared in arms against their native country, and assisted to strangle her when already gasping beneath the pressure of confederated Europe. They sought to overthrow an ancient rival who had gone beyond them, without caring much by what means the object was accomplished; and the chances are, that neither would have objected to fill his seat had the opportunity presented itself.

J. W. C.

From the Edinburgh Review for April.

MEMOIRS OF THE RESTORATION.*

MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND has somewhere observed that the Government of Louis XVIII. was the best resting-place of France on the declivity of revolutions. The force of this remark is increased by the impartiality of advancing time, and the experience of more deplorable vicissitudes. At the present moment especially, when the condition of that great nation is such that we are more disposed to avert our eyes from its voluntary servitude than to commemorate and applaud its sacrifices for freedom, the fifteen years of the Restoration deserve to be remembered as an era of extraordinary promise; and we the more lament the bigotry and the follies which hurried it to a grievous and early termination. The Government of the French Restoration combined the varied and abundant talents of more than one age. Amongst its elder servants and advisers, the lofty traditions, the great names, and the refined manners of the old French Court were not yet extinct, for the Duc de Richelieu and

the Duc Mathieu de Montmorency sat in its councils; to these were added the statesmanlike prudence of M. de Villèle, the judgment of M. de Serre, the brilliancy and eloquence of M. de Chateaubriand. The Chamber of Peers, hereditary in rank and independent by position, included all that was most eminent in the military and civil service of the Empire, as well as of the Royalist party. The Chamber of Deputies was alternately swayed by the austere gravity of M. Royer Collard, and the vehement eloquence of Manuel or General Foy. The schools teemed with the instruction and the eloquence of the first thinkers of the age. Guizot had invoked the genius of philosophical history and constitutional government; Victor Cousin rekindled among the countrymen of Descartes the august but almost extinct traditions of a school of ideal philosophy; Villemain gave new life to literary criticism; whilst Thierry, Thiers, and Mignet, opened their career by the narrative of revolutions whose influence was heightened by the force and fidelity of their language. Even poetry revived once more on the prosaic soil of France; for Lamartine opened a

* *Politique de la Restauration en 1822 et 1823.*
Par M. LE COMTE DE MARCELLUS, Ancien Ministre
Plénipotentiaire. Paris: 1853.

vein of sentiment in meditative verse which none of his countrymen had attempted; Casimir Delavigne and Victor Hugo gave a romantic color to the lyrics of a new age; and Béranger, the most national of French writers since La Fontaine, found, in the slight melody of his songs, touches to stir the hearts of a people. Why pursue the contrast which these recollections, scarce a quarter of a century old, suggest to the mind? We cannot recall a more mysterious reverse in human affairs than that this short and splendid period should have left no traces on the French nation, except in the imperishable pages of her literature; and that by far the greater part of the men we have named—illustrious in every department of philosophy and government—should have survived the constitution they founded, the monarchy they served, the liberty they loved, and even the epoch they adorned.

This reflection may suffice to account for the peculiar interest with which we turn to the political annals of the Restoration, even in the diffuse and inaccurate pages of M. de Lamartine's last historical production. But Louis XVIII. deserves a more trustworthy historian, and we have no doubt that the memoirs and the correspondence of his reign will gradually disclose to the world the existence of far greater ability and liberality than was supposed to exist at the Bourbon Court; especially, for example, the extensive collection of historical and personal reminiscences, still in manuscript, to which the venerable Chancellor Duke Pasquier is understood to have recently put the finishing touch. The volume before us is one of the earliest contributions to the history of this period; and although we can place neither M. de Chateaubriand nor M. de Marcellus in the first rank of the political servants of the Crown of France, their private and authentic correspondence is extremely characteristic, and it deserves the more notice in this country, as it concerns transactions in which the British Cabinet of 1823 played a very prominent part.

It was upon the 16th of September, 1822, that Mr. Canning relinquished the Governor-Generalship of India to which he had been appointed, and received, for the second time, the seals of the Foreign Office, then vacant by the death of Lord Londonderry, which had taken place about a month before. M. de Chateaubriand had been up to that time the ambassador of France in London; and M. de Marcellus, then a young diplomatist of twenty-four, had just joined the Embassy as its secretary. The moment was one

pregnant with interest, for the Congress of Verona was about to assemble. The question of the intervention of the Holy Alliance in the internal affairs of Spain lowered on the political horizon. The Eastern question was to be considered; the ascendancy of Austria over Italy consolidated; and the questions of the Slave Trade and of piracy in the American seas discussed. But, more than all the rest, a change of vital moment had taken place, for the first time since 1815, in the spirit of the Foreign Minister of England. Lord Castlereagh had framed and followed a system of policy more conformable to the views of Prince Metternich than to the public opinion and interests of the English people, for he had sacrificed the popularity and, in some degree, the influence of the British Cabinet to an habitual compliance with the views of the continental confederacy. Upon the occurrence of the melancholy event which terminated his career, Prince Metternich spoke of it as 'an irreparable loss,' and the expression was never forgotten or forgiven by Lord Londonderry's successor. Mr. Canning was often wrong in his judgment, often misled by his own vivid imaginative powers; but he aspired to restore England to the independence and the spirit of her own proud and free policy in the councils of Europe; and whilst the House of Commons rang with his eloquence, and the world with his fame, he found himself opposed by the diplomatic maxims, the manœuvres, the artifices, and the resentment of every other Court, not excepting that of France. This change might have given an immediate and peculiar interest to the duties which M. de Chateaubriand still discharged at the Court of St. James. But the ambition of that singular personage was already directed to higher objects. London afforded no sufficient field to his insatiable vanity. At the very moment when Mr. Canning took office, Chateaubriand aspired to figure amongst the plenipotentiaries of France at Verona, to defeat his rivals and to supplant his colleagues on the most active scene of European politics, and eventually to assume, on the fall of M. de Montmorency, the direction of the foreign policy of the House of Bourbon. Never were the emulous and often conflicting tendencies of French and English diplomacy swayed by two men in whom an enthusiastic temperament and inordinate personal ambition were more conspicuous than in M. de Chateaubriand and in Mr. Canning; never did these dangerous gifts acquire a greater ascendancy over the traditions of official routine and the rules of public law. The contest, which began in a

familiar correspondence between the two Ministers, ended in a duel of orations, from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies to the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons; and the world was as much interested and excited by the knightly bearing of the two antagonists as by the questions which called them into the lists and agitated the world.

When M. de Chateaubriand extorted, not without difficulty, from M. de Villèle, his nomination as plenipotentiary to the Congress of Verona, he retained his titular appointment as French ambassador in London; and M. de Marcellus, who had joined the Embassy only a few days before, was left in the responsible position of *chargé d'affaires*. The position of the young diplomatist was a singular one. He had not completed his twenty-fifth year, but his rise had been rapid, and his talents were remarkable. The property of his family was considerable, and its royalism enthusiastic. Young Marcellus entered the diplomatic service early, by an appointment to the Turkish Embassy, in which capacity he learned modern Greek, and performed at least one service which deserves to perpetuate his name. He had the good fortune to purchase the Venus of Milo for the French Government, and to place in the noble statue gallery of the Louvre its most beautiful and precious ornament. Chateaubriand and Marcellus had met in the East, and were afterwards wont to console themselves for the fogs of London and the turmoil of diplomacy, by wafting a sigh to the Egean for the glory and freedom of Greece. They were thus designated to act together in Portland Place, but owing to the departure of M. de Chateaubriand the correspondence now before us is the chief record of their intimacy. Marcellus was directed to supply his chief at Verona with ample private information as to the state of affairs in England, whilst his official despatches were addressed to the Department of Foreign Affairs in Paris: and he acquitted himself so agreeably of this task that the secret correspondence was kept up in this form after M. de Chateaubriand became Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the great amusement not only of the Minister himself, but of the King, who combined a royal appetite for gossip, with a taste for the art of diplomacy and the refined pastimes of social life.

M. de Chateaubriand has himself informed the world in that portion of his reminiscences which he called the 'Congress of Verona,' that the intervention of France in the internal affairs of Spain had been an object of his

constant and passionate solicitude during the whole period of his embassy to this country. He regarded a diplomatic triumph by the Ministers of Louis XVIII. as a necessary compensation for the Treaties of 1815, and a military expedition under the Duke of Angoulême as no less essential to the stability of the monarchy and the honor of the King's arms; but he had to brave the opposition of England and to surmount the manifest repugnance of the ablest counsellor of the Crown, M. de Villèle, and possibly of Louis XVIII. himself. Two years earlier, Lord Castlereagh had expressed, in a confidential minute on the affairs of Spain, communicated to the Four Great Courts in May, 1820, the dissent of this country from a precautionary interference in the internal affairs of the Peninsula, especially as there was no ground for asserting that the Spanish revolution endangered the tranquillity of Europe. Mr. Canning went further, and his first instruction to the Duke of Wellington, who was then at Paris on his way to Verona, was couched in the following terms:—

"If there be any determined project to interfere by force or by menace in the present struggle in Spain, so convinced are his Majesty's Government of the uselessness and danger of such interference—so objectionable does it appear to them in principle as well as utterly impracticable in execution, that, when the necessity arises, or (I would rather say) when the opportunity offers, I am to instruct Your Grace at once frankly and peremptorily to declare, that to any such interference, come what may, his Majesty will not be a party. Sept. 27, 1822."

The conflict between these opposite opinions was carried on at Verona, and the policy of this country was defended with great firmness and ability by the Duke of Wellington against the demands of France and the instigation of the Northern Courts. It was not till the termination of the Congress in December that the march of events became more rapid, and the rival policy of the war party in France and the peace party in England openly opposed. M. de Chateaubriand reached Paris from Verona on the 18th December, 1822. The train which he had already laid was ready to explode. The moderation of M. de Villèle was overcome. M. de Montmorency resigned, and on the 29th December the diplomatist, who had already in a subordinate position been the most active promoter of the Spanish war, was gazetted in the "Moniteur" as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Canning appears, however, not to have at once penetrated the real effect of this change, and to have attributed

to M. de Montmorency the warlike language which was really inspired at Verona by M. de Chateaubriand. "What," said he to M. de Marcellus, "M. de Villèle, whom the Duke has just found to be entirely opposed to the system of hostilities, wins the day, and M. de Montmorency, who, at Paris as well as Verona, was for an immediate march, quits the Cabinet. If his resignation is a pledge of peace, he will not be regretted here. *But I do not understand the attitude M. de Chateaubriand will assume in all this.*" "He will explain it himself," replied Marcellus; "but be well assured beforehand that France will relax none of her measures, and that she will adopt the most effectual arrangements to put down anarchy and the revolution in Spain." The private correspondence between the two Ministers, already published in the "Congress of Verona," demonstrates how entirely Mr. Canning had misconceived the real views and intentions of his opponent. The instructions contained in M. de Chateaubriand's private note to Marcellus of the 27th January, distinctly show what was passing at the Tuileries.

"Say that we wish for peace, but that we are preparing for war: that we do not refuse the good offices of England to bring about this peace; but that the first condition must be that the King (of Spain) shall be at liberty to modify the monstrous constitution of the Cortes. Go on to talk of peace; we wish for it, but with security and honor, and we prefer war to the state of uncertainty and revolutionary peril in which we find ourselves. To-morrow I will send you the King's speech. *It is very warlike*, though not entirely shutting the door against peace." (P. 125.)

On the morrow the speech arrived, and M. de Marcellus was instructed to communicate it to the British minister.

"He read it eagerly, but when he came to the paragraph, which he read aloud, 'That Ferdinand should be free to give to his subjects the institutions they can only receive from him, and which, by securing their tranquillity, will dissipate the natural apprehensions of France, and that from that moment hostilities will cease,'—'What a principle,' said Mr. Canning, 'and what an abuse. Is that your deliberate opinion? You are going beyond the rigor of absolute monarchy, as it has so long existed in Spain, for even there the Cortes had by their remonstrances the right of extorting concessions from the Crown; but you require that Ferdinand should model or replace institutions by his own will and pleasure. Are you making a crusade for a political theory? Do you want to propagate your Charter as Mahomet did the Koran? I know what is meant by war for conquest, which does not last—war for a

change of succession, which has cost us so dear—war for commercial interests, which is the most rational of all. But war to modify the power of two Chambers, or to extend the prerogative of the Crown, passes my comprehension. The doctrine of constitutions emanating from the throne is odious to us. The British Constitution is the result of a long series of victories gained by the people over their sovereigns. Have you forgotten that Kings ought not to give institutions, but institutions alone to make kings?"

This argument was certainly a strange one to address to the Minister of Louis XVIII., who had recovered his throne seven years before, with the assistance of England and upon the principle of legitimacy, and who had solemnized his restoration by granting the Charter. Accordingly, M. de Marcellus retorted,—

"Perfectly true of England since her terrible [?] revolution—but in Spain, governed by an ancient and traditional dynasty, will you not allow that things may pass as in France? Let me remind you, on my side, that we owe our Charter to Louis XVIII. 'Dreadful maxim,' continued the Minister, without listening to me: 'a king free! Is there any king who deserves to be a free king, in the precise sense of the term? No sovereign is free but a despot or a usurper, the curses of the world—terrific comets which glare and set in blood. Our Constitution leaves the Crown an apparent right of choosing its Ministers—but can it exercise this privilege? Look at our history. Do you think the first Georges were free to reject the Cabinets imposed on them, especially the Walpole Administration? Could George III., with his limited and almost always extinguished faculties, make a choice? No, happily for England, he could not. And George IV.—do you think (here his voice became emphatic, and he pressed my arm)—do you think I should be his Minister, if he were free to choose? Can he forget that I have constantly declined to share in the excesses of his youth, and that I have constantly opposed his favorites and his tastes? He hates me for my resistance, for my political attitude, and, above all, for my knowledge of his married life. Yet he was not free to exclude me from the Cabinet.

"Well, then," added Mr. Canning, calming himself, as if exhausted by his own energy, 'you are going to march into Spain?' Then tapping me on the shoulder, 'You think, young man, that this war will be short. I think otherwise. I, who am on the brink of old age. In 1793—I am old enough to go back to that time—Mr. Pitt, with 'The patriot's heart, the prophet's mind,' (and he recited with emphasis this verse of his earlier days)—Mr. Pitt told me that a certain war, declared against a great nation then in revolution, would be short also—yet this war outlived Mr. Pitt.'" (P. 17.)

We have no reason to doubt the sincerity

of M. de Marcellus's intentions, but we cannot persuade ourselves that these reminiscences are not overcolored. Nor can we attach the same degree of credit to that part of this volume which consists of recollections written thirty years after the events and conversations to which they relate, as we do to the correspondence bearing the date of the period. This distinction must be borne in mind if this book be ever regarded as materials for history. The conversations appear to consist of fragments of Canning's public speeches dressed up with more or less verisimilitude—the letters may be considered as more accurate pictures of the events of the day. In the instance we have just quoted, the absurdity of a confidential conversation of this kind between a Minister and a French *chargé d'affaires* of twenty-four upon the repugnance then subsisting between that Minister and the King,—the historical inaccuracy of the statement that George II. and George III. did not in great measure choose their own Ministers—and the total want of penetration into the real question at issue between France and Spain, are almost incredible in a man occupying the position then filled by Mr. Canning. But, at the same time, we find in the contemporary private letters annexed to these reminiscences, abundant evidence of a strange absence of judgment, temper, and moderation. Mr. Canning continued to argue the Spanish question upon the principles which Lord Somers might have applied to the House of Stuart, or Lord Chatham to the Family Compact; such arguments produced their effect in the House of Commons, but they could only strengthen the opposite conviction in the mind of a French Minister. On one occasion Mr. Canning said,—

“‘Since Ferdinand, like James II., resists the will of the nation, let us apply the English method to Spain. What will be the consequence? Ferdinand's expulsion.’ And then he added, as if carried away by a passion he could not master—‘Hearken to me well. This example may extend to yourselves.’ And, speaking loud, his glittering eyes fixed on mine,—‘You are not ignorant that a departure from the principle of legitimacy, almost similar to our own, is *meditated and plotted in France at this moment*. You know the progress it has made in the party of the opposition calling itself moderate. *The head to be crowned is there.*’

“These terrible words, spoken in 1823, struck me to the heart like an insult. I cannot express the indignation I felt at them. Meanwhile the Minister, embarrassed and dejected, paced up and down while I vented my indignation.” (P. 20.)

And well he might; for, however curious and prophetic this speech has in the sequel turned out to be, it was as offensive a diplomatic communication as could be made to the envoy of a reigning and allied Sovereign, without even the apology of a rational object in making it. On the contrary, the very argument used by the French Court in favor of the Spanish intervention was the peril of revolutionary contagion, and Mr. Canning is here represented to have strengthened the case he was combating by this extraordinary allusion to the Duke of Orleans. M. de Marcellus informs his readers that he textually reported this conversation in his regular despatch. His despatch was even circulated to the principal embassies; but he was told not to report any more such observations in future. We are curious to learn whether any trace of such a statement is to be found in the records of his regular official correspondence.

As a contrast to this scene we are tempted to extract another in which Mr. Canning's versatile and theatrical character is exhibited in another shape; and, in spite of some suspicion of a heightened tint of sentimentality, we are inclined to think the sketch is in the main true.

‘I found the Minister, one day, alone and pensive in the grounds of his little park at Gloucester Lodge. Walking over the smooth English grass, with a book in his hand, under the budding trees—“A truce,” said he, “to politics to-day! I am weary of them. Let us read some Virgil. In my little domain, like the old man of Galesus, *cui pauca relictis jugera ruris erant*, I was looking over the Georgics. I was here—can anything be more touching than these verses—

“Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina
tanta

Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.”

‘Having spoken these verses, the Minister dropped his arm, as if overcome by thought.

“It must all end, then, in this ‘little dust!’ What have I gained by so many battles! Many enemies, a thousand calumnies. Sometimes restrained by the timidity or the simplicity of my colleagues—sometimes thwarted by the want of sense among my partisans—always embarrassed by the displeasure of the King, I can execute nothing—I can attempt nothing of that which an inward and solemn voice seems to dictate.* I

* By a singular coincidence, on the same evening, a few hours later, Mr. Brougham described the position of the Minister in a passage which may be remembered as a masterpiece of invective, yet not dissimilar from the terms he had himself employed. He described the Secretary for Foreign Affairs at the moment “when he had to decide whether he

said the other day, in my sorrow—I am like a bird which, instead of soaring to the cliffs and precipices, flies over the fens and skims the ground. I am wasted by internal controversies, and I shall die in a fit of dejection like my predecessor and unfortunate adversary, Lord Castle-reagh. How often have I not been tempted to fly, from society and from power, to the literature which was the food of my boyhood, the only refuge which is impenetrable to the delusions of fate. Literature is more than a consolation to me—it is my hope and my refuge—it is, moreover, the freemasonry of liberal minds. Would it not have been better for M. de Chateaubriand and for me if we had never raised to our lips this poisoned cup of power which overpowers us with giddiness? Literature would have brought us together, without reserve and without bitterness . . .” Then Mr. Canning, raising his eyes and his bald forehead to Heaven, repeated, with that harmonious voice which was one of his great charms, the lines of Hamlet—

“Oh, God! oh, God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!”

“Yet,” he added, “still that desire of fame, which cannot at my age be called ambition, drives me back to public affairs and influences me. Human fame—mockery! The ancients made her a goddess—a woman to be more seductive—and she is dressed in all the attractions of patriotism. At this moment, when I should so much like to dream with Virgil, I must go to encounter Brougham at the House of Commons. Come with me; I know he is going to attack me directly, but I will not yield an inch. I will take you to Westminster.”

“We started, and, as we crossed the crowd at the door of the House, Mr. Canning smiled, and said to me, “In the critical state of our relations with France and Spain, what will all these spectators and even my own colleagues think of our long conference and of our open intimacy? They will send off couriers—the funds will rise—and yet we have discussed nothing to-day but a few literary subjects and quoted a few melancholy verses.” (P. 27.)

The termination of this Brompton eclogue was indeed a strange and abrupt one. The debate began with more than ordinary warmth. It was the night when Mr. Brougham accused Mr. Canning of tergiversation on the Catholic Question. The Minis-

‘should go to India to honorable exile, or take office in England and not submit to his sentence of transportation, but be condemned to hard labor in his own country,—doomed to the disquiet of a divided council—sitting with his enemies and pitied by his friends—with his hands chained and tied down on all those lines of operation which his own sentiments and wishes would have led him to adopt.” The fierce chief of the opposition little knew how deeply the lines he was tracing were already graven on the Minister’s heart.

ter, whose overwrought nerves had sought relief in the Georgics that morning, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, “It is false;” and Mr. Bankes moved that both the orators should be taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms. Louis XVIII., who was amused with the incident, directed M. de Chateaubriand to inquire whether “Mr. Bankes” was a son of Sir Joseph Bankes, “le grand navigateur,” whom he had known in London. Marcellus replied, with infinite self-possession, “M. Bankes is not the son of the great naturalist, Captain Cook’s companion, whom the king knew in London, but he is his near relation, and perhaps even his nephew.” Nor does the *ex-chargé d’affaires* appear even now to have discovered the absurdity of his blunder.

We have been led, however, somewhat to anticipate on the course of events. Parliament opened on the 4th of February, five days after the French Chambers; but the King’s Speech only repeated the declaration that the Government would not be a party to proceedings which might be deemed an interference in the internal affairs of Spain, without holding out much hope of averting the calamity of war between France and that country. In the debate on the address, Mr. Brougham delivered one of the most splendid and temperate orations of his whole parliamentary career, against the policy of “The Three Gentlemen of Verona,” as he called the Holy Alliance. But it was not till the 14th April that the official correspondence was laid upon the table, with full explanations of the course pursued in these transactions by the British Government. In the course of the powerful and comprehensive speech of Mr. Canning, he expressed exactly the same opinion on “the extraordinary speech with which the French Ministers opened the Chambers,” that M. de Marcellus records; and he even went so far as to declare that there was “not a man in the House who thought with more disgust and abhorrence than he did of the construction to which the words of that speech were liable.” It is satisfactory to find, in looking back to the terms applied thirty years ago to the policy of Foreign States, and to our relations with them, that, although we may want the fervid eloquence of a Canning or a Brougham, our discussions have gained very considerably in temper, discretion, and forbearance.

M. de Chateaubriand, who had dictated the French King’s Speech, was intoxicated with the stimulus he had applied to the

military passions of Franke. "We cannot," said he to Marcellus, "keep our army of observation on the frontier without exposing it to corruption; we cannot withdraw it without dishonoring the white cockade and disgusting our troops." The Duke of Wellington smiled gravely on the arrival of the French King's Speech, and said to Marcellus, "You must confess some of your people in Paris are very unreasonable." "No doubt," retorted the *Chargé d'Affaires*; "but they are in a minority, which is more than can be said at Madrid or in London." The effect of the speech in England was violent. The English funds fell, whilst those of France rose; the Press thundered, and the "Times" repeated the arguments of Mr. Canning. The Foreign Minister seemed to hesitate as to the length to which public opinion would drive him, for the time was already past when Mr. Canning could or would resist it. M. de Marcellus remained, however, unshaken by these demonstrations; and, with considerable firmness and penetration, he continued to assure his Government, that the worst they had to fear from England was an angry neutrality. About this time he described Mr. Canning's position in the following severe but not inaccurate terms:—

"Let us not be mistaken as to Mr. Canning. He still vibrates between those monarchical opinions which have been the basis of his fame, and that popular favor which is now his surest road to power: but as he lends his ear more willingly to the popular voice, and spreads his sail to the breeze, it may be seen beforehand to which side he will lean. A disciple of Pitt, and hitherto a Tory, he will become a half-Whig, and adopt democratic principles if those principles prevail. He is instinctively out of humor with the aristocracy and even the high opposition: he is feared rather than beloved by the King; but the people is with him. The people, struck by his talents, has placed him where he is; and the people will keep him there, if he obeys the people." (P. 180.)

Some months later, when M. de Chateaubriand had taken up an absurd notion that the Marquis of Hastings, who had just returned from India, was likely to supersede Mr. Canning as Foreign Minister, or, at least, to be sent as ambassador to Paris, Marcellus announced with the same good sense,—

"Do not imagine that Mr. Canning is approaching the close of his ministerial career. I have seen how he reached power, what obstacles he has thrown aside, what antipathies he has overcome, and I have not to reproach myself with having for one instant deceived my Court by the illusion or the hope of his approaching fall. George IV. boasted a little when he said that he

would drive out his Ministers if they said he was mad. He would wish to forget for the moment that English kings have no will of their own, and Mr. Canning in office is a proof of it." (P. 348.)

The impression produced on the French Government by Mr. Canning's intemperate speech of the 14th April, and by the open avowal of his hopes for the triumph of the Spanish Cortes, was one of extreme irritation at the expressions used, mingled with the assurance that, in spite of this torrent of invective, France had nothing else to fear from the displeasure of England. M. de Chateaubriand still preserved in public a decorous attitude, and spoke with more temper than Mr. Canning had shown; but his private notes display the coarsest and most vulgar resentment; thus, for instance, on the 26th April, he writes,—

"The neutrality of England is established beyond a doubt, as I expected. But don't trust the wiles of Mr. Canning. He is stirring the coals there, and trying to stir them here, underhand. As for myself, I shall never recriminate with the English. Even on Thursday, I shall answer them politely. But their cowardly insults have given me the measure of the capacity and honor of these men, and I have done with them." (P. 216.)

To this tirade Marcellus replies with excellent taste to his irritated Chief:—

"I see well enough here that temper and passion are bad counsellors. It is time to end these recriminations. They ought not to alter our system in Paris; they will not upset Mr. Canning in London. These altercations of the tribune and the cabinet will not certainly prevail over the noble characters of two superior men; but they may leave some clouds on the most elevated and well-constituted minds." (P. 217.)

The position of the French *chargé d'affaires* in London at this time was curious and perplexing. He had received orders from Paris to suspend the intimacy of his communications with Mr. Canning, in consequence of the violent language of the British Government; but he continued to dance with Miss Canning, and even to give balls, at which that accomplished young lady, who is still, under another name, one of the most distinguished ornaments of London society, was evidently the most welcome guest. Indeed, M. de Marcellus would have us believe that there was something beyond diplomacy in his early predilections for Mr. Canning's family, and that on one occasion the English Secretary of State himself said to him, "*Allez danser, mon gendre*," whilst the rival Minister in France promised his faithful agent a good

embassy for his wedding present. We do not wish to dispute the accuracy of M. de Marcellus's juvenile recollections; and he appears unconscious of the fatuity with which he dwelt at the time on these sentimental episodes in his official career. But we must be permitted to question exceedingly whether Mr. Canning would or could have permitted himself, in the relative position of the two parties, a joke of so questionable a point upon his own daughter. In spite of his success at Almack's, and of the playful style in which Mr. Canning himself treated the *bouderie* of his young antagonist, M. de Marcellus had to hold his ground against the all but unanimous expression of English popular feeling. When the Duke of St. Lorenzo arrived in London, having been compelled by the rupture of the two Courts to withdraw from his post of Spanish Ambassador in Paris, he was received with popular acclamation, whilst the mob threw dirt and broke windows at the French Embassy in Portland Place. The parish of Marylebone offered to pay the damage; but this parochial indemnity was declined by the aggrieved diplomatist, who seems perfectly unconscious that it was offered him as the legal compensation for a breach of the peace.

But, in the higher spheres of political and social life, the course of these events was regarded with very different sentiments. The Tory aristocracy were favorable to the policy of the Holy Alliance. The Duke of Wellington, though he had steadily opposed the projects contemplated at Verona, always foresaw and predicted the success of the French expedition in Spain, and more than once encouraged the *chargé d'affaires* to disregard the clamor around him, and to urge his Court to advance resolutely to the great object of its policy. "*J'ai vu M. Crocker,*" writes the *chargé d'affaires*, "*il est excellent.*" Lord Westmoreland spoke out, and exhorted the French Ministers to smother this time the Jacobin party. "Let them not mind the clatter of the Opposition, which is the only old Imperial furniture that Louis XVIII. has repaired and regilt, but which will crack if he leans on it. Every one of these bawlers, who want now to prevent you from entering Spain, were as quiet as mutes fifteen years ago, when a traitorous aggression set fire to the Peninsula. Write what I say to M. de Chateaubriand."

The "bawlers," here alluded to by the Lord Privy Seal in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, were probably none other than Manuel and General Foy; for this remark was made at

the very time of the scandalous expulsion of the former of these orators from the Chamber of Deputies. M. de Chateaubriand, whose constitutional ardor was ere long to be displayed in a different manner, when it had to revenge his own fall from power, talked of that outrage on the privileges of the Chamber as "a scene that every one here (in Paris) has laughed at." And a day or two later, "You see the humbug of our Liberals! They are ashamed of themselves, for on this motion of Manuel they could not raise four Savoyards to rebellion." He suppressed the fact that *sixty-two* of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies had signed an indignant protest against it. Even in the high Tory circles of London, not a voice was raised to palliate that outrage, which so forcibly recalled one of the most ominous passages in British history—the seizure of the four members by Charles I. The presentiment, that a Government supported by so violent a majority would perish by violence, became general; and M. de Marcellus was again driven to his last expedient of giving a ball. It was honored, he informs his Government, by the presence of all the Ministers, and even of the Lord Mayor. The rank and beauty of the Court of George IV. came to dance at the bachelor diplomatist's, and Count d'Orsay shone conspicuous amongst a constellation of dandies. Louis XVIII. was amused by the happy audacity of his young envoy, and Chateaubriand laughed his fill at the "*insulaires*," who were set hopping to stop their mouths. These pleasant passages occurred, however, before the speech of Mr. Canning had opened a wider breach between the two Governments.

But although the Parliamentary debate of the 14th of April had inflamed the wound, there was one man in the kingdom who took the earliest opportunity to mark the difference of opinion he entertained—and that was George IV. At the levee on the 21st of April, the King expressed to M. de Marcellus, in terms which we do not find quoted in this volume, his favorable sentiments on the Spanish campaign. The 'Times' newspaper some days afterwards commented on this incident with great violence, hinting that, if the King had really expressed his cordial wishes for the success of the French army, he must be in a state which neither the gout nor any physical malady could account for; in short, that he was insane. M. de Marcellus seized the opportunity with promptitude and dexterity to write an energetic letter to

Mr. Canning, and to repudiate in the strongest terms the offensive insinuation of the 'Times.' This protest was laid before the King, who was pleased by it, and said (though not to Mr. Canning)—

"I never addressed to M. de Marcellus the language imputed to me; but such good wishes for the cause of France are certainly at the bottom of my heart, and I owed nothing less to the French *chargé d'affaires*. Whilst he is struggling against the malice and the conspirators of all countries, pardoned but not cured, and the Duke of St. Lorenzo is carried in triumph by the populace, I certainly am the last to forsake him! My Ministers have expressed in Parliament their wishes against France, with which we are at peace. That is not an honest neutrality; and as I have suffered by this conduct which Europe may consider inconsistent with my political principles, I have endeavored to restore the balance, by paying to M. de Marcellus those attentions which others have confined to the agents of the Cortes of Spain." Such were the King's words—repeated to me, says our author, 'by the "*cœur discret*" which received them. You may rely upon it.'

The '*cœur discret*' was no doubt one of the clandestine ornaments of the Court of that beloved sovereign,—but before such an authority we suspend our investigations. Nor can we determine whether reports of this nature are not to be classed with those exercises of the imagination which were found to amuse Louis XVIII. Another passage in M. de Marcellus' reminiscences on this subject is, however, still more extraordinary:—

'The King (George IV.) gave a ball, at which I was disposed to dance the more gaily as my friends and brothers were fighting gallantly in Spain,—that is the rule of diplomacy. At this ball Mr. Canning came up to me. Politicians, who have been talking in the morning, have always something to add in the evening. I was led aside by the Minister into the recess of a window far from the drawing room (I confess to my great regret), when George IV. perceived us, and approaching us, said,—

"Well, my dear Marcellus, things have changed their aspect since we met. You are triumphant in Spain, and I am enchanted at it. But they say King Ferdinand has taken back as his Ministers at Cadiz the very men who deposed him at Seville,—that is a weakness I shall never imitate, though they have tried to make me out to be mad, as you know better than any one. But as I said just now to Lord Liverpool, 'If my Ministers declared me to be mad, I might recover my senses, but they would not recover their places.'"

'Mr. Canning already looked out of countenance, when the King turned to him and said,— "What were you saying there, Canning, to the

young representative of France?" "Sire," said the Minister, "I was boasting to him of the excellence of Representative Government, and explaining to him, at the same time, the 'forced labor' of the House of Commons, which is its result. M. de Marcellus is a listener here, not being old enough to become an orator at home."

"I know it," rejoined the King; "and you have had very painful things to listen to. I sincerely pitied you for all you have had to hear and to endure. If your lips had not been closed, you would have had plenty to say in reply." "Sire," said I, "the sailor forgets the storm when calm returns." "So much the better," said the King; "but don't be dazzled with our system of government which they boast so much of. It has its advantages, but it has its evils. I have never forgotten what a King, who was also a man of wit, said to me of it. 'Your English Government,' he declared, 'is only fit to protect adventurers, and intimidate honest men.' What do you say to that, Canning?" And as the Minister faltered and hesitated to reply, the King continued, "At any rate, for the welfare of mankind, we ought not to wish any other people to have our institutions. What does pretty well for us, would be worthless elsewhere. Every soil does not produce the same fruits and the same minerals; and it is the same with nations. Remember this, Marcellus: it is my unalterable conviction." Upon this George IV. turned on his heel, with a look and a searching smile at me. Mr. Canning had some difficulty to keep his temper. At last he said, "Representative Government has one other advantage which His Majesty has forgotten: it enables Ministers to listen in silence to the taunts of a sovereign who has no other means to vent his resentment." (P. 41.)

If this story had been related by an ordinary traveller at a foreign Court, we should have set it down for a clumsy and impudent invention. This picture of George IV., stalking away from the ball-room at Carlton House at a time when he could not walk without difficulty, and following about his guests in order to insult his Principal Secretary of State, to repudiate the policy of his Government, and to traduce the institutions of his country,—is too burlesque to be credited. But when we remember the position which M. de Marcellus filled in this country, the favors he received from the King, the regard shown him by Mr. Canning, and the toleration of English society for his vanity and presumption, the publication of such 'reminiscences' becomes an offence of greater magnitude, and we are compelled to place the good breeding and good sense of M. de Marcellus on the same level as his veracity. As we find in another passage of this Correspondence that he thought it incumbent on him to report for the information of His Most Christian Majesty's Government the fact that

a sudden rise had just taken place in the price of wives at Smithfield market, from ten to twenty-two shillings a head, we are tempted to class his recollections of Carlton House and of Smithfield under the same head.

Even at this distance of time it is surprising that one of the survivors in these transactions should volunteer to disclose the impertinent levity and bad faith with which they were conducted, for M. de Chateaubriand, under whose orders he served, fares no better in these papers than M. de Marcellus himself. The two following examples of his political morality require no comment. The Spanish war had gone on successfully, for the Cortes could oppose no effectual resistance. But the object of the campaign was almost as remote as ever, because the King of Spain was still in the hands of the Liberal party, and some apprehensions were expressed that he might be shipped off to the Canary Islands. At this stage of the war, M. de Chateaubriand wrote the following despatch to his *chargé d'affaires* in London:

‘It cannot be dissembled, that nothing is ended as long as we have not got the King. How to get him? That is the difficulty; and England might have great influence upon it. My opinion is, that the King can only be got by a *coup monté* at Seville or Cadiz. *Could not you find in London some of those enterprising fellows, so common in that country, who would carry him off for one or two millions?* Think about it. C.’

So much for the chivalrous defender of the sacred persons of Bourbon Kings, supported by constitutional government.

Again, in May, 1823, a Conference of the great Powers took place in London, on the subject of the Slave Trade, which had been brought before the Congress of Verona by the Duke of Wellington, and on which M. de Chateaubriand had written one of his most celebrated state papers. M. de Marcellus supplies us with the secret instructions he received on this subject.

‘Paris, May 12, 1823.

‘This is what you will have to do with reference to this conference on the Slave Trade. You will be present at it, once: you will talk very philanthropically; but you will show that in the present state of things and of politics in Europe and America, it is difficult to arrive at any general measure. You will avoid as much as possible any further conferences, and the matter will drop. C.’

In the same spirit Marcellus replies, that Mr. Canning wanted this ‘*semblant de conférence*’ for a motion announced by Mr. Buxton in the House of Commons.

So much for the philanthropist and the compassionate author of ‘*Atala*’ and the ‘*Martyrs*,’ whose tears were ever ready to flow for imaginary sorrows, or for his own personal wrongs.

We have already quoted more than enough to show in how odious a spirit these transactions were conducted by the French Government, and to what a degree they bore the stamp of the vanity and presumption of their principal authors. But it is impossible, on the other hand, to award to Mr. Canning the praise of foresight or judgment; for we seek in vain for traces of these qualities either in this volume, or in the authentic despatches of the British Secretary of State at this period. In condemning the principle of the French intervention in Spain, he undoubtedly had with him the immense majority of this nation and of Parliament. But his vehement antipathy to the measure deceived him as to the facility with which it might be executed, and the results it might produce to the Bourbon Monarchy. He buoyed himself up with hopes of an heroic resistance on the part of the Spanish constitutionalists to a well-appointed French army; and even calculated on the disaffection of the Duc d’Angoulême’s forces when arrayed against the liberal cause. The Duke of Wellington, who knew the Spaniards and the French army infinitely better than Mr. Canning, scouted these objections, though he too had condemned the principle of the intervention. The result was, the unresisted advance of the French troops from the Bidassoa to Seville, and a success equal to M. de Chateaubriand’s fondest expectations, purchased with scarcely the loss of a company of infantry. Mr. Canning had entirely failed to estimate the fact, that in the Southern countries of Europe, the lower orders of the people and the masses of the rural population are sometimes as well disposed to support absolute government as liberal institutions; and that the love of freedom has possessed itself of a class, but not of the nation.

The French intervention of 1823 in Spain produced several results which might be considered favorable to the principles then contended for in France by the Government of the Restoration. It flattered the army which displayed consummate discipline, and took the field, for the first time since the Revolution, under the white cockade. It satisfied the Royalist majority in the Chamber of Deputies, which seldom found King Louis XVIII. as royalist as itself; and it established close and confidential relations between

France and the three great Continental Powers, leaving this country entirely isolated in Europe. "I knew how it would end," said the Duke of Wellington to M. de Marcellus. "They have followed their notions of resentment; and what is the result? Everything is done without us, or in spite of us. We are separated from the Continent. *Penitus toto divisos orbe*;" for even the old Duke quoted Latin on the occasion. "Well, we deserved to be left out; for our part in all this has not been what it ought to have been." The Duke spoke truly, not because Mr. Canning had professed a different principle to France, but because he had asserted it with pique, and carried it to the length of resentment.

" 'They say,' said Mr. Canning, the other day, 'that I have been mistaken on this affair of Spain. It is better to be mistaken once than twice, and better to be mistaken twice than to confess oneself mistaken at all.'

"In these enigmatical subtleties the great interests of nations are lost. Mr. Canning persists in considering the triumph of France as his defeat, and everything which may lessen our success is a relief to his bitterness." (P. 359.)

Yet, in writing these lines just before he had quitted London, on the arrival of Prince Polignac as ambassador, M. de Marcellus pointed out the possibility of healing even these wounds, by skilful concessions to the vanity of the great English Minister. To this overture Chateaubriand replied, in a tone implying that he was not the man to undertake that task, and that all confidential relations between himself and Mr. Canning were at an end for ever—

"I do not believe in the fall of Mr. Canning, and I think, with you, that he must be flattered to be brought over: but wounded *amour-propre* never repents, never returns, never forgives,

when it is not controlled in the mind by lofty sentiments, and a generous inclination to make sacrifices. Mr. Canning has nothing of this. He is a man of talent, of learning, and of wit, but he has nothing about him great or sincere, and his ambition will always prevail over his principles." (P. 361.)

These are harsh words, and they convey the judgment of an embittered antagonist, though a successful one. They were pronounced by a Minister intoxicated with the triumph of his policy and convinced of the stability of his power. Who would have said, when they were written, that in a few weeks from that time this brilliant statesman would be overthrown by his colleague M. de Villèle, and suddenly abandoned by the Court to the ignominy of a peremptory dismissal? M. de Chateaubriand himself was to give the world a memorable example of that "wounded *amour propre* which never repents and never forgives," and the discarded Minister of the Restoration became its most formidable assailant. More fortunate than his rival, Mr. Canning retained power long enough to efface, by the increasing lustre of his career, the recollections of his failure on the Spanish question, until he, too, perished under the fierce and systematic hostility of his former colleagues, who, even in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, had not concealed their dissent from many of his opinions. We can place no implicit reliance on the fidelity of M. de Marcellus's narrative, for he has evidently embellished his youthful reminiscences, and exaggerated the importance of the part he played. It is unfortunate that, with so strong a desire to show off M. de Chateaubriand, Mr. Canning, and himself, he should leave on our minds so low an impression of the wisdom, the dignity, and the good faith of the personages who figure most conspicuously in these curious pages.

From the Quarterly Review for April.

HUMAN HAIR.*

SINCE the world began, hair has been an universal vanity. Our young reader will doubtless confess that, as his name is tossed up from landing to landing by imposing flunkies, he passes his hands carefully through his curls to give them the last flowing touch ere he enters the ball-room—while Mr. Layard, from out the royal palace buried by the sand-storms of thousands of years, has shown us what thorough ‘prigs’ were the remote Assyrians in the arrangement of their locks and beards. What applies to the male sex does so with double force to the women; and we have not the slightest doubt that Alcibiades fumed at the waste of many a half-hour, whilst his mistress was ‘putting her hair tidy,’ or arranging the *golden grass-hopper*. Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious, political, and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a ‘polled’ head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls; so at the present moment no tub-thumper would venture to address his ‘dearly beloved brethren’ without having previously plastered his hair into pendant candle-ends. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it. Leaving this part of the subject for a time, however, we will briefly consider those characteristics of hair which, taken broadly, art cannot modify nor fashion hide. Briefly, we say, and very imperfectly—for Hair in an ethnological point of view

is itself a very wide subject, and its adequate treatment would require a far longer paper than we at present contemplate.

Dr. Prichard, in his laborious work on the different races of mankind, apportions to the melanic or dark-haired the greater portion of the habitable globe. Europe is the chief seat of the xantho-comic or light-haired races; indeed they seem to be almost confined to its limits, and within those limits to be cooped up in certain degrees of north latitude.

From Norway and Sweden, following their sea-kings, the hardy fair-haired races poured their piratical hordes down the great overhanging peninsula, and as if from some yard-arm thronged and dropped, boarding the great European ship, whose more immediate defenders fled in consternation before them. In this manner nearly the whole of North Germany received its prevailing population, and Britain in her turn saw her primitive black-haired Celts and Cymri driven into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. The subsequent seizures and settlements made by the Danes on our eastern coast, did not in any way interfere with the flood of fair-haired people in possession, as they were of the same blond type; and the Norman invasion—in whatever proportion actually dark—would, in point of aggregate numbers, have been far too limited to affect it. The indigenous tribes, on the whole, seem to have been about as completely eaten out by the fierce fair-haired men of the North, whenever they came in contact, as were the small black rats, once common to our island and some portions of the continent, by the more powerful gray rodent of Norway.

The chief features of the ethnological map of Europe were settled before the tenth century, and especially as regards the disposition of the dark and light-haired races, it remains in the mass pretty much the same as then. Nevertheless, certain intermixtures have been at work shading off the original differences. At the present moment the fairest-haired inhabitants of the earth are to

* *Disease of the Human Hair*. From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris; with a Description of an Apparatus for Fumigating the Scalp. By T. H. Burgess, M.D. 1851.

be found north of the parallel 48; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels 48 and 45 there seems to be a debateable land of dark brown hair, which includes northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples, and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the color of their hair a perfect gradation—the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions. We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island—the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school. These isolated cases, however, only prove the rule that race mainly determines, among other ethnological peculiarities, the color and texture of the hair. If latitude or temperature affected it materially, Taffy, Paddy, and Donald would by this time have been toned down pretty decently to the prevailing fair-haired type; if even there had been much mixture of the Celt with the Saxon, we should not see the former breed marked out by such a lump of darkness amidst the generally fair portion of the European map.

The effect of the admixture of races is evidenced very strongly, we think, by comparing the inhabitants of the great capitals with the populations of their respective countries. London, the centre of the world, is neither fair nor dark-haired, but contains within itself all shades of color. Even so the Parisian no more represents the black-haired Norman or swart Breton than our cockney does the pure Saxon of the southern and western counties. Vienna is another example. What went on rapidly in such cities as these, has been progressing more slowly in those countries which form the highways of nations. Thus the brown hair of middle Europe is the neutral tint, which has naturally resulted from the admixture of the

flaxen-haired races of the north with the old southern population.

If we open a wider map we only receive ampler proof that race alone determines the color of the hair. Thus, taking the parallel of 51 north, and following it as it runs like a necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many parti-colored beads. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired—whereas the Tartars, northern Mongols, and aboriginal American Indians have black straight hair—and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

That climate and food have some effect in modifying race, and with it hair as one of its most prominent signs, we do not deny; but these disturbing causes must act through a very long period of time to produce any marked effect, and certainly within the historical period we have no proof of a dark-haired people having become light, or *vice versa* of flowing hair changing into woolly locks—Tom Moore's capital joke about the Irish niggers notwithstanding.

Having said that race determines the color and quality of the hair, we have said nearly all that ethnology teaches upon the subject. An examination of its structure shows that the difference of color is entirely owing to the tint of the fluid which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tint or pigment shows through the cortical substance in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is in fact but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns, and scales. Not improbably the distinguished lady now honoring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile—and she will hardly perhaps believe us when we inform her that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle does when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly-flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's pettitoe, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr. Roualleyn Gordon Cumming.

The hair, anatomically considered, is com-

posed of three parts—the follicle or tubular depression in the skin into which the hair is inserted—the bulb or root of the hair—and the stalk or cortical part filled with pigment. A single hair, with its follicle, might be roughly likened to a hyacinth growing from a glass—with this difference, that the hair is supplied with nutriment exclusively from below. The bulb, which rests upon the reticulated bed of capillary vessels of the cutis and sub-cutaneous tissue, draws its pigment cells or coloring matter directly from the blood—in like manner, the horny sheath is secreted directly from the capillaries—so that, unlike the hyacinth-plant, it grows at its root instead of at its free extremity. A hair is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made up of a vast number of little horny laminæ:—or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other—and as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles *below*, she will get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their color. His results may be thus tabularized:

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon	49.345	50.622	499.35
Hydrogen	6.576	6.613	6.631
Nitrogen	17.936	17.936	17.936
Oxygen and sulphur	26.143	24.629	25.499

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The coloring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater

bulk of the hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. 'Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece'—so Bassanio describes Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says of Sylvia and herself—'Her hair is auburn—mine is perfect yellow.' Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets—old Homer himself for one:—and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery—beginning with those glorious 'Studies of Heads,' the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens: there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

One is struck, in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those armories of Venus, the hairdressers' windows. Whence come those magnificent head-dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve? From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams? Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shore up her tottering beauty? Alas! free-trading England, even for her hair, has to depend upon the foreigner. Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighboring damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his *Summer in Brittany*,

gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. Staring his fill at a fair in Collenée, he says—

‘What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a whisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable “mode” which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief—they net immense profits by their trips through the country.’

This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favorite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr, spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant,

venturing boldly into a subject wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the color of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself “when his nose was in” could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring “a suitable helpmate” for some blue spinster or fast Dowager of Mayfair. Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil—and a cruel suspicion rises in our mind that the *Comical* artists of this our Babylon do not confine themselves to the treasured relics intrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses without suspicion mementoes eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

The pure whiteness of the hair in Albinos is owing to the perfect absence of pigment—an absence which extends itself to the choroid coat of the eye and also to the iris. This condition of non-development, which amounts to a physical defect in man, seems to be the normal condition of many animals—such as white bears, white mice, white rabbits, and white weasels—in which the pink eye denotes a total lack of coloring matter; whilst white feathers and hair are very common among birds and animals, and in many of them indeed this color—or rather negative of color—is constant.

The gray hair of age and debility in the human subject results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *viveur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few gray hairs—“pursuivants of Death”—and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organized a diligent army of young girls to war against decay,

and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Épilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out "Plus de Cheveux Gris"—and indeed of late we observe London advertisements beginning with "No more Gray Hairs." White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become gray very young; we believe that many in the prime vigor of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned gray in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in an hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly gray, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its color. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair, and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-colored appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair-dyes.

Women are quite as often gray as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. Eunuchs, who possess much subcutaneous fat in this part, are never bald. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture; a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—"His crown it shon like any glass." This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at

a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance that soldiers in helmetted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders.

Hair, the universal vanity, has of course been seized upon universally by quacks—it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. M. Cazenave is the only scientific person who has ever treated at any length of the hair, or has shown, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness. Those who understand how the hair is nourished can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-reviewers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and in wormout coats, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only Macassar of the hair, the only oil which can with truth be said to 'insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head,' &c., &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, as we have said before, no art will avail—the inevitable Delilah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any

temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on Skin Diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems to us calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth :—

R. Purified beef-marrow	. 3vij.
Acetate of lead	. 3j.
Peruvian balsam	. 3ij.
Alcohol	. 3j.
Tinct. of cantharides,	
cloves, and canella	. āā mxv.
Mix.	

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried, and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills made of the ashes of burnt hair might not be effectual in baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths. Those who have had taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silvery livery of age should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself, whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

Once a month, at shortest, we of the male sex are, by the exigencies of fashion, obliged to submit our heads to the tender mercies of the executioner. Swathed in wrappers of calico, the head fixed by a neckful of tormenting short hairs, a man is planted like an unfortunate wicket, and bowled at by the abhorred barber with pomatum-pots, essences, tinctures, and small talk. Our friend *Punch*, who seems to have suffered from this martyrdom, recommends a very neat style of batting, or rather of blocking the balls, as thus :—

SCENE—A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbarous operations.

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.

Jones. I wish my hair cut.

Oily. Pray, sir, take a seat.

[*OILY puts chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue OILY continues cutting JONES's hair.*]

Oily. We've had much wet, sir.

Jones. Very much indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us until the end.

Jones. At one time—so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones. We have.

[*A pause of some minutes.*]

Oily. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time;

But this I say, sir, it was badly cut :

No doubt 't was in the country.

Jones. No! in town!

Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'Twas cut in town—and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement!—but I now remember well. We had an awkward new provincial hand, A fellow from the country. Sir, he did More damage to my business in a week Than all my skill can in a year repair. He must have cut your hair.

Jones (looking at him). No—'twas yourself.

Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.

[*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*]

Oily. Your hair is very dry, sir.

Jones. Oh! indeed.

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, sir! the hair when dry Turns quickly gray.

Jones. That color I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off, And baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig.—

We've wigs so natural they can't be told From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

[*Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES's neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*]

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. (*Pays 6d.*) I think you'll find that right.

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, sir.

Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,

That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, sir.

Jones. The door.

[*Exit Jones.*]

Oily (to his man.) That's a rum customer at any rate.

Had I cut him as short as he cut me,

How little hair upon his head would be!

But if kind friends will all our pains requite,

We'll hope for better luck another night.

[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*]

Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the

most important and imposing, though some people imagine perfectly apocryphal, contributors—BEARS. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe from the announcement we so often see in back streets of “another bear to be killed.” After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds without murmuring for an ungrateful public. During the winter months, upwards of fifty bears yield up the ghost in this metropolis alone, and they are we find very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet—the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honor of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Puseyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

In order to combat the growing skepticism as to “hairdressers’ bears,” a worthy son of the craft in the neighborhood of St. Giles’ Church, was long in the habit, when he slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves.

The history of the coiffure commenced, we suppose, when Eve first gazing on a brook (not far from *the Tree*) discovered the dishevelled condition of her head-gear. As far back as we have any records of man, we find a more or less elaborate fashion of dressing the hair. As we have said before, the Nineveh statues and reliefs show us how justly the old Hebrew prophets describe and rebuke the dandyism of Sennacherib’s captains and counsellors. A modern Truefitt with all his skill must wonder as he gazes upon those exquisite plaitings, and bossings, and curlings which extended over the beard as well as the head of the Assyrian. A glimpse at the wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, and now, as has also been mentioned, among the glories of the Museum, proves that the Egyptians, of even an earlier epoch probably, were most studious of their toilet. The Greeks, however, with their innate love of the beautiful, carried the arrangement of the hair to the highest point of artistic excellence. The marbles which have come down to us testify to this perfec-

tion, and after a lapse of eighteen hundred years all the nations of Christendom, discarding their own hideous devices, have returned with more or less scrupulousness to the models so bequeathed. The Roman dames speedily overlaid the simple beauty of the Greek mode, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. The men generally showed better taste, and continued to sport sharp crisp locks after the manner of “the curled Antony,” sometimes with the addition of the beard, sometimes without it. By and bye, however, among other signs of decadence, the simple male coiffure was thrown aside for more luxurious fashions, and the Emperor Commodus for one is said to have powdered his hair with gold.

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the Empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long again, as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman—the most important of facts political being indicated—(we despise the vile imputation of a pun)—by the state of the poll. Long hair, during the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being considered a mark of effeminacy to carefully attend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed at *least once a-day*. The clergy seem to have been the only class of men who wore the hair short, and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it upon the laity. Thus St. Anselm fulminated orders against long hair, both in England and France. There was a kind of hair which received the honor of a special canon denouncing it. This hair, crisped by art, was styled by them *the malice of the Devil*. The following rep-

resents—in modernized form, of course—the terms in which the French Bishops anathematized it:—

“Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu’il est à propos, ceux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire tomber dans le piège les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu’on ne remarque plus en eux *aucuns restes de la malice du diable*. Si quelqu’un pêche contre ce canon, qu’il soit excommunié!”

Indeed, so many and such complicated and contradictory ordinances were issued by like authority about the seventh and eighth centuries, that some wag suggested that the young fellows should continue to wear their hair long until the church had settled what short hair really was. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility; impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole the abomination remained throughout the early reigns of both France and England quite triumphant. In Richard II.’s time the men as well as the women confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy, with all their threats of excommunication and promises of paradise, could not effect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an accident. Francis I., having been wounded in the head at a tournament, was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks out of compliment to the sovereign. In the History of England, illustrated with woodcuts of the kings’ heads, which we have all of us thumbed over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method of wearing the hair between the installation of the Tudor dynasty and the meridian of bluff King Hal must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period by Holbein are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression

of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII.’s great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The close cropping of the gentlemen, on the other hand, gave them a virile aspect which especially suited with the reforming spirit of the age. As the hair shortened the beard was allowed to flow. Indeed this compensatory process has always obtained; in no age, we think, have the hair and beard been allowed to grow long at the same time. Shakspeare was constantly alluding to the beard. In his day this term included the three more modern subdivisions of beard, moustache, and whisker—they were all then worn in one. “Did he not wear a great round beard like a glover’s paring-knife?” asks one of his characters, clearly alluding to the extent of cheek it covered. In a word, the period *par excellence* of magnificent barbes comprised the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—and, as a matter of course, there was at the same time manifested the germ of that party which gave a politico-religious character to the hair of the revolutionary epoch. The Cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I.; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads. Between these two grand extremes, however, there were innumerable other fashions of wearing the hair, the minor ensigns, we suppose, of trimming sectaries. Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, “On the Loathsomnesse of Long Hair,” exclaims—

“How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crownes being cut short like cootes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks at their eares, as if they had foure eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock onely before, hanging downe to their noses like the taile of a weasall; every man being made a foole at the barber’s pleasure, or making a foole of the barber for having to make him such a foole.”

The virulence with which the Puritans denounced long hair even exceeded that of the priests of old. Diseases of the hair were lugged in as evidences of the divine displeasure; for example, the worthy divine we have just been quoting talks of *plica polonica* as unquestionably resulting from the wickedness of the times. There is a cat afflicted with this singular hair-disease in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, so we suppose

that race at the present time are living profligate lives! What says Professor Owen?

With the renewed triumph of long hair, the beard gradually shrank up; first assuming a forked appearance, then dwindling to a peak, and ultimately vanishing altogether. The female coiffure of the Stuart period was peculiarly pleasing; clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar friz, gave life and movement to the face; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added a great air of quaintness to the whole expression.

But how shall we approach with sufficient awe the solemn epoch of perukes! It is true we have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharaoh was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes—and many busts and statues in the Vatican have actually marble wigs at this hour upon them—clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. But apart from these very ancient matters, which are comparatively new discoveries, hitherto our attention has been claimed by the simple manipulations of the barber; we now enter upon a period when the dressing of hair rises into a real science, and the perruquier with a majestic bearing takes the dignity of a professor. To France, of course, we owe the re-invention and complete adoption of a head-dress which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never from his childhood cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful, in the item of flowing locks, to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master. In England the introduction of those portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepys's Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, he says:—

“Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the perriwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig,) without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perriwig on, I paid him 3*l.*, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and bye went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Besse.

“November 8, 1663. Lord's Day.—To church, where I found that my coming in a perriwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently

have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things.”

From this last extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV. the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes was one Binette, an artist of such note and consequence that without him the King and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted without much assumption the celebrated *mot* of his royal master—*L'état c'est moi*. The clergy, physicians, and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance, and so indeed it must be confessed it did. One can never look at the portraits of the old bishops and judges dressed in the full-bottomed flowing peruke without a sort of conviction that the originals must have been a deal more profound and learned than those of our own close-cropped age. So impressed was the Grand Monarque with the majestic character it lent to the face, that he never appeared without his peruke before his attendants, and it was the necessity, perhaps, of taking it off at the latest moment of the toilet, that caused him to say that no man was a hero to his valet de chambre. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all Nature seemed bewigged. The multiplicity of sizes and forms became so numerous that it was found necessary to frame a new technical vocabulary, now in parts obscure enough even for the most erudite. Thus there were ‘*perruques grandes et petites—en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux—perruques rondes, carrées, pointues; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux,*’ &c. &c.

For a long time after this invention the head-dress retained the natural color of the hair, but in 1714 it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen gray; to remedy which defect hair-powder was invoked—another wondrous device which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The natural vanity of the fair sex strug-

gled with more or less success against the loss of their own hair, but they managed to friz and build this up with such piles of lace and ribbons that it at length excelled the male peruke. In 1760, when they had reached a truly monstrous altitude, one Legros had the extraordinary impudence to hint that the thing was getting beyond a joke, and proposed a return to the "*coiffure à la Grecque*." For a moment the fair mob of fashion listened, and the hair-dressers trembled, for well they knew that, if the women hesitated, the mode, like their virtue, would be lost. Accordingly they combined with immense force against Legros, instituted a law-suit, and speedily crushed him. This momentary blight removed, the female head-dress sprang up still more madly than before, and assumed an abstruseness of construction hitherto unexampled. The author of the "*Secret Memoirs*" relates, that Queen Marie Antoinette herself invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening, "*des collines, des prairies émaillées, des ruisseaux argentins et des torrents écumeux, des jardins symétriques, et des parcs Anglais*." From the altitude of the head-dresses in 1778 it was found that they intercepted the view of spectators in the rear of them at the Opera, and the director was obliged to refuse admittance to the amphitheatre to those persons who wore such immoderate coiffures—a proceeding which reminds us of the joke of Jack Reeve, who, whilst manager of the Adelphi, posted a notice that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, gentlemen frequenting the pit must shave off their whiskers! Such was the art expended on these tremendous head-dresses, and such the detail required in their different stages, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day. Thus when they had to attend entertainments on succeeding evenings, they were forced to sleep in arm-chairs, for fear of endangering the finish of the coiffure!

The female head-dress, having now arrived at its most Alpine elevation, suddenly toppled over and fell, by the mere accident of the Queen's hair coming off during her *acouchement*. The court, out of compliment to her Majesty, wore the hair *à l'enfant*; others followed, and the fashion was at an end. And it was well it was so. It required all the art of our own Sir Joshua to bring this strange mode within the sphere of pictorial art. And yet in real life the white powder was not without its merit. It brought out the color of the cheeks, and ad-

ded brilliancy to the eyes; in short, it was treating the face like a water-color landscape, mounting it on an ocean of white, which brought out by contrast all its natural force and effect. Few can have forgotten how many of our beauties gained by figuring in powder at the Court fancy balls of a few seasons back.

The male peruke, startled, it would appear, by the vehement growth of the female coiffure, stood still, grew gradually more calm and reasonable, and at last, spurning any further contest with its rival, resigned altogether—and the natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which it required a revolution; in '93 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here the system stood out till somewhat later—but our Gallo-maniac Whigs were early deserters, and Pitt's tax on hair-powder in 1795 gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pigtailed continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were by order reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the "*parting spirit*" of Protection. The very next day brought a counter-order:—but to the great joy of the rank and file at least it was too late—already the pigtailed were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the "*Costume of the British Soldier*" relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over night, and, to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to *sleep* as well as they could *on their faces*! Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail has disappeared from the parade as well as the saloon—and footmen are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspects of our Seymours and Hamiltons. The horsehair court-

wigs of the Judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era, but they are far more massive and precise than the old flowing head-dresses—their exact little curls and sternly-cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. Only thirty years ago, it must be remembered, the sages of law, even in ordinary society, sported a peculiar and marking head-gear; or rather there were two varieties in constant use, one brief and brown for the morning, the other white, pretty, ample, and terminating in pigtail, for the Lord Mayor's Feast or Bloomsbury Drum. The epoch of Reform witnessed at once the abandonment of Bloomsbury, and the final abolition of these judicial ensigns. The last adherent was, we believe, the excellent Mr. Justice James Alan Park—latterly distinguished accordingly as *Bushy Park*. The general disappearance of the episcopal peruke befell at the same era of change and alarm—being warned to set their house in order, they lost no time in dealing with their heads. At this day hardly one wig ever is visible even in the House of Lords: and we must say we doubt whether most of the right reverend fathers have gained in weight of aspect by this complete revolution. It has, of course, extended over all the inferior dignitaries of the clerical order. With the exception of one most venerable relic which has often nodded in opposition to Dr. Parr's *μῆσα θάυμα*, we do not suppose there remains one *Head*, with a wig, on the banks of either Cam or Isis. Yet people question the capacity or resolution for internal reforms in our academical Caputs!

The natural hair, after its long imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thickly upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich Gallery by Sir Thomas—that noble and sad-looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls? At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in “bands”—nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it, is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze.

Every physiognomy requires its own peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which in Ireland is called “good-natured hair.” There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture—it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of *the malice of the Devil*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender, threadlike locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out as it were between their own natural trellis work or *jalousies*. We own to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble generous countenance, is that compromise between the severe-looking “band” and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like convolution behind. The Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake. Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The Greeks threw all the commanding dignity into the *κρόμμος*—or bow-like ornament. We all admire this in the Diana of the British Museum. It was, however, used indifferently for both sexes—the Apollo Belvedere is crowned in the same manner. The ancients were never guilty of

thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was at all imposing in appearance—they invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule, however, even in this particular; the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—"blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair"—and the Greek islander's hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as "fixature" allowable for one moment—he must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

There is much more individuality in the treatment of gentlemen's hair, simply because most of them leave it more alone, and allow Nature to take her course; nevertheless, the lords of the earth, like the ladies, have to a certain extent their prevailing formula, or rather the hairdressers have, of arranging the hair—to wit, one great sprawling wave across the forehead, with a cauliflower growth on either side. To this pattern the artists would, if they could, reduce all creation. Their opinion upon the graceful flow of the hair is to be found in that utmost effort of their science—the wig—we mean the upstart sham so styled. Was there ever such a hideous, artificial, gentish-looking thing as the George-the-Fourthian peruke—'half in storm, half in calm—patted down over the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it?'—Its painfully white net parting, and its painfully tight little curls, haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror—but bad is the best. It seems, at first thought, very odd that they cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair. People forge old letters, even to the imitation of the stains of time and the fading of the ink; they copy a flower until it will well-nigh entice a bee; but who ever failed to discover a wig on the instant? Its nasty, hard scalp-line against the forehead gives a positive shock to any person possessing nervous susceptibility. Surely something might be done. Nothing can ever be expected, however, to come quite up to that beautiful setting on of the hair which nature shows us; for, as a writer in a former number of

this Review says—and we may be allowed to add, says beautifully—because the pen is now well known to have been held by feminine fingers—

'It is the exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulations of the shores of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the color tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth, pure sands, where the tide has just retired.*'

Again, art can never match even the color of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own growing that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of the man? The infinite variety of Nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another's she smoothes down to the meekness of a maid's; a third's she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth's she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbor, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which F. Grant and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In color and texture, again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, which if a man departs from, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds us of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright-colored haymaker is seen at work in a cold, blacklead pencil landscape.

Of the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of form have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw 'a great future' in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whis-

* See *Essays by the Authoress of Letters from the Baltic*, lately collected as *Reading for the Rail*.

kers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently—an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear: he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous land-slip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting a short time since in town. The description she gives of herself in every particular we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

'The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNE, one of the most curious phenomena which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honor her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which

induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural.'

The beard was certainly a most glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the *expression* of hair—could we *press* for the nonce a quill from Esthonia—much might be well and edifyingly said. The Greeks, with their usual subtlety in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her sweet soft redundancy of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:—

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting

it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few montrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the, however reduced,

perûke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hard-up. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

REGAL MARRIAGES.

"THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

So says one of our finest old poets—and so it is! Even the glories of an imperial wedding pass away like the brief honeymoon of inferior mortals. We will not continue our quotation,

"Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,"

lest it might be deemed disrespectful, as ill-omened to the "Spanish Ladye," and the Emperor Napoleon, *not the Great*, who have so lately plighted their faith and joined their fortunes at the altar; particularly as the actual crown that surmounted the nuptial carriage was, by a strange want of calculation, knocked off, and literally laid in the dust, in passing under the temporary porch at the entrance of Notre Dame. Yes: the satin *couleur de rose* selected for the civil marriage has blushed its brightest—the white *velours épingle*, for the religious solemnization, to say nothing of the white doe-skins of the emperor, has lost somewhat of the snowy purity only equalled by the pallor of the bride as she walked up the consecrated aisle; of the fifty-four robes, *confectionnés* by the rival geniuses of a *Vignon* and a *Palmyre*, robes *à corsage drapés*, *à basques*, and *à basques à tailles*; trains *à demi-queue*, *à demi-queue arrondi*, and *à queue entière*, with all their varied trimmings of flowers and feathers, and gold *guipure*, and bees, and crowned eagles,—of all these splendors two-thirds have already had their day of exhibition, and by the time that the remainder have gone

through their turn, the *mode* will be *passée*, and some change, "still lovelier than the last," have taken its place.

Meanwhile the artistic world of fashion has had time to pause, and nurse its strength for fresh efforts. The committee of six *coiffeurs*, who were called together to sit in judgment as to who was to have the arrangement of the head-dress of the empress on the wedding-day, and who finally adjudged that transcendent honor to Monsieur Felix, happy man!—alike in his name and his fortunes,—can now meditate upon fresh cranial constructions. Monsieur Lemounier may rearrange, in his dreams, the precious *black pearls* with which he was entrusted for the *parure* of the empress, as "something rich and strange;" on the same principle, we presume, that naturalists value a black swan, or connoisseurs a picture of Wouverman's *without* a white horse in it. But—

"Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause;"

we will plunge no deeper into the mysteries of the modern toilette, or the modern marriage, but content ourselves with a glance at royal nuptials as managed two or three centuries ago.

We will begin with Spain, in compliment to our neighboring empress, as a native of that country, and introduce the heir to the throne thereof, on his arrival in England, to become the husband of our Queen Mary, who has been distinguished in history by an epithet which we will not repeat "to ears polite;" particularly as certain good-natured historians of later date have labored to show that she was by no means of the sanguinary

disposition that epithet would imply. At any rate, her heart was susceptible of the tender passion, which betrayed itself in her anxieties for the safety of her royal, though by no means equally impassioned, suitor, when he was on his journey to obtain her hand; but, not to detain our readers with any account of his imagined dangers by sea or land, we will at once introduce him and his bride to them, in the quaint language of a curious and rare old Italian pamphlet, entitled, *Narratione del viaggio, Entrata è Matrimonio del Principe Fillippo con la Regina Maria*, the author of which appears to have been an eye-witness of the incidents he describes.

We pass over the troubles and the perils of the voyage farther than to remark, how at one time the prince and his retinue were impeded in their progress by so perfect a calm, that the sea appeared an actual *mare mortuum*, which the royal lover, being a bad sailor, feared might continue for a month or more; nor shall we enlarge upon the tossings and tumblings of the vessel, when the weather grew more rough than was agreeable to courtly sensations, but will rather take our hero, he having landed safely at Southampton, on at once to Winchester, where he had a secret interview of two hours' duration with his queen-mistress, which, it seems, passed over with exceeding satisfaction to both parties. The following day the prince went with great pomp and ceremony to the queen's palace, where, entering into the great hall, he found her majesty ready to receive him, accompanied by a grand bevy of lords and ladies superbly attired. "The royal couple embraced, and expressed themselves in loving language towards each other, with so much modesty, prudence, and *gravity*, that all the by-standers were moved to equal wonder and delight thereat." The queen saluted her husband-elect, and his highness, turning towards the noble dames, made his obeisance to them, and, "according to the English fashion," saluted as many of them as were within his reach. Then all the noble Spaniards who were with the prince kissed the hand of the queen, who asked of the Duke of Alva the name and condition of each. Then turning to the prince, she led him underneath a *baldechino*, which was placed in the hall, where they stood about an hour; then they went into the presence-chamber, remaining there about two hours in conversation in the French language, in which her majesty was well practised.

Then comes an account of the wedding

ceremonies, tedious enough — subsequent feasting, dancing, and so on. The day after the ceremony, the king, being then no doubt on his best behavior, thanked his bride for her condescension in selecting him as her husband, and for *presenting him with so fine a kingdom*, which he most likely thought much the best part of the bargain. The queen, in return, replied that she was herself the obliged party, since his majesty had taken a wife that was both old and ugly "*vecchia è brutta*," as our chronicler very plainly expresses it. In this exceedingly humble appreciation of herself, by her majesty, her royal spouse too soon fully coincided, and evinced his conviction of its truth by taking leave of her at the earliest opportunity, and making his succeeding visits like those of angels,

"Few and far between."

"On Wednesday," proceeds our author, "which was the 17th of August, 1554, at about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, both their majesties left the royal palace at Richmond, seven miles distant from London, and proceeded in a barge by the river Thames (on the banks of which river the said palace is situated), towards London; and having arrived at a place called Paris Garden, that is to say, the Garden of Paris, an enormous bear was thrown into the water, with several huge mastiff dogs after him: at which *diverting* spectacle the barge was delayed some considerable time, in order that the royal pair might enjoy the sight of this famous sport, which was indeed *very delectable* to behold."

On leaving this *pastime*, they proceeded to the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, in the suburbs of the city; where arriving, the queen, "on hospitable thoughts intent," forthwith "addressed herself to a servant, inquiring in what manner they had prepared breakfast." After which repast they proceeded to the palace of the Duke of Suffolk, "in the borough, in front of London Bridge."

The following day the royal pair went on to Westminster in grand style:—

"First went the king's equipage, which consisted of about a hundred mules, their richly-ornamented trappings being worked with the royal arms; each pair was led by a page in the royal livery. Then followed the great officers of the court, English and Spanish together; then the nobility in appropriate dresses, with all fitting pomp and solemnity. The king and queen rode side by side, she on the right hand, robed in a black velvet sack, richly embroidered with silver, with ornaments on her head in the French fashion, covered with gold and precious stones. The king wore a short vest of crimson velvet, richly worked with silver thread; his frock, doublet, and stock-

ings, were of white silk, also worked with silver; round his throat he wore a small chain glittering with jewels; the garter, the sign of the Order of St. George, adorned his left leg. His cap was of white velvet, spotted with gold, and surmounted with a white plume. The palfreys of the king and queen wore "exceedingly" white housings, elaborately worked, and richly ornamented. The Earl of Richmond carried the sword of state before the king, and the Earl of Westmoreland before the queen. The queen's guards were dressed in scarlet, and the king's in yellow, both of them being English; between them rode the noble ladies of the court."

So on they went to the roar of three hundred cannon that saluted them with three times three under divers arches flanked with giants, and dragons, and allegorical figures, displaying long Latin inscriptions.

"At the school of St. Paul's, a public and celebrated school, one of the scholars recited some complimentary verses, after which he presented to the king a small book, which his highness received with *marked satisfaction*. On arriving at that part of the church of St. Paul, which faces the pyramid, a Spaniard was seen to descend from the tower upon a rope; he was furnished with wings like a bird, but, in the middle of his descent, through deficiency either of skill or courage, he twisted the cord about his legs, and came to the ground, but not without *razing* the flesh to the very bones."

The clumsy attempt of this grave Spaniard to perform the part of Icarus, must have appeared an excellent joke to their majesties, who had so shortly before found the *pastime* of the bear and the mastiffs fighting in the water so "very delectable" to behold. Indeed, the festivities of those days, as well at marriages as at other occasions of rejoicing, were often of a barbarous and even savage description. The tilts and tournaments, wherein the most grievous personal injuries were frequently inflicted upon each other by the knightly combatants, and sometimes even life itself sacrificed, accustomed the fair sex to consider "breaking ribs as sport for ladies." At the marriage of Mary's mother, the gentle and benevolent Katherine of Aragon, one of the pastimes in her honor consisted in turning deer and dogs into a miniature park, railed in for the occasion, before Westminster Palace; the frightened deer overleaped the fences, and sought refuge from their pursuers in the palace, whither they were closely followed by the huntsmen, who quickly despatched them, and presented the slaughtered animals, whilst yet warm and palpitating, to the Royal Bride!

Nearly a century after the ill-starred mar-

riage of Philip and Mary, the imperial Infanta, Donna Maria of Austria, set out from Vienna on her journey to Spain, of which she was destined to become queen, by her marriage with King Philip the Second, her own uncle, who had an absolution considerably granted him by the Pope for the occasion.

Passing through the usual triumphal arches, and exchanging the usual courtly ceremonials on her way, she finally arrived in the kingdom, the throne of which she was called to share; and the nuptial knot being tied at Navalcarna, four leagues from Madrid, she entered the city as queen. The wonder-stricken chronicler of her splendors, an Englishman, then sojourning at Madrid, who is styled in the title-page "a person of quality," though he contents himself with the modest initials of T. B., thus describes the spectacle:—

"The royal bride was accompanied with a gallant retinue and attendants, glittering with gold and silver, all on horseback, with a select guard of young noblemen bachelors, all along, till she arrived at court; all the ancient grandees coming in the rear, in a solemn, stately equipage, surrounded with laquays and pages, clad in shining liveries: they wore massive chains, and gold handbands, being mounted, some upon Cordova ginetts, others upon Neapolitan coursers, who curvetted all the way, being, as it were, sensible of joy. The queen herself had forty laquays of all descriptions, wearing new sorts of *mandillions*, covered all over with gold lace, so that the velvet watchet underneath could hardly be seen. Her common guard went in vestments of cloth of tissue, with rare embroideries, so that the sun could not behold a more glorious spectacle. For two miles the windows on both sides of the streets leading to the palace, and all the balconies, were hung with tapestry, taffetas, and satins, which waved up and down, to the pleasure of the spectator."

One of the streets, aptly enough named *Plate-street*, presented, as our narrator tells us, such a dazzling display of "works of argentry," vessels of massive gold, and crosses and crucifixes of precious stones, that every shop appeared a constellation; inasmuch that the Turkish ambassador, who seems to have been, after the royal bride, the most important person present, was thrown into an ecstasy of amazement and admiration at the sight. At the corners of the streets stood eight pyramids, supported on triumphal arches, four of them representing the four quarters of the world, in each of which "the King of Spain," says the "person of quality," "hath some territories, which no monarch

yet, that ever was on earth, could say." And what would this "honest chronicler" have said, could he have foreseen that the dominion of his own country of England should reach an extent, in a century after he wrote, on which "the sun never sets." In further allusion, we suppose, to the unlimited sway of his most catholic majesty, was "a vast globe, pendant, as it were, in the air, in the middle of the main street, wheeling about with a continual rotation, which represented the universe." Four fountains filled the air, as the queen passed, with the odoriferous perfume of their waters. "There were sundry sorts of dancers, also, that *capered up and down the streets*, with bells and knackers, with sundry antics." But the most extraordinary part of the pageant were two huge lions, and two eagles, on each side of the young queen, "guarding and conducting her along, amid such musical voices in every corner of the streets, that one would think the angels had descended, and with such ravishing instruments, that one would have thought Amphion or Orpheus to have been there." Verily the *real eagle* that fluttered at the imperial marriage, on the top of the banner of the operatives of the Canal St. Martin, its legs fast tied to prevent its flying away—no unapt emblem of the policy of Louis Napoleon—could not come up to this. Had the British lion indeed been there, in his natural, unfettered dignity, he might have been worth looking at; but he was better at home. We must not conclude our account of this regal marriage, without mentioning the nuptial present tendered to their majesties, "*with much solemnity*," by the Turkish ambassador:—

"First, there were four lions with golden chains, and collars also embossed with pure gold, whereon were engraven the arms of his royal majesty. Secondly, there were twelve cimeters, with massive gold hilts, and scabbards, tied to gold chains, and curiously engraven on the hilts and cheques. Thirdly, there were four chests filled with Turkey knives, their hafts of massive gold, and embroidered with pearl of much value. Fourthly, there were twelve unicorns' horns, every one twelve yards long, (!) inlaid with gold, and engraven with his catholic majesty's arms. [These horns, by-the-bye, remind us of Sancho Panza's twelve Barbary colts, each as tall as a tower.] Fifthly, there were four-and-twenty Turkey carpets, interwoven with gold and silk, on which was shown those victories which his catholic majesty had obtained since he was king. Sixthly, a coach of chrystall and gold, figur'd in form of a *triremiary galley*, hung with silk in a *specious manner*, wherein were drawn the triumphs and victories of his majesty. Seventhly,

two smaller chests were filled with feathers of high price. Eighthly, there was a great chrystal box, embroydered with pearl, which contained forty-four Bezoar stones, every one weighing fourteen ounces. Ninthly, there was a covering for a bed, beautified with forty stars, whereon *Cæsar's* victories were described. Lastly, six horses, white and black, with *so many Turkish slaves*."

Now, strange to say, this last gift in the catalogue of royal presents, is one that can never, by any chance, be offered to our own gracious Queen; nor could she ever, notwithstanding her flag flies triumphant across the ocean to every port in the habitable globe, command from any one of them the importation of so rare an article as a slave, of what clime or complexion soever he might be, upon British ground; for the moment he touched it, behold, he would be a slave no longer! And, happily, our beloved sovereign would not have it otherwise.

"Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs Receive our air, that moment they are free— They touch our country, and their shackles fall!"

Some years afterwards, when the marriage of the Infanta Margarita, daughter of this same Philip, who modestly styled his own "the greatest of human sceptres," took place with the Emperor of Austria, by proxy, at Madrid, a curious difficulty arose, whether the English ambassador should be admitted, with the rest of the *corps diplomatique*, to witness the ceremony, his presence being objected to on the score of his heretical principles. He pleaded, however, that these principles ought not to be the cause of debarring him of the honor he solicited, as the Church of England held matrimony in the highest veneration, as "a legitimate contract, pure, holy, and indissoluble." The queen's father confessor was believed to favor his claim: for which truly Christian liberality of sentiment he met with the fate of all other liberals down to the present day, namely, the vituperation of the ignorant, the bigoted, and the narrow-minded. The *good Catholics*, which, being interpreted, generally means those who are most ready to persecute all who differ from them in opinion, maintained that, as the Englishman, in common with all other Protestants, denied marriage to be a sacrament; and, if it be really one, it is certainly singular enough that holy Mother Church should recommend the abstaining from it to so many thousands of her sons and daughters, it was impossible, according to the canons of the Church, for his eminence, the Cardinal Colonna, who was to perform the ceremony, and the Pope's nuncio, who

must of necessity be present at it, to come in contact with him on the occasion. The point was finally settled by its being decreed that all the ambassadors, *en masse*, Catholic and heretic alike, being, in all due form, and with all due politeness, invited to make themselves scarce, that is, to *stay away*. Thus was the representative of the British sovereign kept in countenance, to the unspeakable rage of his

“Co-mates and brothers in exile,”

and the murmured indignation of the court lords, who said it was easy to see in the arrangement the exemplification of the proverb, common among the people,—

“*Pay con Inglaterra
Y con tutto el mundo guerra*.”—

(War with all the world beside,
But peace with England.)

Whatever sin, however, his Catholic majesty might be accused of, upon this occasion, was devoutly provided for by his grandson, Philip IV., who in his last will and testament says: “I command, that on the day of my death, all the priests, seculars, and religious of the place where I may die, shall say a mass for the repose of my soul, and as many as they can during three days, at the privileged altars. I moreover will, that in addition to these masses, *one hundred thousand* more shall be said for my soul, and it is my intention that such of those masses as, by the mercy of God, may not be found necessary for myself, shall be applied for the benefit of my *father, mother, and other of my predecessors*; and, should it appear that they also have no need for them, then that they shall be applied to the souls in purgatory, of those who have died in the wars of Spain.”

A curious work entitled, *A True Discourse of all the Royal Passages, Tryumphs, and Ceremonies observed at the Contract and Marriage of the high and mighty Charles, King of Great Britaine, and most excellent of ladies, the Lady Henrietta Maria, of Bourbon, sister to the most Christian King of France*, gives a minute account of all the royalties and nobilities who attended the reading and performance of the contract, most conspicuous among whom was the Duke de Chevreuse, who had the honor of acting as proxy for King Charles. We are informed of him that he was most richly attired, “and that, though the ground of his dress was black, yet was the embroidery of admirable value, and abundance of diamonds and other precious stones bestowed within the same, but espe-

cially upon the *panes of his breeches* and the *taggs of his points*, which were praised as an infinite world of treasure.” Scarcely has the reader time to recover himself from the admiration this announcement of the duke’s splendor in his *panes* and *taggs* is calculated to excite, when he beholds him again as “representing the person of the royall bridegroom, in a sute of most rich perfumed blacke cloth, cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with rich tissue; upon his head he wore a cap of cloth of gold, on which was fixed a jewell of the most inestimable value, every diamond being so glorious that it dazzled the eyes of all that gazed upon it; about his body, bantricke-wise, he wore a wonderfull curious rich scarffe, all embroidered over with roses, and powdred with paragon diamonds and great orient pearle; he wore a short cloake all emboidered over with golde and set with diamonds, so wonderfull thicke and curiously that in his moving he seemed to burne and beare a living flame about him.”

This veritable *Koh-i-noor*—this walking “mountain of light”—was followed by all the court, in due order, and “all magnificent to behold;” but we must turn our eyes from them to the young queen’s first interview with the unfortunate monarch who adored her throughout his life, and whose almost last thought, even upon the scaffold, was for her, “Upon Munday, being the thirteenth of June, the king’s most excellent majesty came unto Dover about ten of the clocke, in the forenoon.” The queen having arrived there about six in the evening of the preceding day, after a prosperous voyage from Bulloigne, of eight hours, the *speed* of which, according to the gallant narrator, was greatly accelerated by the sudden changing of the sea, on the appearance of her majesty, from a violent storm to so calm and mild a surface, “that not a wrinkle was to be seen upon Neptune’s face,” whilst the winds, in the same complacent mood, “rose up so calmly, and with such delicate breath,” that everything seemed to be of the happiest omen. The king lost no time in going to welcome his young and beautiful bride, who had slept at Dover Castle on her arrival the preceding night. “And after some short preparation,” the queen being “full of all joyfull expectation,” as the narrator takes upon himself to say,—

“They met together in the Privie Chamber where, in the first encounter, she threwe herselfe into his armes with that boundlesse and unexpresseable affection, that virtue, modestie, and all

the perfections which can crown the best and most excellent creature, might there have learned the worthiest rules both of honor, true love, and obedience: neither did shee so soone caste herself into his armes as withal instantly threwe downe herself upon her knees before him, giving up unto his sacred protection her life, libertie, service, and ever-lasting obedience. . . . What tongue or pen is able to expresse that joy where-with he received her, and her dear protestations; for scarcely could you say shee is now upon her knees, when, with all the tendernesse which an immaculate and unspotted affection could inspyre he presently tooke her up into his armes, kist her again, and gave her those deare expressions of a never-changing love, that the beholders might see how each other's heart flew out at the windowes of their eyes, and by *adeli*azan entercchange, lodged themselves in each other's bosom; after these pure and unstained caressments, they fell into private conference, and so passed the time till dinner."

To us, this seems so pretty, so perfect a picture, as to need no improvement: but Miss Strickland has thought proper, in her charming biography of Henrietta Maria, to give her a flood of tears on the occasion, in order, it should seem, to heighten the gallantry of Charles, whom she represents as telling her he would kiss them off as long as she continued to shed them. The nobleman deputed to the honor of going to Paris to bring the lovely bride to England, was the Duke of Buckingham, who went in truly regal style, with a *suite* of nearly seven hundred persons, including many of the principal nobility, as well as his own numerous guards, body servants, and retainers; all of whom he took at his own sole cost, providing his people with divers change of raiment, all rich in proportion to the rank and condition of the wearers, whilst his own wardrobe was of the most sumptuous kind. He took with him twenty-seven suits embroidered and laced according to the fashion of the day, with silk and silver plushes; one of white satin, uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, was computed to be worth eighty thousand pounds; this suit, with diamond, feather, sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs, all richly set with the same precious stones, was destined for his entrance into Paris. For the wedding-day he reserved a suit of purple satin, thickly embroidered with orient pearl, and a Spanish cloak so magnificently adorned as to be valued at twenty thousand pounds. It is very certain that the splendid and often graceful *costumes* of the lords of the creation, in these days, must have given an *effect* to the ceremonials in which they delighted to

exhibit, which modern male costume can never impart. Perhaps nothing could be well invented less impressive, or less really becoming than the full dress of a gentleman of the present day, with its angles, its sanctiness, its uniformity of material, and that material anything rather than elegant, and its total absence of the ornament, color, contrast waving lines, and graceful forms that distinguished the best periods of taste in the olden time; even some of the present generation may remember the days when the court of St. James presented a very different spectacle as far as the apparel of the gentlemen was concerned, and to the alterations in it may be attributed, in a great measure, the inferiority of all modern public spectacles in splendor of appearance.

The marriage of our Henry V. with Catherine of Valois, is rendered familiar to us by our immortal Shakspeare, who has shown him pleading his soldier-suit with his "gentle Kate," after a long and stormy treaty with her father, Charles VI., in the very beginning of which he demanded at once the restoration of the English provinces, and the hand of the lady; adding, that whatever was refused him, he should proceed to take by force. His victory at Agincourt showed him likely to prove his assertion; and Queen Isabeau sent her daughter's portrait to the conquering, "the lion-like lover," in the hope that the representation of her charms would have the effect of inducing him to relinquish some portion of his exorbitant claims with respect to her dower. But though the ambassador declared that he gazed "long and earnestly" upon the portrait, and acknowledged that it was "surpassingly fair," it had not the effect hoped for; and the queen, still more dismayed at the fall of Rouen, after sustaining unheard-of sufferings, resolved to try the influence of a personal interview on the heart of the conqueror. This accordingly took place at Pontoise, on a spot of ground acknowledged by all parties to be considered neutral; but even this personal interview, though it powerfully affected the lover, could not induce the warrior to lower his pretensions. The match was broken off for two years, during which Henry's arms still proved victorious; and at last he was entreated to take the Princess Catherine in marriage on his own terms. He haughtily replied he would negotiate only with the lady herself; accordingly, after propitiating him with a letter written by her own hand, and "full of sweetness," they met again, and this time with so good an understanding with each

other, that they were married at Troyes a fortnight after, with much pomp and splendor; and were regaled in the middle of the night with soup and wine, brought to their bedside in grand procession, according to the custom of the royal family in France—a custom not yet extinct among the rural population in some parts of England.

When the personal appearance of a princess sought in marriage was generally the first thing inquired after, and often the only thing that could be ascertained, it may easily be imagined how important a person a skilful portrait painter must have been in the courtly circles, more especially one like our accomplished Sir William Ross, who combines the rare art of embellishing every subject he touches to the utmost degree it may be capable of, with a fidelity of character and likeness never lost in the heightened charms with which his fine perception of beauty may tempt him to invest it. Still, where the portrait is to serve the place of the lady herself, truth is the first requisite. There is little doubt but that "the head and front" of her offending in Anne of Cleves—the root and origin of bluff King Hal's immediate and angry dislike of her—was his finding her so unlike what she had been represented by the flattering—but surely, in this case, injudicious—pencil of Holbein. Henry VI., when he was deliberating on an alliance with one of the three daughters of the Count of Armagnac, wisely took precautions against any disappointment of this kind, by choosing his painter himself, and giving him special directions to take all the three fair candidates for the honor of sharing the throne of England "in their *kirtles* simple, and their visages *like as ye see*; and their stature and their beauty; the color of their skin and their countenances." Edward I. was still more particular when he was seeking the hand of Blanche, *la belle of France*: he commanded his ambassadors to describe exactly, not only her face and manners, but also her dress; the *turn of her waist*; her *hand, foot, and carriage*. A curious history might be formed from the reports of those thus delicately commissioned to look through the eyes of their royal masters. Charles II., after objecting to German princesses "as dull and foggy," fixed his wandering choice upon Catherine of Braganza, because she had dark eyes. It might be imagined her mind likewise must have been at that time somewhat dark, as she had never been ten times out of her palace in her life, till she was selected by the

merry monarch for his "wife and lady," when, after five years' entire seclusion, she was allowed to go out to visit the shrines of two saints, probably to return thanks for the honor in store for her. The king's brother, the Duke of York, looking out for a second wife, gave a list of four princesses to his sworn friend the Earl of Peterborough, and left it for him to choose the one whose portrait might best please him. Accordingly his choice fell upon the beautiful Mary of Modena, who having been originally meant for a conventual life, was in such a blessed state of ignorance that she neither knew who the Duke of York was, nor where the place called England, where he resided, was situated. She does not appear to have been so charmed with his portrait as he was with hers; for her biographers tell us that she wept incessantly from the moment of her marriage by proxy; and when the time came for her to set off to her liege lord, the apartments of the palace resounded for two days and nights with her screams and lamentations. But we must not enter into the history of reluctant brides, or we might tell how our own Princess Royal, the daughter of George III., fainted at the first sight of her future consort, the Duke of Wirtemberg, a man of colossal height, preponderating obesity, and with a most sinister cast of the eye; which, added to his enjoying the reputation of having immured his first wife in a dungeon, so overwhelmed the poor princess with reluctance and dismay, that she came in the middle of the night to her fond father, to entreat him, on her knees, to rescue her from the marriage. Nevertheless, the same sense of duty that made her listen to the earnest exhortations of her parent to reflect upon the consequences of her refusal, enabled her, when once her fate was decided, to make a most obedient, and, indeed, affectionate wife—as she never regained her health and accustomed cheerfulness after her husband's death. It was not only the weddings of royal parties that were celebrated with so much rude magnificence two or three centuries ago: those of the nobility often, vied with them in expense and show. That of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, with Margaret of York, is described with equal *naïveté* and enthusiasm by Messire Olivier De la March, one of those faithful chroniclers to whose industry we owe so much of our knowledge of the days in which they lived. The parties had their first interview at L'Ecluse, near Bruges. After a short converse together, the Bishop of Salisbury, who had accompa-

nied the princess from England, knelt down before them, and the Count de Charney asked the duke if, having found in the lady at his side all that he had long looked for and could desire, he was willing to affiance himself to her then and there? To which the duke replying with sufficient *empressement*, the same question was put to the lady, who answered at once, that for that cause, and no other, she had been sent thither by her brother, the King of England, and whatever he commanded she was ready to submit to, and comply with. The bishop then joined their hands, and declared them affianced to each other; and a few days after they were married at *five o'clock* in the morning at the little town of Dan, which overflowed with the splendid train of nobility and ambassadors that accompanied the noble pair to Bruges, where the day was spent till three in the following morning in such splendor of processions, tilts, and feastings as had not been excelled by royalty itself, so great was the power of the Dukes of Burgundy at this time, and so apparently inexhaustible their wealth. Giants, led by dwarfs, made a conspicuous figure among the guests, and lions and leopards were introduced by the sound of trumpets, holding up the scutcheons of Burgundy and England, to the edification of the beholders. But the personification that most excited their admiration was that of an enormous dromedary, which was made to walk round the hall, where all the guests were seated at dinner, by machinery, and stepped out so well "that it appeared," says the delighted chronicler, "alive rather than otherwise." This dromedary was magnificently caparisoned in gilded sheets, "after the Saracen fashion," and on his back he carried two large panniers, between which sat a man "strangely attired;" and when he, the said dromedary, entered the hall, he held his head aloof, and *put on a savage countenance*; and his rider opened the panniers, and let out therefrom divers birds, curiously painted, as if they came from India; and they flew about the hall, and upon the tables; and then the dromedary walked round to the sound of trumpets, and returned whence he came, and this was the last spectacle; and then the duchess retired, for it was three o'clock in the morning. The next day's festivities included a masque representing the Labors of Hercules; and a Herculean labor it must have been to have enacted them; they were concluded by a griffin in place of the dromedary, whose jaws emitted flights of wild birds, that flew about

in all directions, "to the infinite joy of the spectators."

And so passed on many days of revelling and pomp; every day with fresh entertainments, and fresh dresses and disguises, each more splendid and curious than the last, with a profusion which no modern marriages, even of kings and emperors, have attempted to equal. We are very willing, however, to grant that many of the spectacles used on those occasions must have savored somewhat of the puppet-show: and that the repasts, served up with all the formality of heraldic ceremonial and military discipline, preceded by lengthy and solemn orations, must have been tedious in the extreme, and tantalizing in their delay, to the hungry guests; indeed, altogether, marriage among royalties is of necessity encumbered with so many forms, and so little the effect of choice, that the prospect of felicity from it must, in its commencement, seem so dim and uncertain as to require a very sanguine spirit of hope to discern the sunbeam that may seem to be breaking through the cloud. When we consider that the parties who are to pledge their hands in union for the remainder of their lives seldom have seen each other till the time when any declaration, on either side, of dissatisfaction, or unwillingness to perform their contract, might plunge their respective countries into warfare; that their previous courtship is almost invariably carried on through the sagacity or cunning of ambassadors, or interested courtiers, aided by painters, poets, and panegyrists—all hired to flatter and deceive; that mere state considerations of policy or aggrandizement are almost invariably the laws on which regal matrimonial treaties are founded;—can we wonder that the page of history is so often blotted with the tears of the victims to their rank, or stained with the guilty consequences of their seeking, in unhallowed sources, consolation for the disappointments, vexations, and *ennuis* of their lofty, yet solitary state.

And how much has not our own beloved country to be proud of, and thankful for, in being able to present to other nations, in the union of our inestimable Queen Victoria, and her gifted and most amiable consort, Prince Albert, a picture of all the virtues and graces of private life, joined to all the splendor, and liberality, and interest in the public weal, that adorn a throne—a union cemented by the purest mutual love, the fruit of unfettered choice, and familiar acquaintance with, and appreciation of, each other's excellencies!

From Fraser's Magazine for April.

LONGFELLOW.*

MR. LONGFELLOW is, we believe, by many degrees the most popular of the American poets among English readers. Few volumes indeed of recent English poetry have had as large a circulation in this country as his, if we except Mr. Tennyson's. His faults are those which no reader can avoid seeing, consisting chiefly of an exuberance of imagery, and a tendency to the far-fetched and the extravagant. These are the *dulcia vitia* of youthful imagination, which commonly sober down of themselves without much aid from acrid criticism, in proportion as the imagination becomes more plastic in character, and is more intent on moulding a poem as a whole than on throwing the utmost possible brilliancy into its details. Mr. Longfellow also, like Southey, Scott, and not a few of our modern poets, is apparently too easily pleased with whatever he may chance to write to do his best on all occasions; many of his poems consequently are on inferior subjects, and seem to have been produced without "due provocation." This is bad policy in a poet; for posterity is sure to judge by the quantity as well as the quality of his works, and will be both too rich and too busy to separate, in all cases, the dross from the gold. We rejoice, however, to observe that the more Mr. Longfellow writes, and the more important the theme he chooses, the more does he justify that popular award which is far from being an infallible criterion of merit.

It is not in a literary point of view exclusively that the appearance of a true poet in a youthful nation excites our interest. Poetry carries with it ever a social and a philosophical significance likewise. Its character in this respect is of boundless importance; though it is a future age only which, from an impartial distance and a commanding height, can adequately interpret the lesson. A strong analogy has ever existed between the poetry of a particular age and race, and their moral

character. A man's disposition is imaged in his bearing and features; and so long as his picture lasts, remote generations can form some guess respecting his moral frame, as well as his outward aspect. Not less vividly is a nation portrayed in its most important works; and so long as pyramids or amphitheatres, the cathedrals of the middle ages, or the fortresses, banks, custom-houses, or other industrial monuments of later times remain, each successive period and nation is forced, by a law of its nature, to leave behind the trophies of its greatness or a caricature of its deformities. To this day the triumphal arches of Imperial Rome and the monastic remains of England bear witness to that moral and social system of which they were the exponents; they are the bones of the great animal extinct; and so long as they continue to moulder in the region of wind and cloud, not of dust, they will supply indications from which the comparative anatomy of a later age may draw its inferences. Of all the works, however, which an age bequeaths, there is none which illustrates its character at once so minutely and so comprehensively as its poetry. This circumstance is easily accounted for. The shallower class of poets, pre-occupied with little of their own, reflect, as in a mirror, the more evanescent traits of surrounding circumstance. The deeper poets, on the other hand, are men of large and strong minds, built up in the main by a multiform experience, both personal and imaginative; and as that experience, though methodized by a law of their internal being, has necessarily passed to them through external circumstances, they must needs preserve in their writings an idealized image of their time. Moreover, men of large minds are also for the most part men of expansive sympathies, and as sympathies are not able, like aspirations, to feed upon ideas, but attach themselves to details, great poets cannot but illustrate those details.

This position, we are aware, is in at least an apparent antagonism to principles com-

* *Longfellow's Poems*. London. 1852.
The Golden Legend, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London. 1852. Bogue.

monly received, and in which there is much truth. It will be asked, is not great poetry permanent poetry; and what interest, except for antiquarians, can attach to works, the excellence of which consists in the degree in which they illustrated a bygone age? The circumstances of an age once changed, its associations change also; the past returns not; new objects are brought into notice; old objects are combined in a new perspective, how then can distant times be expected to appreciate poetry of which it has lost the key? The answer to these questions consists in a distinction between the spirit of the age and the fashion of the day. The former is essential and belongs to the history of our Humanity; the latter is accidental, and therefore ephemeral. The former is illustrated by the deep poets; the latter by the superficial. That which is of a spiritual nature only, and not the characteristics of the time at large, can with propriety be called the "spirit of the age." Recent times, for example, have had, at one side, an eminently utilitarian tendency, while they are also distinguished by very opposite tendencies; but few, we imagine, would cite Mr. Bentham as a chief exponent of the spirit of the age. In proportion as an age is unspiritual, the discrepancy between its general characteristics and its "spirit," properly so called, becomes greater. This circumstance is illustrated by the singularly diverse character of modern poetry. The great outburst of poetry which has been witnessed in England within the present century, is by nothing more marked than by the multitude of its contrasted schools. We have had poets of modes and manners; poets like Ebenezer Elliot and Davis, who have endeavored to adapt to their lyres the discords of corn-law discussion, or repeal agitation; poets who have taken refuge from the tumult of the mart or the factory, in Turkish harems or Persian gardens, and who in so doing have added to the stock of poetic trinketry and literary furniture, if not to the stores of immortal verse. We have had poets who revived the graceful mirth and beneficent exuberance of the Italian bards; poets in whose works the fair images of Grecian mythology are revived with an antique purity, and delineated with an almost unerring pencil along the walls of a cloister, secluded indeed, though by no means ascetic. We have had poets of revolution, "voices prophesying war;" poets of philosophy and theology, for the study of whose works a previous acquaintance with Plato might be

deemed the best preliminary, as a mountain is best seen from the side of an opposite mountain; and finally, poets to whom simple nature was as a universe infinite and unfallen, of whose worship and of whose mandates, they were the priests and prophets in Orphic song. Of these classes the last three perhaps had the most intimate relations with the spirit of the age; but each illustrated its characteristics, and represented a habit of mind among us; and all taken together constitute no unfit exponent of a time, the architecture of which will also commemorate it in one of its most marked characters, that of syncretism or miscellaneousness.

The same difficulties, inherent in a late and critical age whose wealth surpasses its wants, and whose table is too large for its digestion, exist in America, and have doubtless not a little distracted poetic impulses and aims. But America has other difficulties likewise. It is young as a nation; but as a race it is not young. It is a portion of England detached from the rest, and sent forward to accomplish its destinies alone, with fewer aids, but with fewer contradictions also, and with an ampler field. In its physical and civil relations it was from the first an island swelled to the colossal proportions of a continent; while, in its spiritual bearings it was cut off from that vast congeries of living traditions, social, political, imaginative, and religious, which blended in England, made one small island the meeting-spot of two vast continents—the civilization of the Past and of the Present. Nor is this all. Nations derived by colonizations from nations already mature, and protected by the modern facilities of locomotion from physical or mercantile isolation, lose a portion of their intellectual inheritance, without gaining, at least for a long time, the new experiences evolved from a political career at once special and complete in itself. Physiologists tell us that man, at a very early stage of his existence, passes through a series of strange transformations. Whether or not this be physically true of the individual, it is, in a moral sense, true of nations, and perhaps most true of those whose richer and more manifold elements have occupied the longest historic periods in their development. Through what a series of changes have not the nations of Europe passed from barbarism to the sacerdotal type, the regal, the feudal, the aristocratical, the constitutional or representative; and what a rich deposit must not a stream that has wandered over so many soils have heaped up on the

banks dedicated to the Muse! In these respects America is under grave disadvantages. The historic and the ideal fibres of thought can hardly be disentwined. The very security of America has allowed it less even of a modern history than belongs to most European nations. Its history is comprised in its heroic struggle for independence. Only in imagination can it entwine again the broken threads of the past; it can possess but in memory what exists as a living tradition on its native soil of Europe. These difficulties attach a greater interest to the verse of an American poet. We want to know, not only what his song is, but what it represents, and how far it casts the horoscope of a nation in whose destinies the whole world is so deeply concerned.

We shall commence our extracts from Mr. Longfellow with a poem in which that marvellous energy which characterizes young countries, and none more than America, receives from the poet a moral sanction that transforms it into something more than a "go-a-head" impulse, and modulates its march by the music of old and sacred experience.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returneth,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate!
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.

In the poem called 'Excelsior,' it is not the resolve of robust strength and manly confidence alone which is expressed. The heroic rises into the spiritual, as the true heroic tends ever to do. It is an aspiration; may it prove, in more essential meaning, a prophecy: for strength is only wisely exerted when it mounts.

The next poem which we shall quote illustrates the social position of America in a relation which every day seems to acquire a deeper and more painful importance.

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black slave ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves;
They gleam from the abyss,
They cry, from yawning waves,
'We are the witnesses.'

Within earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives,
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes it prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare school-boys from their play.

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
'We are the witnesses!'

Here is a sketch which America only could

have supplied. For one of the conquering race thus to sing the lament of the conquered, may be considered, perhaps, as but the discharge of a debt of honor:

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

Gloomy and dark art thou, oh chief of the mighty Omawaws;
 Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!
 Wrapt in a scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
 Stalk those birds unknown, that have left us only their foot-prints.
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the foot-prints;
 How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?
 How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?
 Ah! 'tis vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
 Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
 Claiming the soil for thine hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
 Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
 Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!
 Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn, the leaves of the maple
 Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
 Pine trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
 There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses.

We regret that we have not room for what, on the whole, we consider both the most important of Mr. Longfellow's minor poems, and the most interesting, as illustrative of America. We allude to the striking poem entitled, 'The Building of the Ship.' It does not need the last stanzas, in which the vessel receives the name of the *Union*, to tell us that in the mighty bark, built with such a stately strength, and so eager to tempt the perils of new seas, the destiny of America is shadowed forth. Neither need we say how cordially we hope that the prophecies with which it concludes may be fulfilled. It abounds in beautiful passages; and the skill with which a two-fold interest is worked out in it cannot escape the reader's observation. Among the other shorter pieces our favorites are, 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' 'The Secret of the Sea,' 'The Open

Window,' 'The Builders,' 'Sand of the Desert in an Hour-glass.' Among the poems on slavery, 'The Slave's Dream,' and 'The Good Part that shall not be taken away,' rank high. Many others, also, seem to us to have very high merit; especially 'The Occultation of Orion.' We shall, however, be doing Mr. Longfellow more justice if we proceed to give an account of his principal work.

As the *Golden Legend* is the latest of Mr. Longfellow's poems, so it is the most important. The story of it may be briefly told. The prologue sounds the key-note to the whole. The powers of darkness vainly endeavor to tear down the cross, which surmounts the Cathedral of Strasburg. Baffled by the spirits of Good, the saints and angels emblazoned in the windows and carved over the arch-ways, the Spirits of Tempest retire in despite, and the chief of them betakes himself to another task. Prince Henry of Hohenock has long suffered from a strange disease. In his Castle of Vautsberg, on the Rhine, he meditates, in gloom, on his condition. The tempter enters in the garb of a travelling physician. The prince describes his malady,—

My heart has become a dull lagoon,
 Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains,

and states that even the doctors of Salerno have pronounced it incurable, except upon impossible conditions. He must gradually wither away, unless saved by the blood of a maiden, who, of her own good will, offers her life in exchange for his. The strange physician holds up before him a flask, containing the far-famed elixir of perpetual youth. The prince drinks. For a moment his lost youth returns to him. His punishment follows soon. His disease returns; and the prince, after publicly doing penance, as one who has dealt in the black art, is driven from his ancestral home,—

Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,
 And bearing a wallet and a bell,
 Whose sound should be a perpetual knell,
 To keep all travellers away.

The outcast takes refuge with the family of a faithful retainer in the Odenwald. There is a great charm in the scene in which we are first made acquainted with him in his retirement. He is reading the old legend of "The Monk and the Bird," with which many of our readers must have become acquainted, in Mr. Trench's beautiful version of it. As he concludes, Elsie, the eldest daughter of his host, approaches,

him, and recounts to him a tale, her favorite legend, "Christ and the Sultan's Daughter."

Nothing can exceed the freshness and sweetness of the sketch in which the young heroine of the tale is presented to us. An infantine simplicity does not prevent her heart from being already mature. It is for high action, however, rather than for passion that she pants; or rather, her being is absorbed in one great aspiration which mingles what is best in both. She has no life save in religion; and irradiated by its light the lower world displays to her but a single illuminated page. She resolves to give her life for that of the prince; and her parents consent at last to what they deem an impulse from on high. It is thus that she prays:—

My Redeemer, and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well-trimmed and burning.
Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried.
If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely,
Let me follow where thou ledest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee!

Much skill is shown in the mode in which the prince is made to accept the sacrifice. We feel that his true nature is under eclipse, and that the hateful influence of him whose poison he has drunk subdues his better will.

Passing through Strasburg on their way to Salerno, the prince meets his early friend Walter, the Minnesinger—a friend from whom not even rivalry in love had been able to separate him. Slight as is the sketch of the Minnesinger, it is clearly and delicately touched. We have not room to quote from their discourse; but the following passage may be taken as a specimen of that graphic power which, in so remarkable a degree, characterizes Mr. Longfellow's poetry:—

Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies,
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,

With fitful lights and shadows blending,
As from behind, the moon, ascending,
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!
The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the wind
That through their foliage sobs and sighs;
Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged
A seeming motion undefined.
Below, on the square, an armed knight,
Still as a statue, and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams quiver
Upon the points of his armor bright
As on the ripples of a river.

In the cathedral our travellers witness the performance of a miracle play. This episode occupies a considerable place in the poem, and, more than any other portion, explains its title, *The Golden Legend*, weaving together not a few of the tales which, in the far-famed collection of the good old Italian bishop, Jacobus de Voragine, formed, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, so large a portion of the reading in convent, castle, and hall. A miracle play was not an infelicitous device for the exhibition of such legendary lore. That singular product of the middle ages has hardly attracted the full attention which, on æsthetic as well as historic grounds, it deserves; nor will a few remarks on it be out of place. It is well known how much the Greek tragedy was indebted to those earlier representations in which the legend of a hero, or some mythological tradition, was exhibited before a village audience, upon a stage not larger than a travelling wagon, and by actors smeared with the lees of wine.

Not less important, we conceive, in their influence, were those miracle plays, mysteries, and moralities, which alike in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, and in England, preceded the Romantic Drama, and constituted its basis. If Spain had been too fastidious to enjoy its earlier and ruder *Autos Sacramentales*, it probably never would have possessed the drama of Lope de Vega. It is quite true that even in very early times, those Religious Mysteries which the clergy represented, and the representation of which formed, occasionally, part of ecclesiastical education in the monasteries, seem to have been jostled now and then by the jesters and strolling buffoons, the Zahorrones and Remedadores, who, though prohibited by law, amused the grosser appetites of the vulgar. The good, however, triumphed over the bad, and laid the foundation for what was better. In Italy, as early as A. D. 1264, the statutes of

the fraternity del Gonfalone made provision for the representation of mysteries, especially on the subject of the Passion; as also on the chief events of the Old and New Testament. In France we have an account of a similar representation at St. Maur, in the year 1398; but in that country and in Italy, in neither of which has the drama asserted much of a national or genial character, the mysteries did not hold their ground as strongly as in Spain, in Germany, and in England. In the latter country, especially, such representations appear to have begun at a period far earlier than that which Chaucer, "our Morning Star of Song," illumined. Fitz-Stephen, describing London in the reign of Henry the Second, writes, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenecis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes passionum, quibus claruit constantia martyrum*. In England, as elsewhere, such representations had to contend with the formidable rivalry of mummers, master-rimers, and other vagabonds in masquerade, against whom stringent laws were enacted from time to time, though their performances could hardly have been more scandalous than the scenes exhibited in the penny theatres in London in our own day. In the reign of Richard the Second, a petition was presented to the king by the scholars of Paul's school, praying him "to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense in order to represent it publicly at Christmas"—of so venerable an antiquity is the principle of Protection. After the Reformation, Protestantism adopted the mysteries in its turn, giving them a polemical character, guaranteed in one instance by Act of Parliament; by which, however, it does not appear that their poetic merits were much promoted, at least, if we may judge by the efforts of the celebrated Bishop Bale. Milton, as we all know, maintained that the theatre was of use "beside the office of a pulpit," to inculcate lessons of piety and virtue. He would have rescued it from a state of degradation, and imparted to it a religious character, analogous to that spirit of patriotism and heroism which animated the Greek drama in its nobler day. What his genius might not have effected in that way, had he not spent so many precious years in writing Latin letters for Cromwell, as well as disquisitions on logic, grammar, and divorce, it is hard to say; nor is it easy, with all our ven-

eration for *Paradise Lost*, not to regret that the great bard did not also finish that lyrical drama, the "Miracle Play" of the seventeenth century, the first scene of which was to have opened with Satan's Address to the Sun.

Notwithstanding the general popularity which Mr. Longfellow's *Golden Legend* has enjoyed, his 'miracle play' has, we believe, been a subject, not infrequently, of animadversion. By some it has been charged with childishness; by others with profaneness; but though the grounds of both accusations are intelligible enough, it is but to a limited extent that we can sympathize with either. He is illustrating a time, the simplicity of which was edified by a familiarity which would more often scandalize our fastidiousness or our refinement. No one would desire to re-introduce such entertainments among us, with our modern associations; but to antedate such associations is unreasonable; nor can any one appreciate the character of that earlier time, with all its freshness and fearlessness of taste, as well as its rudeness, who cannot attain to an imaginative sympathy with usages so deeply and largely characteristic of them. A modern tournament could hardly do more than amuse by its strangeness; but when we read the description of one in *Ivanhoe*, we interpret the text by the context, and are as little disposed to charge the great chivalrous celebration with childishness or pedantry as were the kings and statesmen in whose presence it was enacted, and whose imagination, not the less healthy because not easily offended, recognized in its *dramatis personæ* the images of as many feudal virtues as were denoted by the devices on their shields. Our minds are expanded in proportion as we learn to understand how what would be unprofitable to one condition of society may supply to another an aliment nutritious because natural. We have, then, no general complaint to make of Mr. Longfellow's miracle play; and in many parts we think that much skill has been shown in its force and conciseness. But in other parts Mr. Longfellow has stepped beyond the line of safety and good taste, and has neglected the golden adage, 'Be bold, be bold, be bold,—be not too bold.' A few expressions, not worth particularizing, are needlessly and painfully coarse. Five centuries ago they would have given umbrage to no one, nor do they now imply intentional irreverence; but they jar on modern associations, and thus rather repel than excite our sympathies with those of other times. In

poetry, as in graver matters, 'things lawful' are not always 'expedient:' there is a certain *lingua communis*, which is suitable to one age without shocking another; and it is by tact rather than rule that we can discriminate between courage and rashness.

To return from this digression. The progress of the travellers from Strasburg to the Black Forest is traced in a lyric, the wild movement of which echoes their rapid advance, and vividly exhibits their contrasted moods. The convent life of Hirschaw is next described. The portrait of the good old Illuminator is admirable.

Thus have I labored on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of St. John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse?
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah, me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom in the closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

* * * *

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!
Here the swallows twitter under the eaves!
There, now, there is one in her nest,
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel Book.
I can see no more. Through the valley yonder
A shower is passing; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer.
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and, beside her,
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!
Now she gives him her hand to alight;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful saint,
Or for one of the Maries that I shall paint.

Not less delicately executed is the sketch of the old abbot, Ernest. The beauty of the following image will be at once recognized:

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,

But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

In the chapel the eye of the prince is arrested by a blind monk, who lingers behind the rest. It is Count Hugo of the Rhine, of old the deadliest foe of his race. Calamity has, however, brought to him a calmer spirit. The interview of the rivals is one of the most successful delineations in the work.

We are unable to give the same praise to the scene in which the orgies of the friars are represented, and which we regard as the chief fault of the poem. The Teutonic humor of the cellar scene, though somewhat broad, is by no means vulgar; whereas vulgarity of conception and occasional grossness of language are not the only faults of the refectory scene. It is intended, doubtless, as a contrast to such delineations as those from which we have quoted; but the contrast is extravagantly abrupt, and deficient in gradation.

Court, castle, and convent doubtless had their corruptions, as well as their good points; but neither nature nor poetry distribute good and evil in patches, like the black and white squares of a chess board; and it is a mechanical not an artistic grouping which places all the edifying people together in cloister and library, and fills the refectory with a mass of unmitigated black-guardism. The scene, besides being immoderately long, is harsh and melo-dramatic; and looks like a collection of sketches thrown together at random, or in pursuit only of a grim, dark-lantern picturesque. In the midst of 'Latin drinking-songs, and Exeter-Hall allusions to sacristies and confessionals, Lucifer, disguised as a friar, entertains the boors of cord and cowl with a description of Abelard pacing at night "in his great despair,"

And wailing aloud to the merciless seas,
The name of his sweet Heloise!

much more congenial with the sickly and pedantic libertinism of a certain school in the France of the 18th century than with the broader taste of German peasants in the 14th. Suddenly a bell is tolled by a miraculous and "unfortunate brother," who, in the true style of the Radcliffe romance, thinks it necessary thus to admonish the "monks" to pray for him. At a later hour he has a habit more provoking still, that of making his rounds from cell to cell, and flashing the light of his lantern into the eyes of his luckless brethren. We must own that we knew not before that friars constituted

the inferior class in well-endowed abbeys, in whose cloisters the monks paced as a sort of ecclesiastical noblesse; or that "midnight masses" as well as nocturns disturbed the night hours on ordinary occasions. The scene ends in a manner that could hardly fail to elicit a shout from the upper gallery. Liebold the Refectorius is detected looking in at one of the windows. Stealing beneath it softly the friars belabor the luckless spy till his shouts reach the abbot. They stow away the great flagon, and escape as they can, brother Cuthbert being reserved however to "do a penance worth the doing," while the abbot expresses his surprise that the very convent wall "does not crumble and crush them in its fall!" That walls should stand under such circumstances is an accident which can by none be more regretted than by the admirers of Mr. Longfellow's poetry. We earnestly hope that this scene may be omitted in a future edition. Allusions to poison dropped into the sacramental cup, and to the immoralities of dissolute monasteries, so that they be touched with the same skill which has presided over the other portions of the poem, may be quite in place, as a delineation of the time on its darker as well as its brighter side. But this scene, which has the effect of a task reluctantly performed, received, it is plain, even less assistance from the Muse of Poetry than from the Muse of History. To point out how the same causes may in different characters produce the opposite extremes of good and evil would be a task worthy of Mr. Longfellow's genius.

Very different is the scene at the neighboring nunnery, and the tale which its abbess, the Lady Irmingard, pours by night into the ear of Elsie; the Vestal who has loved in vain being drawn by an attraction she cannot resist to the young virgin who has never loved, and whose aspiration is but to die for one she might have loved. Here also the subject is in some measure regarded from a modern and romantic point of view; but over it the lights of poetry are flung with a lavish hand; and—

Love, that in every woman's heart
Will have the whole and not a part,

seems permitted to return for an hour (in the disguise of memory) to tell of Walter of the Vogenweid, when the birds sang in his rhyme, and earth rejoiced in his presence; of the stern father, of the midnight escape,

When under our feet the long white road
Backward like a river flowed;

of the capture, the convent, and of peace found, when hoped for least. The scene will be a favorite with a class among the readers of poetry which is neither the smallest nor the least important in these days.

We must hurry to the close: passing by Lucerne—the old wooden bridge of which, with its grim pictures representing the dance of death, is admirably described—the travelers reach the St. Gothard Pass, and falling in with a band of pilgrims, descend into Italy. Taking ship at Genoa, they reach Salerno, just as a travelling scholastic affixes his theses to the gate of the far-famed college, challenging all disputants throughout the world to disprove any one of his hundred and twenty-five propositions. Lucifer stands to receive his victims in the garb of the Friar Angelo. Already he triumphs in anticipated success; but he is acquainted only with the baser part of human nature. At the moment of the prince's separation from Elsie, the spells with which the evil one had bound him burst, and he refuses consent. Elsie will not retract, and bids him farewell thus:

And you, O prince! bear back my benison
Unto my father's house, and all within it.
This morning in the church I prayed for them,
After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.

God will take care of them; they need me not.
And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life:
And if at times, beside the evening fire,
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you:

Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there was something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let me go in.

If this be love, it is love unawakened and unconscious, for it exacts no higher place, even in memory, than that of one guest among many; or rather it is that spirit of love which, capable alike of shaping itself in any of the definite moulds of affection, hangs still vague and universal, a "something far more deeply interfused" over a heart whose morning twilight is but beginning to dissolve. It completes the prince's victory over his baser self: and no sooner have the gates closed upon a victim as ardent to enter them as Cassandra was reluctant to enter the palace at Argos, than he and his attendants burst them open, and despoil the evil one of his prey.

The scene changes back to the farm in the Odenwald, where Ursula, the old mother of Elsie, is cheered by a forester sent before him by the prince on his return. His tale is short. The prince was cured at Salerno by the touch of a Saint's bones, or, as his messenger suggests, by his long ride and the open air. He made a vow that he would marry none but his deliverer: and the rapt child, grateful in her turn, condescends to ripen into a woman, not an angel. The Rhine is already wafting along its swift and waveless expanse a pageant that brightens gray rock and grim tower, and adds a richer gleam to the terraces of vine.

I saw her standing on the deck,
Beneath an awning cool and shady;
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.

In a scene of exquisite beauty we meet for the last time the bridegroom and the bride, as from the castle terrace they listen to the evening bells of their marriage day. Their happiness reminds them of happiness that has been before them, and which has gone its way. They speak of Charlemagne and Fastrada. Nor, in this hour, is the minstrel warrior forgotten, Walter the Minnesinger, who fights in the far-off Crusades.

Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was pressed.
A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar,
Is shining on us like a star.

The poem is closed by an epilogue which strikes once more the key-note of the whole. The Angels of Good and Evil Deeds ascending to heaven with the record sing the triumph of Self-sacrifice, Meekness, and Lowliness, the restorative might of Repentance, and the victory over Lucifer, as he falls, like a giant shadow cast from a hundred mountain ranges, into the abyss.

Widely as the limits of the drama have been expanded in these latter days, when the unities are but a tradition, the *Golden Legend*, though cast in the form of dialogue, and divided into scenes, can hardly be accounted a drama. It has no dramatic plot; and the hero and heroine are the only characters the delineation of which is continuous. It loses nothing, we think, but on the con-

trary, gains much, by making no attempt at a structural mechanism, which is alien to the spirit of the work. It is, in fact, a tale cast with great skill into the form of dialogue, and thus entitled to pass over that interstitial matter, which, in most narratives of length, is read but as a duty. As a narrative, the poem is brief; but, in its psychological bearings, it is large and manifold, tracing, as it does, the mode in which a nature diseased by selfishness, inaction, imaginative and intellectual self-indulgence, and bodily exhaustion is restored to a healthier tone through sympathy with qualities the opposite of its own. The simplicity and expansiveness of Elsie's character unfolds by degrees the smothered good in the self-involved and gloomy nature of her companion. Her elevation uplifts his drooping spirits, as well as his downward instincts; her freshness bedews the hectic region of his soul; her generous courage rebukes his weakness; and the bright alacrity with which a spirit that crowns the strength of innocence with the might of faith, reaps the good and the joyous from all that surrounds her, redeems him at last from the isolation of an introverted habit of mind and of heart. The character of Elsie is, as Shelley said of a very different being, "at once simple and profound," and it diffuses a sweetness over every scene in which she appears. The prince is not in love with her while his heart lies under the shadow of an evil purpose. His gratitude is hampered by the abiding feeling, that all that he endeavors to gain is but loss and degradation; but the principle of sympathy remains, and as it awakens up it rouses the aspirations that slumber around it. Faith has never been extinct in him; virtue is credible to him, and sanctity is something more than imaginable: there is thus within him a foundation for all good.

But the heroic simplicity of one as fervent as she is pure, constitutes only the centre of many good influences which surround him. His eye, though heavy, is capable of taking in just if languid impressions, from all things great and durable, "lovely, and of good report," that meet him on his way. Between the Rhine and Salerno, many such objects were to be found; and in his selection and delineation of them, Mr. Longfellow has shown himself a skilful artist. His tale, including a Teutonic and an Italian element, at that time when art had ascended above the horizon, and chivalry had not yet sunk beneath it, and when manners, which retained somewhat of nature's noble "barbarism," had yet, on the whole, like institutions, taken

their mould from Christianity, brought him necessarily into the heart of the "middle ages;" and he has delineated them with all the zeal and graphic power which his illustrious fellow-countryman, Washington Irving, showed in delineating a northern land, but with those deeper touches and richer hues which belong to poetic delineation. His sketches of nature, of art, and of manners would have a high poetic merit, even independently of their spiritual bond. It is in this respect that we think the execution of the work most perfect. Its psychological part appears to us more happy in conception than in execution. The main problem might have been more closely connected with the minor incidents: we might have been enabled to trace more distinctly the gradual growth of the prince's better nature, and thus the "idea" of the work might have been made to give more unity to the whole; but the scenes which, taken separately, make Mr. Longfellow's pages as rich as those of the good old illuminator in the *Scriptorium*, could hardly have been touched by a more brilliant fancy.

Description is an art itself, and one of the most important that a poet can have. It is quite as much the result of imagination as of observation; the latter faculty acting in and with the former, though in a ministrant capacity. Mr. Longfellow is not one of those poets who note down in their pocket-book the most striking features of a scene, and then, returning to their study, present their readers with an inventory of Nature's charms, or a catalogue *raisonnée* of her stores, brightening a promontory with a mountain-ash, or shading a secluded shore with a fir-grove, according to the last suggestion of Claude and Poussin. He sees, takes in, and his memory, wise in what it preserves, and wiser in what it discards, holds up an image faithful, because it retains the essence of the scene described. When this rare faculty exists it shows itself, not only in the delineation of landscapes but of individual objects, whether in themselves they be fair or not. We read that our first father gave names to the various animals as they passed before his eye, enabled to do so, doubtless, by a prophetic insight which discerned the main character or special function of each. The poet, also, is a namer. There is a poetic as well as a prophetic intuition; and he who possesses it will make more out of a bush upon a moor, than a rhymist *sine numine* can make of the Vale of Cashmere, or a whole menagerie of beasts and birds.

The contents of our Crystal Palace, though it should enclose all products, animal or vegetable, "from silken Samarcand to cedar-ed Lebanon," will not, to an uninspired eye, furnish matter for an idyl. Where, on the other hand, a true discernment exists, every thing, in ancient times or modern, and not a little even in the world of daily life, presents its poetic side. There is no particular in which we observe more plainly the hand of the true master than in this faculty. When Keats speaks of "the broadest of her elephants," or Tennyson sings of the "ruined towers" of the oak trees, a word is sufficient to give both graphic effect and moral significance to a single image, because it presents the one quality in it which is essential, making abstraction of the rest, and idealizing it thus, as history idealizes human society, and as twilight idealizes a landscape, leaving only

The floods, the stars; a spectacle as old,
As the beginnings of the heavens and the earth!

The passages which we have quoted sufficiently exhibit Mr. Longfellow's descriptive faculty, as employed in the delineation of landscape. A complete landscape, indeed, is sometimes brought before us in his poetry, without the aid of a single epithet, and merely from the tact with which the objects that compose it are selected, and the order observed in their due arrangement and succession. His skill is, however, still more remarkably displayed in those brief touches, by which single objects are suggested to us with the force of reality. The image is often happily, though often fantastically also, blended with an imaginative association, as in the description of Lucerne.

Yonder lies

The lake of the Four Forest Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being. Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus with his windy pines.

The association always corresponds with the character of the observer. The thirsty friar in the convent cellar is made poetical by the bubbling of the wine which he has just set flowing:—

See how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the dews.

The devoted maiden, on the other hand, finds the snowy region on the summit of St.

Gothard a scroll inscribed with martyr-legends :—

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks. It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels.

Mr. Longfellow's conceptions of character seem to us to come from very different sources in different cases. His highest characters, Elsie and Evangeline for instance, are nobly ideal creations. In other cases, and especially those into which the element of the humorous enters, it is a lively observation rather than a various imagination which has supplied him with materials ; and in other cases it is, we should say, from books and study rather than from nature that he has derived them. Another fault which we must find with him is inequality in diction. In the more important parts of the *Golden Legend* it is always forcible and poetic, if sometimes quaint ; but in what may be regarded as interstitial matter, it is often, as it strikes us, prosaic. We are no lovers of what is commonly called poetic diction ; but it is certainly well to avoid in poetry expressions or turns of phrase which remind us of a prose order of thought rather than the finer and more compact method of the poetic mind.

As a delineation of the time, the *Golden Legend*, though unequal, has a great merit. Poetry, notwithstanding its impartiality compared with most books of history, can hardly avoid taking a part, if only from the circumstance that every state of society which has passed the savage and not fallen into the dotage of a worn-out and effete civilization, has so many sides that the limits of poetry cannot include them all. The poet can but give a "view" of the social state which he illustrates ; and if that view be just as far as it goes, no exception should be taken against it merely on the ground that it is incomplete. Mr. Longfellow presents us on the whole with the favorable side of the middle ages. The picture which he draws is full of aspirations as soaring as the perpendicular lines of Gothic architecture, and as symbolic as its quaintest devices. Manners, institutions, arts, all alike are based on the idea of earthly things being shaped after the model of heavenly, and of human life, with all its ties, being so constituted as to prove the sacrament of a higher and hidden life. Plato taught the doctrine of an "Archetypal man," an idea which suggested one of Milton's sublimest poems, unfortunately but little known, be-

cause written in Latin, but which the unlearned reader may enjoy in Mr. Leigh Hunt's magnificent translation. According to the theory of the Middle Ages, human society was constituted analogously after the model of the "City of God ;" nor did this theory mould institutions only ; it had no small part in the formation of character. In harmony with it was that ardent spirit of wonder and delight which saw in marvels no hindrance to Faith. With it was connected that steadfastness which labored contentedly on structures certain not to be finished for centuries, but intended to last as long as the world. To the same source may be referred the absence of morbidness in taste, as well as of critical refinement, a certain strong-hearted, if occasionally rude simplicity, that unconsciousness, magnanimity, and child-like gaiety in the midst of great enterprises, which Mr. Moncton Milnes has celebrated in his fine poem, *The Men of Old* :—

They went about their gravest deeds
Like noble boys at play.

In these qualities, as well as in their genial humor and humility, Mr. Longfellow has happily illustrated the time he describes. Humility in the more universal relations of humanity, was in those times not irrevocably lost, even in the many instances of violence, ambition, and wrong which necessarily furnished more pages to history than the opposite virtues. As an illustration of this virtue the reader will observe that the old illuminator in the *Scriptorium*, even while reproaching himself for an impulse of vanity, is only tempted to contemplate with complacency his "much toil and pain." That he has great genius as well as great industry, is a thought that never enters into his head. This is but one of many touches by which the picture of the time is harmonized, the same general characteristics being introduced into very different characters. Walter the Minnesinger expresses most strongly that careless generosity of nature which belonged to the time. He loves fame : but it is with a generous passion. His desire is to be *conspicuous*, not *distinguished*, seen *with* the noble, not set apart *from* the many. The ambition of the minstrel resembles that of the maiden :—

My life is in my hand, and lo !
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window toward the East,
That of the Lord's deliverance.

The exceptions to Mr. Longfellow's fidelity of delineation in this respect are not numerous. Far the most striking are to be found in the scene on which we have already commented, that of the orgies in the refectory. We must also make exception to a few lines in the scene where the prince rescues Elsie from the fate to which she had destined herself. Those especially—

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited for ever.

The demon spell could hardly have been thus broken. To regret what diminishes self-respect, and to feel indignation against one's self on such grounds, may be a very laudable and useful thing; but it is a love higher than self-love, even in its most respectable forms, that stimulates repentance; and the prince's ideal is an anachronism. The night scene also, in which Elsie solicits her parents' consent to her sacrifice, contains a passage of far lower mood than the rest. Her willingness to die is in full harmony with the characteristics of an age in which life was regarded as

A premature betrothing
To immortal things.

Nor was it necessary for her to justify her resolution by such dolorous statements as that "the life of woman is full of woe." If such be the fact, Elsie was little likely to have discovered it; nor could the doctrine, though urged with all the dogmatic passion of the "Nouvelle Heloise," or the philosophic despair of Werther, have effected a lodgment in a breast filled already, by divine right, with the conviction that everywhere

The lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed
by springs from above.

This single instance of inconsistency in the delineation of Elsie's character admits of far less excuse than the passage we have referred to in connection with the Prince. The latter, though out of harmony with the period, is not wholly inconsistent with the character described. When we stated that *The Golden Legend* was not as a whole consistent in its delineation of the middle ages, we alluded more especially to the conception of the Prince's character and that of his tempter. This inconsistency takes not only from the verisimilitude but from the completeness of the poem, and gives it a sketchy and broken effect.

In these delineations the genius of Goethe has been the evil genius of Mr. Longfellow.

Both the characters named above, but especially the last, seem to have been in some degree suggested by Faust and Mephistopheles, creations essentially modern in character, and for that very reason in harmony with a work admirably illustrative of the restless and psychological tendencies of the German mind at the end of the last century, and the manners of which correspond in general with its spirit. The Lucifer of Mr. Longfellow is as different from the Mephistopheles of old Marlowe—ever carrying his hell with him, from the devil of the middle ages, a compound of every base, malignant, and cruel passion—as is the conception of Goethe himself. Mr. Longfellow's Evil One is, like Goethe's, the mocking one, though he cannot be called wholly the 'denying one,' since he rejoices over falsehoods 'sown like tares in the field of truth,' a region the very existence of which would have been scoffed at by Goethe's Denier. His mockery is also of a lighter tone, occasionally degenerating into mere raillery; nor in him do we meet with instances of those spleenful gleams of fierce and fell malignity which shoot forth from under the polished mask of Goethe's 'gentlemanly' nineteenth century devil. The delineation, however, though less vigorously drawn is equally modern in character. The same remark may be made with respect to the Prince. Yet we gladly own that he is unlike Faust in more particulars than those in which he resembles him. The Prince has also in his youth endeavored to charm from nature the secrets she will not reveal; but his search has not been wholly an unhallowed one. If he has been "a lover of that lore," it is because—

With such a piercing glance it looks
Into great Nature's open eye,
And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity.

Faust is essentially a character of diseased pride, and his is the unlawful love of knowledge which belongs to the sorcerer, whether the subject matter of such knowledge be natural or supernatural. The Prince, except when under the influence of the spell, is a gentleman. We find it difficult to imagine how the Doctor of Wittenberg could have been one. The fruit which was coveted to 'make men wise,' was desired also by the sensuous appetite; and we recognize at once the philosophic truth of the delineation when, in Faust, the 'knowledge which puffeth up' becomes odious to a boundless pride, because, from the limitation of human faculties, its furthest advance must ever leave it at an equal

distance from Infinite Knowledge; and when he who has been its victim rather than its lord flings it petulantly aside, and precipitates himself upon restless action and passion, rather as new forms of experiment than for the sake of enjoyment. In all these respects the Prince is a being of a different order. He is a believer. The mists that rise up from the corrupter regions of self hang, it is true, between him and the world above, as well as that around him; but a breath suffices to blow them away, because that region from which they ascend is not the deeper or the larger part of his soul.

In strict analogy with the difference between the characters of the Prince and of Faust, is that between the general scope and spirit of the German work and the American. The former is the exhibition of a problem of which the solution is not given, and of which the drift and purpose is guessed by each reader according to his proper estimate of human things. Very possibly the problem, as conceived by Goethe, admitted of no solution; or it may have been the pride of that "many-sided" poet to make his poem capable of as many interpretations as nature herself. It is also very possible that the popularity of the work was rather increased than diminished by a circumstance which left every critical reader in the position of a seer possessed of a secret known to none beside, and which made the poem still more illustrative of an age more eager to ask questions than careful to receive answers. Be this as it may, we cannot but think that a poem must necessarily lose immensely as a work of art, and as contradistinguished from an essay in psychological science, when the problem which it propounds is one which it does not solve. Art is not in all respects like nature; nor does it truly resemble nature merely because it includes a deficiency which results from our inadequate appreciation of nature's measureless scheme. Art is a smaller thing than nature, and atones for that defect by being more definite in its scope, and by admitting of a more palpable symmetry. To impart the abiding feeling of poetic satisfaction, a poem must have the character of completeness; it must have a beginning, middle, and end; and the "end" can never be so palpably wanting, as when a problem, ostentatiously forced on the attention, remains involved in obscurity from first to last. In this respect, Mr. Longfellow's work has no small advantage over the far-famed poem which, perhaps, in some

degree suggested it, though between the two, of course, we institute no general comparison. This advantage it owes to the spirit of belief, which belongs not only to the hero of the poem, but to the work itself also. Its character in this respect is promoted also by that eminent character of objectivity impressed upon the work, by that of the age it delineates. The belief in immortality, and the final triumph of the good, secretly involves an objective, realistic philosophy, and is its popular expression. Poetry, therefore, founded on belief, or even on the imaginative assumption of belief, includes the objective in character; and if it meddles with spiritual things, it points to a future world, surpassing this one in reality as well as in elevation and justice, and in which the discords of this lower region are harmonized. This effect is produced, in its degree, even where truth is but imperfectly apprehended; and accordingly in the old Pagan poetry we meet with the Platonic schools pointing to immortality, and the Academic or Epicurean putting questions, or making the most of pleasurable trifles. Poetry, on the other hand, when its spirit and philosophy are subjective merely, however skilfully it may illuminate with imagery the veil that covers the void, is content to leave the problem of humanity a riddle, and balances between good and evil, immortality and mortality, as simply two views equally entitled to attention, so long as neither makes itself troublesome. How far such apathy may exist, and how far the absence of immortal longings, and of such anxieties as may be called the growing pains of a soul which has not yet attained its full stature, may be mistaken for the presence of an enlightened philosophy, or even of faith, is evidenced by the case of Goethe himself, who used, in his old age, to reply to his friend Eckermann's inquiries, by saying, "Enough, enough; we shall live again, if that is all for the best; and, in the meantime, pertinacious self-questioning on the subject can but disturb us, and introduce an element of confusion into our thoughts." To such Epicurean views poetry lends itself without much difficulty. A thing so light as the imagination can find footing even on the skeleton leaf that floats along the faintest respiration of autumnal air; and the ideal world of Art may, for the moment, constitute itself into a seeming substitute for the future world of faith. We rejoice that Mr. Longfellow's poetry does not belong to this school.

From the Quarterly Review.

APSLEY HOUSE.*

THE first of these publications, in furnishing an authentic catalogue of the contents of Apsley House, simply points out the principal objects, leaving the visitor to form his own reflections; the second work undertakes to bring before the faithful eye an accurate representation of the interior—the actual aspect of rooms left exactly as when the great inhabitant quitted them for the last time. A record thus remains for after ages, by which a condition of things that sooner or later must undergo change is fixed and realized. The drawings have been carefully made and lithographed by Messrs. Nash, Boys, and Dillon, and the accompanying commentary, of which we are about to make a very free use, has been supplied by an experienced Cicerone, the author of the *Hand-book for Spain*.

Few mansions in the enormous capital of Great Britain are better situated or known than Apsley House. Placed at the outlet of the thick-pent town, at the entrance of pleasant parks, where it never can be encroached on, approached by arches of triumph and statues symbolic of power and command, it may well attract attention of itself; but the associated *religio loci* awakens in the public a curiosity altogether reverential. Hence the universal desire to be admitted into those secret and secluded chambers in which the Duke of Wellington labored in his country's service, and to lift up the curtain that concealed his daily and individual existence, over which the contrast of his out-of-doors ubiquity and notoriety cast so much mystery. Acquainted as man, woman, and child were with the exterior of Apsley House, the interior—the actual lion's den—was a sealed book to the million; for few were privileged to pass the threshold, and enter into the sanctum sanctorum of the object of popular hero-worship. The outward bearing of the

Duke of Wellington himself was not less known than his house. He was the best known man in London; every one knew him by sight: like a city built on a hill, or his own colossal statue on the arch, he could not be hid. He was the observed of all observers, and the object or universal royal-like homage, which he neither courted nor shunned. At fixed hours he lived in the public eye, familiar to all as household gods; and his movements were so certain and regular, that he might be calculated on as a planet. For more than forty years he has been the soul of every important transaction—the foremost person in every great act and danger in an age fertile of great men and events; in a word, a fourth estate in the empire. His martial countenance was a salient feature in our streets; whether on foot or horseback, he crossed the path of every one, and his image became so engraved in the memory of his countrymen, that many, half a century hence, will speak of his silvered head and his venerable form, bowed with the weight of years and honors, yet manfully stemming the crowded highways, struggling to the last against the advance of age, the conqueror of conquerors.

The pilgrim longing of the nation to visit the Duke's house has been anticipated by his son, who, to his infinite credit, while inheriting his father's title and estates, appointed himself trustee of his fame, guardian of his memory, and joint heir with us all in whatever tends to our common share in "the Duke" as public property, and can lead to a better understanding of one, a model and example to Englishmen. By him, Apsley House, so long and hermetically sealed, has been thrown open—a well-timed act of filial reverence and kind courtesy, which has won golden opinions from all, and especially from the thousands on thousands who have swarmed in, and testified, by every circumstance of their demeanor, a profound appreciation of the boon conceded. They seemed eager to celebrate once more the hero's last obsequies, and to pay yet another homage of

*1. *Apsley House, Piccadilly, the Town Residence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington*. J. Mitchell. 1853.

2. *Apsley House*. Illustrated by ten Lithographic Plates. Colnaghi & Co. 1853.

regret while standing on his own threshold ; and how could it be done more appropriately than on the very site where his days and nights had been spent in their service ? The living stream flowed on for months—but *that* striking spectacle too has now become a thing of the past—a recollection which, once broken, never can be restored. Future generations, therefore, may well be thankful to the present Duke, by whose favor and foresight pencil and pen have been permitted to fix the transitory scene, and hand down to posterity the exact form and pressure of his father's abode, as thus inspected by the myriads of 1853.

Apsley House, in respect to architectural elevation and internal decoration, is surpassed by other town-residences of our aristocracy. Suffice it, therefore, to say—referring for other particulars to Mr. Cunningham's excellent Hand-book of London—that it is built on the site, of the old lodge to Hyde Park, and where once stood the suburban inn, the Pillars of Hercules, at which Squire Western put up when he arrived in pursuit of his charming daughter. The name is derived from Lord Chancellor Apsley, by whom the mansion was erected about seventy years ago, at the worst period of art-degradation. This drawback was not corrected by the learned judge's being chiefly his own architect, and by his forgetting, as it is said, to make sufficient allowance in his plan for a staircase. Nor was it less strange that the legal lord should have omitted to make good his title to a portion of the land, before he finished the stables, which in fact he did for the benefit of another person, whose interest had then to be bought out at a heavy cost. The edifice came about 1810 into the possession of the Marquis Wellesley, who resided there in great state while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity lending a powerful co-operation to the campaigns carried on in Spain by the next occupant. The Duke purchased the house from his elder brother about 1820 : thus it has always been inhabited by personages first and foremost in eminent careers. The interior arrangements were soon found to be no less inconvenient and insufficient than the red-brick, ordinary exterior was commonplace, and Messrs. S. and B. Wyatt were employed by the Duke in 1828 to mend matters, while he in the mean time resided in Downing Street, as Prime Minister ; then the outside was recased with Bath-stone, and an additional wing constructed to the west, which comprised the state-saloon, afterwards

used for the Waterloo banquets, and a suite of rooms on the ground-floor for his private occupation.

The Duke of Wellington, whose occupation was war and government, felt himself rather a Vauban than a Vitruvius ; and, however competent to construct or demolish bastions, was no master of the arts of an architect, or the crafts of a builder or upholsterer. He trusted to those he employed ; and their estimates, high when originally framed, were doubled ere the works were done ; a conclusion and calamity not unfrequent in the best regulated Houses of Lords or Commons : hence arose his indelible disgust of brick and mortar—raw materials of ruination—and his habit, when he related the facts by way of a warning to friends about to build, of adding, “ the bill for my house in Piccadilly would have broken any one's back but mine.” And we may here observe that he had a marked dislike to the name “ Apsley House,” which he never used either in speaking of his residence or in dating from it. In truth, what with one expense or another, the original purchase, and these costly alterations, this patch-work house, ill-contrived and unsatisfactory at best, did not stand him in much less than 130,000*l*. Neither, when these “ vast improvements ” were made was the Duke fortunate in the taste of the period. Then Roccoco was the rule, and a Crockford-club perversion of the Louis XIV. style marked the fashion of the day ; then gentlemen of the gold-leaf and papier-mâché order, who could not make houses beautiful, made them gaudy. No wonder, therefore, that the results, outside and inside, should disappoint many, who, in these times of progress, when matters are a trifle better managed, expect to find a palace worthy of such a possessor and price.

A heavy, useless portico darkens and disfigures the severe and semi-defensive aspect of the exterior ; the entrance is fenced and palisadoed ; solid and ever-closed gates exclude alike the light of heaven and the sight of man. The stables to the right are any thing but ornamental ; but the Duke would not permit them to be changed, as their inner communication with the house was occasionally convenient. He was thus enabled to mount his horse or get into his carriage unseen, and go out at once, on opening the street-gates, and so escape the certainty of a crowd being collected by any previous notice. On the same protective principle the windows of his head-quarters were barricadoed with iron bullet-proof shutters, put up during the

Reform-Bill agitation, when the house and person of the Duke of Wellington, who emancipated the western world from the most embroiling despotism, were assailed by an English mob—as Sir Walter Scott was spit upon in Scotland by that people to whose country he had given a European reputation. The conqueror of a hundred fields would never remove this stern record of brutal violence. But now, if there be consciousness in the grave, how his lofty spirit must have been soothed by the noble atonement made by a whole nation for the sins of a shameless few; when all England, in tears, bore the other day her greatest General past these still closed windows, to lay him alongside her greatest Admiral. He had pursued the even tenor of his way, through good report and evil report, undeterred by menace, indifferent to calumny, and, gradually living down all factions, spleens, and envies, was in the end really and universally understood.

Visitors to Apsley House, on entering, turn to the right hand into a waiting-room, which has no ornaments but a few views of Naples by Vanvitelli, and a portion of the Duke's collection of busts. Of these he had years ago removed many to Strathfieldsaye; among others that of Scott, the *chef d'œuvre* of Chantrey, and a fine bronze of Massena by Masson. He retained in London, *Pitt*, the pilot that weathered the storm, and under whom he began his career; *Perceval*, the murdered Premier, "than whom"—*ipse dixit*—"a more honest, zealous, and able minister never served the King;" *George III.*, that good old English-hearted monarch, who gave the Duke his first badge of honor after As-saye. The scratch-wig of the royal bust in the unmitigated unpicturesqueness of the period, like the bronze pigtail of Mr. Wyatt in Cockspur street, is a specimen of art that would make Phidias open his eyes. Here, too, is the brave gentleman *Castlereagh*, who had the foresight to appoint the Duke to the sole command in the Peninsula, and who, when the deed was done, became his beloved colleague at the Congress of Vienna. This fine work by Chantrey was a present from Mr. Chad, whose name, written in pencil by the Duke, still remains on the bust's broad chest. Our hero, however he might in the field have rivalled Alexander the Great, who allowed none but Apelles and Lysippus to hand his likeness down to posterity, was contented to pronounce "good" a meagre bronze statuette of himself by Count d'Orsay, which also has a place in this chamber, and does,

indeed, contrast with its next neighbor, a reduced copy of Rauch's statue of Blücher—a truly admirable work, which our Duke had the satisfaction of seeing inaugurated at Breslau in 1826, when on his way to St. Petersburg; a monument which, even in this miniature edition, sets before us, completely as he lived and moved, the rough and tough old comrade, "Marshal Forwards"—who, if he had had his own way—that is, but for the Duke—would have burnt Paris to the ground, and hanged the murderer of D'Enghien in the very ditch of Vincennes.

This waiting-room opens on a circular, winding staircase, contrived as best could be managed where such an accommodation was an after-thought: deficient in space and light, the palpable obscurity is deepened by the yellow glazing of the low dome, and the feeling of want of size is increased by the huge statue of Napoleon, stowed away, cabined, and confined in a corner at the foot of the steps. This emblem of the chances and changes of fickle fortune, and the uncertainty of human prosperity, does indeed point a moral and adorn a tale. Here the effigy of one for whose vaulting ambition the world was too small, looms like a caged eagle; nor could Nemesis the sternest, or Justice the most poetical, have appointed a fitter sentinel for the dwelling of our "sepoy general."

This statue was ordered by Bonaparte shortly before his coronation; and the Phidias of his day, summoned from Rome, forgot the subjugation of his country in his eagerness to descend, as he said, to posterity "united with the immortality of the modern Cæsar." Canova speedily reached the Tuileries, and there modelled the head; as the sittings were rare and the sitter restless, the attitude and attributes had to be conventional. The statue, eleven-feet high, and cut, with the exception of the left arm, from one block, was sent to Paris in 1810, but remained in its unopened case. Bonaparte, superstitious, and prescient of the coming end, disliked the winged Victory, which turning her back to him, seemed ready to fly from him forever—nor was he pleased with the classical character or the nudity—that language of ancient art: still less was *le petit caporal* satisfied with the colossal dimensions. He dreaded mocking comparisons, and preferred the apparent reality of his own natural inches, together with the world-known *Redingote Grise*, &c., &c.—which he caused Claudet to adopt for the bronze figure mounted with such pomp on the column of the Place Vendôme—soon to be pulled down amid the frantie

exclamations of the Parisians—in due season to be once more elevated with the like accompaniments—and who can prophesy its future ups and downs? When it was known that Bonaparte felt coldly about Canova's performance, the courtier-critics of France, who knew it only from casts, pronounced the forms clumsy and too muscular for a "demi-god;" on the other hand the Italians, captivated by the exquisite finish and air of the antique, held it to be the apotheosis of their Alaric. The excellences of this statue, which essentially requires ample room and verge enough, cannot be fairly appreciated in its present cell—a site as unsuited of itself as un contemplated by the sculptor or his Cæsar, and anything but improved by the jaundice of the Piccadilly skylight. The marble, still in its Roman box, was upon the Emperor's downfall purchased from the Bourbon government by ours for less than 8000*l.*, and presented to the Duke. He, it may be recalled *par parenthese*, was born in the same year with his last and greatest antagonist. *Le ciel nous devait cette recompense*, said Louis XVIII., when informed of this natal coincidence of his bane and antidote. Canova, on learning the final destination of his work, wrote immediately to Mr. Hamilton, who preserves the autograph, minutely detailing how the statue was to be put up, referring to a mark still to be found on the pedestal, which a plumb-line suspended from the right breast would touch; and the direction has been recently tested.

On ascending into the drawing-room which fronts Piccadilly, it is impossible not to see the Duke's mark in the selection and arrangement of the pictures. Devoid of any high æsthetic perceptions, and no judge of fine art, he was far above making pretensions to anything out of his line, and never uttered one syllable of the cant of connoisseurship. He took and looked at art in his own practical way, and enjoyed imitations of nature and fact on canvass or in marble, just in proportion as the fidelity of the transcript appealed to his understanding. While he could not sympathize with the ideal and transcendental, he fully relished those exact, though perhaps humble, representations which come home to the senses and to common sense—to the business and bosoms of "all people who on earth do dwell." Self-relying, he confined his acquisitions simply to what was pleasing to himself; and the objects therefore—be they good or not—have a decided interest of their own as bearing evidence of the heart, mind, and *φύσις* of the Man. The place of honor was assigned by Wellington to Marlborough. The

portrait, attributed to Wootton, is indifferent—nay, some have doubted, and still doubt, its being one of Marlborough at all—nor do we volunteer a decided opinion. The Duke of Wellington purchased it at the sale of the late Duke of Marlborough's effects at White Knights—this pedigree being, as he thought, and was well entitled to think, a sufficient voucher of authenticity. He, however, possessed other and better portraits of his great predecessor, and at Strathfieldsaye placed one, which represents him on the field of Blenheim, exactly opposite his own triumph at Vitoria—in order, as he said, to exhibit the differences of costume and strategies. Not less striking are the points of difference and parallel between Marlborough and Wellington. For our part we cannot entirely coincide with the depreciatory full lengths of the former drawn by Thackeray and Macaulay—albeit forced, with milder masters, to admit that he did not quite escape the spirit of his corrupt age, or resist the contagion of civil conflicts and revolution, by which so many eminent men of modern France have been infected. Be that as it may, and however they differed in antecedents and moral character, the resemblance in military supremacy and success was signal. Both commenced their career when France was in an insolent ascendancy, and England dispirited and ill-prepared; both were thwarted by party and faction at home—hampered by unworthy allies abroad: both, in spite of most inadequate means, proved all sufficient in themselves: both finally beat down their foe and raised their country to the pinnacle of power and glory. It is curious to speculate on the difference of period in their developments. When Marlborough began his series of conquests at Blenheim, he was older by eight years than Wellington was when he wound up his at Waterloo. Marlborough first shone forth, in short, after that time of life when, according to both Wellington and Bonaparte, a commander ought to strike work—and to be sure Bonaparte's own early history had read the world many stern lessons on the discomfiture and waste of blood and treasure occasioned by trusting to effete octogenarians. Neither his words nor his deeds, perhaps, have had adequate effect in our own case. The rare, very rare quality, the genius of a great commander by sea or land, remains after all, however, a mysterious problem in the metaphysics of man "fearfully and wonderfully made." Does it consist in some exquisite organization, some perfection of the nervous system, some divine spark, which in

the idiosyncrasy of such soldiers becomes more collected and alive in proportion as they are surrounded by circumstances the most likely to upset and disturb? Irrespective of age or previous occupation, it would seem almost born and intuitive: at all events it has blazed forth in the maturity of Blake, Cromwell, and Marlborough—nay, in the hoary antiquity of Radetsky—no less than in the youth of Condé, Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon; and the latter great captain seemed to feel the gift to be inexplicable, when he replied to a flatterer of his generalship—‘*Mon Dieu, c’est ma nature; je suis fait comme ça.*’

To come back to the drawing-room—opposite to Marlborough hangs a picture of Van Amburg in the wild beasts’ den, by Landseer. This expression of the triumph of human reason over brute bone and muscle was painted after the positive instructions of the Duke, who, with the Bible in hand, pointed out the passage (Genesis, chap. i. ver. 26) in which dominion is given to Adam over the earth and animals. He caused the text to be inscribed on the frame, as the authority which conferred on him a privilege of power, and gave him the “great commission” which he fully carried out on the fields of battle and chase. The wild beasts, their awed ferocity and submission, are finished with most masterly touch. The unfortunate eyes and straddle of Van Amburg were “a likeness” more pleasing to the practical patron than to the refining artist; Sir Edwin, however, was compelled to obey orders as strictly as if his R. A. had meant Royal Artillery. Thus, when some of his sketches were submitted to the great F. M., he was met by the remark, “Very fine, I dare say, but not what I want;” and an equally cool hint struck out a most picturesquely placed panther:—“No—that’s a taught trick.”

The Duke’s true love for the *United Service* is remarked by two pictures in this room, the Chelsea Pensioners and the Greenwich Veterans. The Duke, who had a sympathetic admiration for the singleness of purpose and precision of aim with which Wilkie went directly to his unpretentious themes, early as 1816 commissioned him to paint “British Soldiers *regaling at Chelsea*”—a suggestion which by and bye expanded into “*reading the Waterloo Gazette.*” Wilkie has recorded in his diary the repeated reconnoiterings made, while the sketches were in preparation, by his military Mæcenæ, who, carrying into the studio the tactics of the field, wished to brigade all the ideas into one canvass—but was above all else anxious that

a good number of his own Peninsular soldiers—whom he never forgot in war or peace—should be introduced. The picture was only finished in 1822, for Wilkie, who worked slowly and painfully, spared neither labor of brain nor hand on such a subject and for such a patron. When the “Canny David,” as he honestly tells us, brought it in, with the bill charging “1260 pounds, *i. e.* 1200 guineas,” his Grace, neither less a man of business nor less thrifty in phraseology than the Scottish Teniers, paid *instantly*, counting out the cash himself in bank notes, and without adding one word expressive of satisfaction or otherwise. Only when the recipient interrupted him by a suggestion that a check might save trouble, the paymaster gave him a smile and said, ‘Do you think I like Coutts’s clerks always to know how foolishly I spend my money?’ The Duke, however, who was an optimist, and whose opinion of his acquisitions always grew with possession, subsequently praised the picture much, regularly remarking that he himself had selected the site of the incident. The treatment of the localities and portraits is capital—all the expressions and individualities are most happily caught—but portions of the groupings, especially in the right corner, are feeble. It is painted with a nice silvery tone, and with all the conscientious care and finish of Sir David’s original and peculiar style, from which he afterwards unfortunately departed—but which he had resumed in the two admirable pieces left unfinished at his too early death. The painting was the lion of the exhibition of its year, and Burnet’s fine engraving has spread its fame to the far antipodes; and whatever the Duke might think, say, or not say, the artist was altogether satisfied with the Chelsea Pensioners, as he received from Messrs. Graves another 1200*l.*—that is, we hope, “1200 guineas”—for the copyright. The Duke consented to part with the original for three years, the term required by Mr. Burnet for the engraving, and, on the Saturday before this term expired, he walked into the publisher’s shop and asked, “Shall I have my picture back on Monday?” “Yes, your Grace, and by twelve o’clock.” It was sent to time, whereupon the Duke, watch in hand, said, “Now, Mr. Graves, you shall have any other picture of mine.”

The companion-work had for its inventor, painter, and engraver, Mr. Burnet—who, as Wilkie declined the subject, set up his easel at Greenwich itself, amid the living models of the Hospital. When it was finished, our

Sailor King, William IV., had it brought to him, but, on hearing that three years would be required to engrave it, replied 'that's a lifetime,' and sent it back. When the Duke bought the print of Mr. Graves the picture was suggested to him, and on being assured that its purchase by *him* would be very beneficial to the artist, he at once paid down five hundred guineas, the price asked. When Mr. Burnet thanked him for having placed it near Wilkie's, the Duke replied—'Aye, and it will remain so, as I have made it one of the heir-looms;' and it may be added the last order given by the Duke on leaving Apsley House never to return, was, to 'have this picture re-varnished.'

Sir David himself, although a countryman and fellow student of Burnet's, was not over-pleased with a juxta-position by which the engraver was put on a par with the painter. As works of art the two pictures cannot be compared; the Greenwich scene is treated with a coarse touch, and the homely figures stand out in hard and heavy relief. Skilled as he was in the history and theory of art, Mr. Burnet naturally wanted palette practice, and will be known hereafter more for his works on copper than on canvass. Nor will this patronage of the Duke diminish his popularity; and few of these weather-beaten tars, these splintered spars of Nelson's victories, these planks drifted down from so many storms, had more braved the breeze than the Duke himself, who, constantly buffeted by foul winds, again and again narrowly escaped shipwreck. No two pictures in any collection convey a nobler moral. The blue jackets call up Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar—the red coats Salamanca and Waterloo.* The past is the prophet of the future, and deep is our confidence in the sturdy loyalty and patriotism of Englishmen—that, however tampered with by peace-praters here—however tempted by almighty dollars elsewhere—the sons of such sires will every man, when England again expects it, rally round "The Old Flag," and "do his duty."

In this room, and near the Wilkie, hang several first-rate works of Jansteen and other Dutch masters—a school of which so many specimens are preserved in Apsley House that the learned Dr. Waagen con-

sidered them to be the consequence of a cause, and the proofs and illustrations of that humor which he read in the Duke's countenance. Undoubtedly a real relish for dry humor marked the kind and cheery character of his Grace, who, when not plunged body and soul in affairs of serious, solemn importance, delighted to unbend—readily entered into social amenities, and plucked the flowrets that gladden the dusty path of daily drudgery. Few could tell a terse story better—nobody, until deafness increased, more enjoy a spicy and festive anecdote told by a friend. Undoubtedly the same motives which induced the Duke to appreciate the early works of Wilkie led him to admire their eminent prototypes, Ostade, Jansteen, Teniers, and other faithful imitators of the great mistress, Nature, one touch of whom makes all the world kin. Unfortunately for the Doctor's ingenious speculations, however, very few of these Dutch gems were knocked down to the Duke by the baton of an auctioneer. These *spolia opima* formed part of the "collections" of King Joseph Bonaparte captured at Vitoria. His Majesty, who began life as an attorney's clerk, had been much influenced in his "selections" from the palaces of Ferdinand VII. by the consideration of the carrier, conveyancer, and broker. Dutch pictures of this class are easily packed in an imperial—and, portable as bank notes, their mercantile value is no less fixed and certain.

The next drawing-room contains hard and unsatisfactory copies—libels in truth—of four celebrated pieces, at Madrid, by Rafaele, the antithesis of Jansteen and Wilkie; they were painted by Monsieur Bonnemaïson, and bought of him by the Duke. The exquisite original of No. 1, a Holy Family, is commonly known as *La Perla*, from having been pronounced the *Pearl of Pictures* by Philip IV., who purchased it from the gallery of our unfortunate Charles I., when sold by Cromwell. No. 2, the Spasm of the Saviour under the Cross, is generally called *el Pismo de Sicilia*, from having been done for a convent at Palermo, dedicated to that awful agony. This composition, long considered second only to the Transfiguration, having been "transported" to Paris in 1810, was removed from the old decayed pannel and transferred to canvas by Monsieur Bonnemaïson. It was rescued indeed by this ingenious operator from ruin of material—but only that it might be "beautified and repaired"—that is to say, scrubbed, scoured, repainted, relacquered, and ruined in spirit and surface. No. 3, *The Vis-*

* Wellington and Nelson, in death not divided, met but once when alive, and in the small ante-room of the Colonial Office, Downing Street. The Seaman, who did not know the Soldier, was so struck by him that he stepped out to inquire who he was. This occurred very shortly before Lord N. started on his last expedition.

itation, was also "transported" to Paris and also "restored." No. 4, *Tobit and the Fish*, one of Rafaele's most beautiful works, underwent a similar cruel fate. The Duke was fond of relating an anecdote of the originals thus mangled and afterwards caricatured by a French hand. When that radical reformer had pared their pannels down to the quick, on the back of the primings of one or two the process of the wonderful Italian stood revealed. The figures were found first drawn in as skeletons—then in a second stage, the outlines of muscle environed the dry bones—and finally, at a third set-to, the folds of the draperies had been superadded: so unsparing of labor was this great master of his art; and so fully did he anticipate the principle of our great master of the art of war, that "success can only be attained by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its concluding point." These pictures were among those sent back from Paris to Madrid in 1815—and copies of them are therefore appropriately placed in the house of the just man who compelled the spoilers to regorge plundered art. Müffling—(whose sterling Memoirs we are glad to see translated by Colonel Yorke)—makes no bones of detailing how the non-restoration by the restored Bourbon of the stolen goods led to the famous Order of September 10, 1815. By this, the only *Order* ever signed by all the three Marshals—Schwarzenberg, Wellington, and Blücher—the use of force was authorized to carry out that "great moral lesson" so tersely taught to Talleyrand and ably discussed by the Duke in his despatches of the 16th and 23d of that memorable month. It may not be generally known that the four originals, cobbled and copied by Mons. Bonnemaïson, were some few years afterwards on the point of coming to Charing Cross. During the Carlist struggle a private agent from Madrid proposed to sell them to our Government. Lord Montague, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, much to his credit—for it was during the parliamentary recess and therefore wholly on his own responsibility—offered at once the sum of 80,000*l.* The negotiation went off on his stipulating that the circumstances of the transaction, if completed, should be avowed by both Governments. Forthwith a flaming official contradiction of the whole affair appeared in the Madrid papers, and the mere suggestion of such a bargain was scouted as an insult. This public protest was accompanied, however, with a private hint, that were the Exchequer stipulation dropped, the

proposal was still open! The negotiation was not carried on through Lord Clarendon, our resident minister at Madrid, from a suspicion that the 80,000*l.* would not be paid in hard cash, but set off against the bill owing for the Tower muskets sent out for Espartero's ragamuffins according to the non-intervention treaty. *Cosas de España.*

This room, and indeed the whole of Apsley House, is remarkable for the heterogeneous subjects, sacred and profane, which the Duke has jumbled together. He had a most Catholic or Pagan love for art, and seems to have been willing to open his Pantheon for any representation; perhaps some exclusions, however, are as noticeable as any of the admissions. Thus, many as are the personal memorials here of Napoleon, only one face out of the troop of Marshals with whose backs he was so familiar,* is honored with a niche in the Piccadilly Walhalla. The Duke, when the temple of Janus was shut, cordially welcomed within his own halls, as a brother in arms, the Marshal he had met and consequently beaten the most—the one with whom he opened, at the passage of the Duro, the ball which concluded at Toulouse. He never forgot that, in 1809, he had sat down in Oporto at the dinner prepared for Soult, and so gave him one in return at Apsley House, when the lieutenant of Napoleon represented Louis Philippe ("the Napoleon of Peace") at the coronation of our gracious Queen Victoria; and after this he procured a portrait of his old and famished foe, and new and feasted friend. The expression in this indifferent picture is that of a shrewd home-spun man, stern and anxious. It, however, softens his vulgarity a good deal, and also the sinister cast of the visage. When His Excellency shuffled into the ambassadors' pew at the Abbey, and was fairly seated, bronzed and rugged, among so many splendid courtly Esterhazy's, &c., all over smiles and diamonds, he certainly had very much the air of an old robber got in among a set of promising subjects for a raffle. The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, we may observe, was like Napoleon and Wellington born in 1769—and he also, like our Duke, died in 1852.

As Soult figures here the only one of his

* While the Louvre was being stripped of borrowed plumes, Wellington fell into great disfavor, and was coldly received by some French Marshals, on one occasion, as he passed through their Salle in the Tuileries on a visit to Louis XVIII.; when the king subsequently expressed his surprise and vexation in hearing that they had "turned their backs" on him, "It is of no consequence, Sire," was the reply: "c'est leur habitude."

kind, Pius VII. is the sole representative of the "drum ecclesiastic;" and the Roman Catholic pillager of convents is hung up—in irony perhaps—next to the holy head of his own church—and that done by a Protestant General, the only friend the poor Pope found in his day of need, and the restorer of the sacrilegious plunderings. The pontiff's portrait, painted by M. Lefevre—no *speaker* this in the parliament of art—is both blowsy and lacrymose, and presents a thoroughly French version of the much-enduring pale Italian, who has been so admirably rendered by our Lawrence in his masterpiece executed for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. Above this ill-yoked pair appears the gallant Duke of Brunswick, the ill-fated hero of Byron and the Brussels ball, who met his soldier's death one day too soon at Quatre Bras. He fell at the head of those comrades whom he had clothed in black until his father's death at Jena and the wrongs of Germany should be avenged. Neither of these foreign pictures can be compared with that of the thoughtful Pitt, by Hoppner, which the Duke purchased at Lord Liverpool's sale, or with the intellectual careworn head of Perceval, who breasted the worst factions boldly as the Duke. Near these statesmen, good and true, hangs a likeness of Mr. Arbuthnot, to whom Apsley House was a second home, and who breathed his last under this roof. No one ever exercised more influence over the commanding mind of the Duke than this tried and time-honored friend, whom he wore in his heart's core, as Hamlet did Horatio.

Among the three pictures of Napoleon in this single room, one that gives him in a scarlet uniform, still young and thin—while that fine face retained all its true Italian expression—deserves notice, both for itself and its history. It had been possessed by a gentleman, not of the Duke's acquaintance, to whom an invitation to dine at Apsley House was sent by mistake—and the unbidden guest subsequently presented it in grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and courtesy with which he had been set at his ease on his arrival by the high-bred and feeling host. Amid other portraits of the Bonaparte family, male and female, few but will pause before the one of Josephine, at whose divorce the great Corsican's bright star declined; nor will attention be refused to that of Madame Grassini, the beautiful syren of song in her day. To complete the hotchpotch here, beneath the mythical Visit of St. Elizabeth to the Virgin by Raffaele,

behold *The Highland Whiskey-still*—a performance in which, to use a pithy phrase of the Duke's, there is "no mistake;" it is redolent with peat-reek, and the spirit is above proof and criticism. It was painted by the inimitable Sir Edwin on the spot itself, in its hidden glen, and far alike from excisemen and teetotallers. On another wall, a shadow at least of the highest ideal of Italian genius—one of those copies by the modest Bonnemaison—overhangs *The Melton Hunt*, in which horses and hounds, "the pink," and "the real thing" proclaim—and "no mistake" again—Francis Grant and English verity. The Duke, who gave 1000*l.* for this picture, was so pleased that he commissioned Mr. Calvert to paint a companion for 600*l.* In that work, a meeting of the Vine Hunt, he himself is the hero of the field; while around are grouped his Hampshire neighbors, with whom he loved to live on the most friendly terms. These spirit-stirring and truly English sports appealed to all his manly sympathies. He took pleasure, "after his own way"—(as the peninsular adepts told Judge-Advocate Larpent)—in the chase—mimic war—and amidst all the anxieties of his great charge, as in the peacefulness of his age at home, encouraged the noble exercise, both as an antidote to the Otium Castrense, and because he well knew that those who rode best up to hounds were never the last to face an enemy's square, nor the least sure, when it was broken, to be in at the death.

Visitors next enter the wing added by the Duke—passing from this series of not spacious old drawing-rooms into the great Waterloo Gallery, which, however open to architectural criticism, has a palatial character. The saloon extends about ninety feet—the entire western side of the house—but, though crammed with pictures, is better fitted for state-receptions than art-exhibition. The stunted rays of a London sun struggle through an over-pannelled so called skylight; and it is to be regretted that the Duke, who had so much powder at his command, did not, on some darkish day, direct it to be blown off—"hoist by his own petard." The lower and proper windows are plated with iron shutters outside, and inside with mirrors. The general style is that of Louis XIV. gone crazy: gilding and yellow damask have done their best for pomp and their worst for art. The paintings either blush unseen, or look like black spots huddled on the gaudy background. It is impossible not to regret this—but the

truth is, that objects which in every other gallery are the principals must submit to be ranked as secondary ones *here* :—at all events most certainly the absorbing interest strikingly marked on the countenances of the stream of spectators that poured in, was the scene of the *banquet*, and the idea of the *man*, the hero of the day, the first and foremost in the fight, yet spared to preside *here* over so many anniversaries of its glory. These were the pivots on which the reverential curiosity of the nation turned, and to which Jansteen and Murillo, the Great Room or the Striped Room, were as leather and prunella. The point of every sight was the spot on which he sat at those military festivals ; and the identical chair he occupied was placed exactly opposite the central fire-grate. In that chair he will sit no more ; and cold must be that patriotism which warms not at this hearth, and languid that imagination which cannot repeople the hall with that gallant gathering, that vista of veterans, who serried round their leader here as faithfully as once wont in the thickest fight, and ere their or his hairs were gray.

The commemorations were originally held in the usual dining-room of the house, and the company included only some twenty who had been Generals in the actions of June, 1815 ; as this number gradually was diminished by deaths, room was afforded for officers of less standing ; by degrees, it being the Duke's especial desire to invite, if he could, all comrades who continued in the army, the party swelled to above eighty, and many met at the last of these festivals, as guests of their late chief, who thirty-seven years before was already a Field-Marshal, when they were only fleshing their maiden swords as ensigns at Quatre Bras, Hougomont, or La Haye Sainte. The Saloon was thus used for the first time in 1830, and was inaugurated as *The Waterloo Gallery* by the royal presence of William IV.

Now that all this pomp and circumstance has passed away, as all things must, the pictures rise in importance, and will become the rightful furniture, the *præclara supellex*, of the stately chamber ; and in addition to their own merit, from having been made heir-looms by the Duke, they are henceforth inseparably united with his name and the honors he has transmitted. Undoubtedly they cannot be compared in number or value with the "collections" formed in Spain by M. Soult or M. Sebastiani, which "fetched so much money." The Duke, born, bred, and educated an English gentleman, would just

as soon have thought of telling a lie in a bulletin as of robbing a church in a campaign : honesty was his policy. "Clear in his great office," he never alloyed his glory with the dross of pillage or peculation ; his shrine of immortality was approached through the temple of virtue—and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity which he had carved out with an untarnished sword. Such also was the spirit of Nelson—and he could tell his feeling, which would hardly have suited the Duke. "Had I attended less to the service of my country," wrote the glorious sailor, "I might have made some money, too ; however, I trust my name will stand on record when the money-makers will be forgotten."

The principal paintings made heir-looms by the Duke, and called in the inventory *the Spanish Pictures*, were won on the field of Vitoria, when the enemy was beaten "before the town, in the town, about the town, and out of the town." Then Jourdain was turned and fled, and Joseph, the King, followed ; and the whole artistical pillage of five years Peninsular occupation, during which all plundered, from Boaparte down to the fraction of a drummer-boy, was abandoned. The royal Imperial, bursting with pickings, was laid at the victor's feet, and opened in Harley Street (his Grace's old London HABITAT) by Mr. Seguier—with what result let this document tell :—

"To the Right Honorable Sir Henry Wellesley, K. B.

"Aire, 16th March, 1814.

"MY DEAR HENRY,—The baggage of King Joseph, after the battle of Vitoria, fell into my hands after having been plundered by the soldiers ; and I found among it an imperial, containing prints, drawings, and pictures.

"From the cursory view which I took of them, the latter did not appear to me to be anything remarkable. There are certainly not among them any of the fine pictures, which I saw in Madrid, by Rafael and others ; and I thought more of the prints and drawings, all of the Italian school, which induced me to believe that the whole collection was robbed in Italy rather than in Spain. I sent them to England ; and having desired that they should be put to rights, and those cleaned which required it, I have found that there are among them much finer pictures than I conceived there were ; and as, if the King's palaces have been robbed of pictures, it is not improbable that some of his may be among them, and I am desirous of restoring them to his Majesty, I shall be much obliged to you if you will mention the subject to Don J. Luyando, and tell him that I request that a person may be fixed upon to go to London

to see them, and to fix upon those belonging to his Majesty.

"This may be done, either now or hereafter, when I shall return to England, as may be most expedient. In the meantime, the best of them are in the hands of persons who are putting them to rights, which is an expense necessary for their preservation, whether they belong to his Majesty or not. Ever yours most affectionately,

WELLINGTON."

Ferdinand VII. was well pleased that these prizes should adorn the walls of the deliverer of himself and Spain, and the more as he cared for no such things, being, in fact, about as inæsthetic a Goth as ever smoked tobacco; and we may take the liberty to whisper that the "prints and drawings," which the Duke thought the best articles in Joseph's sack, are second-rate.

The pictures in this saloon (as elsewhere) seem to be hung more with reference to size than any other consideration, and we hope no feelings will forbid, by and bye, a different arrangement. We shall select a few only for notice here; and even so the danger of becoming dull as the catalogue of an auctioneer is imminent.

Of those that bear upon the founder of the gallery, precedence seems due, on the whole, to the Spanish school, in which Velazquez claims first rank. The *Aguador* or Water-carrier of Seville, one of his earliest known works, was probably painted in the studio of his bold but coarse master. Herrera—the first to adopt in Spain the *naturalistic* style, which Caravaggio was making so fashionable in cognate Naples. This was the reaction of Raffaele—when an over-banqueting on the ideal and elevated led to a craving for the contrary, as lust when sated in a celestial bed will prey on garbage:—*le dégoût du beau amène le goût du singulier*. This specimen of the democracy of art—of humanity in rags—is a true transcript of the low life at Seville, and is treated with the broadest touch and admirable imitation of texture and material. Near it is a portrait of Quevedo, the ill-fated wit-novelist, and Fielding of Spain, to whom, as to Cervantes, his country gave stones not bread, and a prison for a home. The heavy, ordinary features indicate little of the humorous or comic; while the spectacles, the coveted privilege of the man of letters of that period, suggest the Doctors' Commons more than the Drury-lane of the Peninsula. The neighboring likeness of a *Young Man*—long most erroneously considered that of Velazquez himself—is conspicuous for its masculine vigor, sobriety, and truth:—chary of color,

and free from tinsel and pretension, it tells like the prose of Thucydides. But the very finest specimen here of Velazquez is the portrait of Innocent X. the Pamphili Pope, done at Rome in 1648—(as an autograph of the painter on the back states)—and of which there is a well known *replica* in the Doria Palace. The shrewd pontiff is portrayed even to the rubicund life by our great Spaniard, who was too honest even to flatter the tiara. Nearly opposite hangs unseen a procession into a fortification, in which the figures sparkle like gems. The locality is in Navarre, as above are painted those *chains* that encircled the tent of the Moorish general, and were broken in 1212 by Sancho III. at Navas de Tolosa, when and where the first real blow was dealt to the Mahommedan intruder.

In another corner the celebrated "Christ on the Mount of Olives," by Correggio, also blushes unseen, in spite of the halo, the supernatural luminous emanation, which—as in the "Notte," the master's masterpiece at Dresden—proceeds from the person of the Saviour. This picture, originally parted with, it is said, in payment of an apothecary's bill of four scudi, was nevertheless done at the painter's best period. Vasari speaks of it as considered, in his own time, one of his most beautiful specimens—and no wonder, for how much art is condensed in the small space of this Koh-i-noor. The old copy of it now in the National Gallery was purchased during the war by Mr. Angerstein for 2,000*l*. He acted on the advice of West and Lawrence, who certified to its originality; and this mistake, made by such real judges, might suggest a little more charity to some self-confident critics of our days, and temper pens too ready to be dipped in gall. We should say that some still think it may possibly be a *replica*.

The power of the mellow blue and tones of this Correggio, and the clear tender pinks of the Velazquez, are tested by the Vandermeulen hung near them, all gorgeous in scarlet and cavaliers of the time of Louis XIV. proceeding to a marriage, and blessed from a balcony by a violet-robed prelate; a serpent, on an armorial shield, connects the incident with the Colbert family. The cool landscape and gradation of tints is admirable.

Murillo is not well represented among these Spanish pieces: King Joseph, a resident at Madrid, had fewer opportunities of obtaining his works than Soult, who gleaned at Seville—the home of this local artist. That illustrious marshal knew well how to

seize the tide and time, and a single instance will suffice as well as a hundred. One day, when showing his "collection" to Colonel Gurwood, he stopped before a certain Murillo, and observed, "I value that picture much; it saved the lives of two estimable men." An aide-de-camp whispered in Gurwood's ear—"He threatened to have them both shot if they did not send him the painting."—"Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase—convey the wise it call." Nothing—to do him justice—was too minute, or too great, for the capacity of his grasp. The catalogue now before us, of the sale of his "collection" at Paris last year, is a lasting record of the diligence and intelligence with which he labored in his vocation.

The so-called Murillo at Apsley House is a large specimen of the common class of low beggar life, and is made up of an old woman with a mess of pottage, a grinning urchin, a dog, and a pipkin. If printed Spanish pedigrees be a better test of originality than a picture itself, this must be held to be a genuine work, however hard and coarse the coloring, however overdone the boy's grin, however Roman the nose of the Andalusian hag. Be that as it may, it passed from Cadiz to Farley Hall, the residence of the late Mr. Anderdon, a country neighbor of the Duke's, and whose gallery was the show to which he took his visitors from Strathfield-saye. This was the painting of his predilection—"Give me," he never failed to say, "the old woman and the boy." Accordingly, when his good old ally's collection came to the hammer at Christie's he secured his favorite, which at least possesses that merit.

The full-length portrait of our bloody Mary was brought from Spain by Lord Cowley, and probably was one of the many sent there when she married the cognate bigot Philip II. On the mantelpiece beneath is another of the many busts of the beautiful Lady Douro; and near it, a head by Canova of a young and chaplet-crowned female, said by some to be Pauline Bonaparte; it was presented by the sculptor to the Duke in 1817, in grateful remembrance, as an inscription on the back records, of the restitution of works of art taken from Rome by the French, and the gift moreover of 100,000 francs to the poor Pope to pay for packages and carriage. Canova, who moved heaven and earth to bring about this great act of justice, had sent a marble memorial to each of the four eminent individuals who were the most instrumental—to Lord Castle-reagh, Mr. Long, Mr. Hamilton, and the

Duke; and never was the sword better thrown into the scale, than when the eternal city, the home of art, thus recovered by it her heir-looms—the Apollo and the Transfiguration.

Our limits compel us to pass from the 130 and more pictures with which these walls are tapestried: they differ so much in size, subject, and quality, that to fit their frames in with each other must have been the object and office of the art-executioners employed to hang them. At any rate many excellent specimens of Teniers, Ostade, Janssen, Wouvermans, Claude, and the Venetian school, are as good as lost.

On quitting this saloon the old house is re-entered, and we are in the *Small Drawing-Room*, as it is styled, which, if it appears smaller by the contrast, has a greater air of daily occupation. The malachite vases here were the gift of Alexander of Russia, whose small portrait by Gerard, taken in his favorite leaning attitude, recalls the individual man. Near it hangs the nautical William IV., all blushes, in a scarlet uniform—so recorded in 1833 by Wilkie. The somewhat extraordinary costume is given with power—the at best ordinary features with feebleness—especially when contrasted with the intellectual head of Lord Wellesley, in the robes of the Garter, by Lawrence. This full-length, originally intended for the hall of Christchurch, Oxford, was found, when finished, to be too large for the destined space. The Duke, who owed to his brother his first separate command, remembered the obligation, and seldom showed the picture without remarking—"The Governor. A great man that; very clever." No two brothers were more unlike in character and taste, and few were ever greater in their respective capacities: by the two acting together, the statesman and the soldier, our Indian empire was saved and fixed at a moment the most critical. In their later days even, the Marquis, less punctual than the Duke, frequently kept him waiting, to which he patiently submitted, saying, "My brother treats me as if I was only Colonel Wellesley, and he still Governor-General."

Opposite hangs another full-length of Napoleon, painted by Lefevre, and of no particular notability, save as affording a fresh proof how superior the Duke was to any jealousy or want of appreciation of the Emperor's military merit. He seems to have entertained no very exalted opinion—Massena excepted—of any of the tribe of Marshals—fortisque Gyas fortisque Cleanthus—

whose existence the world will soon forget, and whose names never were such as nurses frightened babies with; but he invariably did ample justice to their master, whose presence in the field—as he told Larpent among others—he reckoned as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. *Nec mirum*, thinks Larpent:—He could promote a drummer to a duke, while ours, hampered by the Horse Guards, had difficulties in making an ensign.*

We cannot omit mentioning a portrait, by Wilkie, of the late beautiful Lady Lyndhurst, dressed as a Spaniard, in a conventional mantilla, *lined with red*, and such as never was worn or seen except at a fancy ball at

* We are sorry that, though anxious to give as much space as possible to the great Duke, we cannot enter at present into the details of what we consider to be among the most interesting recent contributions to the mass of materials for his future historian;—but let no reader deny himself a sight of this Diary of Mr. Larpent, attached to his headquarters as Judge-Advocate from the summer of 1812 to the dispersion of the Peninsular army in 1814. The work consists of that gentleman's private record of occurrences—as transmitted at the time to his family here—not a word altered. Such documents are rare, and few indeed of them stand the test of examination by strangers—but these papers do. The writer was, of course, recognized as a man of good talents and legal acquirements, else he would not have been appointed to such a post by the then Judge-Advocate General, Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury. It is obvious that his diligence and skill in office, and his manners and conversation, soon won for him the confidence and personal liking of the Commander-in-Chief. In return his letters have now thrown additional light on the Duke's character and demeanor, both as a General and as a man. The perfectly easy, unaffected style gives a very peculiar charm—and any attempt to get rid of inaccuracies inevitable under the circumstances, would have been utterly injudicious. It is not the least merit that the witness is a civilian—a regular Lincoln's-Inn barrister, suddenly equipped in red coat and black feather, and popped down among the society of leading military men surrounding the immediate person of Wellington. He reports their doings and sayings from day to day, with apparently the most complete openness and candor. Nor do his own unconcealed little foibles by any means detract from the interest of his pages. Even his thoroughly Cockney regard for *prog*, as he calls it, and studious entries as to whatever touches that department, are more than amusing—for, after all, the feeding of an army is the very first concern for every true General, and no work yet published (except of course the Duke's own) illustrates so clearly his Grace's incessant watchfulness and wonderful combinations in respect of the supply of provisions for his men. The lawyer, however, was a keen spectator (sometimes a rash one) on the day of danger, and has given very lively sketches of some of the most important operations, from Burgos to Toulouse inclusive.

Kensington: but Wilkie, so sober and truthful at home, went to the Peninsula to give loose reins to his imagination in defiance of local color, costume, and custom. On the neck of the dark-glancing lady may yet be seen a spot, the mark of the beast, and the point of a tale. The picture had just been sent home, and was placed in the Duke's library, where he was writing, when the house was surrounded by the patriots bent on reform. Soon a stone, breaking a pane of glass, whizzed like a shot over his head, and pierced the canvass. The Duke, without showing the least fear or concern, finished his letters, and while his servant sealed them up, walked to the windows, and seeing the multitudes swarming round the statue of Achilles, simply remarked, "Why, they are going to pull that thing down." Fortunately for themselves, none of these gentlemen entered the house, where a welcome after the fashion of the 10th of April awaited them.

The selection of pictures for the next, the *Striped Drawing-Room*, is vividly characteristic of the Duke. Here he has delighted to group together the members of his family and the comrades of his arms—his adopted brothers and children. The prize of beauty is justly assigned to Lady Dourou, whose "high Dama brow" has inspired Swinton to one of his happiest efforts. Around the fair are arranged the brave, who best deserve them. These walls are decorated with not a few countenances that failed never at the anniversaries of the 18th of June, and which, as it were, illustrate the Waterloo Gazette: the Duke himself forms the exception. Often as he sat for others, no likeness of him graces a place and company where it would so naturally be expected—the central luminary, about which satellites so bright and many clustered, alone is wanting. Possibly he may have thought that there was little need in-doors, of an image which he could not stir out-of-doors without seeing stare at him from every shop-window: at all events no Gerard painted him in ducal robes, stars and garters; no Horace Vernet blazoned his battles on acres of canvass. Of his dozens of victories one only—the last, the "crowning mercy"—is to be found here—and in that the point of view and honor is given to his antagonist. The field is depicted as seen from the position occupied by Napoleon: the two captains, pitted against each other for the first and last time, are within range of shot and sight of each other. It must have been under such circumstances that an artil-

lery officer, desiring to direct round shot at the Imperial group was checked by the Duke's reply ; " Commanders of armies have other things to think of than firing on each other." How differently the Emperor felt and acted at Dresden, when Moreau was slain, we all know well. The Duke, who never missed the Royal Academy dinner, was, during a preliminary lounge, struck with this picture—the work of one who had, among other incidents of an adventurous youth, seen what battles are—the late Sir William Allan—pronounced it ' Good, not too much smoke—' inquired for the artist, and secured it on the spot—which, we dare say, did not diminish Allan's enjoyment of that day's turtle and champagne.

However indifferent as to portraits of himself, he employed the highest available art for those of his comrades. '*Fighting*' Picton figures foremost, who closed his brilliant career, like Wolfe and Moore, in the arms of victory ; then *Anglesey*, by Lawrence, the impersonation of the dashing hussar, who in 1808 at Mayorga gave the enemy the first taste of the British sabre, and who at Waterloo struck and received the last blow ; *Hill*, the model of discipline, the quiet, collected Lieutenant, who never exceeded his orders, which he never failed to execute in consummate style :—*Beresford*—the sagacious companion of many a reconnoitring ride and over many a midnight lamp—the man of whom the Duke said, ' If there be a weak point in a plan, *that's* the eye that's sure to see it.' The Marshal appears in the uniform of those Portuguese soldiers who, under his instructions, became the ' fighting-cocks of the army ;' and, however undervalued by the Spaniards, stood to their guns, while too often those proud semi-orientals fled every man to his home. Lawrence has given with truth and gusto the Herculean build of *Beresford* who, at Albuera, fought sword in hand more like a private than a chief—nor does he less justice to the stalwart frame of *Lynedoch*, the gallant veteran who fluttered Victor at Barossa, and ' alone did it.' Here of course is *Fitzroy Somerset*, so long the faithful follower and right-hand of the Duke in camp and cabinet—nor can we miss *Alava*, the true specimen of the good old Castilian, free from stain, who was both at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and waged war to the knife against his country's inveterate enemy. In a word, no corner of the room is without a hero : *Murray*, the polished Cavalier and learned tactician, the justly prized quartermaster-general—(' next to Wellington our

clearest head, I think,' says Judge Larpent ;)—*Combermere*, the splendid cavalry chief ; Seaton (' the Beauty of Bravery '), Halkett, Grant, Freemantle, Barnes and Elley, stand once more side by side, as when the foe was in front. Nor are the portraits of Marlborough or Nelson wanting to complete this glorious company of good men and true, who trod in their steps of honor. The pencil of Sir William Beechey was, however, altogether unequal to the man of Trafalgar—poor in point of art, his piece is unlike in form and expression ; the spare war-and-weather-worn Admiral is swelled into an overgrown ' figure-head.' The burning fire which animated his fragile frame is extinguished in the paint-pot of the feeble academical knight. However Nelson is rigged in the good old English uniform of Howe and Jervis, the free-and-easy blue and buff—the most thorough-bred of seamen is not braced up in the tailor travestie which now perplexes Portsmouth, and tends to turn your British tar into a cross between the Prussian landwehr and the French gendarme. We mentioned already that the Duke had the bust of Gurwood in the entrance of his house—here above-stairs he has also hung the Colonel's picture among his best friends. This resolute *sabreur* and most useful henchman is clad in the installation dress of Esquire to a Knight of the Bath, in which capacity he attended the Duke ; and his name will survive, firmly inserted in the hem of his patron's garment. His features are those of the rough and ready leader of a forlorn hope. Singularly enough, just before the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo began, some of our officers, in that mood which brings grim smiles on powder-begrimmed lips, were settling—so sure were they of success—what particular prize each would carry off ; and Gurwood—aspiring subaltern !—said he would take the French Governor—which he did. The Duke received the prisoner in the trenches, and bad him deliver his sword to his captor—*ensem quem meruit ferat*.

Gurwood wielded the sword better than the pen ; but, if he did not succeed as an annotator, is fully entitled to the credit of a zealous, trustworthy compiler. The thanks of the world for the Duke's Despatches are mainly due to an elegant and accomplished lady—Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of his Grace's faithful Achates : she first suggested the printing and publishing of these documents, to which the Duke objected for a little—but he at last took up the idea, and pronounced Colonel Gurwood, who happened to be pres-

ent, as "good as any one else to superintend the operation." The real editor, however, was the author himself: he read all in proof, and corrected every page, text and margin, with his own hand. The papers were originally set into type exactly as they had been written, but their illustrious *Editor*, always considerate for others, struck out all the names and every sentence which might give pain, and to such an extent that matter sufficient for six additional volumes was, it is said, cancelled. The typographical duty was so honorably conducted by Messrs. Clowes, that neither the head of that vast establishment, nor Mr. Murray who published the book, ever possessed or even saw the proof-sheets. One copy alone exists of the entire work, and it consists of the identical sheets marked by the Duke's revising pen. This, indeed, is a typographical rarity, which future Roxburghes and Dibbins may sigh to possess, and Humes and Hallams to peruse; and when the present generation is passed, when personal considerations cease to operate, and history can fairly claim its rights, these now sealed volumes will raise their author to even a higher pinnacle, by a more complete display of his genius, and a further revelation of the inadequacy of the means by which ends so great were accomplished. Then, as he remarked himself, "When my papers are read, many statues will have to be taken down."

The publication, so far as it has gone, of this code of the English soldier and gentleman, this encyclopedia of military and administrative science, first convinced many among our own *liberals* of the union in our great captain of all those high qualities which the glorious profession of arms peculiarly calls forth. These unaffected documents could not be mistaken. They who run must read his love for King and Country, his spotless honor and honesty, exalted sense of duty, godlike presence of mind, self-relying courage in danger, serene equanimity in reverse or victory; his lofty contempt of calumniators—his self-denial and scrupulous consideration of others—his sagacity and forethought—his unsparing, intense labor of body and mind—last, not least, his modesty and simplicity.

We may be permitted also to dwell once more for a moment on the nervous, perspicuous, idiomatic style of these despatches, drawn from deep wells of pure Anglo-Saxon undefiled. Truly English in word and thought, they tell a plain unvarnished tale with the real unadorned eloquence of prac-

tical patriotism. The iron energy of his sword entered like Cæsar's into his pen, and he used either instrument with equal facility to turn his antagonists to flight or shame. His two golden rules of composition, and which we recommend to the rising generation of type, were, firstly, never to dip the pen in the inkstand without previously understanding the subject:—secondly, to avoid synonyms, and especially when giving instructions. Perhaps almost everything that small critics frown at as clumsy, inartificial tautology in the Duke's composition was designed and deliberate:—he saw how often differences spring from the interpretation of synonyms, on which men seldom agree exactly, and that mistakes were less likely to happen when one and the simplest word was chosen, kept to, and impressed by repetition; and how many lawsuits, and what costs would be avoided, if the drawers of our acts of Parliament—barristers of three years' standing—would condescend to repeat the same terms, instead of showing off style by variations! The Duke scouted all bullying bulletin balderdash—all talk of "driving leopards into the sea," "finishing campaigns with thunderbolts," crumpling Czars "like sheets of paper"—and similar feats, sooner said than done. And as he wrote he spoke. Hyperbolic only in the defence of comrades, he knew how cheering the note of praise is to the distant soldier fighting for his King, and how depressing the cold blast of a factious Opposition. He was no Athenian sophist skilled in logomachies—no practised debater, no intellectual gladiator; he just said the right thing at the right time, constantly expressing the most in the fewest words—and his *character* carried conviction. All understood his blunt soldierlike discourse, as if giving the word of command, and few took offence at his honest home thrusts, or could resist his sledge-hammer of blows on the nail's head. He used his words to explain, not conceal his thoughts; not a few terse phrases have passed into proverbs already—but a quiver might be filled with the pithy pointed shafts shot from his mind, that arsenal of common sense, sound judgment, and wide experience.

The following *scrap* is from the private diary of a friend who happened to dine—quite *en famille*—with the late Sir Robert Peel one Sunday in Whitehall Gardens, at the time when the original *Gurwood* was in course of publication:—

"After dinner a chief subject the Despatches, of which another volume has just come out. I

was struck with one remark of Peel's. 'In my opinion,' said he, 'when a studious man, say an American, a hundred or two hundred years hence, wishes to get at a distinct notion of what was in this age the actual style and tone of conversation in good English society, he will have to rely very much on Gurwood. We have had no dramatist at all—we have had only two good novelists, and neither of them is at home in England. As yet I see nothing that will be so valuable, even in this way, as the Duke's Letters.'"

The usual dining-room of Apsley House was built by the Duke, and communicates with this room in which his comrades are quartered. It has a royal look from the full-length portraits of the Allied Sovereigns, given by themselves. In company with the originals, it must be allowed that our Prince Regent always looked like the highest of the high: and no less among these pictured figures stands forth that of George IV., in the "garb of old Gaul" worn by him at Holyrood—that picturesque costume of wild mountaineers, the adoption of which in that place by his Majesty—his only precedent, it was said, being Prince Charles in 1745—gave no less offence to the refined Lowlanders of modern Athens, than the caricature copy by the unwieldy Alderman Curtis did to the portly Monarch himself. It is a vigorous and effective work of Wilkie's—perhaps the best portrait he ever did;—the head admirable, and the costume excellently cast and colored. Opposite hangs the wizen and worn Francis I. of Austria, huddling his spare form in a military great coat, and so much to the life itself, that the Duke, who superintended the unpacking, kept exclaiming, "Poor man, very good—poor man, very like."

On quitting the first floor, the visitor descends by a back staircase, which a Lord Apsley might compare to a tortuous suit in Chancery, and the Duke to the *escalier dérobé* of a sallyport: it leads to a rabbit-warren of dark passages, in which regiments of chests are drawn up, and boxes piled like Pelion on Ossa. The long rows of oaken brass-bound cases of convenient size, and each placed on a moveable stand, are docketed with the years of their contents. In these the private papers of the Duke are so methodically arranged, that by an index any one can be instantly referred to. This multitudinous array conveys an idea of his vast and incessant correspondence—the eagerness of all the world to obtain his advice in difficulties—the boundless mass of State secrets confided to his faithful keeping. Here also are the private papers of George IV., to

whom the Duke was surviving executor. It makes one shudder to think that the candle of a careless maid might reduce to ashes these precious materials for future historians. The Duke had prepared a fire-proof record-room under his garden—but their removal into it was never effected; and we may add, that no risk they ran was more serious than that occasioned by his Grace's habit latterly of reading with a light between himself and the book or document in his hand. In fact, he thus, when dozing, had over and over again set fire to what he held—especially of course Parliamentary Papers.

On emerging from this chaos of cases, several low apartments under the Waterloo Gallery are found principally and not unaptly appropriated to his presents of China and table decorations. Among the few pictures in one room, to which a fire would do no great harm, is a full-length *facsimile* of Charles X. This disagreeable article was dethroned from the dining-room by the Duke to make place for Francis I.; nor did his Grace deem it worthy even of a frame. The bookcases here are filled with finely-bound copies of volumes printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and sent to their Chancellor, who needed not such soporifics. The last work, which he did not live to read through, was the Blue-Book onslaught on poor Alma Mater perpetrated by unnatural Whiglins. The identical copy of their ponderous production, which might have sapped the health of a younger student, has been presented to the Bodleian by his son, and we trust this farrago of new-fangled projects will long rest among the most undisturbed folios of that venerable receptacle.

Most people, Whig or Tory, will rejoice to pass to the more lively contents of the *Great China Room*. This El Dorado glitters with porcelain, silver and gold, the offerings of grateful kings and nations. In examining these infinite services of China—French, Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon—it strikes one as strange that a substance so fragile should have been so much selected as an enduring memorial to the Iron Duke. But Diamonds, Orders, and Batons had been exhausted; and these specimens of the ceramic art, the best in form, material, and taste of the period, did good service at the great anniversary banquets. The silver plateau was presented by the Regent of Portugal, as a long inscription records. Honor to that poor rocky nook on which the deliverance of the Peninsula was based—to Portugal, whose sons did fight well in their own and the

world's cause, and who, both during the struggle and afterwards, evinced a gratitude far beyond that of the great and once glorious sister-kingdom—unteachable, incorrigible Spain—then and still inclined rather to forget and forgive French injuries than acknowledge English benefits, which the pride of impotence resents as implying a foreign superiority. It would be ungracious to find fault in this plateau as a work of art, when the motives are so praiseworthy. Groups of female figures of Fame, whose forms and draperies are rather Lusitanian than Grecian, flit amid palm-trees, and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the gestes and triumphs of the English Cid, who, unfurling the red cross of St. George on the banks of the Tagus, rested not until it waved over the ramparts of Imperial Paris.

The delicate silver tones of this Portuguese gift contrast with the golden splendor of those from the august Corporation of London in 1823—a fit peace atonement to one, of whom, in the very Talavera tug of war, they recorded discontent, and clamored for dismissal. Where then, but for him, ye sapient cits, would your ducats have been “collected,” and by whom your fat turtles consumed? The shield was designed by Mr. Stothard—and, although it cannot rank with that of Achilles in the Iliad, the military conception does honor to the Cellinis east of Temple Bar. Fitter for Guildhall or the Mess-room than the Museum, a fricassee of figures, horse and foot, project in high relief, and gather around the central Duke. The cost was £10,000; and, whatever the differences about mould and make, the many are satisfied with the material. The candelabras spring from columnar bases, where sentinels, arms, and implements of glorious war are grouped—so excellently modelled and executed, and so pleasing to a soldier's eye, that an honorable acquittal was certain when tried by the courts-martial summoned on the 18th of June. Some French bronzes of Henry IV., Turenne, Condé, and Louis XIV. deserve notice from infinite bravura and higher art. The little bust of the Duke in a corner was the especial favorite of the late Duchess; and the red kettle-drums were given to his Grace as trophies of the first Burmese war. In conclusion, this room was always assigned to Mr. Arbuthnot, when a visitor at Apsley House.

On quitting these caves of Golconda, the scene changes at once into the Spartan simplicity of the Iron Duke. We pass the threshold of his privacy, and are admitted as

it were to a personal interview, and realize his everyday life. The suite of rooms and the contents are left, by the present Duke's especial direction, in their unchanged state—a few articles only having been moved to make a gangway for the public. One glance at the Secretary's den will satisfy the most skin-flint economist that his situation was no sinecure. Plain to plainness, the only decorations are some Prussian china, painted with incidents in the Duke's life, from Dame Raguenau's at Eton to the opening of the Waterloo Bridge. Every nook and corner is dedicated to work. Around are heaped oak-cases and boxes, books of reference, and all the appliances of pen, ink, and paper. Near the fire are the chair in which the Duke sat when giving instructions, and the table at which, when alone or much pressed by business, he ate a hurried but hearty dinner. On a smaller table stands an ordinary deal box, which never has had a coat of paint, and is fastened by the rudest iron lock and hasp; yet henceforward this rough bit of carpentry will rank with the gem-studded casket of Darius, in which Alexander deposited his Bible, Homer. The article followed the Duke's fortunes throughout the Peninsula, and was generally called the “Mule Box,” as an especial animal was employed to carry this object of constant solicitude, and which was missing more than once. In this humble husk his most secret papers were kept; on its cover his plans were sketched and his despatches written.

Numberless were the epistles showered day after day, hour after hour, upon that desk—for, in or out of the Cabinet, the Duke was thought to be the fountain of post and profit; and very many of the effusions were disposed of by his jotting on the margin, for the benefit of his secretary, “Reply by Circular.” The recurrence of some applications was so inevitably constant that he had lithographed answers ready, which only required to be filled up and dated. Thus petitions for place, requests to see Apsley House, applications from authors—especially Divines and Poetesses—to be permitted to dedicate—these things and the like were summarily dismissed, and the lithographs sold subsequently for high prices as autographs. The Duke piqued himself on punctuality of reply; and the knowledge of this fact multiplied letters which, if unanswered, would have probably answered themselves. Courteous, and writing to the point when addressed with right, reason, and respect, he could sting if nettled, and parry the imper-

tinient with pertinent thrusts in that curt "F.-M. the Duke of Wellington" style which has passed into the proverbial; and he took pleasure in thus double-shooting his notes with grape and grapnel, and frequently would pleasantly allude to his answer, saying, "This, they may read at Charing Cross—but I don't think they will." In vain he was told that traps were laid by ingenious autograph-collectors to put him on his epistolary mettle—such as modest dunnings for the payment of other people's washerwomen's bills, &c.: it amused him to pay them off with their own coin.*

The interest increases as *the Duke's own Room*, the *sanctum sanctorum*, is approached. It bears the look of the well-garnished comfortable library of a man of business; a character indeed so impressed that, had he placed a motto round his cornice, it might have run thus: "Call on a business man at business times only, and on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business." If ever there was among our laboring classes a real pains-taking operative, it was the Duke. Emphatically a man of habit and hard work, his fixed principle was to do his duty in whatever situation it pleased Providence that he should fill, and to do it to the best with all his might. He was as regular at early service and correct in his responses as any parish clerk. No man ever gave away more brides at the al-

* It was a rule with the Duke, immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no *parcel*, addressed to him, should be taken in by his people, unless the bearer could show an order for its admission written by himself or his secretary. A wise rule! What a pestilence all private families in town are subjected to by the impudent pertinacity of the petty publishers in sending round their rubbish to every door, in hope that you will rather pay for it when they "call again to-morrow"—or more probably to-morrow week—than be at the trouble of hunting it up and returning it. The annoyance from the Reports and Petitions of Philanthropic Society jobbers is another equally constant and even more disgusting nuisance, which the Duke escaped.

Every one has heard of Talleyrand's grand precept—"Never do for yourself what you can get some one else to do for you." Never shying any trouble that he best could meet, the Duke rarely threw away time on *trifles* that anybody else could manage as well. For instance, on the back of every ticket for his last Ball (14th May, 1852) there appeared this formula:—"Please send an answer on a Card, or unsealed." Thus all the answers would go directly to the person whom it behooved to have a notion for how many, out of the 1000 or 1500 honored with invitations, supper should be ready on his Grace's table.

tar: none had a larger tribe of god-children. He was as sure at drill as any adjutant; punctual at a funeral as any undertaker; regular at a drawing-room as a lord of the bed-chamber.

In this his studio, all the tools and means of a consummate artist who knows the value of time were at hand: while all show and tinsel are absent, everything present is solid and substantial, and indicative of masculine nerve and sinew, of the energy and intention of one who could bear anything but idleness, and to whom occupation was happiness. In truth, he was the nation's servant-of-all-work, from the clerk to the Commander-in-chief, who never stinted counsel or labor, whether called for by friend or foe, when the honor and welfare of his Prince might be forwarded. His secrets of getting through each day's work were simple. He rose early to attend to the thing in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus. "Other men," said Mr. Arbuthnot when near his end under this roof—"other men may have had particular talents in higher perfection, but I don't believe there ever was any man that had the same gift and habit of bringing all his resources to bear upon *anything* that he took into his consideration at all." "How few are there," said Mr. Arbuthnot, "that, in general, set to work upon any given point or topic more than a corner of their brain!" This dearest friend of the Duke's, himself the gentlest of human beings, had been a keen observer nevertheless.

Everything in this workshop is calculated to insure quiet and exclude draughts; for the Duke, however hardy out of doors, was chilly and loved warmth when chained down to the daily desk. Within easy reach we see the books he most frequently consulted, chiefly historical; nor is there any lack of easy chairs for their student. That in which a medal is inserted was made of the elm under which he stood at Waterloo. It was given him by Mr. Children—that gentleman having in 1818 purchased the tree of the farmer Papillote, who cut it down because plagued by visitors, just as Shakspeare's mulberry was dealt with by the Reverend Goth Gastrell. In another chair, made from the oak of the *Téméraire*, Mr. Arbuthnot

usually sat; the Duke's place was naturally in front of the fire, where his own habitual chair, with red-leather cushions and moveable desk, still remains. In it he was wont, when his work was done, to amuse himself with the paper and lighter literature of the day—of which last, when out of office, he was a diligent devourer and eviscerator of marrow and meaning—an occasional nap, and may be a blaze, to the contrary notwithstanding.

At first entrance an impression of confusion is conveyed by the multitudinous objects heaped on tables and sofas, but order and method may soon be detected amidst the chaos. As nothing ever placed by the Duke was moved, he knew where at once to find what he wanted. On the central table still lie his overcoats, of various colors and textures, suited to meet all changes of the weather. Close at hand are despatch-boxes and courier-valises, which bear the marks of rough service—all ready for immediate use—near, a small equestrian statuette of the Queen marks the Polar Star of his course. He to the last used the good, old-fashioned, loyal phrase of "her Majesty's servants," and centred in the Crown all his notions of country. Near also at hand is a private box, now covered with a leather case, which he unlocked with an unduplicated key—it being the depository of a constant supply of bank-notes for those disbursements as to which he did not think proper to make "Court's clerks" his confidants; and seldom that day passed when it was not often opened to direct £5 and £10 notes to be sent in registered letters to never-failing applicants for relief. The Duke, a Samaritan, not a Pharisee, did not blazon forth his name in printed subscription lists, or choose to be made a decoy—like many who have their reward—but had a heart open as charity, and a hand that knew not what the other gave. It was useless to prove to him that his bounty was often abused. He held that, as much had been given him by his country, much was required; and, however close and circumspect as paymaster of state money, he was generous to a fault with his own; nay, he was infinitely amused when ingenious tricks were played on him. He was fond of telling—and he did it at great length and with infinite humor—the particular case of the female, Stanley, who, by a scheme followed up for seven years, contrived to do him of some £500. "An orphan daughter of a soldier," he would say—and we can only give an epitome—"peti-

tioned for relief; I sent her £10; soon comes a grateful application for a little aid to set up a shop—granted; after a time, trade very bad and some assistance begged—given; presently a prospect announced of a marriage with an industrious young man—wedding present of course; in due time a child born—baby-linen provided; by and bye the infant sickens—apothecary settled with; next, the poor sufferer dies—undertaker satisfied; then the heart-broken parents wish to emigrate—outfit and passage paid; after a few months, news from the United States that it does not answer—passage back paid; when an accidental discovery by the police brought an untimely end to my poor orphan."

The Duke wrote close to the fire, and formerly seated himself on a stool at the circular-headed, old-fashioned mahogany bureau, still here; latterly he stood, and almost on the rug, at an upright desk, where papers and letters remain exactly as he left them. The mantelpiece is no less characteristic of the man; on it a chronometer and pendulum clock mark his appreciation of time and punctuality, the soul of business. In fondness for watches he rivalled Charles V., who amused his "cloister life" by trying horological experiments with his mechanician, Juanelo; and such the famous Breguet was to Wellington, who delighted not only in his works but in his conversation. Well knew the Veteran-Porter that M. Breguet was to be let in at any hour. The Duke seldom had less than half-a-dozen watches going at once; and when he travelled, stowed away as many more in a portmanteau made to fit his carriage. He was curious about the exact time, which, like Mr. Stirling's hero, he could never get any two watches to keep, possibly because he wound, or forgot to wind, them up himself. In London he relied on an old clock in his hall, which, like that at the Horse-Guards, was always right. With all his partiality for Breguet, his favorite watch was one of old-fashioned English make:—it once belonged to Tipu Saib, and had been the companion of all his own campaigns from Seringapatam onwards—we almost fancy he would have risked giving a battle rather than lose it. Colonel Gurwood used to relate how, when hard pressed during some retrograde movement, the Duke, having occasion to alight, left it on the ground, and did not miss it until he had ridden three miles, when he went back amid the wondering defilers, and fortunately found it. A second watch had an odd his-

tory. This was ordered of Breguet by Napoleon, who designed it for the fob of his brother Joseph, and as a delicate attention directed a miniature map of Spain to be wrought in niello on one side, with the imperial and royal arms on the other. Unluckily, just as it was finished, the Duke drove Joseph out of his kingdom; and the Emperor, finding the times out of joint, refused either to take it or pay for it. At the peace it was bought from Breguet by Sir E. Paget, and presented to the Duke. He had another, which the same artist made for Junot, the marshal so trounced by him in Portugal; this is quite an horological curiosity—of which two only were ever constructed—marking the lunar and weekly movements. Latterly the Duke usually wore *montres de touche*, of which he had many, contrived by Breguet, with certain studs or knobs by which he could *feel* what o'clock it was, without the apparent rudeness of pulling out his watch; accordingly, when he seemed to be merely fumbling in his pocket, he was really finding out how he killed the enemy, time.

The mantelpiece we have just mentioned served him as a shelf to put away odds and ends: above it he hung a drawing of Lady Jersey, a profile relievio plaster-cast of Lady Douro, and another of Jenny Lind. Here, below these, he had stowed away some small casts—one of Napoleon, with his eagle-look when consul;—others of the Chancellors Brougham and Lyndhurst, with full-bottomed wigs, by D'Orsay; also, to keep those venerable objects company, a Buddhist idol, in alabaster and gold, taken at Ava, and given him with the kettle-drums. This is the only relic the conqueror of Assaye possessed of the East, where his star, too, arose; that India where he lived so long and did so much—which he remembered so accurately—and on which he wrote to Lord Derby a most vigorous and lucid memorandum, three weeks only before his death, and at a moment when he was pronounced by Manchester oracles to be "overcome with childish timidity and imbecility of mind and purpose!"

The Duke was no collector of relic reminiscences; the incessant claims of each "to-day" precluded lingering on retrospects and rebuilding recollections; amidst the keen struggle with the present and the future, the past could find small place in the mind of a practical soldier, who looked forward and advanced, rather than retreated. Accordingly, there is nothing to recal Eton, where

he gained his first fight: no Brocas, no Father Thames—scenes which his classical brother doted on and wrote verses about to the last—amidst which, indeed, that fine scholar was, by his own direction, buried;—nothing of those early campaigns in Holland, where, from the mistakes and misfortunes of others, and in the stern school of adversity, young Arthur Wellesley must have learnt so much—for the hardest mariners are formed in the roughest seas; nothing again of India, the starting point of his fortunes, where he was taught how to combat heat and fever by temperance and exercise, and to parry the double-dealing braggart Orientals by truth, firmness, and matter of fact: a lesson most useful in after-times, when acting with the semi-Moorish Spaniard. There is little, indeed, of the Peninsula itself—not even one view of his own *Soto de Roma*, nestling in the lovely Vega of Granada, on the banks of the Xenil, and refreshed with the cool airs of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. We cannot however doubt that, had he lived, he would have enjoyed the panorama of this "bit of heaven fallen to earth," which Mr. Burford has just executed with such commendable accuracy.

One should not pass too hastily that red-morocco-cushioned sofa, used more as a table than a settee, and covered with boxes and papers: on it still remain a few prints just as he placed them; one of himself, when younger; another, the Cocked-hat (caricature) profile by Byron's *Cupidon déchainé*—whose agreeable manners and lively conversation seem to have made the Duke a very lenient judge of his artistical efforts—"at any rate," he would say, "D'Orsay always makes one look like a gentleman".—A third is the head of Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the Overland route, whose enterprising spirit pleased the great man.

One door in this library affords immediate access to his bed-room—if such a term may be given to a confined barrack bivouac, exposed to the draughts of seven openings, and with only a few chairs and a narrow single bed for furniture; yet here slept soundly the Statesman, laden with

'A burden 'twould sink a navy.'

He possessed the uncommon and enviable faculty of commanding instantaneous sleep, and, however critical the moment, could surrender himself to nature's best restorer, whether on a bench under a tree, or any-

where, to awake refreshed as a giant, and ready again for any work. He seldom failed to make this good use of the rare occurrence of a spare hour. He could face without fear the demon Responsibility, before whom inferior minds quake and quail, and having done his best, leave the final issue to a higher power. Three years spent under canvass in India taught him the comfort of the ground-floor, and on it his sleeping cot was placed both here and at Strathfieldsaye—where indeed the cot was merely a sofa: at Walmer he had a little camp-bed, which he brought with him and took away. Curtained indulgences and eider-down pillows had no charms for him, whose hard mattress was so narrow that all stretchings were impossible; he heartily approved the old saying that 'when a man catches himself turning in his bed it is time for him to turn out'—and he often did so himself, lighting his fire with his own hand, for he slept far away from servants. An old military cloak was always placed at night within reach, that he might cover himself if chilly; this relic still remains in his dressing room, and he had drawn it over his shoulders during the last night of his life.

The Duke kept his bedroom plain, that nothing might interfere with the real purpose—sleep—or distract the oblivious sensations that slide into death's counterfeit. A few poor framed prints are here placed above the doors, chiefly, as he said, to be 'out of the way.' One is of a Russian General, whose name nobody can spell: another is of an engineer equally unknown to fame. Over the entrance rests the likeness of a certain mediæval lady who kept a tobacconist's shop near Wilton Place, and carried her Duke-worship to monomania. A knife and fork were laid for him at her table every day, and his absence was supplied by his bust. She pestered him with offerings, until he accepted her portrait to get rid of the original, and put it here to get rid of the copy. Opposite he placed two crayon heads of Lady Douro, by John Hayter, and in such a position that his last look might fall, and his first might light, on the noble and graceful features so dear to him—hers, his love and admiration for whom are betokened by so many busts and pictures—the best ornaments, in his eyes, of Apsley House.

His dressing-room adjoins—a good large room, and well appointed with arm-chairs, wardrobes, and all the appliances for what the euphuists term the due 'performance of ablutions.' The Duke, scrupulously neat in his person, well knew the bracing benefits of

cold water and vinegar used externally, and of iced water taken internally—long his sole beverage. It is reported that, with the exception of one eminent friend of his own, older than himself, there was no man in London who gave, morning and night, so much time to the flesh-brush. He shaved and dressed himself to the last; and if our hero did not appear great before his valet, it was simply because none was present. He hated the incumbance of help; all he required was, to have every thing ready in its right place. Thus all his orders and uniforms were at hand, as, whenever he dined with any foreigner of high rank, he made a point to wear the national badge of his country. In the same courteous feeling he used his foreign titles, and never, for instance, once wrote to M. Van der Weyer, the Belgian envoy, without signing, 'Wellington, Prince de Waterloo'—or to any Spaniard, even Alava, without remembering the Dukedom of Ciudad-Rodrigo. On his twenty-seven orders and stars Lord Downes has written a volume, just as Herschel might do on the milky way; and they all were exhibited at Messrs. Garrard's by the favor of the present Duke. This galaxy, such as never cuirassed another bosom, will remain an heirloom, as every Sovereign in Europe, proud that his contribution should be perpetuated, has declined the usual restitution. He wore his decorations without ostentation or affectation. One who had towered so high might well be above false modesty; and he bore his faculties so nobly, that none either envied or begrudged an unparalleled accumulation of badges which all knew to be simply the natural accessories of hard work successfully performed. His own Waterloo medal, engraved "Arthur, Duke of Wellington," and much worn by use, with the ring cobbled and mended by himself, is indeed a relic. Nor did he set less store by his "good conduct" and his "30 years' service" medals, which he had gained like the humblest of his comrades. He was, however, entirely without vanity or conceit regarding such personalities. For example, he broke up the diamond Star of the *St. Esprit*, given him by Louis XVIII., and worth 30,000*l.*, in order to make with it, and sundry brilliant snuff-boxes, a necklace for Lady Douro. In like manner the splendid Star of the Garter that had belonged to his eldest brother, and which he purchased at the Marquis's death, changed shape to form a gift for Lady Charles Wellesley.

A communication opens from the bed-room

into the garden, in which it was his habit to walk before breakfast—hardly ever stopt by weather—for he had taken care to have the circuit laid down with a flag pavement. The visitor by this time has got many glimpses into the secret of his longevity—the resolute and systematic employment of the simplest and best means for keeping up his condition, physical and moral, to be fit for duty. Like Turenne, he was weakly when young, and passed two years at Angers chiefly on his sofa playing with a pet dog. India, his doctor as well as schoolmaster, converted the invalid into iron. The Duke remembered his previous career with no pleasure, and seldom alluded to it. His real life began in India, where his body ripened by that genial sun, and the exercise of command called forth every dormant capability of the General and Statesman. There he conquered and governed regions larger than Spain, and rivalled Clive in everything but shaking of the rupee-tree.

The windows outside his dressing-room are secured by iron bars; and near them stands a sentry-box supplied with a dark lantern. Assurances might well be made doubly sure when treasures so costly and a life so much more precious were exposed: but to him personal fear was utterly unknown. We may cite, as an instance, the madman who got access to his library, and signified his intention of killing him in obedience to a divine command. The Duke just looked up from his desk: "Are you in a hurry? for I have many letters to write; could you come again in an hour?" The maniac, taken aback by his coolness, retired, to be taken up. Again, when the Duke was warned by his solicitor that another madman intended to attempt his life: "Never mind; he won't hurt me," was his reply.—"Ah! but he is going to speak to the Queen, as you won't see him."—"Oh!" rejoined the Duke; "then give instant information to the Secretary of State."

Those who now slowly depart by his accustomed walk, where he alone is missing, may well ponder on this remarkable house, into which it has been their good fortune to be admitted, thus to pay a last homage to the illustrious deceased. They have passed through the saloons of the *Imperator*, crowded with all emblems and all trophies of valor and victory, into the private cabinet of the hoary *Princeps Senatus*—unwearied in all duties of civil life, who accumulated golden opinions to the end; and many, no doubt, can now appreciate better than before the

complete mastery of the spiritual over the material, and the self-abnegation of our last and only great man.

It was the Duke's habit, at the close of Parliament and the London season, to exchange the wear and tear of the town for the repose and retirement of Walmer Castle. A walk on the sea-blown beach, and a canter on the velvety downs, braced up his frame, and refreshed and exhilarated his mind; while Strathfieldsaye, lying low on heavy clays, depressed him both physically and morally. Yet the faithful old servant of the Crown was never idle when seemingly resting under the shadow of his rock. The Warden kept good watch over the Channel, which his outpost commanded. That searching eye first spied into the nakedness of our defences, and, a lion in the foes' path, he forthwith suggested the remedy. He warned the country, in his speeches and otherwise, that we were not *safe* for a week after the declaration of war. The ancient soldier was voted a Cassandra by civilians cunning in calico, and for too long a period his counsels were scouted; but he lived to hear his last Parliamentary speech on the Militia Bill cheered; and his views on national defences are being carried out, now that he is no longer living. Thus, indeed, do the spirits of the great survive. If long life be esteemed a blessing, the Duke's days were lengthened beyond the span of ordinary mortals; and, if he were fortunate in that long life, he was no less so in the close—*felix opportunitate mortis*. Cæsar was stabbed—Hannibal died of poison, Alexander the Great of excesses, Cromwell amidst the agonies of remorse and terror—Napoleon wasted in a prison-isle, squabbling with his jailer about rations. Wellington—who in the battle and breeze wore a charmed life—whose guardian angel turned aside the bullet and stilled the storm, in order that the destined instrument might fulfil his mission—he, after his great work was done, had full time given him for contemplating the stroke of nature with all the clearness of his faculties, and at last met it, without pain, in his own peaceful bed-chamber. There is no occasion to envy for him even such a glorious exit as that of Nelson—passing at once from the fierce blaze of victory into the valley of the shadow of death. "His sun," said the preacher, "shone brightly through a long, unclouded day; and, in descending, continued to shed a mild, undimmed radiance over the hemisphere which it had so long gladdened. He survived the dazzling glories of his noon, that

he might enhance them by the genial warmth and softened lustre of his declining day."

A walk, imprudently prolonged by the indomitable octogenarian on a hot day in the second week of September, made him confess that 'he was fairly beaten at last,' and, on the 14th, an event, long in sight as it were, came on the country by surprise. The Duke awoke early as usual, complained of uneasiness, 'sent for the apothecary,' was seized with a fit, and spoke no more. He made signs to be moved into his arm-chair, and, seated there, at twenty minutes past three his mighty spirit passed quietly away like 'any Christom child,' and

'He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.'

Seldom, indeed, could it have fallen to the lot of any conqueror to look back so entirely on the whole past without fear or reproach. More precious than the marshal's staff—the million—all the titles and trophies that sovereigns could crowd on him—more desirable even than his enduring place in the first roll of martial Fame—is the reflection that his deeds were done for the deliverance of oppressed nations—for the safety and honor of his own country and the civilized world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause; sullied by no cruelty, by no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs had been followed by no curses; his laurels were intertwined with the olive-branch; and in the hour of expiring consciousness he may have remembered his victories among his good works. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having exhausted glory, having left no duty incomplete, and no honor unbestowed.

Apsley House, in its closed deserted loneliness on the 18th of November, formed a marked feature in the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington; it stood without sign of life, as the cold corse of its departed master was carried past. In consequence of a purely accidental occurrence a halt occurred at this spot, and the funeral car paused under the triumphal arch which pedestals his colossal statue. It has not perhaps been generally observed that on fine afternoons the sun casts the shadow of this equestrian figure full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen gliding spirit-like over the front. We may add, also, that we consider the glorious weather of the 18th neither accidental nor without significance. The vaunted *soleil d'Austerlitz* never gilded occasion so worthy. For weeks and weeks

previously, the buckets of heaven had been emptied, and murky was the pall that had long shrouded the earth: on that day the curtain was drawn up, and the heavens smiled approval as the just man was held in remembrance. When the last rites were concluded, and his honored remains laid in consecrated earth, the curtain fell again, and, to mark the exceptional favor, dark and heavy clouds continued to weep for weeks, and the winds to howl and lament. Neither can we forget that, on the 9th of January, 1806, when Nelson marshalled the way to St. Paul's, a similar providential manifestation was vouchsafed.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,

Than are dreamt of in your *Philosophy*.

The people, the congregated millions, lent to this solemnity its greatest grandeur, and the decorum and reverence of those who went to see formed to us the most memorable part of a spectacle which undertakers could not mar. On that day, when they buried him, all Israel mourned for him; the capital of England became the central scene of the hero-worship of Europe, saved, not subdued, by his sword—and some of the best and noblest soldiers of other lands were present, by command of their monarchs, to pay such a parting tribute as had never before been suggested in the case either of English or of foreign Worthy. A Prince of the royal blood was in immediate charge of the troops: but the new Commander-in-Chief, who had so often shared in danger and success with his lost friend, was active and conspicuous:—

'On battle morn or festal day the ranks might
well be glad

When Hardinge rides along the line:—To-day
those ranks are sad.'

Dense files of horse, foot, and artillery slowly advanced through a living avenue greater than the population of continental kingdoms. Each animated atom was imbued with one thought and grief—a million hearts throbbed with one pulsation. The whole State of Britain was there. The sorrowing Sovereign herself appeared in the person of her Consort. Every civil dignity was represented—every military branch sent a delegate—every regiment a comrade and witness. A military funeral is always impressive—but there will never perhaps be another like to this. Tramp, tramp, the long procession moved on to the roll of the muffled drum, and to the dirge-like melody of the dead march, and the

aged Pensioners from Chelsea followed their chief once more, and the poor old horse without its rider; and as the coffin passed, every head was bared, every breath held in, every eye moistened. Then to the booming of minute-guns, and to the tolling of the great bell, they carried him into St. Paul's to be treasured up in the heart-core of London. The pall was borne by those who had carried his standards from the Tagus to the Seine, and shared in every victory from Vimiero to Waterloo; and as the cold winds, blowing through the vast aisles, moved the plumes of the helmet on the coffin, it seemed as if He stirred to dispute victory with death. Then amid swelling choirs, and with the noblest ritual ever composed, and never more impressively read, they placed the soldier by the seaman; thus, while hoary veterans tottered over the grave, and thousands and ten

thousands looked a last farewell, the coffin slowly descended into the dark vault—dust to dust—and Wellington was laid alongside Nelson.

We have been much struck, and we have reason to believe that the Duke's surviving friends have been much gratified, with a set of verses "on the 18th of November, 1852," from the pen of Lord Ellesmere—an attached and valued member of his Grace's private circle. We wish we could afford a larger extract from this poem—certainly, as far as we have seen, greatly superior to any other which the occasion has produced—but we must limit ourselves to the following lines. Having alluded in a very feeling and also skilful manner to the most eminent veterans that attended their chief's obsequies, Lord Ellesmere thus resumes the grand point of universal interest:—

"It is that while all these and more have answer'd to the call,
No voice again shall answer to the greatest name of all.
It is that we shall see no more on yonder esplanade
That well-known form emerging from the vaulted portal's shade;
That we shall miss from where we stand at many an evening's close
That sight which told of duty done and toil's well-earned repose:
Pursued by murmur'd blessings, as he pass'd upon his way,
While lovers broke their converse off, and children left their play;
And child or man who cross'd his path was proud at eve to tell,
'We met him on his homeward ride. The Duke was looking well.
We pass'd him close, we saw him near, and we were seen by him—
Our hats were off—he touched his own, one finger to the brim.'
That sight the loiterer's pace could mend, from careworn brows erased
The lines of thought, and busy men grew idlers while they gazed.
Oh! throned in England's heart of hearts, what meed to man allow'd
Could match that homage paid to thee, the reverence of the crowd?
Oh! weighed with this, how light the gifts by thankful Sovereigns shower'd
For thrones upheld, and right maintain'd, and lawless wrong o'erpower'd:
The pictured clay from Sèvres mould, or stamp'd by Saxon skill—
And ores, by Lisbon's craftsmen wrought, from mines of far Brazil—
Broad lands on which thro' burning tears an exil'd King look'd down,
Where silver Darro winds beneath Grenada's mural crown:—
The Bâtons eight of high command, which tell, with gems inlaid,
What hosts from Europe's rescued realms their bearers rule obey'd:
Suwaroff's cross, and Churchill's George, the Fleece which once of old
Upon Imperial Charles's breast display'd its pendent gold.
Well won, well worn, yet still they came unheeded, scarce desired;
Above them all shone Duty's star by which thy soul was fired.
High prizes such as few can reach, but fewer soar above,
Thy single aim was England's weal, thy guerdon England's love!"

Translated for the Eclectic Magazine from the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

M. AMPERE IN NEW YORK.

FROM THE "PROMENADE EN AMERIQUE," BY MONS. J. J. AMPERE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

ON my return from Cincinnati, I arrived in New York on Sunday. The ordinary sobriety of a Sabbath in the United States was augmented by dull and cloudy weather. How different from this was the splendid day of my arrival here! It is a different season, a different climate. Suffering and even sick as I was, I heard news which troubled me not a little. There are some sad days in a traveller's life. But I knew it was wrong and unmanly to give way to sentiments of sorrow—and exertion was the only comforter in my present affliction.

My first impulse was to call on Mr. Davies, and examine those relics of antiquity discovered in the ancient mounds, some of which I had visited on my return from Cincinnati. Mr. Davies most obligingly showed me his collection, taking pains to unpack the principal articles, imparting to me at the same time much information quite as curious as the objects themselves. The principal thing observable was pipes, but they are of a very curious construction. The bowl is commonly made in imitation of an animal, and sometimes of a human figure. The animals are sculptured in a remarkable way—the physiognomy of the species is in general very well done, as one may observe in Egyptian sculpture, and as I observed at Leyden in the Japanese collection of Mr. Siebold. The Indian artists have succeeded admirably in reproducing the characters of quadrupeds and birds, as they most naturally exhibit themselves. The falcon is tearing his prey—the otter is seizing a fish, with a strong reality of expression. The falcon tears the flesh; the otter bites in earnest. The heron has been as truly represented by the unknown sculptor as by the great poet. The joints of his long legs and the scales of the fish are most accurately marked. It is so too with the reptiles—with the form of the head of the rattle-snake, and the wrinkles of

the toad. There is a thorough American menagerie;—the squirrel, the tortoise, the eagle, the beaver and all. It is not a fancy sketch, like that of the Mexican; nor is it coarse, like the rude drawings of the Red Skins; it is an art widely differing from either. There are also men's heads remarkably well done;—one of them represents a chieftain whose face has been tattooed; another man is taken on all fours, and shedding tears. He is probably an enemy, and represented in this way to give his foe an opportunity of smoking across the image of his person.

The great number of pipes proves that smoking was in use a thousand years ago at least. One will be less surprised at this when he reflects that smoking has been considered a religious rite among the different Indian tribes, and that even now it forms an essential part of the ceremony in the ratification of treaties. I have collected a number of passages to show that the burning of tobacco was an act of homage to the Divinity. However strange it may seem to some, tobacco was incense.

A singular tradition exists among the savages living between the Upper Mississippi and the Upper Missouri. There is found there a red stone of which pipes are made. All the tribes of the vicinity assemble there, both in time of war and peace; for they say the Great Spirit watches over the place, and that there neither the war-club nor the scalping-knife ever harm an enemy. The Sioux say that once the Great Spirit sent his messengers to assemble all the tribes in the red-stone quarry. He took a bit of the stone, of which he made a pipe; smoked it over the assembled Indians, and told them that "although war prevailed abroad, there should be perpetual peace with them; that the place belonged as much to one as another, and that all pipes should be made from

that red stone." Having said this, a thick cloud issued from his pipe, in which he vanished from their sight. The rocks were entirely enveloped in flame: two women, seized by its scorching power, fell under two sacred rocks, and no one can carry off the red stone without their consent. From what has been said, one will not be astonished at the pipes that are met with in such profusion in the Ohio mounds, which were constructed for objects no less funereal than religious.

Besides the pipes, Mr. Davies has collected a large number of curiosities, derived from the same source. There are implements of war, and lance-heads of flint-stone, a thing very commonly met with; and, what is peculiar to America, there are some of milky quartz or rock crystal. Both seem to be an imitation of a natural model furnished by the fossil teeth of sharks, and the mounds contain a great number of these, as well as the teeth of bears and alligators.

Some utensils found in the mounds seem to indicate a high degree of skill. There are stone scissors, polished with sand, and a kind of wheel showing a groove on the outside, as though it might have been made to turn by a band passing over it. There are several articles of pottery of various, and sometimes graceful forms, some of which present, on their surface, festoons and ornaments far surpassing what is ordinarily seen among the aborigines of the same country. They find, also, heaps of little shells, leaving one to suppose they were used as money, as they still are in the East Indies; but among them all there are neither gold nor iron to be met with.

It is remarkable, that generally in these mounds, one class of objects is to be found, to the exclusion of all others. Here are pipes; there are arrow-heads of flint-stone; there are little plates of mica which served probably for ornaments or insignia. Mr. Davies thinks that each class of objects was consecrated to some particular divinity, and that the bones found among them belonged to the priest or chief attached to his peculiar worship.

The collection of Mr. Davies, unique in its kind, for there is nothing in Europe like it, would prove a rare acquisition to a museum. I wish very much we could have it in France. The gentleman to whom this belongs (Mr. Davies) is not only an archæologist, but at the same time Professor in one of the Medical Schools in New York.

A medical school here is not a government institution, but a free corporation, regu-

lated by its own laws; so that there may be as many medical colleges as schools of any other kind. The college to which Mr. Davies is attached was formed in this way. A number of gentlemen subscribe a capital—\$50,000. The professors are partners in the company. Those who have not the money at hand, pay into the funds the interest of it, which is withheld from their salary; for each pupil pays fifteen dollars for his entrance, and forty more for his diploma. It is thus altogether a commercial affair. The funded capital for building the factory is the sum paid by the partners, in money or interest; the prospect of success is the price of their goods; to wit, medical knowledge and diplomas; while the net produce of the company is the circulating capital, each year, of a certain number of doctors.

The public seem to have no other guaranty than the interest of the factory to furnish the kind of goods best fitted to sustain the demand; and yet for all that, there are men quite distinguished, both as physicians and surgeons, in the United States. True, many of them have studied in Europe, and attended the courses of our medical school, and the clinique of our hospitals. Among the eminent physicians whom I have met and heard of, are Dr. Warren, owner of the famous mastodon of Boston, and bearing the name of General Warren, (who was also a physician, and who died for liberty at Bunker Hill;) Dr. Green, who has invented an instrument for introducing liquid nitrate of silver into the bronchia, and who has successfully treated many severe cases of bronchial affection; and Dr. Hunter, of Philadelphia. Dr. Drake has written a valuable work on the diseases of the Mississippi Valley, and medicine, like astronomy in the United States, has had its historian.

The only kinds of architecture which deserve notice in the United States, are the great works of public utility, particularly those which have been built to furnish the cities with water. The Roman architecture, as far as it was original, was one of utility. The theatres and temples of Rome were only inferior copies of buildings among the Greeks—but what was truly Roman, were such works as their aqueducts, "which," as Chateaubriand says, "brought water to Rome on triumphal arches." There are also amphitheatres, whose origin and character are purely Roman, as there are real triumphal arches. In the United States, one must not expect to find such works of *war* and barbarism; but at New York may be seen the High Bridge,

an aqueduct of noble structure ; and reservoirs worthy of the old world itself. These will not fail to be admired, even by one who has seen the architecture of the Romans.

The aqueduct spoken of crosses the Harlem river, as the Pont du Gard crosses the Gardon. The environs of Harlem are very pleasant. The river flows between two bold and woody hills. On your way thither from New York, fine gardens and country seats, scattered in the midst of trees, remind one of the quiet and graceful aspect of Harlaem in Holland. But there is nothing in the American Harlem so charming as this valley filled with roses, so well deserving the name of Rosendale. The aqueduct is of granite, and produces a fine effect, thrown boldly from one bank to the other, above trees of purple foliage, with green water gliding peaceful between its vaulted arches. On comparing Roman aqueducts with this, one is struck with the difference ; the piers are more majestic, because they are more massive. The Romans, in all their structures, mingled the element of strength ; while here, as is always the case, only what is necessary is done ; nothing appears which can possibly be dispensed with.

The appearance of the High Bridge is less imposing ; it is less massive and grand ; but the effect of the work is gigantic. The Croton river, about fifteen leagues from the city, passes over the Harlem to the receiving reservoir, containing 150,000,000 gallons of water. Each twenty-four hours it supplies 16,000,000 gallons. This reservoir covers a space of thirty-five acres ; small, indeed, in comparison of Lake Mœris, but I know of nothing of the kind so extensive, since the time of the Egyptians. It is a work of combined grandeur and simplicity. Think of an immense granite coffer filled with water. The water is conveyed to another reservoir, less extensive than the first, and like it, divided into two parts. It is grand in its appearance ; but they have fallen into the weakness of imitation, in giving it an entrance after the Egyptian style. Still, the Egyptian architecture makes a better appearance there, than at the Egyptian Tombs, as they call the City Prison. Here the Egyptian style does not form too great a contrast with the character of the monument ; and I even prefer the use of it to the battlements, which only spoil the severe majesty of the Boston Reservoir. I should have preferred, however, that no ornament borrowed from foreign art should mar the simplicity of the reservoir in New York. There is no necessity, in a work so grand as this, to imitate the Egyptian style.

On my return from the High Bridge, I was struck with another appearance of greatness. Long before reaching the city, I saw, extending in all directions, long avenues lighted with gas, while here and there a few houses made their appearance—these avenues will soon become streets. The darkness of the night, and the lights so sparsely scattered, made the extent of the avenue appear much greater ; and several times I thought myself in the city proper, when in fact I was yet in the city that is to be. At length I arrived at Delmonico's—a place less splendid than Astor's, where I stopped before—but much better kept. One lives there *à la Française*. I had the pleasure of dining alone, with my bill of fare, at an hour to suit my own convenience, and I find my health much improved by the change.

New York offers more resources than I had at first imagined, to a man like myself, who finds books essential to his comfort. There is, in the first place, the Astor Library, originated by a wealthy individual, who had founded in Oregon the establishment whose history Washington Irving has described in his "Astoria." The Astor Library will be one for use, rather than display ; still, there are many elegant engravings and books ; among others, a copy of the splendid work of Lord Kingsborough, on the "Antiquities of America ;" and, what is quite surprising, an antiphonary, with vignettes, of the seventeenth century, which was used at the coronation of Charles X.

Another literary establishment in New York is the Society Library, where are found a great number of reviews and periodicals, with a library somewhat extensive. The French journals are represented there only by "*La Presse*," which is received only once a month ; there is no excuse for this. In general, the French papers are very rare in the United States, the result of which is that the people there know as little about us as we do about them ; and that is saying a great deal.

Last of all, there is the Library of the Historical Society. It is a truly important one, for it contains a large collection of all works relating to the United States. One is astonished at the materials for history in a country so new. This Society possesses a number of manuscripts and many old papers published previously to and during the progress of the Revolution. These journals are to modern history what the Chronicles are to the middle ages, and like them are often still more instructive by the *tableaux*

of the opinions and passions of the time, than by the facts which they relate. The latter are constantly fluctuating, but the spirit of different parties is the *fact* most important for a historian to arrest and record. No where do public journals contain more exaggerations and falsities than in the United States; and yet these exaggerations are an exact transcript of the prejudices of many men. Indeed, it has been said that the "History of Errors" would be the most interesting of all histories; which I cordially believe, for Error plays a far more important part in the world than Truth does. Still, it must be acknowledged, that with all the misrepresentations in American Journals, there is much positive information; indeed, I never open a paper without learning something. It is proposed to prepare an index to all the journals collected in the Historical Society's Library—a work which would much facilitate the researches of one who wished to furnish a complete work on the annals of the United States. At present History tells us what *was*; while here the history is forming every day, and one needs a ready hand indeed to stenograph this extempore performance, from the rapid dictation of facts.

The Historian of the United States is Mr. Bancroft, who has represented his country in London, has lived in Paris, and of whom our statesmen have preserved the most agreeable recollections. The work which he has published bears the impress of qualities which are peculiar to himself. His is not the quiet way, the choice, and often the too studied language of Prescott or of Irving. It is an ardor, a vehemence of style which stirs and charms the reader. Mr. Bancroft belongs to the Democratic party; and one perceives, in reading his works, the democratic spirit at work within him; but nothing can be farther from our ideas of the word democratic, than the manner, or even the residence of Mr. Bancroft.

I met Mr. Bancroft at the Opera. The hall is elegant, but nothing more; it is not what it should be for New York. It was proposed to open a subscription for a more splendid house, and a finer *troupe*; but this cannot be done, since the majority of merchants here frown upon the Theatre, as a place profane. One of the Professors in the University here told me, that if he went often to the play, he should lose his place. It is well known how opposed the Puritans were to the amusements of the stage, and the theatres in London were shut during the Revolution. At Boston the first dramatic representation was given in 1750, about the

time when "Zaire" first appeared. The performance took place in a private hall; and when it was known to the city authorities, the play was suppressed. In Connecticut the first Theatre was opened in 1807. Is it to be wondered at, that there should be such a feeling in New England, when in New York, where puritanism is not remarkably rife, there should be found no room for a good opera?

I am well aware how loudly they praise the Italian performers whom I have heard to night; but candidly, I cannot join in the applause. Indeed, I like so many things here, that I feel I have a right not to like every thing. Taken as a whole, the theatres are not the most remarkable things in the country. Still there is a tragedy called "Witchcraft," by Cornelius Matthews, which is highly praised; and they represent some good comedies on the New York stage, such as the "Serious Family," designed to ridicule the philanthropy and austerity sometimes to be met with. It is amusing enough to see the "Serious Family," where the women pass their time in sewing for little negroes; a very good thing, indeed, but no better than any other employment.

As to tragedies, a single fact will show what stand the drama takes in the United States. I always noticed on the play-bill, paraded with all the pomp imaginable, the name of the actor or actress, but never the name of the author; the very fact shows that tragedy in the United States has no literary existence. I saw Mr. Forrest, the tragedian, performing in a play, whose hero was a famous Indian chief in the time of King Philip. The play was an ordinary melo-drama, in which Mr. Forrest was most loudly applauded. I could not help thinking the actor possessed a degree of energy, violent, and often forced, and a remarkable talent for reproducing the ferocious character of a savage; but the impression was a painful one, and the dignity of art was altogether absent. Mr. Forrest has both friends and enemies among the public, but for a reason entirely disconnected with his merit as an actor.

I happened to meet with a tragedy entitled Savonarola. I do not wish to judge plays which I have not seen, by this; but I was not favorably impressed with it, I must candidly confess.

There is, then, a literature in the United States. I have heard it said in France, with that keen sarcasm in which we abound, the United States is a place where one thinks only of making his fortune; where there is

no literature, and where there cannot be one. But everybody makes Cooper's novels an exception, because they are to be met with in reading-rooms. For my part, I see no harm in making one's fortune, provided he sacrifice to it neither his dignity nor his independence. For, after all, money is the grand motive-power of all those who do not find their path in life entirely marked out for them; and those are but few, indeed. I do not observe, that in France or England, money is a thing so unworthy of our own time. I have seen the chimney of a steam saw-mill rearing its head, side by side with the feudal turrets of the manor of Bedford. Our great lords are at the head of our railway, and they do well. As to my brother authors, they have no great dislike to money; and the example of La Bruyère, giving the copy of his "*Caractères*" to the little daughter of his publisher, a mere child, who amused him with her prattle, has had, as far as I know, but very few imitators.

Besides, the word "literature" has an extensive meaning. Does it mean only odes, tragedies and lyric poems? I do not say that the time for these has passed away, but the literature of our day is something far more comprehensive; there is a large class of works which cannot be placed in any one of the established literary classes, and which are, nevertheless, master-pieces of genius, bearing witness to the culture of the people, and the merit of their authors. Works upon climate, man, questions of philosophy, of art, history, politics, the results of travels and science—this is what I call the current literature, that in which the intellectual life of our time exists. England possesses many books of this class, where information is united with talent. America is not destitute of them, and I see not why many more should not yet appear. I firmly believe America will have neither a Milton, nor a Shakspeare; nor do I foresee another likely to arise in Europe; but what hinders the United States from producing a masterly production of political philosophy like the *Federalist*, and why should not a second Franklin give us some practical truths in a fresh and racy style? I have said nothing of Romance, and yet there are excellent pictures of manners in the stories of Paulding, Mrs. Sedgwick, and Hawthorne—the latter superior, as a novelist, to Cooper. Edgar Poe's humorous tales are familiar to all, and often spoken of, even here. From Patrick Henry, the Tribune of Virginia, to Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, the United States have had orators; and their

political manners are sufficient guaranty that they will never want for them; for wherever liberty exists, there is a field for eloquence. America, then, is, and always will be in her literary character, not much unlike that of Europe.

But it has been said that a commercial and democratic nation are unfitted to foster literature and the arts. As to the first of these objections, without speaking of Athens, which was the most commercial and "industrial" of all the cities of Greece, we may mention Florence, whose prosperity and existence, almost, depended on commerce; and whose company of wool merchants reared the Cathedral of that city; where both letters and science flourished under the auspices of the merchants, and where the ships of the Medicis brought home, with Eastern spices, oriental manuscripts and Grecian marbles. The mansions and cathedrals of the Netherlands, master-pieces of architecture, were built by their merchant companies.

Democracy offers no insurmountable obstacle to the cultivation of letters. It does indeed militate against that inequality which fosters leisure and refinement, in themselves so favorable to cultivation of the mind; but on the other hand—and this is one of the results of my observation here—civilization, in its self-development, tends naturally to correct those evils which democracy brings in its train. Whatever evils it may have introduced here are gradually diminishing, and those descriptions of the general state of manners which might once have been true, can hardly apply now to the new institutions of the West. Everywhere, indeed, but especially in the large cities, there has grown up a cultivated society, essentially European by its frequent and rapid communication with the old world; a society which differs not materially from that of the middling classes of Europe.

It is for this class, always the most numerous, that American authors write, not for the majority, "sovereign people" though they be. But who writes for the majority in Europe? In France, the majority cannot read;—they scarcely understand what they do read. To say the truth, the literature of the United States is neither American nor democratic. Its themes, indeed, are chosen from American history: its descriptions are borrowed from American scenery and manners, but the rest is European, or rather English. It may be democratic in its sentiments, but it surely is not so in its style, for then, as I said before, it would cease to be literature.

In all countries, what is written for the masses, must be badly written. The mass have a press at their command, but I do not reckon on the daily news as an integral part of their literature. No! American literature is not poor; for it boasts of such writers as Prescott, Irving, Everett, Bancroft, and Emerson, and of such poets as Dana, Longfellow and Bryant.

Mr. Bryant is the democratic poet of New York, as Professor Longfellow is the Whig poet of Boston. Like Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bryant is an English poet, born in America. I should say that in style Mr. Longfellow is European, and Mr. Bryant English. The first has taken his impression from all European literature, especially from the German; the second is more exclusively governed by English poetry, and has not that originality which intercourse with so many different styles of poetry has given to his rival, Mr. Longfellow.

Although Mr. Bryant has translated several Spanish, Portuguese, French and German, he has had before his eyes no other models but those of his mother country. He seems to be ambitious to contend with his cotemporaries in Europe, and to take rank among them as an American poet. In his poem of "The Ages," he has employed the old *strophe* of Spenser, as it was revived by Byron in Childe Harold. Although compared with Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bryant is more exclusively English in his style, he is still truly American at heart. His themes are patriotic and national. See how sublimely he speaks of the future destiny of America, in his poem of "The Ages."

"Here, the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race!
Far, like the comet's way through infinite
space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

"Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that
chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She, too, is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but might cast to earth the train
That trample her, and break their iron net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not
yet.

"But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
VOL. XXIX. NO. II.

Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then
declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall
dwell?"

Mr. Bryant is no less happily inspired by American scenery, than by the grandeur of our future prospects. While reading them, I fancy myself on the banks of the Scioto. His poem, on "The Prairies," is a simple picture of those regions which have inspired so many fancy sketches. While he is lost in the contemplation of Nature, in a melancholy reverie upon the fate of the races which have disappeared, in listening to the *Bee* which accompanies the colonists to America, the writer, suddenly awakened to the present and the future, exclaims:—

"I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the
ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my
dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone."

But it is not in the forests alone that Mr. Bryant feels the poetic inspiration. In the busy and stirring city, where one leads a life as stirring as the city herself, he sees poetry intermingled with the activity of men, as he sees God in the stillness of Nature.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper, and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwell-
ings lies,
And lights their inner homes;

For them, thou fill'st with air the unbounded
 skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps
 along;
 And this eternal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment, too, is thine:
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Mr. Bryant is a serious man, inclined to melancholy—not to a dreamy melancholy, but to that masculine melancholy, which is a proof of an energetic man struggling with destiny. He loves to speak of death; to look it in the face, as the resolute traveller fixes his eye on the robber that awaits him, and towards whom he is approaching, without joy, but without fear, and the contemplation of death always brings back the American poet to the morality of life. At the close of his *Thanatopsis*, he says:—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
 soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The same sentiment of a resigned melancholy, mingled with consolation, is expressed in these lines, suggested to the poet by the sight of the stars going out at morning, which are to him an emblem of oblivion, invoked to blot out all traces of renown.

Thus, Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow we
 came,
 Steals o'er us again, when life's twilight is
 gone;
 And the crowd of bright names, in the heaven of
 fame,
 Grow pale, and are quenched as the years
 hasten on.

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in
 whose flight,
 Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance
 shall die,

May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and
 light
 Of the morning that withers the stars from the
 sky.

Sentiments like these are affecting; they remind one of the excellent Chamisso contemplating the castle of his fathers, over which the ploughshare had passed; then awakened from his dream by the cry of humanity, he says: "Blessed be the ploughshare—blessed the hand that guides it."

I met Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bryant under circumstances quite different from each other. Mr. Longfellow received me with graceful hospitality, at an elegant home, surrounded by objects of art, and souvenirs of every land. My interview with Mr. Bryant was at his office, as dusty and busy as one could well be. This chance-meeting is expressive of the two poetic tendencies and ends. The whig, a professor, and a man of the world, preserving, in the bosom of a quiet life, the serenity which pervades his poetry; the democrat, an honorable public man, inured to action, and engaged in combat; the one more European, more finished; the other more American, more concentrated; the one original, by the great variety of his poetic inspirations; the other powerful, by the intensity of a few sentiments formed in a mould less novel, but perhaps more individual; the former cosmopolite, a little like a German; the latter national, like an Englishman; both, however, Americans at heart, and in popular esteem.

I visited, also, Washington Irving. Mr. Irving's works are too well known in Europe to need a word of mine to recall them to notice. The thoughtful but lively historian of Columbus, and his conquests, the amiable novelist under the name of Geoffrey Crayon, he familiarized Europe, where he resided, and whose language he has reproduced, with the scenes of the prairie, and with the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. He has written a charming volume on "The Alhambra." He is, like Mr. Longfellow, half American, half cosmopolite. He represents, like him, the alliance with Europe, the most prominent trait in the manners and literature of the United States. I found him in a beautiful house, almost a palace. His conversation, like his style, is easy and polite. At an advanced age, as I am told, he appears yet young, and seems truly animated in speaking of his excursion to the prairies, which circumstances obliged him to terminate sooner than he would have wished to do.

The gentleman who introduced me to Mr.

Irving (Mr. Tuckerman) is himself a man of talent and intellect. He affords another instance of that European cultivation of which I have just spoken. He is a traveller, and an essayist. He has given to the public his tour in Italy, and several essays, which remind one of the delicious *Miscellanies* of Charles Lamb, and yet having their own peculiar style. Nothing is more unlike the mercantile spirit so universally prevalent in the United States, and yet nothing is more common there, than that delicate and well-timed wit, which adorns and illustrates so gracefully the objects of art, the endowments of imagination.

I went, this evening, to hear a lecture on "Temperance." It was not a sermon on any particular Christian virtue—it was a discourse pronounced by a young man, who has devoted himself to the cause of temperance, and spends his time in going from city to city, and urging the public to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors; a voluntary apostle, and, as I think, a layman. Father Mathew, an Irish monk, well known in Europe, is now about leaving America, bearing with him the benedictions of the whole people, and the evidences of their gratitude for his having, by incredible exertions, enlisted several millions of men under the banner of temperance. The movement of temperance societies began at Boston in 1826, and five years later in England. The progress of temperance in both countries has been astonishing. The United States' Government has given its aid in suppressing the distribution of ardent spirits, in the army and navy; but the voluntary principle has done more than all else combined.

In 1836, there were about 8,000 temperance societies in the United States; comprising about 1,500,000 members. Even women and children have formed such associations; and what is best of all, public sentiment has been expressed by acts of legislation. Thus in Maine the sale of spirituous liquors is entirely forbidden, except in case of sickness, upon the prescription of a physician, and for artistic purposes. Nothing can be better evidence of the supreme will of the majority. To put a whole people on a water-diet may perhaps be a salutary tyranny, but a tyranny which no sovereign of Europe would allow himself to exercise.

What is well worth remarking is, that in a country where the majority rule, they have placed an interdict on the very object which the majority have a passion for. People are every where submissive to the law, and the

mayor of Portland congratulated his fellow-citizens on the good effects of the law, which has diminished pauperism and crime in the city. In Bangor, a watchman has stated that since the law went into operation, about three months, the watch-house and the prison are almost deserted; that the police have made but one arrest, and that the present state of things forms a perfect contrast with those scenes of violence which disturbed the quiet of the town during the past winter.

There are many persons desirous of introducing the same law into the State of New York. They have already tried to introduce it into the towns (not the large cities), but the influence of merchants, interested in the liquor trade, has hitherto obstructed its passage, without checking the zeal of its adherents. See then how the campaign against drunkenness succeeds,—an enterprise only thirty years old, which has already subdued the enemy, for in 1836 they counted 12,000 drunkards reformed by their exertions.

Mr. Gough pronounced a discourse which contained many good things, but which would have appeared better, as it seems to me, had they been told in a more simple manner, and with less violence of tone and less contortions of the body. One could not well employ a more intemperate orator in the cause of temperance, and indeed one might well have imagined sometimes that the orator was under the influence of the very poison, the use of which he was deprecating. In the midst of all this violent acting, there were moments of great power, when the American Bridaine spoke of those who thought that one could arrest his course and reform himself, when on the brink of drunkenness. Making use of a figure, disproportionate perhaps to the subject, he said, "It is as though a man were descending the rapids of Niagara, and you were to call out to him, stop! sir, stop! and he should answer, I will stop, sir, a little further on!" In this part of his address, the orator used all the arts of pantomime. He raised his arm to arrest the victim, thus hurried down the current, but at length a terrible gesture expressed the moment when he was lost in the gulf below.

It were wrong to treat lightly a question which interests public morals so deeply, but is there not something intemperate in this entire proscription of all fermented liquors, including wine, beer, and cider? And is whiskey, which contains fifty-four per cent. of alcohol, to be put in the same category with Bordeaux wine, which contains about twelve, with Burgundy, which contains about fourteen,

and with cider, which contains not quite two? The war against brandy and rum, under every form, appears to me a salutary one, and I must say that it is this above every thing else that Temperance Societies in America have to contend with,—but as to other kinds of beverage less pernicious, could not the word “temperance,” which means “moderation,” be substituted for total abstinence? For my part, I confess that I think temperance will be triumphant, when those who now drink rum or brandy, and those who allow themselves nothing but water, will unite at a table, where will be placed, as there is on European tables, both wine and water, by those who would not, as Mr. Gough says, plunge into the abyss of Niagara. They are beginning to make wine on the banks of the Ohio. If this effort succeeds, it may be that to it is reserved the honor of giving brandy the fatal blow, and of reinstating the cause of “temperance,” that is to say, of “moderation.”

I came home to-night quite out of temper with American carelessness. In promenading that magnificent street, Broadway, I came very near breaking my neck. Sometimes there were building materials piled up in a heap, where no care had been taken to place a lamp; sometimes there were large holes dug, which must be crossed on a plank, badly poised, or perhaps a trap-door would lie open, as I passed along before a house. I saw in the paper that an old lady fell yesterday through one of these trap-doors and was killed. It was said that the police had lately given the occupant warning as to what would be the result;—it had been wiser to prevent the accident. Not long since, in broad daylight, the upper story of a house standing in Broadway, fell into the street.

The “*Courrier des Etats-Unis*” made some very well-timed remarks on this subject;—as to the rashness of contractors for building, whom he compared to steamboat captains on the Mississippi. “Here,” says the *Courrier*, “the first comer, some awkward plasterer, a little more daring than the rest, becomes contractor, takes the name of builder on his own responsibility; executes, at the lowest possible prices, work with materials of a very inferior quality;—the workmen that he employs put up walls as slight as possible, throw across some beams which hold well or ill, nail to them at random some door and window sashes, place over all this scaffolding a roof, without calculating its weight or capability, and the result is a house—to tumble down.”

Even at this very moment the city is in

mourning in consequence of a sad disaster which a little caution might have avoided. In a public school-house where were assembled many hundred children, one of the teachers being faint, called for a glass of water. The word “water” excited alarm among the children, and some of them called out ‘Fire!’ The panic became general. The children crowded to the stair-case;—the baluster, which in spite of several remonstrances they had neglected to fasten firmly, gave way, and dreadful consequences ensued. The miserable victims were thrown one upon another,—a frightful spectacle!—a hundred lost their lives, and fifty more were wounded. May this dreadful event prove a warning in future.

Seldom does a day pass in New York without the occurrence of a fire. Several reasons are given for this. The police are not sufficiently on the alert;—fuel is very cheap;—the houses are built in such a way that they take fire very easily; and then, worst of all, but it is true—insurance is so common and so easily obtained. Indeed, I heard a public officer assert, that in order to lessen the number of fires, we must lessen Fire Insurance. It must be confessed, too, that there is an over-earnest zeal among the people to run to fires;—for in all the cities there are organized corps of firemen;—intrepid, indeed, but sometimes boisterous in the extreme.

Nothing shows better the difference between a government where the people are everything and one where they are a mere cipher, than the earnestness of these firemen, and all other citizens, compared with the indifference shown by the modern Romans under similar circumstances; of which Mr. Bunsen related a singular instance, when I was in Rome.

One night, while walking near the Forum, a place of interest to *savans* like himself, he saw that a fire had taken place in a street full of barns, which, for this reason, was called *Fenili*. Mr. Bunsen called to a man sitting by his window, looking quietly at the barn on fire. After some trouble, he engaged the man to go and give the alarm; but he could not understand why Mr. Bunsen should be so interested about it, and asked if he was a relative of widow —, whose barn was on fire. While our Prussian diplomatist was still on the alert, near the Capitol, for assistance at the fire, he met three countrymen walking by moonlight, and asked them if they had seen nothing? One of them stopped, and answered very quietly—“There—that’s the fire we saw half an hour ago.” “What!” said Mr. Bunsen, “you saw the fire, and there

you are yet?"—"Oh, sir," said the other, "that's a government affair!"

In a city like New-York, of 500,000 souls, through which there passes every day more than a thousand immigrants, the floating, and consequently dangerous population, make considerable figure. It requires a most careful municipal supervision; but the police are not what they should be. Very often, of an evening, some knots of resolute fellows, termed here "rowdies," prowl about certain quarters of the town, and not long since some of them entered a Frenchman's house and killed him out of wanton violence.

There is much talk here just now of an American picture, by Leutze, representing Washington crossing the Delaware. In this picture, Washington, in a boat, in the middle of the river, surrounded by fog and broken ice, has his eye fixed on the bank where his enemy are posted—he scans it closely, but I had a little rather not have seen his profile. The men in the boat are really hard at work. Several officers are standing around the principal figure; which strikes me by the energetic expression of the face. The effect of the fog is rather fanciful, but the grouping of the picture is good, and presents a fine historical painting; hitherto I have not seen many in this country;—and I have the misfortune not to have admired West in England.

What most surprises me in paintings here, is the landscape. The American painter has a peculiar task. The forms of the mountains are peculiar; the vegetation is very rich; the autumnal leaves assume a tint unknown to Europeans. In fine, the very light of heaven has a peculiar brilliancy, and the air a remarkable transparency, so that the colors of objects are expressed in a bold and decided manner. From the peculiarities of American scenery, difficulties have arisen to native artists, which have not been altogether avoided. The red and crimson tints which I easily recognize, from having seen them at sunset here, ought certainly to be reproduced, but without exaggeration. One must not so outrage nature's colors as to paint cows to look like lobsters. In general, the red predominates in many of their pictures. Here is a buffalo hunt—on the prairie; the sky is red, the ground is red, the buffaloes are red. The color of the Red-skins has spread over the landscape.

The Americans appear to be mistaken about the future progress of painting in the United States, and not to be taking the best means to promote its success. They say they must leave society to establish itself, and the

art will surely attain its full development. It does not seem so to me; for the maturity of a nation is surely less favorable to imagination than its youth. In Europe this flower of youth when "the beautiful" expands itself, has passed away, and here, one may say, society is mature at its birth. When the Americans flatter themselves that the era of perfection in the arts will arrive, it seems to me like a man of thirty, who says, "I was not in love at twenty, but hope to be so at forty."

Columbia College in New York is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the United States. Its charter was given by the king of England in 1754, but has since undergone some changes. I visited one of the Professors there, who took no pains to conceal his antipathy for the democratic tendency of American institutions. Letters find themselves somewhat isolated and thrown aside by the crowd, whose whole pursuits are so different from those of literary men; and they take reprisals for it by reading Aristophanes. Mr. * * * told me that he finds the United States' democracy treated there as it deserves. Columbia College has the unfortunate arrangement, in common with other literary institutions here, of embracing in its "course" by far too large a number of studies, for so short a time. Here, at Cambridge, and at Philadelphia, the course extends over no more than four years, for boys can be kept at school only until the time when they go to make money, and here that period arrives very early. Now how can they learn in four years, all that the programme of study professes to teach? Besides selections from the Greek and Latin classics, the course comprises, among other things, Greek and Roman Antiquities, a compend of Ancient and Modern History, a general history of the ancient and modern literature of Europe, Philosophy, Political Economy, Physics, a complete course of Mathematics, commencing with Elementary Geometry, and ending with Integral Calculus, and Astronomy "according to Newton, Laplace, and Lagrange." So much for the College of New York. In the University of Philadelphia it is the same, with Mineralogy and Geology to boot. I had no need to examine the graduates, to convince myself that they cannot have learned all this, and learned it well, in four years.

It is firmly believed here that education is favorable to morals. Elsewhere the theory is doubted; and the United States themselves have furnished evidence to the contrary.

Messieurs De Beaumont and De Tocqueville, in their examinations into the Penitentiary system of this country, have instanced Connecticut, where learning is widely diffused, and where, at the time of their visit, crime had increased. It is said, in the British Parliament, that in spite of all effort for the instruction of the people, crime has rapidly increased in New York. Such anomalies have been remarked in several European States. The American translator of the two authors named above, M. Lieber, has looked into the subject, and, after having shown how some circumstances may modify the habitual influence of education, he has concluded that instruction is not absolutely a good. "Arithmetic," says he, "may be as useful to a rogue as to an honest man toiling for his family; just as a knife may be used by an assassin, as well as by him who cuts a piece of bread." M. Lieber then adds several ingenious but truthful remarks on the indirect influence that education has, indiscriminately, on every child. He remarks that nothing can be more dangerous in society than a man who cannot read; and I think him in the right. Indeed such a man is, in one sense, out of the world; one of the avenues of enjoyment is closed to him, he has one sense less; and hence that sense of degradation which sometimes leads to crime.

The Public Schools are established and maintained sometimes by funds furnished by each State, and sometimes by taxes assessed by the cities and towns themselves. The system more generally adopted is that of New York, which consists in a combination of both. The general principle is, that the town shall pay in proportion to what the State furnishes. The State of New York has reserved in perpetuity for Schools the income of all lands belonging to it, and a capital called the "School Fund." These schools differ from those of many other States, in the fact that there are no schools for poor children; since no distinction exists between the rich and the poor. The taxes levied on parents that are in good circumstances go to support the school, where all, both rich and poor, are taught alike.

There was in the city of New York a corporation of long existence, whose prerogative it was to organize and control the public schools. This Society, in which there were many Quakers, left all religious instruction to the family and Sunday schools—giving permission only to read the Bible without comment; but, as it was a Protestant version, the Catholics took umbrage at it, and demanded

that a part of the funds should go to establish schools for them. Out of respect to the principle, that the State should do nothing to favor one sect more than another, while it was thought improper so to appropriate the funds of the Public School Society, new schools were organized, under the control of "trustees," elected by the people; and a new institution has arisen, called the "Free Academy," for the gratuitous instruction of youth in the higher departments of learning.

This was not done, however, without a struggle. As every thing here takes a political aspect, some approved of it, as coinciding so well with republican principles, while others, very sensitive on the subject of the progress of democracy, opposed giving gratuitous instruction of a higher order, as having a tendency to create, in young men, a sort of aristocracy, which would be fostered by the Academy, to the detriment of the Primary Schools, which are so useful to all. It was decided by a popular vote, of about 20,000 majority, in favor of the Academy.

There is nothing like this in France. Any pupil from the Public Schools, of the age of twelve years, is admissible. The candidates are examined on the different branches, by the Professors, who are ignorant of their names, and who write when they are to be admitted, "good," on a card presented to the examiner. One must receive "good" from each Professor. Punishment is almost entirely abolished, moral means being principally used; if a boy falls into error, they admonish him; if he repeats his fault, they say to him coolly, "You are no longer worthy a place among the students"—and send him away.

Two characteristics in the instruction of the Free Academy seemed worthy of note. One is the perfection of book-keeping applied to the government of a school. In a large volume not unlike a merchant's account book, one can see at a moment what any scholar is doing, and in what class or section he may be found. The other is, that the election of the Trustees has a political character. When the government of the city is democratic, it is impossible for a whig to be elected; but after all, the ascendancy of either party makes but little difference to the College. Professor Webster took me to a large hall where there are exercises in public speaking every month. The object of these exercises is to give to the pupils good habits of oratory, a part of education which is not neglected in a country where all may be called upon to deliberate on public affairs.

I came back very well pleased with my visit to the Free Academy, in company with Colonel * * *, who was very glad to go with me. There are, it is said, thousands of Colonels here, and when one is called upon in a public meeting, twenty persons rise. But Colonel * * * is a graduate of West Point, the Polytechnic School of the United States, an institution which, without equaling its model, is by far the highest school in the United States, and the only one dependent on the Government. Colonel * * * has now left the profession of arms for that of law. I think his means might enable him to live without his profession, as he does not practise much; and only does it so at all from

compliance with public opinion, which renders exertion an honor no less than a duty. As a gentleman would once have concealed the fact that he was engaged in business, so an American citizen feigns some profession, that honorable exertion may lose none of its dignity. Democracy, of course.

A propos of democracy. In walking down the "Bowery" with Colonel * * *, he said to me, "See this street; it is the dividing line between the two classes of society: those who have *not* yet made their fortune, live on the east side,—those who *have* live on the west." "But, suppose they lose it again?" said I. "Why, then," answered the Colonel, "they move back again."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

AMONG the many families which rose into notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day than that of the Countess B——. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time—marshals of France, statesmen, artists, men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons. The Baron M—— was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, though but little was known of his family or connections, he had found means to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B——, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

'We are all, I think,' he said, 'well acquainted with Baron M——, who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I

have just learned in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has, in fact, been seen to enter and leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouché.'

The assembled guests were thunderstruck at this unexpected announcement, each one endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have passed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long-forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M——, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should

be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the invectives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or, at most, gave him the slightest possible salutation.

Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M—— proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the hostess, who at once, as had been agreed, said to him: 'Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?'

'Certainly, madame,' replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and forthwith led the way to an ante-chamber.

The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said with some hesitation: 'I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you; and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you.' The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: 'I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouché—that you are, in short, a spy.'

'Oh,' replied the baron, 'is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true; I *am* a spy.'

'And how,' exclaimed the lady, 'have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself night after night at my house, in such an unworthy manner?'

'I repeat,' said the baron with all possible coolness, 'that I am in the pay of Fouché;

that I am a spy; and in this capacity, upon some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouché's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine.'

'What!' cried the countess; 'dare you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly.'

'Softly, madame,' answered the baron: 'that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we sink or swim together; if you proceed to denounce me, I shall also denounce you; and there is an end of both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before.'

'Well,' said the lady, considerably embarrassed at finding that her secret was known, 'what is to be done? I am in a most difficult position.'

'Not at all, madame,' replied the baron. 'I will tell you what to do; take my arm, and we will return together to the drawing-room, where you will announce that my explanation has been satisfactory.'

The countess, seeing there was nothing else to be done, determined to make the best of it, and as she advanced into the room said, with one of her sweetest smiles: 'I am delighted to tell you, that Monsieur le Baron has been able to give me an explanation, which, though I cannot divulge it, is in all respects perfectly satisfactory to me, and therefore, I am sure, it will be so to you.' The guests were at once relieved from a weight of anxiety, the evening passed off with the utmost hilarity, and the baron regained the good opinions he had lost. It was not until long afterwards that the real facts of this singular history became known.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LORD ABERDEEN.—Ten years ago, when Lord Aberdeen was Secretary of Foreign Affairs, he was described as a man of middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. He had the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat in England, but these characteristics did not show themselves in dress. His coat was black, generally much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trousers, very ill-made; a waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, and a cravat tied in a negligent manner. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting al-

most to a want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels. In conversation, his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles, yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and, according to English notions, an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation. It is only in his manner toward the ladies that he would be immediately distinguished from men of lower rank in society. He is neither a drone nor a bustling man, but works steadily and quietly while those more ambitious of attention engage in fiery debates.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE LODGINGS THAT WOULDN'T SUIT.

My landlady was a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old woman, with a kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. When, or at what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know; but there she was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy. Her natural foes were the trades-people who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a half-penny, colored her whole day. It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a state of perpetual hostility with the venders of sprats—O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlor floor which I inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bed-room in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess; but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging-house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean, it had never been rubbed in its life; and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the rest, was not in other respects so fortunate. Its color was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy; and it exhibited a decided gang-way from the door to the fire-place. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for

it did not cover the entire floor; but then, it must be considered, that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodgers' feet, not of those of the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantel-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of stone-ware; the background being formed by a long narrow horizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments, for which I paid twelve shillings a week, were not particularly cheerful. They had, indeed, rather a cold, solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at breakfast-time, I would fain even have prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and, therefore, she answered curtly; and, slamming down, or whisking off the things, went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminiscences the materials for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only think of a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers, from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman Conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance in her window of "Lodgings to Let." But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favorite hero was a gentleman, who every now and then brought her in news from the world that parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went, she was so unscrupulous a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences if we were overheard; indeed she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she *was* took up

in such a cause, she would soon let them know they had got the wrong sow by the ear!

But since my landlady had not a story, why not tell it? There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy: all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—wouldn't it?—to give a love-story without a word of love, without an incident, and without a dénouement. Such was my landlady's no-story; and we will get it out of her.

"The lady and her daughter?" said she. "Well, I don't know as there is anything particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday; they stayed fourteen months, and then they went away."

"You have not mentioned their name?"

"Their name? Well, surely I must have known their name when I went after the reference; but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the Parlor, and the daughter the Young Lady; for you see, at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation? As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, sometimes they chatted. They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You be so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!"

"I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and"—

"Lived? oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed: then, maybe, a pair of live sole for the Wednesday; Thursday, a dish of sassenagers; Friday, sprats—O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a saveloy or a polony at tea, made up the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister"—here the landlady fixed her eye upon me severely—"and them *were* ladies!"

"I have no doubt at all of it; and the young man was of course something like themselves?"

"He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle-aged or an elderly man. There he sat at the parlor window opposite,

with a book in his hand; but it was easy to see that it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day after day, week after week, month after month, there was he looking, and looking, and looking; till the picture, I dare say, gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world."

"The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?"

"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-sighted, that she could not tell whether it were a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man a-looking at her! Then, when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous like, how he snatched away his head, as if he had been a-stealing something! It was a great misfortune for him that I had put my oar in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes; and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when, at last, she got up, now and then, as if to look, full length, at something in the street, he fairly bolted off from the window. He could not stand *that* by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half-way across the street."

"That is excellent, mistress," said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story; "but they no doubt met at last?"

"You shall hear—you shall hear," replied my landlady; "but I must first tell you, that one day, when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady, I went out for a couple of chops to their diners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out of a ha'penny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was still sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked at his window promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had he been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two"—

"Stop, mistress! Before you come to that, describe the young man."

"The young man, if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been all ages from twenty-five to fifty. He wore black clothes, and a white cravat; his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth; his face gray; and he walked as if he was measuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, and returned at another, neither a minute earlier nor later; and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the very same space of time every day."

"And the heroine?"

"The what, mister?"

"The young lady—I beg pardon."

"Oh, she was a nice sort of person, of two or three and twenty; light-hearted, but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them altogether; and light-blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight."

"Then, go on to the meeting!"

"I'm a-coming to it. It was one day that the Parlor and the Young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one. So, as the church-clock struck, I sees my young man, as usual, open his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk away down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a-measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in his front, as if for the express purpose of meeting him, but our two ladies! I declare, it put me in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of Matrimony with somebody as has honorable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for awhile, as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, 'Day-school for Young Ladies,' till they had passed some time. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head."

"And is this the meeting, mistress?" said I with some indignation.

"To be sure it is," said my landlady, "and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlor received a letter from France, or Scotland, or some other place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time, they went off, and I never saw them more."

"And is this your story, mistress?" said I, getting into a downright rage.

"I told you from the first, mister," replied my landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell; and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!"

"It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you, that really"—

"Well, well. It was eight months before I heard anything about the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about, or who it was from; for the young man had gone too, soon after them—to one of the midland counties, I heard—and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was a-going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of a year, things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two-pair-back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what ever was to be done, when all of a sudden a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, rattat; nor a knock like yours, mister, rât-ât-ât-ât; it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them; and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other side of the way."

"I hope to goodness you were right?" said I.

"Never was wrong in my life," said my landlady, "when I felt anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face—all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did—when at last he said: 'Lodgings?'"

"Yes, sir," said I, 'please to step in;' and I showed him into the parlor. He looked at everything minutely, but without moving from where he stood near the door: at the table, the chairs, the fire-place, the chimney-glass; I am sure he noticed that the tail of that lion was broken (but the hussy tramped for it, I can tell you!)—nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used

to sit in as she sewed; and then turning quietly round, he walked out.

"What do you think of them?" asked I anxiously, as I followed him.

"Wouldn't suit," said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure"—

"I'll take my corporal oath of that!" remarked I.

"But not so much as you think, mister," said my landlady; "for I could not help feeling sorry for him. But yet I own, when the very same thing occurred next year—"

"Next year!"

"On the very day, hour, minute, second: the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: 'Wouldn't suit!' The next year!"

"My dear madam!—how long is that ago?"

"Well—a matter of twenty year."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.

"The next year," continued my landlady, "and the next, and the next, and the next, were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlor was let; but it was all one—he would see it, 'as it might do for another time;' and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it wouldn't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day; and my! as the thought struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I hadn't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time came. But it was of no consequence to him; only he stared twice as long when the door was opened and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at every thing as usual—Wouldn't suit. At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away, I found—for I did watch him once—he walked straight to the coach-office.

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older. His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that, he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to tremble a little in his walk; but he had now

a cane to keep him stiff and upright; and he still looked as if he was a-measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I cannot think what it was that made me care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he hadn't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that, when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well-nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlor never *would* suit. But it was all one to him. He didn't mind me a pin—not even when, being in better humor, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual—as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so nettled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair: but it was a bad thought, and I am glad now I kept it down.

"He grew more and more infirm; and at last, when one year he came and went in a coach, although he would not make use of coachee's arm either in coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous, that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlor window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck—there was no knock. Poor old young man! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlor—slow and desolate-like. The girl was out; we had hardly any lodgers; things were very bad with me—I was sore cast down. But business is business; and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never got any other. This time, it was from a country attorney, telling me of that Death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in showing *the lodgings that wouldn't suit*. Mister, I was took all of a heap! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man—the young lady—the long, long love-looks across the street—the meeting he couldn't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers—the visits to the parlor, where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him—the gray face—the sinking limbs—the whitening hair—the empty lodgings—the hundred pounds! I was alone in

the house; I felt alone in the world; and straightway I throws the letter upon the table, plumps me down in a chair, and burst out a-crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped; and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, coloring, a beginning, a middle, and an end, to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life of that old

young man, and is able, if he choose, to write his history in volumes; and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mecca of the heart for his meditative visits, without affecting in any sensible degree the cold calm look, and the measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world.

"THE NEW CASTLE.—Balmoral is a low, irregular stone building, of no pretensions to architectural beauty, and when the queen took possession of it, it was merely a hunting-lodge of a Scottish nobleman, and but little alteration has been made in it since. It is pleasantly situated in a narrow valley, with a hill in front and the Dee behind. This river is broad, and its waters are remarkably clear. Altogether the valley where "the Castle" stands may be about half a mile wide, but a new and commodious place is already staked out, which will be nearer to the banks of the river. During the residence in the Highlands, the course of life pursued by the court is much more simple than it even is at Osborne. The metropolis and Windsor are of course out of the question. Twice a week a four-horse van, from Aberdeen, conveys provisions and stores which the immediate neighborhood cannot supply. The queen and the prince will sometimes leave at eleven o'clock in the morning, and not be seen again by the suite of Balmoral till they return home in the evening. When they visit "the Hut," the shiel of Allt na Guithsach, which is situated about half way up Loch na Gar, the queen is merely attended by one lady in waiting, and the prince only by his valet: a female domestic and a cook go from the castle, and there is an old woman resident at "the Hut;" these are all the retinue the Sovereign of

England and her consort have during their residence in the mountains.

Her majesty and the prince often remain for days living in "the Hut," and make excursions in the romantic mountainous region in which it is situated. It was during one of these tours made from "the Hut," where her majesty was then stopping, that the news of the death of the Duke of Wellington first reached her, and caused the pleasant and homely little *ménage* to be immediately broken up, and the queen to return to Balmoral. On the hill-side, in front of the castle, there are at present patches of oats and barley, where a few partridges are to be found; wheat, of course, cannot be grown here. The grouse are plentiful, but wild; and mountain hares and rabbits abound. While there is so much to contribute to sport, a great drawback is occasioned to it by the Highland gillies,—for a more lazy, inert, obstinate unwashed set, it is impossible to conceive; and although they live all the year round on the money they obtain from Prince Albert and the visitors at Balmoral, it is impossible to induce them to interest themselves, or manifest any pleasure or excitement in the sport in which they are employed. 'There's time enough yet,' either in Gælic or broad Lowland Scotch, is all that can be extracted from them, and the *dudeen*, or short pipe, is as neverfailing an accompaniment as it is with the Irish peasant."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE following new announcements have been made by the leading London houses, during the past month: Capt. Elphinstone Erskine's *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, including the Feejees and others inhabited by the Polynesian Negro races.*

Lord John Russell's *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* The first volume of this long promised work has appeared.

The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk, comprising travels in the regions of the Lower Danube, in 1850 and 1851, by a British Resident of twenty years in the East.

A selection of the *Essays of Macroy Napier*, the late editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, has been made.

The third volume of Lord John Russell's *Life of Thomas Moore* has appeared. The complaints made respecting the careless editorship of the first two volumes are repeated with interest respecting this. The *Athenæum* thus remarks upon this feature, and sums up the value of the contents. Other critical journals accord with this view in the main:

"In the first two volumes of this work the Editor—as he chose, and chooses, to call himself—favored the public with a brief Preface, a brief Autobiography, and a vast quantity of Diary, intermixed with as large a quantity of Correspondence, too often repeating the information already detailed in the Diary. In the volumes before us we have nothing but Diary; and as for editing, his Lordship has done here yet less in that way than he did in the previous volumes. In the fourth volume, Lord John has given us, signed J. R., not quite two pages of small type about the destruction of Byron's Autobiography. A very few notes, of little value, with the same initials, occur here and there,—a few notes are signed 'Ed.' for which we suppose he holds himself responsible,—and one or two are unmarked, and therefore, for aught that appears, the work of a printer's devil. There is, all through, thus far very little of what in any proper sense of the term can deserve to be called editorship. The work is performed, certainly, somewhat aristocratically—or, at least, lazily. There may be good reasons—perfectly intelligible—in Lord John Russell's multifarious occupations, why it has not been executed with more tact and purpose; but the fact remains, that there is a *poco curante, far niente* air about the production not due to the claims of the subject,—and it must be regretted, that the memorials left by the poet himself have not met with an interpreter more devoted to the theme or more anxious and earnest in its exposition. We cannot believe that his Lordship has even read the Diary in print; or surely his practised eye would not have allowed such misprints to appear as, Sir J. Browne, for the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne—Wharton, for Tom Warton—Spenser, for Earl Spencer—Courtney, for Courtenay—Whishaw, for Whishaw, the friend of Rumilly—Hemming for Henning, the sculptor—Proctor, for Mr. Procter, or Barry Cornwall—Colbourn, for Mr. Colbarn, the publisher—Wenston, for Winston, once a well-known name in dramatic circles—W. Sharpe, for Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the friend of Sir Walter Scott—Daideis, for Cowley's Davideis—and Byroniana, for Byroniana. Slips of this nature are pardonable in the columns of a journal, too often prepared in a hurry,—but unpardonable in a work put forth with deliberation, and by an Editor who has been an author in print this quarter of a century and more.

"The portions of the Diary included in the volumes now before us commence on the 1st of September 1822, and terminate on the 31st of August 1825. They con-

tain, therefore, the events of exactly three years:—important years so far as Moore's history is concerned, but years of little consequence when viewed in connection with his character as an author. The 'Loves of the Angels,' the produce of this period, has not extended his poetical reputation;—and 'Captain Rock' has many fair passages,—but is a party pamphlet at the best:—while the Poet's 'Life of Sheridan' will never be looked on as a model biography.

"Though the 'Diary of Moore' was evidently intended by its author for publication,—he himself would not appear to have had any very distinct notion of what a good diary should be like. He had, it is true, one of the first requisites for supplying such a work:—he was diligent in keeping his Diary well 'posted up,'—so that the proceedings of one day were generally recorded on the next. By this he has given an air of authority to his entries:—and whatever the intrinsic worth of what he records may be, it is doubtless generally accurate. He was without dramatic power:—does not bring people before us, mind and body, like Boswell or like Pepys. He catches at smart sayings, jokes, epigrams, and puns. He skims the surfaces of things; and is rather ambitious of recording the good society in which he mixed, the pretty girls with whom he danced, or the names of the ladies of rank who were moved to tears by the witchery of his songs and voice. He does not exchange minds with the people whom he meets. 'Who gave the ball or paid the visit last,' were matters of more moment to him than one of Coleridge's discourses;—and a joke by Jekyll or an impromptu by Luttrell are points of greater consequence than Wordsworth's reasons for his admiration of 'Christabel.'"

Wellington, his Character, his Actions, and his Writings, by Jules Maurel, is well received. The *Quarterly* devotes a paper to it, highly commending its spirit and style.

India as it May Be—an Outline of a proposed Government and Policy, by George Campbell, Esq.—well received by the journals.

Narrative of a Journey round the World; comprising a Winter Passage across the Andes to Chili, with a Visit to the Gold Regions of California and Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c. By F. Gerstaecker. 3 vols. The *Literary Gazette* pronounces the author of this comprehensive work, according to his own showing, no ordinary man. It appears that he was early schooled in adventure,—and imbibed a love for wandering in his boyhood. While yet a youngster, he visited North America, and was obliged to take any work for a living that he could obtain,—being, as he states, too proud to write home to Germany for money. Under these circumstances, he was by turns—first fireman and deck-hand, then cook, on board the Mississippi and Arkansas steamers; he set up as cord-worker in Tennessee; worked at the silversmith business in Cincinnati; farmed in Missouri; was bar-keeper and hotel-proprietor in Louisiana, stock-keeper in Arkansas; and after having become familiar with the language and habits of the country, he hunted four years in the backwoods of the Arkansas, leading a wild life in a wild country.

A tragedy has appeared entitled *Cromwell*, by Alfred Bate Richards, the wily anti-Cobden pamphleteer.

A new and splendid edition of the popular poetry and poets of Britain, to be "edited, with biographical and critical notices," by George Giffilan; and young literary Scotland is mustering to help him.

That useful little volume, *Men of the Time*, makes its appearance, annual-fashion, for 1853, "with sixty new memoirs."

The recent discoveries are stimulating to a new edition of Robertson's *Charles V.*, with notes by the energetic Cressy.

A biography of Lord Peterborough is the latest posthumous work announced of Elliot Warburton's. Captain Cunningham's *Bhilas Topes*, or *Buddhist Monuments of Central India*, and Mr. Irving's *Theory and Practice of Caste*, are highly spoken of. Mr. Finlay, the historian of mediæval Greece, is about to follow up his work on that subject by a *Byzantine History* from 1216 to 1507.

De Saucy's very interesting *Narrative of a Journey round the Dead Sea*, and Frederika Bremer's *Impressions of America*, appear in an English dress.

Mr. John Francis, the historian of the Bank of England, will be in the field with his *Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends, a Chronicle of Life Assurance*. Mrs. Austin's *Germany from 1760 to 1814*, sketches of German life, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, is announced.

William Gardiner, the celebrated author of the *Music of Nature*, has published an engaging work entitled *Music and Minds, or Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante*.

The *Diary of Martha Bethune Baliol* from 1753 to 1754, is a pleasing fictitious narrative of love and adventure, and vanishing Jacobitism in Britain.

The *Diary and Hours of the Ladye Adolie, 1552*, from the pen of Lady CHARLOTTE PEPPYS, a volume, pretty every way, devoted to the autobiography of a pious young lady of quality, supposed to be burnt at Smithfield in the days of Bloody Mary.

A book of considerable interest to antiquaries and ecclesiologists is appearing in parts, *The History and Antiquities of St David's*, by William Basil Jones, M.A., and Edward A. Freeman, M.A. The work is illustrated by good engravings, and is published altogether in superior style. The cathedral archaeology displays laborious research on the part of the learned editors.

A report made to the Belgian government on Industrial Instruction in England, by the Chevalier de Coquil, is translated into English by Peter Berlyn, who adds remarks and comments in foot-notes. The subject is important, and the views of an intelligent foreigner on this department of education in England are at the present time worthy of attention.

On the subject of emigration, a cheap pamphlet by Mr. Charles Riursthous, jun., gives useful hints of a practical kind to different classes of emigrants.

A popular narrative of the last struggle of the Hungarian nation for freedom, by the Rev. Henry Birch, is entitled *Princes against Peoples; or, the Fall of Hungary*. The writer has collected the principal points of historical interest from various published works, and gives a brief but clear statement of the events of the war.

Mr. Kingsley's powerful tale, *Hypatia, or New Foes in Old Faces*, which has been publishing in *Fraser's Magazine*, has been issued in two volumes.

The ninth volume of the works of Galileo Galilei, published by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has made its appearance at Florence.

ITEMS.

The subscription list for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, being now well filled up, the subscribers are at once to determine as to the description and site of the monument.

Chevalier Bunsen has obtained from the University of Göttingen the degree of Doctor, "for the rare theological science of which he has given proof."

The Cleopatra Needle has proved too worthless and insignificant in the eyes of the agents of the Crystal Palace to justify a removal. The Obelisk of Luxor will, however, be brought from Egypt for exhibition at Sydenham.

M. Albert Gaudry, a well known French naturalist, has been sent to the island of Cyprus and the shores of the Levant to study and report on the geology and natural history of those portions of the Turkish empire.

The contribution in aid of Lady Franklin's exertions for the recovery of her husband and his companions, from Van Dieman's Land, has reached her hands, and amounts to £1,671*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The subscribers to the testimonial include all classes and denominations of the colonists.

Lamartine is dying; his physicians have no hopes of him.

Edinburgh is projecting a great Industrial Exhibition, to be held next year.

In forty cities and towns in Scotland every one hundred and forty-nine of the population supports a dram shop.

The Isabel (screw steamer) is to depart for Behring's Straits—another proof of the devotion and zeal of Lady Franklin in her husband's behalf. The Admiralty have rendered some assistance in the equipment of the Isabel, but the expense of provisioning and storing the vessel, and paying the crew, is defrayed by Lady Franklin. The expedition is well provided with meats and antiscorbutics, and is to be conducted on temperance principles.

A new work has appeared, on "*Cretons and Idiots*," in which it is stated that idiocy and goitre prevail in England to an uncredited extent, and that cretinism of the most undoubted kind, exists there as truly as in the Alps and the Andes. Various parts of Yorkshire, Herefordshire, Derbyshire, Somersetshire, and many towns are afflicted in this manner. Settle (in Yorkshire) is one of the localities where cretinism prevails. In Silverdale there are 11 *cretins* in one family. Oldham is another afflicted place. At Chiselborough, Dr. Guggenbuhl, the Swiss physician, who has made the discovery of these facts, saw 32 cretins in a village of 300 inhabitants, a proportion of more than 10 per cent.

Abd-el-Kader has addressed a letter to Lord Londonderry, thanking him for his exertions on his behalf. It is addressed "To his lordship the magnificent, the highly exalted, the man of heart, the key of happy issues, before whom misfortune flies, the General Vane Londonderry, the Irishman."

Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband, has been giving successful concerts at Berlin.

A portrait of Shakspeare has been found, painted by a contemporary of the bard of Avon.

M. Henri Herz, the well-known pianist, saw announced for sale a few days ago, a picture by Greuze, called the "*Two Orphans*," forming part of the effects of the Count de Paiva, a Portuguese nobleman. As during his absence from France in 1848 he had lost such a picture, he demanded from the Civil Tribunal authority to seize it. The Countess de Paiva caused an advocate to appear for her on Saturday, before the tribunal, to represent that the picture was hers, it having been given to her more than ten years ago by M. and Madame de Rochemure, before her marriage with M. de Paiva, and when she lived with M. Herz. On behalf of M. Herz, it was stated that the picture had been given to him, and that Mme. de Paiva had taken advantage of his absence to remove it from his residence. The tribunal

decided that as regards furniture, possession is the best title, and that, besides, the period within which claims for furniture can be made had passed away. It accordingly rejected the application of M. Herz.

Mr. Madden, the Oriental traveller, announces a work on the Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola.

The *Edinburgh Review*, under its new management, resumes something of its old temper. Two of the articles in the April number are fierce attacks upon Tory characters—Alison and D'Israeli. The new editor, it will be remembered, is E. Cornwall Lewis, Esq.

The Royal Family now consists of the following:—The Queen Alexandrina Victoria was born May 24, 1819. Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, was born August 23, 1819. The twain were married at the age of 21, on the 10th of February, 1840. The issue has been:

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born November 21, 1840. Albert Edward, born November 9, 1841. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843. Alfred Ernest Albert, born August 6, 1844. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1845. Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850. A son not yet named, born April 7, 1853. Eight children—four sons and four daughters.

It appears, from a return to Parliament, just issued, that the expense of the Oxford Commission defrayed last year was 1,220*l.* 4*s.*, and of that relating to Cambridge, 400*l.*

Prince Albert has headed a subscription list with a donation of 25*l.*, towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. The statue is to be a colossal bronze figure to be erected in the metropolis. The model has been designed by Mr. Calder Marshall.

On the decease of the late Duke of Wellington, there remained in the possession of his family three Ribands of the Order of the Garter. The latest worn by the lamented hero has recently been presented to, and graciously accepted by, her Majesty. A second, of very old and historical interest, is retained in the family; and the third has been sent by the present Duke of Wellington to the Marquis of Londonderry, upon whom the Garter of the great duke was conferred by the Queen.

The Leander, Captain King, of 50 guns, is to bring the Earl of Ellesmere to America, and is to remain at New York during the Great Exhibition in this city.

A new play, by Sir T. N. Talfourd, called "*The Castilian*," is said to be in private circulation.

Mrs. Stowe and her friends had agreed, while in Edinburgh, to attend an anti-slavery and a total abstinence meeting.

Grisi has once more appeared as Norma, and is said to be the wonder of the age. Her voice is still magnificent, and her acting sublime. Her reception was enthusiastic.

As an example of the declining state of the bar, it is stated that twenty-two sets of chambers are now to be

let in the Middle Temple solely, which numbers two hundred and fifty.

Dr. Alexander Mayer, of Paris, announces that he has been able to obtain heat for all the purposes for which heat is now used, by means of friction. An apparatus for this purpose will soon be exhibited to the public.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution is in a state of great activity and growing success. The members appear to be nearly 2,400 in number—and we observe that fifty-one lectures on various subjects, generally of a high, grave class, have been delivered during the past season. The library contains about 6,000 volumes—and this seems to us the weakest department of the institution.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin has granted to Dr. Freund, the eminent philologist and lexicographer, the expenses of a journey in Switzerland and the Tyrol, for the purpose of investigating the Rumanian dialects spoken in the districts of ancient Rætia.

Lord Brougham has been favoring the Academy of Sciences of Paris with a paper "*On Light*," but his communication does not appear to have contained anything new.

It appears from the report of a meeting of the subscribers to the Moore Testimonial, which has just been held in Dublin, under the presidency of the Earl of Charlemont, that £1,315 had been subscribed, out of which £1,161 has been paid up, and an expenditure of £138 incurred. A communication had been received from London, through Mr. Longman, announcing that the London subscription for the Moore Testimonial amounted to £279. The testimonial is to take the shape of a statue on a pedestal—the figure to be of bronze, and executed from the marble portrait taken of the poet by Mr. Charles Moore. An admirable site has been chosen for the work. It is to be placed in an open space fronting what was the Old Parliament House of Ireland, and close to Trinity College, where Moore received his education.

The Earl of Ellesmere has been appointed by Royal Commission to represent the British Government to the Crystal Palace Exhibition in New York, the ensuing summer. Besides the Earl of Ellesmere, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Dilke, Professor G. Wilson, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. Wallis, are also to accompany the commission. It will thus consist of six members, and form a body well calculated not only worthily to represent this country on the other side of the Atlantic, but to bring back, in the shape of official reports, the results of the approaching industrial display. The nobleman who is placed at the head of the Commission is thoroughly qualified to pronounce a judgment upon the merits of the fine arts' section, while he unites with a highly cultivated taste, the *prestige* of rank and wealth. Science, especially in the departments of raw produce and mineralogy, could not find in this country a worthier representative than Sir Charles Lyell; and Mr. Dilke, the least rewarded, and certainly not the least valuable member of our own Executive Committee in Hyde-Park, by his practical good sense, his business habits, and his experience, may fairly be expected to stamp the new Commission with a useful as well as a merely dignified character.

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THE LIFE OF THE LATE

ANDREW BURNES, ESQ.

BOLESLAW PRUS

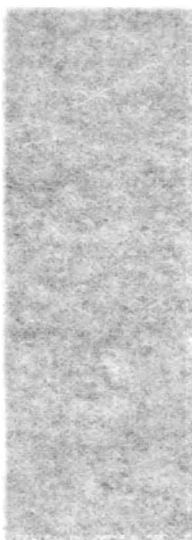
THE LIFE OF A NOVEL

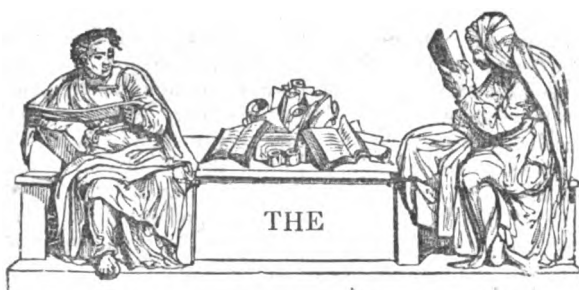
JOHN R. LEWIS

THE LIFE OF A NOVEL

JOHN R. LEWIS

London: 1883. This trenchant article is attributed to the pen of Mr. Hayward.





ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1853.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MR. DISRAELI: HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER.*

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

ABOUT twenty years since a prize was proposed, in an Italian university, for the best essay on the following subject: "What individual since the beginning of the world has 'most occupied the thoughts of mankind?' The palm was awarded to the essayist who maintained the superior claims of Napoleon to this world-wide description of notoriety; but the decision was far from commanding universal assent. If, however, a prize were offered at Oxford or Cambridge for a dissertation on the analogous but more limited question—"What individual from February 1852, to January 1853, has most occupied the pens, tongues, and ears of English-men?"—the answer would be given by acclamation. The Right Honorable Benja-

min Disraeli, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, is undisputably the man. His appointment to this post was one of the most startling domestic events that has occurred in our time. People seemed never tired of talking and speculating on it, with its recondite causes and its problematical results. He at once became an inexhaustible topic of animated discussion in society. His portrait was painted by one fashionable artist; his bust was taken in marble, *ære perennius*, by another; what were called likenesses of him appeared in illustrated newspapers by the dozen; and, above all, he was placed in Madame Tussaud's repository—that British Valhalla in which it is difficult for a civilian to gain a niche without being hanged. He glittered in the political horizon as a phenomenon of the first magnitude; and every glass was turned upon him the more eagerly, because it was impossible to discover, and hazardous to predicate, whether he would turn out a planet, a fixed star, a comet, or a mere vapory exhalation, or will o' the wisp, raised by an overheated atmosphere from a rank and unwholesome soil.

* 1. *The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. A Critical Biography.* By GEORGE HENRY FRANCIS. London: 1852.

2. *Lord George Bentinck. A Political Biography.* By B. DISRAELI, Member of Parliament for the County of Buckingham. Fifth Edition—revised. London: 1852.

3. *Venetia.* By B. DISRAELI. A new edition. London: 1853. This trenchant article is attributed to the pen of Mr. HAYWARD.

To lay aside metaphor—Mr. Disraeli was pretty generally regarded as an intellectual, moral, social, and parliamentary anomaly. His career has been altogether an exceptional one. None but himself can be his parallel; and as all traditional, prescriptive, and familiar tests of character are obviously out of place when applied to that of the “successor of Hampden,” we are by no means surprised to find that the most varying and contradictory opinions still prevail concerning him. There are persons, we hear, who conceive him to be the most profound of modern statesmen; there are others, we know, who contemptuously deny him a title to rank amongst statesmen at all. Some of his admirers declare him to be an orator in the highest sense of the term; whilst his opponents stoutly maintain that he is at best no better than a showy and shallow rhetorician. Favorable critics dwell upon the alleged wit, spirit, cleverness, graphic power, and frequent brilliancy of his writings; whilst those of the severer order profess to be more struck by their meretricious glitter, overwhelming presumption, open disregard of principle, innate vulgarity of conception, and utter absence of earnestness and truth. The very section of the aristocracy which has always been the last to recognize the claims of genius, points, or very recently did point, to his elevation as an irrefragable proof of the excellence of our institutions; yet the majority of the cultivated classes, whose liberal appreciation of merit for its own sake has been time immemorial exhibited in a thousand ways, were contemporaneously giving vent to a sentiment not much unlike that embodied in the well-known couplet—

“The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there.”

That, indeed, is the essential question and real problem. How did he get where we recently gazed upon him with almost as much wonder, though with not exactly the same vague feeling of apprehension, as that with which we contemplated the astounding rise of the new Emperor of the French? How did a gentleman of Jewish extraction, whose previous career was inextricably associated with reminiscences very little calculated to inspire esteem or confidence, manage to become finance-minister of the greatest commercial country, and official leader of the gravest, wisest, and most important representative assembly in the world? Did he succeed by addressing himself to the good or to the bad feelings of his countrymen?—to

their passions and prejudices, or to their reason and good sense? In other words, did he win his position by the fair exercise of talent and industry, or did he steal a march on his competitors, and climb to temporary power upon the shoulders of a well-dressed and wealthy, but turbulent, ill-informed, and irritated set of agitators, who were marked by many of the most objectionable characteristics of a mob?

We shall endeavor to answer these questions by an impartial review and analysis of the Right Honorable Gentleman's career, as illustrated by his writings and speeches,—taking Mr. George Henry Francis as our assistant and occasional guide; for his “Critical Biography,” although frequently betraying an undue partiality for his hero, presents a tolerably correct outline of those events of Mr. Disraeli's life with which we have now to deal. It will speedily be seen, as we proceed, that we are actuated by no party views or motives, but that our main object is to rectify the scale by which our public men are to be judged. Granting that no widespread or lasting injury may result from an insulted example of unmerited promotion to the highest honors of the State,—the case assumes a much more serious aspect when the essential rules of political morality are systematically tampered with, in the hope of making them square with conduct which, so long as their authority remains unimpaired, must be held emphatically wrong. We are well aware of the delicacy and difficulty of the task; but we have at least one advantage—that, so long as we confine ourselves to what bears on his public career, we need not be over scrupulous in discussing the antecedents of a man who has dealt more largely and profitably in personality than any writer or speaker of our day.

According to the “Critical Biography,” “the future orator and statesman was born in the year 1806,” and according to Dodd's Parliamentary Companion, in 1805. He was the first-born of Isaac Disraeli, the eminent author of “Curiosities of Literature,” a book which, despite of the inaccuracies detected by Mr. Corney and others, has been translated into every modern language that boasts a literature, and must be deemed an indispensable part of every good library. Disraeli the Elder, as he was affectingly designated by the son in the hope of benefiting by the reflected lustre of the paternal fame, was an excellent specimen of the old-fashioned man of letters—amiable, kind-hearted, devoted to his books, and little conversant

with the habits or topics of the gay and bustling circles of the metropolis. His claim to an honorable post in the Republic of Letters was unimpeached and is certainly unimpeachable. What, then, do the admirers and followers of Mr. B. Disraeli mean by asserting that, far from being aided by birth and connection in his social and political aspirations, he had extraordinary disadvantages in this respect to surmount? We know perfectly well that a strong prejudice was entertained against him when he first entered the House of Commons; but this was the natural result of those passages in his life which he now finds it convenient to term his "wild oats." If he could have dissociated himself from these, and have moderated his pretensions for an interval, he would have had no reason to complain of his reception; and, to the best of our observation, no *débutant*, in any walk of life, need wish for a better recommendation than an honored name. In point of hereditary fortune, he was better off than Burke, Sheridan, or Canning; and, with regard to his apparently most serious stumbling-block, his Jewish extraction, we are by no means sure that, under his adroit and spirited management, it was not, at one period, actually transformed into a stepping-stone.

When "Pelham" is asked whether illegitimate birth will prevent a person from being a perfect gentleman, he makes answer, that it will not, if the individual feels no consciousness of the stain, for then it will in no respect impair that freedom and independence of bearing which are essential to the character. To apply this refined remark to the case before us—we conceive that if an Englishman of the Jewish race puts a bold and honest face on the matter, his contemporaries will soon cease to think about it, and that it will speedily become stingless and inoperative as a taunt. So long as Mr. Disraeli was the fearless and uncompromising champion of his oppressed brethren, he carried with him the cordial sympathy of every generous heart and the eager concurrence of every enlightened mind. He participated in the new dignity which he conferred on their cause. Never was there a more striking confirmation of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy;" for it was not until he lowered his tone, and began to capitulate on his own account, that his vulnerable side was laid bare. From the time when he assumed the lead of a party whose watchword is bigotry, and who stand pledged to retain the Jews in their present state of civic

inferiority, his Caucasian descent became again the bar sinister of his political shield; but it is his own fault if he selects for his constant associates the hereditary oppressors of his race, and does all that in him lies to fan the smouldering embers of intolerance into a flame. Did he really suppose that he would be allowed to revive the No Popery cry, or to call for fresh penal enactments in favor of our "Protestant Constitution," without provoking a telling retort? If so, he reckoned without his host; and the mode in which one of his late colleagues alluded to the topic under discussion, might have served as a warning to Mr. Disraeli to get out of their company as fast as possible. Sir John Trollope told his constituents, at his re-election for South Lincolnshire, in March last, that the financial concerns of the country were safe in the guardianship of "a gentleman undoubtedly of ancient blood but eastern origin." Beginning with a compliment, the Right Honorable Baronet unconsciously ended with a sneer.

It is fortunate, therefore, that the bane is coupled with the antidote; "for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." Centuries of oppression have endowed the Jewish race with corresponding habits of endurance. Mr. Disraeli has frequently been subjected to mortifications and disappointments which would have driven a more sensitive man to the very verge of self-destruction. Yet neither insult nor annoyance seemed to make the smallest impression on that imperturbable temper and impassive brow. So long as he could gain any thing by being cool, he was cool; and it was only on rare occasions, when the game was up or played out, that he was ever hurried into the display of ill-temper or irritability. That extraordinary faculty of mastering his emotions and biding his time, by dint of which he has so often grasped Fortune by the forelock, may be clearly traced to his "eastern origin," and can hardly be computed as the worst or most profitless part of that "damnosa hereditas" which descended to him with his blood.

It is rather strange, considering the circumstances and literary position of his father, that Mr. Disraeli did not receive what is called a regular education. He was brought up at a private school, or academy, in the classic shades of Hampstead or Highgate; and at the age when young men commonly commence residence at a University, he was articulated to a highly respectable firm of solicitors in the city. "In his adolescence,"

says Mr. Francis, "he was subjected to the severe corrective of a city life. The future Chancellor of the Exchequer spent in the hard service of a lawyer's office much of the time he would rather have devoted to the Muses. We do not consider ourselves called upon to enter into mere gossiping details, however interesting, of this period of Mr. Disraeli's career. His native genius soon broke through these trammels." The plain matter of fact is, that these trammels were neither severe nor degrading, although Mr. Francis' language would justify an inference that they were both. An article clerk's ordinary mode of passing his time is thus described by Cowper in a letter to Lady Hesketh:—"I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor,—that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor (Thurlow) constantly employed from morning till night, in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. O fie, cousin! how could you do so."

Mr. Disraeli was not the first by hundreds, and very far indeed from being the most distinguished, of the many notable personages who have verified the portrait of—

"Some youth his father's wishes doomed to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross."

Nor is it clear to our minds that his sojourn in the metropolis, with leisure and command of books, under this lax apprenticeship, may not have qualified him better for working out his peculiar destiny than the same number of years spent, and haply trifled away, on the banks of the Isis or the Cam. "Every man," says Gibbon, "who rises above the common level has received two educations,—the first from his teachers,—the second, more personal and important, from himself." That the second was not omitted in Mr. Disraeli's case, he gave ample and speedy evidence. He could hardly have arrived at legal years of discretion, when he set on foot the earliest of his ambitious projects; for although we are not prepared to specify the precise share he had in getting up or editing the "Representative" newspaper in January, 1826, we have the strongest direct proof that he was one of the responsible parents of the scheme. The late John Murray, of Albemarle Street,—the most enterprising and liberal-minded of bibliopoles,—who lost more than 20,000*l.* by the undertaking, was wont to declare to his dying day that he was led into hazarding

this large sum by the gorgeous pictures of anticipated profit and influence drawn by the imaginative genius of the precocious ex-clerk. The paper never recovered from the effects of an article beginning—"As we were sitting in our opera box"—and it was given up after six months' trial, during which half a dozen or more editors were successively employed.*

In the course of the same year, 1826, Mr. Disraeli, who has a knack of turning failures to account, electrified the novel-reading public by "Vivian Grey," the plot of which was understood to be founded on the getting up of the "Representative" and on the incidental intrigues,—literary, social, and political. We remember seeing a Key, in which the Marquess of Carabas was declared to be neither more nor less than John Murray,—Cleveland, an eminent author and editor, still living—and Mrs. Felix Lorraine, a now forgotten blue-stocking. The suggested analogies are faint, and the points of similarity mostly fanciful, but the novel itself will always remain an object of interest to the metaphysical inquirer as containing the germ, rude outline, and incomplete conception of the career which the author was even then meditating, and in great measure has since contrived to run. We request particular attention to the following passages:—

"At this moment, how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth baulks my fancy—shall I pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old château? Supposing I am in contact with this magnifico, am I prepared? Now, let me probe my very soul. Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception; and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make those conceptions beloved by others. There wants but one thing more—*courage*, pure, perfect courage;—and does Vivian Grey know fear?" He laughed an answer of bitterest derision." (Vol. i. p. 43.)

"It was a rule with Vivian Grey, never to advance any opinion *as his own*. He had been too deep a student of human nature, not to be aware that the opinions of a boy of twenty, however sound, and however correct, stand but a poor chance of being adopted by his elder, though feebler, fellow-creatures. In attaining any end, it was therefore his system always to advance his

*The first Number appeared on the 26th January, and the last on the 28th July, 1826. After making every allowance for the subsequent improvement and raised standard of newspaper writing, we are obliged to own that the "Representative" richly merited its fate.

opinion as that of some eminent and considered personage; and when, under the sanction of this name, the opinion or advice was entertained and listened to, Vivian Grey had no fear that he could prove its correctness and its expediency. He possessed also the singular faculty of being able to *improvise quotations*, that is, he could unpremeditatedly clothe his conceptions in language characteristic of the style of any particular author: and Vivian Grey was reputed in the world as having the most astonishing memory that ever existed; for there was scarcely a subject of discussion in which he did not gain a victory, by the great names he enlisted on his side of the argument. His father was aware of the existence of this dangerous faculty, and had often remonstrated with his son on the use of it." (Vol. i. p. 58.)

"I will speak to you (Cleveland) with the frankness which you have merited, and to which I feel you are entitled. I am *not* the dupe of the Marquess of Carabas; I am *not*, I trust, the dupe, or tool, of any one whatever. Believe me, Sir, there is that at work in England, which, taken at the tide, may lead on to fortune. I see this, Sir,—I, a young man, uncommitted in political principles, unconnected in public life, feeling some confidence, I confess, in my own abilities, but desirous of availing myself, at the same time, of the powers of others. Thus situated, I find myself working for the same end as my Lord Carabas, and twenty other men of similar calibre, mental and moral; and, Sir, am I to play the hermit in the drama of life, because, perchance, my fellow-actors may be sometimes fools, and occasionally knaves. Oh! Mr. Cleveland, if the Marquess of Carabas has done you the ill service which Fame says he has, your sweetest revenge will be to make *him*, your tool; your most perfect triumph, to rise to power by his influence." (Vol. i. p. 297.)

None of the maxims or reflections in this book are remarkable for refinement or depth. They lie on the surface, and read like the affected and flippant cynicism which clever youngsters mistake for philosophy, whilst the manner in which they are illustrated and carried out by the *dramatis personæ* of the romance is very far indeed from redeeming them from the imputation of commonplace. Vivian Grey, as portrayed, could not by any possibility have made his way in good company, or have inspired a man like Cleveland with any feeling but distrust. Yet it has been by acting up to, and improving on, the creed of "Vivian Grey" that the author, after a thousand abortive experiments in the art of rising, has realized the dream of his boyhood. Although he was speedily precipitated from the dizzy height he had internally vowed to obtain, he *has* stood upon it long enough for a puzzled nation to look up, and wonder, and possibly to blush. He *has* found his Marquis of Carabas, his Lord Courtown, and his Sir Beardmore Scrope;

and he *has* revenged himself on the haughty nobles and squires who "spat upon his Jewish gaberdine," by making tools and fools of them. As it was wittily observed when he compelled his followers to forswear "Protection," the country gentlemen used to amuse themselves by drawing the teeth of the Caucasians, but it was now the turn of the Caucasians to draw the teeth of the country gentlemen. Whether this be the kind of a triumph which a good or great man would wish to have recorded in his memoirs or commemorated on his tomb-stone, is quite another matter—all we venture to assert in this place is, that it was obtained and, we believe, fully enjoyed by "Disraeli the Younger," when he donned the blue and gold uniform of a Cabinet Minister.

We noticed the best of his novels at the time of their appearance,* and feel no inclination to revert to them. The best was "Contarini Fleming," and the worst the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," in which extravagance and absurdity had reached the culminating point. Results have no longer the smallest connection with causes, and performance bids audacious defiance to possibility. This work met with precisely the same reception from the literary public which was subsequently accorded to his maiden speech by the House of Commons. It was received with loud laughter, and the versatile writer forthwith betook himself to what he mistook for poetry. His "Revolutionary Epic" appeared in 1832, and was destined, as we learn from the Preface, to place him in the same category with Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. But he fortunately added, "that if the decision of the public should be in the negative, then will he, without a pang, hurl his Lyre to Limbo." He was as good as his word, so far as the continuation of the Epic was concerned. It felt still born, and henceforth we find him playing a conspicuous, if not always a creditable or commendable, part on the political stage.

As the "Representative" was a high Tory organ, we presume that Mr. Disraeli was professedly a high Tory in 1826. Be this as it may, he started for High Wycombe in 1832 as a Radical, under the auspices of the late Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume, with whose letters of recommendation he placarded the borough walls. The sponsor for his fidelity to their known principles was the

* Vol. lxxvi. p. 59, vol. lxxx. p. 517, vol. lxxxvi. p. 138.

author of "Pelham," who thus explains his share in the transaction :—

"London, 24th July, 1835.

"Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to say that Mr. Disraeli first referred me to a printed handbill of his own, espousing short parliaments, vote by ballot, and untaxed knowledge. I conceived these principles to be the polestar of the sincere reformers, and to be the reverse of *Tory ones*. I showed that handbill to Mr. Hume; hence the letters of that gentleman and of others. Mr. Disraeli does not deny that he professed those opinions at that time, but he has explained that he meant them for adoption, not against the Tories, but Whigs. With his explanation I have nothing to do. I question his philosophy, but I do not doubt his honor. When any man tells me that he votes for ballot, short parliaments, and the abolition of the taxes on knowledge, I can only suppose him to be a Reformer; such being my principles I would always give him my support; and I should never dream of asking whether he called himself a Radical or a Tory.

"I am, Sir,
"E. COX, ESQ. "E. L. BULWER."

One of Mr. Hume's commendatory letters contained the following expressions :—

"I hope all Reformers will rally round you who entertain liberal opinions in every branch of government, and are prepared to pledge yourself to support reform and economy in every department."

If the Financial Reform Association had then existed, Mr. Disraeli would undoubtedly have been a member of it, and he did become a member of the Westminster Reform Club. About the same time, he was introduced, at his own request, to the late Earl of Durham as a Durhamite, and in 1833, he was a candidate for the representation of Marylebone on the ultra liberal side.*

* The whole of the documentary and other evidence bearing on this part of Mr. Disraeli's career was collected and published in 1836 by Mr. E. Cox, now a barrister on the Western Circuit and late Derbyshire candidate for Tewkesbury, in a pamphlet, with his name. This pamphlet formed the basis of a series of articles in the "*Globe*" (for January 1836,) notoriously and avowedly written by an amiable and accomplished member of the House of Commons, whose untimely death was regretted as a national loss. He, with his genial love of fun, was especially delighted when Mr. Disraeli magniloquently demanded in the course of the resulting controversy: "How could he be gratified 'by an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal' like the editor of the '*Globe*,' when his own 'works had been translated at least into the language of polished Europe, and circulated by 'thousands in the New World!'"—a test of merit which, in many other instances within our memory, would have placed the authors of ephemeral works of fiction at the head of contemporary literature.

We need hardly suggest, that a pledge or profession must be interpreted in the sense in which the maker knew and meant it to be accepted. Yet it is deemed a sufficient answer to the charge of tergiversation brought against Mr. Disraeli, on the strength of his Wycombe and Marylebone candidature, to say that he was a Tory-Radical, or Radical-Tory, and that he was consequently at full liberty to solicit the support of the Ultras of either side. Our own solution of his many Protean transformations is, that he had never any political principles or fixed convictions whatever. The world was all before him where to choose, and he chose what best suited his purpose at the moment. He alternately presented the black side of his shield to the *Neri*, and the white side to the *Bianchi*; or he was the prototype of the Frenchman who was seized in Paris, on the 24th February 1848, with three cockades—white, red, and tricolor—in his pocket, his avowed object being to assume from hour to hour the badge of the faction which seemed to be getting the upper hand. At the same time we are well aware that there may be such a creed, or mixture of creeds, as that which has been attributed to the Right Honorable Gentleman, in the hope of extricating him from his dilemma. *Les extremes se touchent*; and he is not the first who has speculated on governing mankind despotically, or in a high Tory sense, by appealing to the numerical majority. It is what Napoleon the Third has done and is doing. It was what the Jacobites, or original "Country Party," hoped to do at, and for many years after, the accession of the House of Brunswick. The hypothesis on which their hopes rested, was that, since the middle class was not to be shaken in its attachment to civil and religious liberty, the fit instruments for revolutionizing society must be sought at its bottom and its top. The Extreme Right and the Extreme Left must be persuaded to coalesce against the Right and Left Centres. The reason why Shippen, Bromley, Sir William Windham, and other partisans of the Stuarts, wished to repeal the Septennial Act, is therefore obvious enough. They sought to restore an exiled race of sovereigns by popular suffrage. But what fallen dynasty did Mr. Disraeli seek to restore when he advocated a return to triennial, annual, or "often-er if need be" parliaments?

This is only one amongst a hundred shallow fallacies by which he sought to pass for an original thinker. The Whigs, forsooth, were to be cried down as the enemies of rational

government, because they had selected the Venetian constitution for their model, and had labored unceasingly to reduce an English sovereign to the condition of a Doge. This theory pervades the whole of Mr. Disraeli's political writings; yet it is hardly conceivable that any historical inquirer should risk his reputation on such trash. A similar accusation might, with equal or greater plausibility, be urged against M. Thiers, for perseveringly endeavoring to compel Louis Philippe to recognize the maxim, "*Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas.*" If the Whigs ever formed such a design, they failed wofully. The direct personal influence of the sovereign was far greater during the reigns of George I. and George II. than it has been during the reigns of William IV. and Victoria. It will be sufficient to refer to Lord Hervey's (confirmatory of Horace Walpole's) account of the manner in which George II. named his first premier, or to the history of Sir Robert Walpole's administration from 1721 to 1742. We should be glad to know who, from Walpole's rise to his fall, fulfilled the functions of the Council of Ten? Whilst Queen Caroline lived, she exercised more control over her royal spouse than any ten Whig peers that Mr. Disraeli can name. That the Duke of Newcastle (whom Mr. Disraeli, "in Sybil," calls "the virtual sovereign of England") by his boroughs and his connections, and the first Pitt by his commanding talents and his popularity, occasionally imposed a galling curb on the inclinations of the sovereign, is true enough; but liability to this description of restraint is of the very essence of a limited monarchy, and suggests not the faintest analogy to the humiliating helplessness of a Doge.

William III., as Mr. Disraeli admits, baffled the combination. The reign of Anne was more like a struggle between the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham than between the Venetian and English systems; and public opinion came into full play and regular operation as a controlling power soon after the accession of George III. But if the versatile inventor of this untenable theory will not be persuaded to give it up, or cannot do so without loss of credit, we recommend him to go back a great deal farther than to the accession of William and Mary for his proofs. The points of comparison which he requires will be found most plentiful under the Plantagenets; and if a baronial or aristocratic league to coerce the chief magistrate be the one thing needful to complete the parallel, why not date the rise of

the Anglo-Venetian constitution from the signing of Magna Charta by King John?

The same fanciful train of superficial reasoning has constantly supplied Mr. Disraeli with a convenient excuse for attacking the middle or moderate party, with whom he had, and could have, nothing in common, and who invariably declined his advances and made light of his pretensions. But whatever his object in courting the Radical leaders, and whether he did or did not intend to use their influence merely for the destruction of Whiggism and the advancement of Toryism, there can be no doubt, that until the Reform Bill tide was on the turn, he figured amongst the most uncompromising champions of "democracy." It was in this phase of his career that he published "*What Is He?*" a short pamphlet in which, after declaring the House of Lords virtually defunct, he thus marks out the only course left for well wishers to their country:—

"Believing, then, that it is utterly impossible to restore the *aristocratic* principle, and believing that unless some principle of action be infused into the Government a convulsion must ensue, what are the easiest and most obvious methods by which the *democratic* principle may be made predominant? It would appear that the easiest and the most obvious methods are, the instant repeal of the Septennial Act, and the institution of election by ballot, and the immediate dissolution of Parliament."

Since Mr. Disraeli's accession to office, he has taken the more prudent course of glossing over the first eight or nine years of his public life as his "wild oats." But this style of evasion and apology was not open to him when he first joined the Tory ranks. The first symptom of his affection from the Hume, O'Connell, and Bulwer section of Liberals, was of the most unequivocal kind. He stood for Taunton as a declared and full-blown conservative in 1835; and he instantly proceeded to attack his quondam allies and patrons, particularly the Irish Liberator, in the coarsest terms. Mr. O'Connell replied in his characteristic style, and, after charging his assailant with charlatanism, apostacy, and ingratitude, he wound up his vengeful diatribe by a sarcasm which went straight, like a poisoned arrow, to the mark, and has clung like the shirt of Nessus: "I cannot," said O'Connell, "divest my mind of the belief that, if this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he was the lineal descendant and true heir-at-law of the *impenitent* thief who atoned for his crimes upon the cross." Maddened by this terrible hit,

Mr. Disraeli made matters worse by the phrenzied indulgence of his exasperation. He covered himself with merited ridicule by inditing a bombastic challenge to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, which, as he might have anticipated, was declined; and the absurdity of his position reached its climax when he wound up an epistle to the great Agitator with: "We shall meet at Philippi [*i. e.* the House of Commons], where I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting castigation for the insults you have lavished on me;"—a pledge, by the way, which he never attempted to redeem. He addressed another letter to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, in which he expresses a hope that the father had been so insulted as to render it incumbent on some member of the family to vindicate its outraged honor. "The sons of O'Connell, however," observes Mr. Francis, "looked on the matter as purely ridiculous; and they only published the correspondence in the papers. The public were much of the same opinion. They indulged in a good hearty laugh at the Cambyeses' vein of the would-be champion of Conservatism. His political inconsistency was ascribed to an infirmity of judgment almost amounting to craziness. The extreme rashness and injudicious haste of Mr. Disraeli to achieve greatness had excited strong prejudices against him."

Mr. Francis adds that his hero "had, perhaps, never stood lower in public esteem than at this time." But he never cared about public esteem. Dr. Johnson has remarked, that there are persons so besotted with the love of notoriety that they will roll in a gutter rather than not be looked at or talked about. Mr. Disraeli is, or was, a striking specimen of this class. The *quod monstret digito prætereuntium* was his master passion, and, when he had no other means of gratifying it, he would stoop to make people stare by the extravagance of his dress and demeanor, or by the calculated display of a half-genuine and half-simulated self-conceit. He was profoundly indifferent as to the unfavorable impression left on quiet and rational people. If he had made them stare, he had achieved the distinction for which he panted, and which he proposed to turn to account in some way. He had carefully studied the weak side of human nature, and he knew that the multitude are carried away in their own despite by the habitual assumption of superiority. A blot is not a blot till it is hit; and a failure is not a failure till it is acknowledged. The Spartan boy would be no bad model for a political adventurer. It is surprising, too,

how frequently, "in erring reason's spite," we accept people at their own valuation if they stick to it. The world did not despair of Mr. Disraeli, because he did not despair of himself; and, although he had lost stake after stake, and the odds were desperately against him, he was not yet reduced to the condition of the ruined gamester who has nothing left wherewith to stand against the hazard of the die. He had youth, health, talent, and a reputation which might almost pass muster for fame. The author of "Vivian Grey" would never again enter a London drawing-room unobserved. He was a notability of the first water, a spirit of the age, a genius of the epoch, and his cry was still—"The world's mine oyster, which I with tongue or pen will open."

In 1835, he published his "Vindication of the English Constitution," addressed to Lord Lyndhurst, the professed object of which is to portray the Whigs as a narrow-minded and selfish oligarchy, and to exalt the Tories as the only trustworthy aspirants to political power. Borrowing largely from the brilliant, specious, and thoroughly unprincipled Bolingbroke, Mr. Disraeli labored to prove that his new friends had merited the confidence of their countrymen by doing the very opposite of what had been expected from them. For example,

"However irresistible may be the social power of the Tory party, their political power, since 1831, has only been preserved and maintained by a series of *democratic* measures of the greatest importance and most comprehensive character. No sooner was the passing of the Whig Reform Act inevitable, than the Tories introduced a clause into it which added many thousand members to the estate of the Commons. No sooner was the Whig Reform Act passed, and circumstances had proved that, with all their machinations, the oligarchy was not yet secure, than the Whigs, under the pretence of reforming the corporations, attempted to compensate themselves for the democratic increase of the third estate, through the Chandos clause, by the political destruction of all the freemen of England; but the Tories again stepped in to the rescue of the nation from the oligarchy, and now preserved the rights of eighty thousand members of the third estate. And not content with adding many thousands to its numbers, and preserving eighty thousand, the Tories, ever since the passing of the oligarchical Reform Act of the Whigs, have organized societies throughout the country for the great *democratic* purpose of increasing to the utmost possible extent the numbers of the third estate of the realm. The clause of Lord Chandos, your lordship's triumphant defence of the freemen of England, and the last registration, are three great *democratic* movements, and quite in keeping with the original and genuine character of *Toryism*." (P. 202.)

In a preceding passage he had stated that "Toryism must occasionally represent and reflect the *passions and prejudices of the nation* as well as its purer energies, and its more enlarged and philosophic views." No one will deny that it diligently discharged this portion of its functions under the auspices of Lord Derby, and we can now guess "the reason why" the chivalrous Premier consented to take his policy from the country,—why Mr. Walpole proposed to bestow the elective franchise, with such unprecedented liberality, on militia men,—why Mr. Disraeli was eager to recognize the "political rights of labor,"—and why the Irish tenant leaguers were gratified by a thinly disguised concession to socialist principles. These "were great democratic movements, and quite in keeping with the original and genuine character of Toryism,"—particularly if it "must occasionally represent the passions and prejudices of the nation." But then, if Toryism be identical with Derbyism, why did Lord Derby undertake to encounter and vanquish this same "democracy," which (so says his Caucasian friend) it is the especial vocation of Toryism to strengthen and develop? Here we own ourselves at fault, and the only solution of the problem we can suggest is, that he proposed to control the democratic tendencies of the nation—as St. Evremond tells us *he* conquered his passions—by indulging them; or that the Ex-Premier acted on the drunkard's maxim of "a hair of the dog that bit you;" or that his Lordship had been studying the doctrine of the homœopaths, who maintain that a disease is most effectually cured by drugs which would have created it, had it not pre-existed in the constitution of the patient. But this, at least, we will make bold to predicate, that, if the principles of parliamentary reform advocated by this journal be fairly compared with Mr. Disraeli's and Mr. Walpole's, no impartial arbitrators will hesitate to say that we have a far better title than they, or those whom they represent, to the disputed designation of "Conservative."

The 'Letters of Runnymede,' composed in obvious imitation of Junius, and filled with truculent abuse of every contemporary Whig of eminence, were the next notable production from his pen. They first appeared in the 'Times,' and were published in a collected shape in 1836, with a Dedication to Sir Robert Peel, who was then, it seems, the 'chivalrous' champion who was to transfix the dragon of democracy.

"In your chivalry alone is our hope. Clad in the panoply of your splendid talents and your spotless

character, we feel assured that you will subdue this unnatural and unnational monster; and that we may yet see sedition, and treason, and rapine, rampant as they may have of late figured, quail before your power and prowess." (P. 36.)

In 1837, Mr. Disraeli obtained the long-coveted object of his ambition. He was elected member for Maidstone. The effect of his maiden speech in the House of Commons is well known. It was cut short by an irrepressible burst of laughter, and he concluded with the memorable words: 'I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.' When Woodfall told Sheridan, after hearing his maiden effort, that public speaking was not his line, the future rival of Pitt and Fox replied, after leaning his head upon his hand for a few moments,—'I have it in me, and by G—— it shall come out.' This was the instinctive consciousness of latent power; and in the same category of sayings may be ranged Nelson's, when, finding his name omitted in the dispatches, he exclaimed, 'Never mind, some time or other I will have a Gazette to myself.' But Mr. Disraeli's threat, vow, or promise was simply one of his characteristic ebullitions of assurance; for we will answer for it, that he never began anything yet, without proclaiming that he should succeed. Every one knows the boastful predictions which he put forth from time to time touching his Budget and the certain duration of the Derbyite Government, and the unhesitating confidence which his credulous friends reposed in them until the bubble burst. Moreover, there is nothing particularly remarkable in the intuitive conviction of a very clever man that he should eventually compel attention from the House of Commons. The chief singularity consisted in the unabashed utterance of such an expectation at such a moment; of which, we fully admit, very few embryo orators would be found capable. Charles Fox failed repeatedly during his first session, but it is not recorded that he concluded any one of his unsuccessful efforts with a vow of future excellence.

It also strikes us that, when undue stress is laid on this memorable incident in Mr. Disraeli's life, his admirers are apt to lose sight of the time he took, and the means he used, to verify the prediction. The House, having had its laugh, was rather favorably disposed than otherwise to give him fair play the next time he rose; but, although he frequently trespassed on its patience between

1837 and the downfall of the Whig Ministry in 1841, his talents for debate were not appreciated; and he did not acquire what is called "the ear of the House," without first resorting to adventitious aid, and then appealing to the passions and prejudices of its least cultivated members. The adventitious aid in question was that of "Young England;" the passions and prejudices to which we allude were those of the late Protectionists.

When the "Young England" party were in the zenith of their shortlived celebrity, we endeavored to form an accurate estimate of their alleged vocation, their merits and their pretensions.* Declining to concede to them the full measure of intellectual pre-eminence which they arrogated, we gave them ample credit for generous aspirations, and for energy and capacity enough to develop and reduce into definite shape their somewhat dreamy schemes for the regeneration of society. We saw, or thought we saw, the germs of future excellence in the best of their juvenile productions; and we still think that they exercised a wholesome influence on their immediate contemporaries, by freshening and elevating the tone of political discussion, as well as by suggesting some new and useful trains of sentiment and thought. "It is not always necessary," observes Goethe, "for truth to embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement—if, like the deep friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air." But, on the whole, we must admit that experience has shown the vanity of our more flattering anticipations; for "Young England" has literally left nothing by which its corporate or collective existence can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of an inquisitive posterity, except the recollection of its having been Mr. Disraeli's first stepping-stone to fame. The enthusiastic support of a select band of young admirers gained for him the vantage-ground, for which, insulated and singlehanded, or confounded with the crowd, he had long battled fruitlessly. It was as their Coryphæus that, two years at least before the grand schism of 1846, he began to show signs of marked hostility towards the late Sir Robert Peel; who had been the constant object of the rising rhetorician's exalted eulogy until all rational hope of preferment was at an end.

It is well known that, on the formation of the Conservative Ministry in 1841, Mr. Disraeli considered himself quite sure of office, and was exceedingly surprised at finding that

Her Majesty had no need of his services. The truth is, the ludicrous passages of his erratic career were still too freshly remembered, and the austere virtue of the Minister prevented him from closing with a recruit of wavering principles and questionable reputation, whose enmity, if the bare notion of such a thing had flitted across his mind at that time, he would have despised. It must remain, therefore, an unsolved problem whether the Secretaryship of the Admiralty, or a government appointment of inferior responsibility, opportunely offered, would not have effected a most important change in our parliamentary history for the last six years. At all events the strongest presumptive evidence may be adduced to show that Mr. Disraeli was actuated by private and personal motives when he first, with his small band, occupied a position a little in front of the main body of Conservatives, and manœuvred in such a manner as to cause no inconsiderable annoyance to their then honored and revered chief. We can understand why the Duke of Buckingham left the Cabinet a few months after he became a member of it, and why other consistent Protectionists were sorely shaken in their allegiance by the "New Tariff;" but the "Young England" primary ground of quarrel with Sir Robert Peel was that he did not go far or fast enough in the Liberal direction. So long as they acted in concert, they were the avowed champions of commercial and religious liberty. Why then did Mr. Disraeli support and applaud this illustrious statesman when he assumed the reigns of power for the supposed purpose of upholding "Protection," and of carrying out the traditional doctrines of Toryism, yet labor unceasingly to undermine his influence from the time when he manifested a growing predilection for Free Trade, and become his bitterest enemy when he finally abandoned the Corn Laws as hopelessly indefensible? We shall endeavor to throw light on these points by a few extracts from "Coningsby," which appeared in 1844, and was loudly heralded by the author's disciples as an authentic exposition of their creed.

In the Preface to the popular edition of 1849, the author claims for it a degree of authority which it could not be expected to command as a mere novel. "It was not," he says, "originally the intention of the writer to adopt the form of fiction as the instrument to scatter his suggestions, but after reflection, he resolved to avail himself of a method which, in the temper of the times, offered the best chance of influencing

* Vol. lxxx. p. 517.

opinion." He had another obvious reason for choosing this form of composition. It afforded him increased facilities for gratifying his personal animosities with comparative impunity. It has been objected to the anonymous system of English journalism, that it gives undue scope to personal spite; so that no one can tell whether he may not have made a dangerous enemy by a remark carelessly let drop in the unguarded hours of convivial intercourse. No one, however, has serious cause to dread a newspaper attack, unless he invites criticism by coming voluntarily before the public in some shape. But there is no escaping the novelist, who conceives himself licensed to introduce portraits, sketches, and caricatures under the transparent veil of a pseudonym; for even if the predestined victim should happen to be obscure and unassuming, he or she may be ingeniously brought in as a specimen of mock modesty and real insignificance. We need hardly add that this practice is diametrically opposed to the true principles and appropriate objects of art; which may be one reason why some of our cleverest female novelists have hitherto tried in vain to match the exquisite pictures of social life bequeathed to us by the Burneys and Austens. Amongst writers of fiction pretending to respectability, Mr. Disraeli has been by much the worst offender in this line. Indeed we should be puzzled to name a single natural and probable character of his drawing, which is not a servile copy from some living original; and he seems to have lost, if he ever possessed, the Shakspearlike genius for generalization or creation, by the ruinous habit of rejecting the poetic ideal for the prosaic real,—much as he is supposed to have forfeited the power of convincing the reason of a cultivated audience, by perseveringly acting on the hypothesis that the only effective mode of operating on popular assemblies is to amuse, excite, or mystify them. This glaring defect, however, by no means diminishes the value of his romances when considered as records of his passing opinions on men and things, and it is solely as indications of these that we now beg leave to call attention to the following passages from "Coningsby." We have already seen that the ends of Toryism must be attained by democratic measures. Let us now ascertain what the Conservative chief understands by Conservatism. The birth of "Conservatism" is described in terms which would justify a doubt whether it was in any respect an improvement on old-fashioned true blue Toryism:—

"No one had arisen either in Parliament or the Universities, or the Press, to lead the public mind to the investigation of principles; and not to mistake, in their reformations, the corruption of practice for fundamental ideas. It was this perplexed, ill-formed, jaded, shallow generation, repeating cries which they did not comprehend, and wearied with the endless ebullitions of their own barren conceit, that Sir Robert Peel was summoned to govern. *It was from such materials, ample in quantity, but in all spiritual qualities most deficient; with great numbers, largely acried, consoled up to their chins, but without knowledge, genius, thought, truth, or faith,* that Sir Robert Peel was to form a 'great Conservative party on a comprehensive basis.'"

So much for the materials; now for the manufactured commodity:—

"Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connections. Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress; having rejected all respect for Antiquity, it offers no redress for the Present, and makes no preparation for the Future. It is obvious, that for a time under favorable circumstances, such a confederation might succeed; but it is equally clear, that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all States, and which such an impassioned system is even calculated ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting; the barren curse of political infidelity will paralyze all action; and the Conservative Constitution will be discovered to be a *Caput Mortuum*." (P. 98.)

The attempt to identify the Conservative cause with "Protection" is thus keenly satirized:—

"And now, after all, in 1841, it seemed that Taper was right. There was a great clamor in every quarter, and the clamor was against the Whigs and in favor of Conservative principles. What Canadian timber-merchants meant by Conservative principles, it is not difficult to conjecture; or West India planters. *It was tolerably clear on the hustings what squires and farmers and their followers meant by Conservative principles.* What they mean by Conservative principles now is another question; and whether Conservative principles mean something higher than the perpetuation of fiscal arrangements, some of them very impolitic, none of them very important. But no matter what different bodies of men understood by the cry in which they all joined, the cry existed; Taper beat Tadpole; and the great Conservative party beat the shattered and exhausted Whigs." (P. 457.)

In connection with this branch of the

subject, we must not forget to mention that on the 10th of May, 1842, Mr. Disraeli delivered a carefully prepared speech on the Tariff, in which he expatiated on the "great and beneficial influence of Mr. Huskisson," and tried to prove that all eminent Tories, from Pitt to Peel inclusive, had been the champions of Free Trade.

The opinions on ecclesiastical matters, and on the delicate question of the relation of the Church to the State, professed by Mr. Disraeli during his "Young England" days, were an exaggerated form of what is popularly termed "Puseyism." They were thus developed in "Coningsby":—

"What can be more anomalous than the present connection between State and Church? Every condition on which it was originally consented to has been cancelled. *That original alliance, was, in my view, an equal calamity for the Nation and the Church;* but, at least, it was an intelligible compact. Parliament, then consisting only of members of the Established Church, was on ecclesiastical matters, a lay synod, and might, in some points of view, be esteemed a necessary portion of Church government. But you have effaced this exclusive character of Parliament: you have determined that a communion with the Established Church shall no longer be part of the qualification for sitting in the House of Commons. There is no reason, as far as the constitution avails, why every member of the House of Commons should not be a dissenter. But the whole power of the country is concentrated in the House of Commons. The House of Commons virtually appoints the bishops. A sectarian assembly appoints the bishops of the Established Church. They may appoint twenty Hoadleys.' " (Pp. 251—253.)

"Divorce the Church from the State, and the spiritual power that struggled against the brute force of the dark ages, against tyrannical monarchs and barbarous barons, will struggle again in opposition to influences of a different form, but of a similar tendency; equally selfish, equally insensible, equally barbarizing. The priests of God are the tribunes of the people. O! ignorant! that with such a mission they should ever have cringed in the ante-chambers of ministers, or bowed before parliamentary committees!" (Pp. 353, 354.)

At the commencement of the year 1846, therefore, when Mr. Disraeli volunteered to become the mouth-piece of a Protectionist, No-Popery, and anti-Tractarian opposition, he himself was a Freetrader and a Puseyite—that is, if he ever was anything but what appeared to suit his immediate purpose. Most assuredly, the more liberal views then recently announced by Sir Robert Peel in connection with the Maynooth Grant and the Corn Laws, might have been expected to re-

move or soften (instead of aggravating) any lurking distrust of that lamented statesman which his unrelenting satirist could have contracted on public grounds. Why, then, did Mr. Disraeli lend himself out, as an intellectual gladiator, to a section of that "large-acred squirearchy" with whom he had no one view, thought, taste, habit, or sentiment in common? The solution of the problem is partly to be found in the circumstance on which Mr. Henry Drummond opportunely fixed attention, namely, that "the best heads had gone over to the other side;" so that Mr. Disraeli might have been actuated by motives very similar to those which induced the Scotch archer to prefer the service of Louis the Eleventh to that of Charles the Bold. "The Duke of Burgundy," observed Le Balafré to Quentin Durward, "charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault. Think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much further forward than the Duke and all his own brave nobles of his own land?" On the other hand, he added, the King of France had alienated or driven away all the best of the hereditary defenders of his throne. "Now, see you not," concluded the sagacious mercenary, "in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest fortune?" Just so, Mr. Disraeli might plausibly have asked himself whether a cavalier of fortune was likely to come to the highest honor by competing fairly with statesmen of acknowledged reputation, or by contending for the Protectionist leading staff with Lord Granby, Mr. Herries, Mr. Walpole, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Newdegate, and Mr. Christopher.

Strange to say, this mode of accounting far his conduct is far more favorable to the Right Honorable Gentleman than the explanation of it which he has given in the latest of his literary productions, "Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography." This book was published in January, 1852, about two months before his accession to high office, and considering the period of its appearance, and the author's position at the time, we are lost in wonder at the astounding audacity of its revelations. He unblushingly owns that he was almost uniformly actuated by the least justifiable class of personal motives, and he narrates the factious intrigues which he aided or suggested, with a chuckling self-complacency, indicating about the same notion of political morality which a

man born blind may be supposed to have of colors. Mr. Macaulay, after alleging ample reasons for the "belief that those amongst whom Machiavelli lived, saw nothing shocking or incongruous in his writings," observes, "it is therefore in the state of moral feeling among the Italians of his time that we must seek for the real explanation of what seems most mysterious in the life and writings of this remarkable man." The now scattered or defunct "Country Party," far from seeing anything objectionable in the "Political Biography," eagerly circulated it as their text-book and guide. By a parity of reasoning, therefore, it is in the state of principle among the late Protectionists, that we must seek for the real explanation of what seems otherwise unaccountable in this book. Their *beau idéal* of a patriotic statesman is, or was, one who should be always prepared to sacrifice his country to his party; and the public virtues on which, if we may credit their chosen and trusted annalist, they laid the greatest stress were cupidity and vindictiveness. For example:—

"The time (the first week in April 1846) had now arrived when it became necessary for those who were responsible for the conduct of the Protectionist party very gravely to consider the state of affairs, which had become critical, and to decide upon the future course. The large majority in the House of Lords had extinguished the lingering hope that the ministerial scheme might ultimately be defeated. *Vengeance therefore had succeeded in most breasts to the more sanguine sentiment.* The field was lost, but at any rate there should be retribution for those who had betrayed it. Proud in their numbers, confident in their discipline, and elate with their memorable resistance, the Protectionist party as a body had always assumed, that when the occasion was ripe, the career of the Minister might be terminated: it was not until the period had arrived when the means to secure the catastrophe were to be decided on, that the difficulty of discovering them was generally acknowledged. How was Sir Robert Peel to be turned out? Here was a question which might well occupy the musing hours of a Whitsun recess." (P. 230.)

The suggestion of a formal vote of want of confidence is discussed, and rejected for the very sufficient reason that it could not have been carried. The writer then proceeds:—

"If indeed the Whigs had been prepared to form a government on the economical principles of their own budget of 1841, the whole of the Protectionist party would have arrayed itself under their banners, and the landed interest, *whose honor they would have then saved*, would have been theirs for ever. This was a result which the

Whigs as a party were desirous to accomplish; and a nobleman, whose services had been since prematurely lost to the country, and whose excellent sense, imperturbable temper, and knowledge of mankind, had for many years exercised a leading influence in the councils of the Whigs, and always to their advantage, was extremely anxious, that by a reconstruction in this spirit an end should be put to that balanced state of parties, which, if permitted to continue, frustrated the practicability and even the prospect of a strong government. What he wished particularly to accomplish was, to see Lord George Bentinck in the new Whig cabinet. But though this eminent individual conducted his negotiations under the happiest auspices, for Lord George Bentinck entertained for him great personal regard, and was united to his son by ties of very warm and intimate friendship, his object was not attained. Lord John Russell could not recede from the Edinburgh letter, and he was more valuable to his party than a fixed duty on corn. Lord George Bentinck offered, and promised, to support the Whig government, but would not become a member of any administration that was not prepared to do justice to the land." (Pp. 231—233.)

The nobleman alluded to is, we believe, the late Earl of Besborough, who well merited the tribute paid in this passage to his excellent qualities of head and heart; but what Mr. Disraeli terms "his negotiations" were undertaken on his own responsibility, and were never sanctioned or encouraged by any chief or authorized representative of the Whig party. Nor is it credible that, when the Repeal of the Corn Laws had been once formally proposed by Sir Robert Peel, any leader of that party ever dreamed of proposing a fixed duty. The prominent peculiarity of this passage, however, is quite independent of its historical accuracy. The author's notions of political honor may be collected from it. He boldly asserts that, in 1846, the whole of the Protectionist party might have arrayed itself under the Whig banner without any loss of credit or desertion of principle; and that the honor of the landed interest might have been saved by reverting to the Whig budget of 1841. Yet every man of them had been elected for the express purpose of opposing that budget. Further comment would be superfluous, and we pass on to other equally illustrative revelations.

"Although a slight circumstance, it ought perhaps to be noticed that some change took place at the commencement of this Session ('47) in the local position of parties in the House of Commons. On the accession of the Whigs to office in the preceding year, the Protectionists had retained their seats beneath the gangway on the Ministerial side. They did this on the reasonable ground, that as it was their intention to support the gene-

ral policy of the new Government, it was unnecessary for them to cross the House with the late Cabinet which they had themselves mainly driven from power. But as time advanced, considerable inconvenience was found to result from this arrangement, for the Protectionists were so numerous, that the greater portion of the Whigs were obliged to range themselves on the benches opposite the men whom they had always supported, and with whom they were still voting. This led to some conversation between the Treasury bench and Lord George Bentinck; and it was finally agreed that, on the whole, it would be more convenient that on the meeting of the House in '47, he should take the seat usually occupied by the leader of the Opposition, and that his friends should fill the benches generally allotted to an adverse party. This was the origin of his taking a position which he assumed with great reluctance, and of his appearing as the chief opponent of a Ministry which he was anxious to uphold." (P. 371.)

"A long table and a square table, or seats about the walls," observes Lord Bacon in his "Essay on Counsel," "seem things of form, but are things of substance; for, at a long table, a few at the upper end in effect sway all the business; but, in the other form, there is more use of the counsellor's opinion that sit lower." Just so, as we collect from the foregoing statement, the arrangement and partition of the seats in the House of Commons, or the small or large space below the gangway, may seem things of form, but are things of substance; for they may determine the political position of a great party, and public men will of course consider a crowded bench, or an inconvenient seat, a less tolerable alternative than the obligation to act against a Government with which they are disposed to concur from conviction.

The following is another startling passage:—

"When all hope of constructing the Whig party on a broad basis was reluctantly given up, and the future ministers reconciled themselves to that prospect of a weak government which was so clearly foreseen by their sagacious friend, and has been subsequently so unfortunately realized, *those active spirits who busy themselves with the measures of parties* fixed upon the sugar duties as the inevitable question on which the Government might be expelled from office. The existing Government, it was understood, had pledged itself to the colonial interest to maintain their old policy of excluding slave-grown sugar; and, in fact, it was only by such an engagement that the votes of those members of the House of Commons connected with the two Indies had been lost to the Protectionists in the division. It was supposed that the agricultural interest, having lost the protection which the land enjoyed, would not be indisposed to console themselves for this deprivation by the enjoyment of cheap sugar, especially when

the representatives of dear sugar had exhibited so decided a predilection for cheap bread. But when Lord George Bentinck was sounded on this scheme he shook his head, with that peculiar expression which always conveyed to those who were appealing to him the utter hopelessness of their enterprise. 'No,' he said, 'we have nothing to sustain us but our principles. We are not privy councillors, but we may be honest men.'" (Pp. 233, 234.)

If Lord George Bentinck had lived till the middle of 1852, he might have discovered that it was just possible for privy-councillors to be the exact opposite of honest politicians. But here again, what are we to think of "those active spirits who busy themselves with the measures of parties," when they complacently relate how they laid themselves open to such a rebuke?

A desperate attempt was made to effect a diversion in favor of the Peel Government, on the night of the division which sealed its fate, by putting up Lord Chandos to appeal to the Conservative sympathies of the Protectionist opposition. The incident is thus graphically related in the "Political Biography:—

"Very pale, looking like the early portraits of Lord Grenville, determined but impassive and coldly earnest, Lord Chandos, without any affectation of rhetorical prelude, said in a clear and natural tone that he wished to state his intention of recording his vote for the measure of the Government. . . . And he gave succinctly his main reasons for so doing. They were told that the question to-night involved a vote of confidence in the Minister. He did not acknowledge the justness of that conclusion. He gave his vote on this Bill solely with reference to the condition of Ireland, but if he could bring his mind to understand that the question of general confidence in the administration was the principal question on which they were going to decide to-night, and the proper government of Ireland only a secondary one, then he thought it fair to say, that he for one was not prepared to vote a want of confidence in the present Conservative Government. *He supported them as an administration founded on Conservative principles, and he for one did not agree, that Conservative principles depended on tariff regulations, or that the existence of the institutions of the country relied upon the maintenance of a fiscal principle.* Whatever the result of the division, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his vote would be registered freely and fairly on the merits of the question, and that he was not actuated by personal prejudice or factious opposition." (Pp. 296, 297.)

Considered and judged from the Conservative point of view, Lord Chandos' position was unassailable; and in refusing to admit that "Conservative principles" depended on "tariff regulations," his Lordship did little

more than paraphrase the language of "Coningsby." But all the writer's sympathies are reserved for the enlightened patriots who *did* think that the existence of the institutions of the country depended on a fiscal restriction. In the most enthusiastic spirit of hero-worship, and in a style worthy of the late George Robins, he exclaims:—

"They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens. Mr. Bankes, with a parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr. Christopher, from that broad Lincolnshire which Protection had created; and the Mileses and the Henleys were there; and the Duncombes, the Liddells, and the Yorkes; and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr. Buck—and Wiltshire the pleasant presence of Walter Long. Mr. Newdegate was there, whom Sir Robert had himself recommended to the confidence of the electors of Warwickshire, as one of whom he had the highest hopes; and Mr. Alderman Thompson was there, who, also through Sir Robert's selection, had seconded the assault upon the Whigs, led on by Sir John Buller. But the list is too long; or good names remain behind." (P. 300.)

Most of the self-same worthies "trooped on" also, with equal docility, when they were required to vote that the very policy for which they had persecuted their former leader had contributed to the prosperity of the nation; and well might they cower and shrink aside to let the avenging bolt pass on to its destined object, when Mr. Sidney Herbert, pointing to the centre figure in a group on the Treasury Benches, exclaimed:—"If you want to see a specimen of humiliation,—which, God knows, is always a painful sight—look there." Little less mortifying was the high-minded remonstrance addressed to them by Lord Granby, when he reminded them that, if they were honestly and in good faith about to recognize the advantage of "unrestricted competition," some expiatory rite was due to the manes of the departed statesman who had been driven from power and denounced as a traitor for preceding them in the same line of policy. It is no excuse to say, that they did not join in the personal invectives which were lavished on the late Sir Robert Peel, but merely sanctioned them by their acquiescence, or animated the actual assailant by their cheers. It was their clamorous, almost savage, applause which enabled their champion to obtain his semblance of a triumph over their once venerated leader, who, at the very moment when his haughty spirit seemed to quail, might have retorted—

"Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox, Dii me terrent,"—

the "*Dii*" being about upon a par, in taste, manners, and impartiality, with the "Gods" in the shilling gallery of a metropolitan theatre.

It is observed by Mr. Disraeli, in "*Vivian Grey*," that "the only rival to be feared by a man of spirit is a clever boy;" and the boisterous scenes which too frequently disgraced the House of Commons in 1846, bear a marked analogy to those in which a smart and forward lad is encouraged to make a set at some grave and respectable person, who cannot retort without a loss of dignity. If the attention of the late Protectionists could be recalled to the period of which we speak, some of them would be not a little astonished at the sort of facetiousness which then threw them into convulsions of delight, as well as at the course vituperation which they rapturously approved. The following passage from Mr. Disraeli's speech, on the third reading of the Corn Bill, immediately precedes the peroration, and was received with "roars of laughter:"—

"The day after the Right Honorable Gentleman (Peel) made his first exposition of his scheme, a gentleman well known in this House and learned in all the political secrets behind the scenes, met me, and said, 'Well, what do you think of your chief's plan?' Not knowing exactly what to say; but taking up a phrase which has been much used in this House, I observed, 'Well, I suppose it's a great and comprehensive plan.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'we know all about it. It was offered to us. It is not his plan; it's Popkins's plan!' And is England to be governed by Popkins's plan? Will he go to the country with it? Will he go with it to that ancient and famous England, that once was governed by statesmen—by Burleighs and by Walsinghams, by Bolingbrokes and Walpoles, by a Chatham and a Canning—will he go to it with this fantastic scheme of some presumptuous pedant?"

The sole point, such as it is, of this carefully prepared and eminently successful passage, depends upon the name, Popkins, which, if the story be not altogether apocryphal, was evidently substituted for the real one by the speaker. The notion, however, is not original. In Lord Normanby's "*Yes and No*," a fine gentleman bets twenty to one against the favorite for "the Derby," on the strength of the owner's name,—urging that it was morally impossible for a snooks to win the "blue riband of the Turf."

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it;" the maxim is no less true of a speech; and a very limited quantity of eloquence will go a long way, when the orator makes it his main business to humor and chime in with the excited feelings and confirmed prejudices of those whose favor he is anxious to conciliate. A thorough appreciation of the prevalent weakness in this respect is the secret of Mr. Disraeli's elevation.

There are two modes of getting on,—by directly appealing to superior minds, or by obtaining the support of numbers through their passions and prejudices, and then demanding power as their representative; in other words, by playing off the nonsense of the country against its sense. Mr. Disraeli has chosen the latter. His principal claim to distinction rests on his adroit management of the foolish and the vain. His admirers do not dwell on the justness of his views, the purity of his motives, the solidity of his acquirements, or the excellence of his measures. They say in effect: "See to what a height he has raised himself by his unaided exertions; observe how many 'men of metal and large-acred squires' swear by him despite of his race. How could all this have come to pass unless he were an orator and statesman of the first water?" We admit the premises, but we dispute the inference. The tide which, taken at the flood, led him on to fortune, was a phenomenon which may not occur again for centuries, but the qualities required to float upon it were by no means of corresponding rarity. We could name half a dozen public men who could have anticipated him, had they not been restrained by their sense of honor and their convictions. More than one distinguished Peelite would, if he had abandoned his principles, and joined the Protectionists, have been hailed as leader by his new party. "Go, my son," said Oxenstiern, "and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." Go, he might have added, and mark with how slender a stock of genuine merit men rise to wealth, station, or celebrity. Little more than a year ago an astonished nation saw thirty or forty very commonplace noblemen and gentlemen appointed to high offices, and sixteen or seventeen of them made Privy Councillors, by way of reward for the intemperate and mischievous advocacy of an exploded error. Would they have been so promoted had they not lagged behind their most enlightened contemporaries? Or what, at this hour, would be the position of Mr.

Disraeli himself, had he been uniformly true and consistent—had he conscientiously chosen his party, or side, and stuck to it—had he, above all, abided gallantly by the only cause which he ever appeared to have thoroughly at heart,—the cause of the oppressed brethren of his race?

This brings us to what might have been the brightest, and is likely to turn out the darkest, chapter in his history. We allude, of course, to his mode of dealing with the Jewish Claims, which he advocated more eloquently than discreetly for many years, and virtually abandoned when he found it more profitable to enlist in the service of intolerance. The matured views of this important subject, which he first developed in "Tancred," will be found in the 24th chapter of the "Political Biography." Lord George Bentinck, it will be remembered, resigned the leadership to which his Caucasian friend eventually succeeded, rather than humor the Spooners and Newdegates by co-operating with them in their bigotry. "The difficulty," observes Mr. Disraeli, "arose from the member elect for the City of London being not only of the Jewish race, but, unfortunately, believing only in the *first* part of the Jewish religion." It follows that Christianity is only the second part of the Jewish religion; and the author deems the second as of less authority than the first, or, at least, as of only equal authority:

"When the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation was consummated, a divine person moved on the face of the earth in the shape of a child of Israel, not to teach but to expiate. True it is that no word could fall from such lips, whether in the form of profound parable, or witty retort, or preceptive lore, but to guide and enlighten, but they who in those somewhat lax effusions, which in these days are honored with the holy name of theology, speak of the morality of the Gospel as a thing apart and of novel revelation, would do well to remember that in promulgating such doctrines they are treading on very perilous ground. There cannot be two moralities; and to hold that the Second Person of the Holy Trinity could teach a different morality from that which had been already revealed by the First Person of the Holy Trinity, is a dogma so full of terror that it may perhaps be looked upon as the ineffable sin against the Holy Spirit." (P. 487.)

He contends, on the strength of a very peculiar theory of vice and virtue—looking, indeed, very like Predestination in its most objectionable shape—that mankind owe a large debt of gratitude to the Jewish race, as well as a tribute of respect to the memory of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. "The

crucifixion," he tells us "of our blessed Lord in the form of a Jewish *prince*," is not their shame, but their glory :

"If the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify our Lord, what would have become of the Atonement? But the human mind cannot contemplate the idea that the most important deed of time could depend upon human will. The immolators were pre-ordained like the victim, and the holy race supplied both. Could that be a crime which secured for all mankind eternal joy? Which vanquished Satan, and opened the gates of Paradise? Such a tenet would sully and impugn the doctrine that is the corner-stone of our faith and hope." (Pp. 488, 489.)

Yet this "sublime claim," as he terms it, is declared untenable, and cannot be allowed without risking the revival of the Druidical rites and the relapse of the most enlightened nations of the civilized world into Paganism. The 25th chapter of the "Biography" opens thus :

"The views expressed in the preceding chapter were *not* those which influenced Lord George Bentinck in forming his opinion that the civil disabilities of those subjects of Her Majesty who profess that limited belief in divine relation which is commonly called the Jewish religion, should be removed. He had supported a measure to this effect in the year 1833, guided in that conduct by his devoted attachment to the *equivocal principle of religious liberty*, the unqualified application of which principle seems hardly consistent with that recognition of religious truth by the State to which we yet adhere, and without which it is highly probable that the northern and western races, after a disturbing and rapidly-degrading period of atheistic anarchy, may fatally recur to their old national idolatries, modified and mythically dressed up according to the spirit of the age." (Pp. 508, 509.)

This is a handsome tribute to the spirit of bigotry, and has doubtless been duly appreciated by his political associates ; but between the Puseyism of "Coningsby" and the Hebraism of this "Biography," we should conceive that he will still experience considerable difficulty in getting himself recognized in Exeter Hall, or by the National Club, as the preordained champion of the Church.

Between 1846 and 1852 Mr. Disraeli, as if divining the very post that was in store for him, gave up a great deal of his attention to the study of finance ; but he might have said of the elementary doctrines of political economy what the Marechal Duke of Richelieu said of the rules of grammar—that he had quarrelled with them at the outset of life, and could never afterwards make up the difference. Perhaps no embryo Chancellor of

the Exchequer ever talked a larger quantity of nonsense on fiscal topics within a given space of time. One year he was to relieve the landed interest by extending the land tax ; the year following, he proposed to create an abundance of "cheap capital" by reducing the National Debt ; and then again the British farmers were to be enabled to defy foreign competition by a diminution in "the cost of production." He has recently boasted, that, although a Protectionist leader, he never dreamed of reverting to "Protection ;" yet the "charmed weapon" with which he entreated the farmers to arm their champion was undoubtedly a system of import duties. His favorite measure, however, was the transfer of local burdens to the Consolidated Fund ; and this he reproduced annually, until he was compelled to take a serious view of its justice and practicability, when he suddenly discovered that it had become superfluous. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, and a striking illustration of the total want of soundness and earnestness in his propositions, that not a single feature of any one of his amateur budgets was retained in his official production of December last. Still he had so far contrived to impose upon the least discerning portion of the public that when, installed in Downing Street, he proclaimed the advent of a new era in finance, many commercial men, who ought to have known better, began to speculate on the possibility of his being able to realize the expectations which he held forth.

As for the vast majority of the Derbyites, the faith they reposed in him was boundless, and he unhesitatingly promised them a long and secure lease of office if they would be implicitly guided by his counsels. In an evil hour they consented. A dull man's best chance of remaining honest, particularly in a speculative and cultivated age, is to stick fast to the political and religious creed in which he has been brought up. If he tries to reason, he is lost. He is caught by sophistries, which would be detected at the first glance by a trained mind of ordinary acuteness ; and he is apt to plume himself on being a clever intriguer, when he is neither more nor less than a self-sufficient dupe. When Mr. Cayley, who in point of understanding is considerably above the average of his Protectionist associates, indited a long epistle to the "Times" to prove that the Free-trade resolution, in which the majority of them concurred, was to be interpreted in a non-natural sense, he evidently was not aware that he was merely reviving the style of casuistry

which had been permanently discredited by the "Provincial Letters;" and he forgot that, the resolution in question being the result of a compromise, any denial or evasion of its plain meaning might be deemed dishonorable as well as Jesuitical. As for the magnates of Quarter-Session, who went about playing "Vivian Grey," making light of principle, and talking of office as the only rational object of a sensible statesman—they needed a satirist like the famous Duchess of Marlborough, who, having got hold of the youthful production of a heavy nobleman, in which his Lordship had tried to be pleasant and profligate, reprinted it with a frontispiece representing an elephant dancing on the slack rope. A commonplace, decorous, and respectable politician, who forfeits his respectability, may be compared to an ugly woman who has lost her character. He has thenceforth nothing to fall back upon; and what Dr. Johnson calls the most poignant of all feelings, the remorse for a crime committed in vain, is all that is now left to many of the most prominent members of the "Country Party."

So firm, however, was their confidence in their "mystery-man," that it was not until some days after the promulgation of his Budget, that they began to entertain misgivings as to his infallibility. They were repeatedly warned that a *coup de main* in English finance would be a gross folly, if it were not fortunately a moral impossibility. They persevered in hoping against hope, that the something "looming in the future" would prove their salvation after all; and they could hardly credit their senses when they saw their financial Phaeton let go the reins and tumble headlong from his seat. His own astonishment was little inferior to theirs, for he thought his Budget a masterpiece, and is still, we are credibly informed, utterly at a loss to understand why it was unpopular with both town and country, and so rapidly precipitated his fall. The source of their credulity and his confirmed delusion may, we suspect, be traced to some of his personal habits and peculiarities, which are thus described by Mr. Francis:—"Like Sir Robert Peel, he appears to isolate himself—to have no associates in the House, except those forced on him by the immediate necessities of party. This isolation and self-absorption are equally conspicuous, whether he is quiescent or in activity. Observe him any where about the House, in the lobbies or in the committee-rooms; you never see him in confidential communication with any one."

A self-dependent and self-absorbed man betrays nothing; but, on the other hand, he learns nothing except from books, he loses the advantage of testing his measures or speculations by discussion, and the working every-day world of feeling and opinion remains a sealed volume to him. "Depend upon it, sir," observed Dr. Johnson, in reference to Lord Loughborough, "it is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are; to make a speech in a public assembly is to a knack. Now, I honor Thurlow; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours."

It has been surmised that Mr. Disraeli, in this respect, bears a closer resemblance to Lord Loughborough than to Lord Thurlow. Nor, indeed, do we well see how he could go on playing his favorite part of "mystery man," if he were in the habit of putting mind to mind, or of conversing in the full meaning of the word, with men and women who might fairly claim to stand on an intellectual level with him,—which is a very different thing from talking over a Marquis of Carabas, or showing off to a select and not over-wise circle of worshippers.* "I wish to Heaven that young man would risk himself," exclaimed Canning, on first hearing an embryo orator. The same wish must have risen repeatedly to the lips of many who have marked Mr. Disraeli's studied caution and absence of excitability at moments which seemed to invite the open and unrestrained interchange of sentiment and thought. Whatever inferences may be drawn from the silence or reserve of authors and heroes whose laurels have been earned in the closet or the field, there must be something wrong in the mental or moral conformation of a man who can make showy speeches in public, and who confessedly possesses a lively fancy, a well-stored memory and a remarkable command of language, yet cannot or will not "risk himself" in the animated and careless intercourse of cultivated society. There must be some designs and motives, or modes of thinking, which will not bear the light; or some weak point which he wishes to cover; or he dreads the consequences of any impulsive

* "Nature descends down to infinite smallness." Mr. — has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, and most important animal in the universe, and are convinced that the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.—(Peter Plymley.)

movement on his own part, or on that of an antagonist who may resolve to draw him out and try conclusions with him when he is not protected by the forms of parliamentary debate.

A rhetorician devoid of earnestness, and anxious only for self-display, can hardly be subjected to a more embarrassing ordeal than that of good table-talk. Its sudden breaks, quick turns, and elliptical transitions, are fatal to his tactics. He is like a column of infantry vainly endeavoring to deploy into line under fire; or he may be compared to Monsieur Jourdain, when, fresh from his fencing lesson, he is pinned against the wall by one of Toinette's home-thrusts. By way of illustrating our meaning, let us suppose that the substance of Mr. Disraeli's first speech on his Budget had been mentioned at a private party. If he had begun to argue there that the Protectionists had never agitated for "Protection" since 1846, because they had never brought the question specifically before either House of Parliament, he would scarcely have been allowed to finish his sentence. "What do you say then to O'Connell's omission to move for the Repeal of the Union? Does it follow that he never agitated for it?" would have been instantly and triumphantly retorted. Or, let us take another instance from his second speech on the same subject, in which, it will be remembered, in answer to the objection, that his reserved surplus of 400,000*l.* was virtually created by adding to the national debt, he expatiated on the abuses of the Loan Fund. If he had attempted such an evasion amongst friends, he would have been checked and told to keep to the point, namely, whether his surplus was or was not the product of a continuing credit. In short, his three, four, and five hours' orations would have been reduced to marvellously small dimensions if he had omitted everything which would have been deemed superfluous by a select company of financiers. But, of course, we must not be understood as maintaining that amplification, with an admixture of commonplace, is always unsuitable in a set speech. All that we venture to suggest is, that it is sometimes easier to dispense with solid materials, and to build on shallow foundations, in a popular assembly than at a dinner-table.

The late Sir Robert Peel's reserve proceeded from a totally distinct cause, and implied high moral courage rather than a moral defect. It was his matured conviction, that a minister ought not to communicate his intentions or meditated measures before

the time fixed for their formal announcement; and he was content to endure any extent of obloquy rather than break through what he deemed a salutary rule. He suffered bitterly from over-punctilious attention to it, and there was a period of his career, when a dash of Lord Melbourne's fascinating indiscretion would have been invaluable to the more sedate and cautious statesman. If he had gone about amongst the influential country gentlemen during the autumn of 1845, and frankly communicated the difficulty he felt in acting up to the expectations which he had permitted them to indulge as to the Corn Laws, very few, if any, would have sanctioned a factious combination to run him down. It would be curious if Mr. Disraeli, who rose by this very weakness of his illustrious victim, should find his own fall precipitated by an analogous fault of manner and disposition; which, in his case, must be too deeply rooted to be exchanged for the outward and visible signs of a non-existing congeniality. It is at all events clear, that if a party leader insists on playing the unseen oracle or the Oriental despot with his followers, he fearfully increases his responsibilities; for, if he fails, they will most assuredly exact ample atonement for the humiliation and disappointment which they have gone through. And fail he must, when he tries to delude a nation by the same arts which have enabled him to figure for a period as the organ and mouthpiece of a faction.

When Mr. Disraeli announced his "new principles and new policies" on the 17th July last, at Aylesbury, he had evidently not reflected that he was speaking as the finance minister of a mighty commercial empire, which would look for the realization of his pledge, and whose fiscal relations might be very seriously disturbed by it. We firmly believe that he had neither defined principles nor specific policies in his mind, when he thus took credit for a projected revision of taxation which would please everybody without displeasing anybody; but that he was simply indulging his habitual Cambyzes' vein, and that he trusted to the chapter of accidents, or to his own versatility, for getting him out of the scrape when, if ever, the hour of reckoning should actually arrive. Unluckily for him, people refused to believe that he could so far have forgotten his change of position as to intend nothing more than an *ad captandum* harangue; and when Parliament met, he had no alternative but to introduce a Budget, which, if not decidedly original,

should rise above commonplace, or to confess himself a charlatan. If he had regarded the well-understood interests of the Derby Government, he would, notwithstanding, have rested satisfied with the quiet and unpretending application of the calculated or anticipated surplus; but vanity overcame prudence; he could not bear to be twitted as the "bottle-conjuror," and he brought forward a bundle of proposals which have earned him a most unenviable pre-eminence amongst finance-ministers, past, present, or to come. Horace Walpole relates that Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Bute's Chancellor of the Exchequer, opened his first and only Budget (for 1763) so injudiciously, and with so little intelligence of the exigencies of the period, that he himself was afterwards driven to admit his incapacity, and dolorously observed: "People will point at me and say, 'there goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever appeared.'" Let the manes of this defunct financier be comforted; for Mr. Disraeli, considering his opportunities, will probably rank with posterity as the worst.

Then how happened it that this miracle of ingenuity, who is believed to have had *carte blanche* from his colleagues, and was certainly checked by no convictions of his own—blundered so egregiously when his whole political fortunes, and those of his party, as well as his reputation for practical statesmanship which still trembled in the balance of public opinion, were at stake? Either a good or a popular Budget might have served his turn; and after three months' study, with all the aids and appliances of office, he produced one which proved unsound and unpopular, nay, which, whilst running counter to every Tory tradition, and tending to the subversion of the national credit, was coldly received by the agriculturists and clamorously denounced by the town constituencies! The solution of the problem is that Mr. Disraeli never was, and never will be, a practical legislator or a statesman. He is emphatically a rhetorician, a man of words. There are few things that can be done by dint of words, which he cannot or will not do; but as for earnest thought, efficient action, well-defined aim, sound knowledge, or sincere purpose, he has none of them. Endowed with many choice endowments which are requisite to oratorical excellence, he ranks ineffably below the first class of orators who have illustrated our parliamentary history; and it is consolatory to every lover of truth to mark, how invariably his most polished and pointed sarcasms tinkle harmlessly against the impene-

trable shield of Mr. Gladstone's moral superiority, or fall upon the proud crest of a high-minded and fearless antagonist of Lord John Russell's stamp, like the foam of a breaker upon a rock. Far from having reason to complain of circumstances, Mr. Disraeli, in our opinion, has been most materially indebted to them for his oratorical triumphs; and the chances are immeasurably against any project which he may entertain of being enabled to play over again the strange game of 1846.

When Walter Scott, on finding the demand for his poetry growing slack, commenced the Waverley novels, Byron said of him that, if this new vein should fail or be exhausted, his versatile and copious genius would enable him to strike out a third or a fourth road to renovated and redoubled popularity. An equally acute and more experienced judge of intellectual capabilities—the late Richard Lalor Shiel—took a widely different view of Mr. Disraeli's resources, when he remarked that the death of Sir Robert Peel had left his persecutor much in the condition of a dissecting surgeon without a subject. There were sundry peculiarities of character and position which rendered that lamented statesman both vulnerable and sensitive to a rare and exceptionable degree; and the only branch of public speaking in which Mr. Disraeli has hitherto approximated to excellence, is aggressive personality. The form may vary; it may be sarcasm, sneer, irony, ridicule, satire, or invective. But all his happiest efforts are marked by the same distinctive quality. He cannot shine without offensiveness. His passages of arms are not worth commemorating unless he draws blood. He cannot be ranked with debaters, like the late Charles Buller—

"Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heartstain away on its blade."

He is more fitted to be ranged in the same category with those who, "when they cannot wield the sword, snatch the dagger, and when they cannot barb it and make it rankle in the wound, steep it in venom, that it may fester in the scratch." He is the Paganini of the rhetorical art; and his renown as first fiddle depends on the skill and felicity with which he executes so many tunes, with variations, upon one string.

We have carefully perused the whole of Mr. Disraeli's printed speeches, with the view of making a collection of their "beauties," and the result of our search is even more unsatisfactory than we could have anticipated. They possess the high merit of lucidity in statement and narration, but they

are deficient in arrangement, condensation, and logical connection; the transitions are commonly forced, and the ornaments almost always meretricious. They neither instruct nor improve. They do not make his hearers or readers wiser or better. They do not guide the judgment, enlighten the understanding, or exalt the feelings. As Cicero says of Epicurus, "*Nil magnificum, nil generosum sapit.*" Judging either from internal evidence or from their known effects, we should infer that not one of them was seriously framed or intended to persuade or convince, or to advance any affirmative proposition, or any line of policy, or any measure of his own; but that the main aim of each was either to gratify his morbid fondness for notoriety, or to depreciate some individual who had wounded his vanity, stood in the way of his advancement, or provoked his enmity in some manner. For this reason he is most powerful in reply; the more especially because his choicest bits, his *purpurei panni*, are carefully prepared beforehand, and cannot easily be made to wear an impromptu air in an opening speech.

Most of the greatest speakers, ancient and modern, have been eminent in the vituperative branch of the art; but, to the best of our information and belief, it is not true of more than one or two of them that their highest triumphs were achieved in it, and it is true of none that they entirely neglected the other branches, or cultivated them without fruit. But not only has Mr. Disraeli produced nothing comparable to Pitt's speech on the Slave Trade, or Fox's on the Westminster Scrutiny, or Burke's on the American War, or Sheridan's on the Begums of Oude, or Grattan's on the Irish Declaration of Rights, or Plunkett's on the Catholic question, or any one of Lord Lyndhurst's or Lord Brougham's most admired effusions; but, as regards purely ornamental rhetoric, no effort of his fancy deserves to be named in the same day with the glowing and graceful imagery of Canning,—as in the well known allusion to the ships in Plymouth harbor. The finest passage in this line which Mr. Francis can cull from his hero's orations, is the one in which he warns the Manchester school that "there is no reason why they should form an exception to that which history has mournfully recorded; why they, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces."

With regard to the distinctive character of Mr. Disraeli's eloquence, Mr. Francis' inquiries and researches have unconsciously led

him to the same conclusion. Almost every paragraph, sentence, or phrase which he adduces to illustrate Mr. Disraeli's style, or to raise the critical estimate of his genius, is a personal attack,—express, implied, involved, or insinuated. We will cite a few of the most remarkable quoted for this purpose by the partial biographer. He mentions as eminently successful, the imputation levelled against the Premier in 1844, of being "one who menaced his friends whilst he cringed to his opponents,"—the phrase of "organized hypocrisy," as applied to the Peel administration at the same time—the sneering remark in the Maynooth debate of 1845, that, "with him (Peel) great measures were always rested on small precedents, that he always traced the steam engine back to the tea kettle; that, in fact, all his precedents were tea-kettle precedents,"—the double-barrel discharged at the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert, by the warning, that "another place (the House of Lords) may be drilled into a guard-room, and the House of Commons into a vestry;" and the comparison of his illustrious victim, first, to a "great parliamentary middle man," and subsequently to a "great appropriation clause." Equally cutting and well chosen were his weapons when, returning again and again to the charge, he advised Sir Robert to "stick to quotation, because he never quoted any passage that had not previously received the meed of parliamentary "approbation"—compared him to the Turkish admiral who steered the fleet confided to him straight into the enemy's port; and denounced him as a "political pedlar, who, adopting the principles of Free-trade, had bought his party in the cheapest market, and sold them in the dearest." These may be favorable specimens of wit, cleverness, fancy, keen observation, adroit application, or quick perception. But their glitter and point are not more remarkable than the worthlessness and heaviness of the materials in which they are imbedded, or on which they lie, "like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilize."

Aware of the limits within which nature or habit had circumscribed the abilities of this remarkable personage, we were consequently by no means disposed, on the occasion of the famous Thiers' plagiarism, to give him credit for being able to compose an original eulogium on the "hero of a hundred fights," of equal or greater merit than what he stole ready-made. He is by habit and frame of mind obstructive rather than con-

structive, better qualified for depreciating objects of popular esteem than for exalting them; and we happen to know that, prior to the detection of the theft, the stolen part (occupying between thirty-five and forty lines in the newspaper reports) of his Wellington performance, was exultingly adduced by his admirers to prove that he could shine, when it suited him, in a line for which he had been deemed radically unfit.*

We confidently appeal to any one who was present at the delivery of his studied attack on Sir Charles Wood and Sir James Graham in reference to our relations with France, whether—apart from its factious and mischievous spirit—this exhibition was not prosy and wearisome in the extreme, till he began to let off the squibs and crackers which he had reserved for the finale, and most of which, as usual, exploded very much to the annoyance and confusion of his friends. With what face can they attribute revolutionary tendencies to the Aberdeen and Russell Ministry, if, since its formation, “no Radical can venture abroad for fear of being caught and converted into a Conservative statesman?” or how can they affect dread of Sir James Graham’s “progress,” if, as they were antithetically told, “it consists in standing still?” But his closing speech on his Budget affords the most striking examples to show how habitually and instinctively he resorts to sarcasm or vituperation when he is hard pressed. He had concentrated all his energies to leave a terrible impression of his beak and talons, as he alighted vulture-like on foe after foe. With the look, tone, and attitude of Kean’s Shylock, he dealt about him like the Veiled Prophet—

“In vain he yells his desperate curses out;
Deals death promiscuously to all about;
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,
And seems of all the Great Arch-Enemy.
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is—murdering as he goes.”

There is, we regret to say, a prevalent

* The passages in question were first quoted in a translated shape in the “Morning Chronicle” of July 4, 1848, in refutation of some *depreciatory* remarks of Mr. Disraeli’s on the “military mind.” We learn from the same paper of the 25th of November last, that the Right Honorable Gentleman has paid us also the high compliment of printing as his own some striking reflections of a celebrated historian which originally appeared in this Journal. The peroration of his speech on the third reading of the Corn Bill, May 15, 1846, is a mere paraphrase of the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Urquhart’s “Diplomatic Transactions in Central Asia.”

tendency, both in and out of the House of Commons, to admire this description of display, without pausing to consider the precise qualities of head and heart indicated by it. Yet the positive amount of intellectual power demanded for a telling invective is by no means extraordinary, provided its exercise be not restrained by good feeling or good taste. Looking merely to ephemeral effects, it is also an immense advantage, in either speaker or writer, to be emancipated from conventional restraint. We learn from Moore’s “Diary” that this topic was once briefly handled between a friend (Luttrell, we believe,) and himself. “*L.* ‘Between what one *wouldn’t* write, and what one *couldn’t*, ’tis a hard game to play at.’ *M.* ‘A man must risk the former to attain the latter; and it is the same daring that produced the things we *wouldn’t* write, and those we *thought* we *couldn’t*.’”

How many aspirants to political and literary distinction are there, who would accept Mr. Disraeli’s position and reputation with the incidental drawbacks and qualifications? To reduce the number of those who might be tempted to envy him, is the main object of this Article; and it is with an especial view to their edification that we have collected the scattered illustrations of his career from its commencement. Each, individually taken, may prove little; but when the whole of them are viewed together, and in connection with one another, the conclusion is irresistible. His mode of rising in the world then becomes patent to the most cursory observer. He is henceforth like a bee, or wasp, working in a glass case. He has broken Sedley’s supplementary commandment—“Thou shalt not be found out;” and every well-wisher to good government and social order should rejoice in his detection. His twenty-seven years of public life are thus made to assume their genuine form of a tangled mass of disingenuous expedients and contradictory professions, which change their color, like the hues of shot silk—fade into something else as we are looking at them, like what are called “shifting views,”—or dazzle the eye like the showy and indistinct figures in a kaleidoscope. Is it just, wise, or beneficial that the highest honors of a State should be earned by such means or lavished on such men?

It is idle to assert that he won his way, fairly or unfairly, as a man of letters or “gentleman of the press.” He won it as a parliamentary gladiator; and his books have done him more harm than good with his em-

players, who do not appreciate their merits, and are constantly liable to be annoyed by their satire or compromised by their revelations. We should no more think of ranking him with Mr. Macaulay, than of placing a successful general of Condottieri, like Sir John Hawkwood, in the same category with Condé, Turenne, and Marlborough. Let those to whom this judgment may seem harsh, reflect on the results which have ensued in a neighboring country, from the habitual disregard of the moral element in appreciating conduct or character, and from the premium thereby held out to unprincipled ambition. We are fortunately not yet arrived at that lamentable state of social degradation, in which there is no recognized criterion of excellence except success; but we shall rapidly approximate towards it if we tamely permit brazen images, or false idols, to be set up for national worship in the midst of us; whilst, to proclaim that any amount of in-

terested tergiversation or apostasy should be forgiven for the sake of wit, eloquence, or adroit audacity, is to canker public virtue in the bud. The almost total absence of conventional restrictions and civil disabilities in this country, simply adds to the apprehended danger by widening the arena, and by rendering it more easy of access to competitors of all grades, worthy or unworthy. It is, therefore, small merit in our eyes to have dispensed with the adventitious aids of birth and wealth, if the essential distinctions between right and wrong have been simultaneously overlooked; and we speak under a lively sense of our responsibilities as public censors, when we avow, that, far from regarding this Caucasian luminary as having shed a wholesome light over our political firmament, we saw little but what augured evil in its lurid and fitful coruscations, and felt neither regret nor astonishment at its eclipse.

From the Quarterly Review.

SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.*

THESE books and papers comprise most of the discoveries made in Arctic regions since we noticed Sir John Barrow's volume of *Voyages* in 1846. Franklin had sailed in the previous year, and in saying that we should wait his re-appearance with the anxiety of the princess for the diver, we much rather anticipated that we should soon have to wel-

come him with the goblet of gold, than that a seventh year should find us deploring his continued absence, with no better clue to his fate than dismal conjecture could supply. There was nothing in the nature of his enterprise to excite much fear for its result. The several Arctic expeditions sent out since 1818 had returned in safety. Their records are full of peril, but full also of the resources of skill and courage by which peril may be overcome. When this voyage was proposed by Barrow to the Royal Society, he urged that "there could be no objection with regard to any apprehension of the loss of ships or men," as it was "remarkable that neither sickness nor death had occurred in most of the voyages made into the Arctic regions, north or south." Franklin was well experienced in the navigation of frozen seas; his officers and crews were picked men; and the strength of his ships—the *Erebus* and *Terror*—had been thoroughly tested—the first in the Expedition of Sir James Ross to the South Pole—the second in the voyage of Back to Repulse Bay. He sailed, full of confidence in the success of

* 1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea, in 1846 and 1847.* By John Rae. 1850.

2. *Arctic Searching Expedition: Journal of a Boat Voyage.* By Sir John Richardson. 2 vols. 1851.

3. *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal.* By Lieut. S. Osborn. 1852.

4. *Journal of a Voyage in 1850-1, performed by the Lady Franklin and Sophia, under command of Mr. Wm. Penny.* By P. C. Sutherland, M.D. 2 vols. 1852.

5. *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic Searching Expeditions of 1850-1-2.* Collected by James Mangles, R.N. 1852.

6. *Second Voyage of the Prince Albert, in Search of Sir John Franklin.* By Wm. Kennedy. 1853.

7. *Parliamentary Papers.* 1848-53.

8. *Chart of Discoveries in the Arctic Sea.* By John Arrowsmith.

his mission, on the 19th of May, 1845, and though nearly thirty vessels have since been despatched in search of him, besides parties who have explored the North American coast, all that we yet know of him is, that he passed his first winter in a secure harbor at the entrance of Wellington Channel. Whether, when released from the ice in 1846, he advanced or receded, is not certainly known. In the absence of decisive evidence, the best authorities are at fault. One witness stated before the last Arctic committee, it was "all guess-work." The travelling parties who from Beechey Island surveyed every coast for hundreds of miles, found not a cairn or post erected by the missing expedition. Since Franklin entered Lancaster Sound, not one of the cylinders which he was directed to throw overboard has been recovered, nor has a fragment of his equipment been found on any shore. It has hence been inferred that he must have left the harbor with the full intention of proceeding homeward. Captain Austin believes that the ships did not go beyond Beechey Island, but were lost in the ice, either by being beset when leaving winter quarters, or when attempting their return to England. Commander Phillips is of the same opinion.

But if Franklin did resolve to return thus early, what could have become of the ships and men? That both vessels should be totally lost is contrary to all experience and probability, and that not a man should survive, is more unlikely still. One of the most experienced Arctic seamen living, who went six voyages in whalers before he sailed with Parry, and has since been in the expeditions of the two Rosses, states that though it is possible—and he admits the supposition as but a possibility—the ships may have been "walked over by the ice in Baffin's Bay," yet that "the men on such occasions are always saved," by jumping on the ice and making their way to the land or to the next ship.* The harborage chosen for the ships was so secure, that it is unlikely they could have been carried out from the Straits at the mercy of the ice, as were the ships of Sir James Ross in 1849, and of the American expedition in 1850. Franklin did not take up his winter quarters in haste, or from necessity. He must have dropped anchor

while the sea was comparatively open, and why winter there at all if he meant to return as soon as the open season again came round?

We know that he contemplated the probability of an absence prolonged even beyond two winters. His last letter to Sabine from Whale Fish Islands entreats him to relieve the anxiety of Lady Franklin and his daughter, should he not return at the time they expected, as—

"You know well that, *even after the second winter without success in our object*, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions and the health of the crews justify it."

Is it likely that the man who wrote thus to his nearest friend would have returned after one winter, without effecting or attempting more than a passage to Barrow's Straits?

Lieutenant Griffith, announcing his departure from the ships with his transport, July, 1845, wrote—

"All are in the highest possible spirits, and determined to succeed, if success be possible. A set of more undaunted fellows never were got together, or officers better selected. I am indeed certain that, if the icy barriers will be sufficiently penetrable to give them but half the length of their ships to force themselves through, they will do so at all risks and hazards."

Commander Fitz James, who sailed in the Erebus with Franklin, speaks repeatedly, in the lively letters and journal he forwarded to his friends at home, of the determination which prevailed in both ships to "go a-head," and jestingly begs that, if nothing is heard of him by next June, letters may be forwarded to him *via* Kamschatka. "We can carry much sail and do," he notes in his journal; "I can scarcely manage to get Sir John to shorten sail at all." So well was it understood that the ships would push forward through any open channel which might present itself, that the ice-master of the Terror, writing to his wife from Disco Island, July 12, 1845, warned her of the probability that they might be out much longer than was anticipated:—

"We are all in good health and spirits, one and all appearing to be of the same determination, that is, to persevere in making a passage to the north-west. Should we not be at home in the fall of 1848, or early in the spring of 1849 [this allowed for a four years' absence], you may anticipate that we have made the passage, or are likely to do so; and if so, it may be from five to six years—it might be into the seventh—ere we return;

* In a recent Dundee newspaper we observe an account of a whale-ship, employed in the Greenland fishery for the last sixty-nine years. She was lost at last, not by the ice of the northern sea, but by being stranded on a reef near her port, when returning with a full cargo.

and should it be so, do not allow any person to dishearten you on the length of our absence, but look forward with hope, that Providence will at length of time restore us safely to you."

An anecdote is related of Franklin in Barrow's volume, which shows how superior he held the claims of duty to those of personal feeling or convenience. When about to leave England in 1825, on his second expedition to explore the North American coast, his first wife was sinking under a fatal malady. She urged his departure on the day appointed, and he denied himself the sad satisfaction of waiting to close her eyes. She had employed some of the tedious hours of sickness in making for him a union flag, only to be unfurled when he reached the Polar Sea. This flag was hoisted when from the summit of Garry Island the sea, stretching free and unincumbered to the north, appeared in all its majesty. His companions hailed the outspread banner with joyful excitement, and Franklin, who had learned that his wife died the day after his departure, repressed all sign of painful emotion that he might not cloud their triumph at having planted the British colors on this island of the Polar Sea. Was this the man to turn back after one winter spent at the entrance of the strait where his enterprise did but commence?

It has indeed been much the fashion of late to complain of the employment of naval commanders in a too advanced stage of life, and remarks of this nature have been made on the ultimate commission of Franklin. We saw him often, however, on the eve of his start, and assuredly, though well up in years, there was no sign whatever of any falling off either in muscular fibre or animal spirits. We may add that his government at Van Diemen's Land had not ended under altogether flattering circumstances, and, according to our information, few of his friends doubted that in embracing this new task he was not uninfluenced by a yearning to recover whatever of *prestige* he might have supposed himself to have lost as a civil administrator, by another and a crowning display of tact and energy in the department of his original distinction.

It is by no means certain that because no record of him has been discovered beyond Beechey Island, none was left. Mr. Kennedy, when he explored Cape Walker last spring—ignorant that he had been preceded by Captain Austin's parties—mistook the large cairn they had erected for a part of the cliff, and actually *walked over a smaller*

one deeply covered with snow, without for a moment suspecting that the spot had been previously visited. This fact has come out on Capt. Ommaney and Mr. Kennedy's comparing notes of their respective journeys. Sir Edward Belcher, in his recent despatches, states that the cairns erected by the well-organized expedition of his predecessors have in some cases been destroyed, and in others can with difficulty be recognized. For example, he says on August 14:—

"We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the North Star, and *no beacon marks their whereabouts.*"

At Cape Warrender he found the cairn and post erected by Captain Austin's expedition, but *no document*:—

"The tally having written on it *Pull out Record* was found beside the cairn, deeply impressed with the teeth of some small animal."

In the opinion of this experienced officer, there could have been no hurry in removing from Beechey Island, as everything bore the stamp of order and regularity. This is utterly opposed to the notion that Franklin had been forced away by the ice.

In the distressful uncertainty which clouds his fate it is our only consolation to reflect that Government has shown all along the heartiest concern for its gallant servants. With other dispositions, indeed, better results might have been looked for. It is the misfortune of the Admiralty Instructions, we think, that they have said too much to leave the commanders of the expeditions entirely to their own discretion, and not enough to insure a regular and systematic series of operations. Discovery, however, has not languished since Franklin's departure, and a sketch of what has been effected within the polar circle for the last six years will conveniently exhibit the efforts made for his relief, and show the lines of coast which have already been fruitlessly searched.

When he sailed it was a disputed question whether an opening into that sea which washes the shores of North America might not exist in some part of Boothia Gulf. Mr. Rae has set that question at rest. His expedition is a fine example of how much may be accomplished with very limited means. He started from Fort Churchill, on the west side of Hudson's Bay, with twelve men and two boats, on the 5th of July, 1846. On arriving at the head of Repulse Bay he crossed the Isthmus which separated him from Boothia Gulf, a distance of 40 miles,

and in six days reached the sea. But it was now the first week in August, heavy rains set in, and, finding progress impossible, he recrossed the Isthmus, joined the party he had left at Repulse Bay, and determined to leave any further survey until the spring, employing the remainder of the open season in making the best provision he could for the winter.

His stores had been calculated for four months' consumption only; he was entirely destitute of fuel; he could obtain no promise of supplies of any kind from the natives; the resources of the country were unknown to him; and the head of the bay had the character of being one of the most dreary and inhospitable of polar coasts. But Rae was inured to hardships, and, a first-rate sportsman, he had confidence in his own exertions. He selected a sheltered site for his winter dwelling, near the river, on the northern shore leading to the lakes, and here established his fishing-stations. Collecting his men, some were sent out to bring in stones for building a house, others to set nets, to hunt deer, and to gather fuel. The walls were built two feet thick, the stones being cemented with mud and clay. Squares of glass were fixed in three small apertures. As timber was unknown in this bleak region, he used the oars and masts of his boats for rafters, stretching over them oilcloth and skins for roofing. Deer-skins, nailed over a framework of wood, made a weather-tight door. The interior of this house, to serve for twelve persons through eight winter months, was twenty feet long by fourteen wide; seven and a half feet high in front, sloping down to five and a half feet behind. Yet in these narrow dimensions Rae found room for a great part of his stores, and, by a partition of oilcloth, secured separate quarters for himself, where he worked his observations and kept his journal.

His fishing and hunting proved successful. His sporting-book for September showed a total of 63 deer, 5 hares, 172 partridges, and 116 salmon and trout. In the following month 69 deer were shot, but the nets produced only 22 fish. He was most at a loss for fuel. His men brought in a scanty supply of withered moss, heather, and the like, and this, being dried in the house, was piled into stacks. As the season advanced he built two observatories of snow, one for a dip circle, the other for an horizontally suspended needle, to test the action of the aurora. Snow-houses were also built for the dogs, for stores, &c.; and all were connected

together by passages cut under the frozen snow.

Early in January the thermometer sank 79° below the freezing point; and even indoors it was commonly below zero.

"This," says Rae, "would not have been unpleasant where there was a fire to warm the hands and feet, or even room to move about; but where there was neither the one nor the other, some few degrees more heat would have been preferable."

Their fuel was so short that they could afford themselves but one meal a-day, and were obliged to discontinue the comfort of a cup of tea. Being short of oil also, and darkness and cold together being intolerable, they had no resource but to pass about fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed. Rae was worse off than his companions; they could smoke at all hours; but that which was their greatest luxury was his greatest annoyance. Honest Jack's jerseys and trousers felt, from frozen moisture, as hard and prickly as any integuments of ascetical invention. When they went to bed their blankets sparkled with hoar-frost; Rae's own waistcoat became so stiff that he had much ado to get it buttoned. When he went to open his books he found that the leaves were fast frozen together, the damp from the walls having got into them before the frost set in; and every article bound with brass or silver burst its fastenings. Yet the men were cheerful, enjoyed excellent health, and made light of their hardships. When one poor fellow got his knee frozen in bed he was sorry that it became known, as the laugh was turned against him for his effeminacy. Christmas-day they had all "an excellent dinner of venison and plum-pudding," and on the 1st of January "capital fat venison-steaks and currant dumplings." A small supply of brandy was served out to drink to absent friends; and on the whole, Rae does not think that "a happier party could have been found in America, large as it is."

By the commencement of March deer began to migrate to the north, and during this month Rae got sledges finished and all preparations made for his spring survey. On the 3rd of April the thermometer rose above zero for the first time since the 12th of December. He started on the 4th, taking with him three of his men and two Esquimaux; his luggage and provisions being stowed in two sledges, each drawn by four dogs. He took no tent, as he found it much more convenient to erect snow-houses. Those which he built on his outward journey served

on his way back. In these houses storm and cold were unfelt. On one occasion, when there was a stiff gale, with the thermometer 21° below zero, he says—"We were as snug and comfortable in our snow-hive as if we had been lodged in the best house in England."

In this journey he surveyed the whole western shore of the sea until he reached the furthest discovery of Ross to the south. In a second journey, made the same spring, he traversed the eastern coast till he reached Cape Crozier; from hence he could observe the line of coast some miles farther to the north—leaving, as he reckoned, not more than ten miles of shore to be surveyed up to the mouth of the Fury and Hecla Strait:—the shortness of his provisions would, however, allow him to go no farther. His thorough exploration of the shores of Committee Bay connects the discoveries of Parry on one side with those of Ross on the other.

The ice broke up late in 1847, and it was not till the 12th August that the boats were launched in open water. Rae safely arrived with all his men at York Factory on the 6th September: there the good health and high condition of the whole party excited unqualified admiration. "By George!" exclaimed a stout corporal in charge of the sappers and miners destined to accompany Richardson in his boat voyage, "I never saw such a set of men." From none of the parties of Esquimaux Rae met with could he gather any tidings of Franklin.

We have dwelt on the particulars of this journey—interesting however for their own sake—because they support the idea that Franklin and his crews, if detained in some remote region of thick-ribbed ice, might not, even to this date, be reduced to utter extremity for want of food. If Rae, with provisions for only four months, could keep his men in high condition for fourteen, and could weather a winter of great severity almost without fuel, with no other shelter than they could erect for themselves, and with but scant supplies of clothing, it does not appear improbable that, with the two well-stored ships of Franklin, some brave fellows may yet be living, animated by the hope that succor will reach them at last. In the course of nature the crews would be much reduced by death, and the supplies be consequently available for a longer period than was calculated on.

While Rae was engaged in this expedition, attention was painfully excited in England by Franklin's prolonged absence. The opin-

ion of the most experienced arctic navigators was that he had pushed to the south-west after passing Cape Walker, and had got inextricably involved in the ice somewhere south of Banks' Land. Thus Sir E. Parry expressed his conviction that the ships were directed to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long.; Sir James Ross, taking the same view, expected the ships would be found about lat. 73° N. and long. 135° W.; and Richardson, likely to be informed of his old comrade's views, believed that he was blocked up in attempting, by sailing south-west of Cape Walker, to reach that open Polar Sea, which both of them had observed, east and west of the Mackenzie river, in their exploration of the North American coast. Similar views were expressed before the Committee of 1850.

The course indicated was that which Franklin had been expressly directed to take. Sir John Barrow, in proposing this voyage to the Royal Society, had dwelt mainly on the probability of a channel south-west of Cape Walker, whence—

"A distance of 300 leagues on a clear sea, keeping midway between the supposed Banks' Land and the coast of America, would accomplish an object which, at intervals during 300 years, has engaged the attention of crowned heads, men of science, and mercantile bodies, whose expectations were frequently disappointed but not discouraged."

The official instructions to Franklin are, however, quite distinct on this point:—

"In proceeding to the westward you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward of that strait [Barrow's], but continue to push to the westward *without loss of time* in the latitude of about 74° 1-4, till you have reached the longitude of that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° west. From that point we desire that *every effort be used to endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward* in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific. * * * You are well aware, having yourself been one of the intelligent travellers who have traversed the American shore of the Polar Sea, that the groups of islands that stretch from that shore to the northward to a distance not yet known do not extend to the westward further than about the 120th degree of western longitude, and that beyond this and to Behring's Strait no land is visible from the American shore of the Polar Sea."

That the search for this great seaman and

his companions might be as complete as possible, the government, in 1848, fitted out three distinct expeditions—each, however, planned on the probability that he had taken the route prescribed for him, rather than with any special view to Wellington Channel. The principal one, under command of Sir James Ross, consisting of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was directed to follow, as far as practicable, in the assumed wake of Franklin, proceeding direct to Lancaster Sound, and scrutinizing the shores north and south. It was supposed that one ship might winter near Cape Rennel or Cape Walker, and that the other might advance to Melville Island. Searching parties were to be sent from each vessel in the spring, some to explore the neighboring coasts, and particularly the unknown space between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and others to cross, if possible, to the coast of North America, and attempt to reach the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, where Sir John Richardson's aids would meet them.

To Richardson had been intrusted the task of searching the North American shore between the Coppermine and the Mackenzie, and of depositing provisions at Fort Good Hope, on the latter river, at its mouth, and at Capes Bathurst, Parry, Krusenstern, and Hearne, along the coast.

A third expedition, consisting of the *Herald*, Captain Kellett, then employed on a survey in the Pacific, and the *Plover*, under Commander Moore, were to penetrate through Behring's Strait, taking up positions as far north-east as might be consistent with their safety, and two whale-boats were to perform a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie to meet Richardson's party.

These arrangements were judicious, but, unfortunately, that expedition to which the chief service was intrusted was baffled by those natural causes which so often, in arctic regions, defeat the best-laid plans, and, inextricably enclosing ships in mighty fields of ice, deliver over the most experienced and courageous commanders to the mercy of winds and currents.

The vessels of Ross were not able to cross the middle ice of Baffin's Bay till the 20th July. He did not reach Cape York, at the entrance of Regent's Inlet, till the 1st September; and here he had the mortification to find that impenetrable barriers of ice prevented his approaching the entrance of Wellington Channel to the north, or Cape Rennell to the west. He put into Port Leopold on the 11th September, and on the following

day both vessels were fast shut in by the main pack of ice closing with the land. He employed the winter and spring in all practicable measures for the discovery and relief of Franklin. A house was built at Port Leopold, and stored with provisions for twelve months, in case he might come that way after the ships had gone. Exploring parties searched both shores of North Somerset, down to Fury Point on one side, and Four Rivers Bay on the other.

The open season of 1849 was late. The vessels were not released till the 28th August, and three days later the ice closed round them, and defied every effort made for their relief. Helplessly beset, they remained fast until they drifted out of Lancaster Sound. When they were once more free the 25th of September had arrived, and winter had set in with rigor. The harbors on the coast were already closed against them, and, having done all that was possible to contend with adverse circumstances, Ross had no resource but to return home, thankful to the Providence which had so mercifully preserved him when all human effort was unavailing.

It had been his intention, were no tidings heard of Franklin by the close of the summer of 1849, to send home the *Investigator*, continuing the search through another year in the *Enterprise* alone. The Admiralty appreciated his zeal, but feared it might jeopardize his safety. Early in the spring of 1849 the *North Star* was supplied with stores, and in May sailed for Lancaster Sound, bearing despatches to Sir James Ross, instructing him to keep out both ships, and to make a particular examination of Wellington Channel. The *North Star* was not to hazard a winter in the ice; but the unusual severity of the season, which had carried Sir James out of Lancaster Sound, prevented the *North Star* from approaching it. She wintered in Wolstenholme Sound, and hence originated that foolish story of the wreck of Franklin's ships on the north shore of Baffin's Bay, which imposed on the credulity of Sir John Ross. The impudent fabrication is now conclusively exposed.*

The return of Sir James Ross's ships at

* Capt. Inglefield, in a paper read at the Geographical Society November 22nd last, giving an account of his voyage in the *Isabel*, states that he paid a visit to Ominack, the spot named by Adam Beck as that on which Franklin and his crew had been murdered, and satisfied himself, "beyond all doubt, that there was no truth whatever in the statement of that reprobate Adam Beck, and that no such fate as he had related had befallen their missing countrymen."

the very time when it was supposed the *North Star* would have been in communication with them, replenishing them for a prolonged absence, excited some very unreasonable dissatisfaction in the minds of a few noisy people. Even had it been possible for Sir James to winter in some harbor of Baffin's Bay, it would clearly have been unadvisable for him to do so, as a fresh expedition from England would reach Lancaster Sound by about the time he could expect to get released. It is not for one unsuccessful adventure to dim the reputation of this most skilful and gallant officer. The arctic and antarctic zones equally bear witness to his high qualities and acquirements. If second to any among Polar discoverers, he is second to Parry alone; and while he may justly claim part in the successes of that able commander—having sailed with him when the Parry Islands were discovered—and accompanied him in his wonderful journey over the ice towards the Pole—the merit is all his own of planting the British flag on the magnetic pole, and of discovering an antarctic continent.

The other expeditions were more successful in fulfilling the parts assigned them. Preparations for Richardson's journey had to be made in the summer of 1847. Four boats of the most approved construction were built in the royal yards; and, with wise consideration for the commissariat, Sir John had that indispensable article for the arctic voyager, pemmican, manufactured under his own eye. The reader may not be displeased to see an authentic account of its preparation:—

"The round or buttock of beef of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt-kiln over an oak fire until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, when it resembled finely-grated meat. Being next mixed with an equal quantity of melted beef-suet or lard, the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients had been well incorporated by stirring they were transferred to tin canisters capable of containing 85 lbs. each, and having been firmly rammed down, and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up. Finally, the canister was painted and lettered according to its

contents. The total quantity of pemmican thus made was 17,424 lbs., at a cost of 1s. 7 1-4d. per lb. . . . As the meat in drying loses more than three-fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lbs. (reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.), and the sudden abstraction of more than 1000 rounds of beef from Leadenhall Market occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a temporary rise in the price of one penny per pound."—*Rich.*, vol. i. 37, 38.

It is curiously illustrative of the interest excited by this expedition that Richardson received numerous advances from volunteers desirous of joining him. Among the applicants he enumerates two clergymen, one Welsh justice, several country gentlemen, and some scientific foreigners. Rae was associated with Richardson. They left Liverpool for New York on the 25th of March, 1848, taking with them necessary baggage to the amount of 4000 lbs. They moved with all practicable rapidity. Landing at New York on the 10th of April, they arrived at Cumberland House 14th of June, the distance from New York being 2850 miles. They found their party, which had left England the previous year, a fortnight in advance; it had been joined by Mr. Bell, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by sixteen of the Company's voyagers. Their journey down the Mackenzie was favorable. On the 31st of July they reached Point Separation, and here a case of pemmican with memoranda was buried for the Plover's boat party. To indicate the spot to their friends, but conceal it from the natives, a fire was lit over the pit; and, as this signal had been agreed on, the deposit was readily found by Pullen and his men when they arrived in the Plover's boats fourteen months later. From the mouth of the Mackenzie, Richardson's boats turned to the east, passed Cape Bathurst on the 11th of August, and soon after rounded Cape Parry. The navigation from this point became more difficult, the boats having to make way through crowded floes of ice. As they approached Cape Krusenstern, the sea, as far as vision extended, was one dense, close pack, with not a lane of water perceptible. On the night of the 26th of August a severe frost covered the sea and ponds with young ice, and glued the floes immovably together. Progress with the boats could now be made only by dragging them over the floes, when the surface was sufficiently smooth, by cutting through tongues of ice, and by carrying them bodily over flats and points of land.

On one morning three hours of severe labor only advanced them a hundred yards. When about a dozen miles from Cape Krusenstern, one boat and her cargo had to be left on a rocky projection. From the cape itself nothing but ice in firmly compacted floes could be seen, and the sorrowful conclusion was forced on Sir John that the sea-voyage was at an end. East of Cape Parry, says he, only six weeks of summer can be reckoned on. All struggled forward, however, to Cape Hearne, and, as from this point the sea was covered with floes, and new ice formed rapidly, the abandonment of the other boats became inevitable. Richardson says:—

"I had hoped that, by conveying the boats and stores up the Coppermine river, beyond the range of the Eskimos, we could deposit them in a place of safety, to be available for a voyage to Wollaston Land next summer. But, abandoned as they must now be on the coast, we could not expect that they would escape the researches of the hunting parties who would follow up our foot-marks, and who were certain to break up the boats to obtain their copper fastenings."

Preparations for a march to Fort Confidence, at the northern extremity of Great Bear Lake, were now set about. Packages were made up, each man taking with him thirteen days' provision. Six pieces of pemmican and a boat's magazine of powder were buried under a cliff. The tents were left standing near the boats, and a few useful articles, as hatchets and cooking utensils, were deposited in them for the use of the Esquimaux. On the 3rd of September—after solemn prayers, in which all seemed to join with deep earnestness—they started. At the end of their day's march some scraps of drift-wood were collected for a fire to cook their supper; then, selecting the best sleeping-places they could find among blocks of basalt, they passed, though the weather continued cold, "a pretty comfortable night." In this way Sir John and his men journeyed on for twelve days, reaching Fort Confidence on the 15th of September:—

"We were happy to find Mr. Bell and his people well and the buildings much further advanced than we had expected. He had built an ample store-house, two houses for the men, and a dwelling-house for the officers, consisting of a hall, three sleeping apartments, and store-closet. Mr. Bell and Mr. Rae quartered themselves with Bruce in the store-room, and I took possession of my sleeping-room, which was put temporarily in order. I could there enjoy the luxury of a fire while I was preparing my despatches for the Admiralty and writing my domestic letters. I looked forward to the winter without anxiety."

The main business of the expedition was now ended. The men were sent home, and, on the 7th of May, 1849, Richardson and Bell commenced their journey southwards, leaving Rae as the best qualified to make another effort to reach Wollaston Land from Cape Krusenstern in the summer, with one boat's crew of six men. Richardson landed at Liverpool 6th November, 1849, after an absence of nineteen months. Rae's summer expedition of 1849, however, was a failure. On the 30th of July he arrived at Cape Krusenstern from Fort Confidence, but found the channel so choked with ice, that it was impossible to get a boat through it. He waited at the Cape watching the channel for an opening until the 23rd of August, when, the sea being completely closed by compacted floes, he reluctantly returned by the Coppermine river to his winter quarters. The boats left the previous year had been much damaged by the Esquimaux to obtain the iron-work, but the tents were uninjured, and the *cache* of pemmican and ammunition untouched.

One encouraging fact runs through all these explorations of the North American coast—and that is, the abundance of animal life to be met with. In 1848 the gun of Rae procured a constant supply of fresh provision for the whole party. In Richardson's journal we read:—

"Aug. 19. Mr. Rae brought in two fine reindeer.—Aug. 20. Mr. Rae killed a fine buck reindeer. In this quarter a skilful hunter like Mr. Rae could supply the whole party with venison without any loss of time.—Aug. 24. Many salmon were seen.—To the north of Coronation Gulf reindeer and musk oxen may be procured by skilful hunters. With nets a large quantity of salmon and other fish might be captured in Dolphin and Union Straits; with percussion caps we might have slain *hundreds of seals*."

The experience of Rae in his exploration of Wollaston Land in 1851 is to the like effect:—

"7th May.—During the interval between taking the observations for time and latitude I shot ten hares. These fine animals were very large and tame, and several more might have been killed, as well as many partridges, had I thought it expedient to follow them. On the 2nd June Cape Hearne formed our head-quarters, at which place eleven geese, all in fine condition, were killed. On the 9th a large musk-bull was shot, and his flesh was found excellent. Our principal food was geese, partridges, and lemmings. The latter, being fat and large, were very fine when roasted before the fire or between two stones. These

little animals were *migrating northward*, and were so numerous that our dogs, as they trotted on, killed as many as supported them without any other food."

In his journey of 1849 his party caught as many salmon as they could consume, whenever there was a piece of open water large enough for setting a net.

While Rae was anxiously watching the ice-choked sea from Cape Krusenstern, Captain Kellett in the *Herald* was discovering land in the Polar Sea far north of Behring's Strait, and Pullen in the boats of the *Plover* was navigating the coast from Icy Cape to the Mackenzie. The Behring's Strait parties were too late to do more than reconnoitre their destined course in 1848. The *Plover* arrived on the Asiatic coast only in time to select winter-quarters just south of Cape Tschukotskoi, outside the strait. The *Herald* went up the strait, visited Kotzebue Sound, the appointed rendezvous, and repassed the strait, before the *Plover* arrived. She returned to South America to winter.

The *Plover* got out from her winter-port on the 30th June, 1848, and in a fortnight reached Chamisso Island at the bottom of Kotzebue Sound. Here, on the next day, she was joined by the *Herald*—and by the *Nancy Dawson*, the private yacht of Mr. Shedden, whose name deserves honorable mention in every notice of these expeditions. Hearing in China of the efforts on behalf of Franklin, he at once sailed for Behring's Strait, putting aside his purposed voyage round the globe, to join in the search. Unfortunately his death prevented him from doing more than showing his zeal in the cause. The ships left the Sound on the 18th July, and, taking an easterly course, on the 25th arrived at Wainwright's Inlet. Here

"The vast number of *walrus* that surrounded us, keeping up a continual bellowing or grunting; the barking of the *innumerable seals*—the small whales—and the *immense flocks of ducks* continually rising from the water as we neared them, warned us of our approach to the ice, although the temperature of the sea was still high."

From this point, as the packed ice forbade the ships getting further to the east, the boat expedition was despatched on a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie. It consisted of two twenty-seven foot whaleboats, each with a crew of six men. Pullen had with him a hundred days' provisions for each man, and intimated his intention, should he reach the Mackenzie, of proceeding up the river to await the instructions of the Admiralty.

On the day following the departure of the boats the ships met with heavily packed ice extending from the shore, as far as the eye could reach, from north-west by west to north-east. This pack was traced "for forty leagues, made in a series of steps westerly and northerly, the westerly being about ten or twelve miles, and the northerly twenty." A water-sky was reported north of the pack, which, however, was perfectly impenetrable. Returning to Wainwright's Inlet, "not a particle of the ice seen on our former visit remained." A boat went ashore, and purchased from the natives 800 lbs. of reindeer meat—as much as the boat would carry—for a small quantity of tobacco. More was to be had on the same terms.

On the 17th of August, while cruising north of North Cape, packed ice was seen from south-south-west to north-north-west, five miles distant, and soon after land was reported from the mast-head. A group of small islands could be distinctly seen, and further off a very extensive and high land was reported.

"There was a fine clear atmosphere (such an one as can only be seen in this climate), except in the direction of this extended land, where the clouds rolled in numerous immense masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars, and very broken angles on their summits, very characteristic of the high headlands in this sea. As far as a man can be certain, who has one hundred and thirty pair of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land. I think, also, it is more than probable that these peaks we saw are a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages."—*Kellett*.

An island was reached, four and a half miles one way, by two and a half the other. Here Kellett landed. It was in lat. $71^{\circ} 19'$ N., long. $175^{\circ} 16'$ W. It proved a solid mass of granite, almost inaccessible on every side, and "literally alive with birds." "Innumerable black and white divers (common to this sea) here found a safe place to deposit their eggs and bring up their young." The weather was bad; and Kellett, fearing he might be caught by the pack, made all sail for the south-east. As the commander of the *Plover* had determined to pass his second winter in Kotzebue Sound, the *Herald* supplied all the *Plover's* wants, and on the 29th September sailed in company with the yacht, and arrived at Mazatlan on the 14th November, 1849—the same month in which Richardson returned to England from North

America, and Sir James Ross from Baffin's Bay.

The accounts so far were discouraging enough; but the Admiralty resolved that the search should be renewed—and on a yet more extended scale. The ships of Sir James Ross were promptly refitted and despatched to Behring's Strait; the *Enterprise* commanded by Capt. Collinson, and the Investigator by M'Clure. They were instructed to sail with all speed, so as to pass the strait and reach the edge of the ice by the end of August. The *Plover* was to remain out, and be secured in a safe harbor as far in advance as practicable, to serve as a depôt for parties from the other ships to fall back upon if necessary. The *Herald*, under Capt. Kellett, was to be sent home, volunteers being received from her for the other ships. This expedition left Plymouth on the 20th January, 1850. The ships communicated with the *Herald*, and Kellett assures the Arctic Committee of 1851, that, from a conversation he had with M'Clure—

"I am convinced that he will use every endeavor to reach Melville Island with his parties, if he failed with his ship. Should one of these parties reach Melville Island, or even the northern shore of Banks' Land, they will endeavor to get home by the east, being a safer route than attempting to return to their ships."

This statement is confirmed by the official and private letters of M'Clure. To Sir George Back, in particular, he states, in a letter of July 28, 1850, that he has *carte blanche* from Collinson, and that he is determined to push to the eastward to reach 130° W. long., and take his chance of wintering in the pack wherever he may be caught by the ice. These brave commanders had no sooner joined the *Plover* than they earnestly set to work to fulfil their mission. M'Clure outsailed Collinson, and was last seen by the *Plover* (August, 1850), in lat. 70° 44' N., long. 159° 52' W. M'Clure calculated that he might make Banks' Land, get to the northward of Melville Island, and perhaps pass to the S.E. by Wellington Channel, or some other passage, so as to return home at latest in 1853. To the Admiralty he says that, should he find no navigable channel after pushing ahead for two seasons, he intends to desert his vessel on the third, and start on foot for Melville Island and Leopold Harbor. It is impossible not to admire his energy and daring. But knowing how completely the plans of the most able and resolute are at the mercy of the seasons in those latitudes, we cannot accept his courage as a pledge of his

success, nor avoid feeling already some misgiving for his fate. Capt. Collinson, after penetrating some distance to the N. and E. of the strait, repassed it to winter at Hong Kong, the *Plover* being left in reserve at Port Clarence, in the strait. The *Enterprise* again quitted Hong Kong in May, 1851, reached Port Clarence, and left that port on 10th July to renew her explorations to the north-east.

Lieut. Pullen, with his boats, arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 27th August, having made the passage from Wainwright's Inlet in thirty-three days. The most difficult part of the voyage was off Cape Bathurst, very heavy hummocky ice being met with. "It was one continued struggle from the 25th July to the 5th August to get along that ice, it being so close in, and we were cutting all the time." Portions of his examination by the Committee are of value.

"Capt. Beechey: Did you see *any land to the northward* during your voyage?—No."

"Sir G. Back: There seems a remarkable difference when you were there, and when I was with Sir John Franklin, viz., that on the 15th August, 1826, there was a *complete open sea*, with the exception of one piece of ice to the north and west. What was its state when you were there?—It was all ice to seaward, and along the coast east and west."

Pullen in his boats ascended the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Simpson on the 13th of October. Here he wintered, and while on his way to York Factory the following spring, received instructions by express to attempt a passage in boats across the sea to Melville Island. He immediately hurried back, and on being supplied with 4500 lbs. of jerked venison and pemmican by Rae, he descended the Mackenzie in one of the *Plover's* boats and a barge of the Hudson's Bay Company. The season of 1850 proved more severe, however, than that of the previous year; he found the sea from the Mackenzie to Cape Bathurst covered with unbroken ice, a small channel only existing in shore, through which he threaded his way to the vicinity of the Cape. Failing in finding a passage out to sea to the north of Cape Bathurst, he remained in its vicinity, watching the ice for an opening, until the approach of winter compelled him to return to the Mackenzie. He had reached the sea on the 22d of July, and he did not quit it till the 1st of September. As he ascended the Mackenzie, ice was driving rapidly down. "It was one continued drift of ice and heavy snowstorms." He reached Fort Simpson on the

5th October, and arrived in England to take the command of the *North Star*, and join in the expedition under Sir E. Belcher.

To conclude here the researches from the North American coast—Mr. Rae left Fort Confidence, on the Coppermine, April the 25th, 1851, with four men and three sledges drawn by dogs. He reached the coast on the 1st of May, and found the ice favorable for travelling. On the 5th he landed at Douglas Island, and on the 7th gained the opposite shore. Traversing it to the east, until he reached 110° W. long., where his survey met that of Dease and Simpson, he retraced his steps, and advanced west until he turned Cape Baring, past lat. 70° , and long. 117° W. From some elevated ground in this neighborhood high land could be seen to the north, but none was visible to the west. He got back to his provision station on the Kendal River upon the 10th June, having travelled 824 geographical or 942 English miles in forty days. In this lengthened journey his arrangements were much the same as during his survey of Committee Bay. He slept in snow houses, and, as he advanced, buried provisions to serve for his return. In the months of July and August he explored the coast of Victoria Land, east and north, in boats. His delineation of the land to Point Pelly, on the western shore of Victoria Strait, is carefully laid down in Arrowsmith's map. That red line, marking every indentation of the coast, from the 101st to the 117th degrees of latitude, accomplished with limited means in a single season, is an achievement of which any officer might well be proud. On this newly discovered coast he met many parties of Esquimaux; but his inquiries as to the grand subject were all fruitless. The American coast has now been diligently examined, from the entrance of Behring's Strait to the head of Hudson's Bay; and we may, therefore, surely conclude that Franklin never reached so low a latitude.

On the side of Baffin's Bay the search was prosecuted by no less than eleven vessels in 1850. The expedition under Captain Austin consisted of the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, with their steam-tenders the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*. He was instructed that his main object should be to reach Melville Island—detaching vessels to examine Wellington Channel and the coast about Cape Walker, "to which point Sir John Franklin was ordered to proceed." At the same time—much having been said about the probable advantage of employing old professional

whalesmen—Mr. William Penny, long experienced in the northern fishery, was empowered by Government to purchase two small brigs, adapted for the service they were to perform. All arrangements were left to himself, and he had the choice of his own officers. But, clumsily enough, instead of distinct objects being assigned him, his instructions were substantially the same as those given to Austin. Penny's ships sailed on the 15th April, 1850, and Austin's on the 4th of May following. The *Prince Albert* was purchased and equipped by public subscription, Lady Franklin being a principal contributor. Its special object was to search the shores of Boothia Gulf, it being thought possible that traces of Franklin might be found in that direction, as he was ignorant of the complete survey of the bottom of the gulf by Rae, and might have imagined that a passage thence, as was generally surmised when he sailed, led into the Polar Sea. The *Felix*, commanded by Sir John Ross, was equipped by subscription, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. An American expedition of two schooners, fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, was to pass through Lancaster Sound, and push to the west. Lastly, the *North Star*, sent out the previous year, to recruit the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, remained in the Arctic Sea with a large quantity of available stores. These vessels, though sailing at different times, were all stopped by the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, and got through it at nearly the same period.

The first traces of the missing ships were discovered by Captain Ommaney, in the *Assistance*, at Cape Riley, on 23d August. He found sundry pieces of rag, rope, and broken bottles, and also the marks of five tent-places. This Cape is a point at the eastern entrance of Wellington Channel; about three miles west of it rises the bold abrupt coast of Beechey Island; and between the shores of this isle and the mainland lies a bay to which extraordinary interest is now attached. On its coast were observed numerous sledge-tracks, and at Cape Spencer, about ten miles from Cape Riley, up Wellington Channel, the party discovered the ground-place of a tent, the floor neatly paved with small smooth stones.

"Around the tent a number of birds' bones, as well as remnants of meat-canisters, led Mr. Penny to imagine that it had been inhabited for a time as a shooting station and a look-out place for which latter purpose it was admirably chosen, commanding a good view of Barrow's Strait and Wellington Channel."—*Osborn*, p. 102.

Some sledge-tracks led northward for about twenty miles, but the trail ceased south of Cape Bowden, and an empty bottle and a piece of newspaper were the last things found. The results of examining Beechey Island must be given in more detail. Lieutenant Osborn says—

“A long point of land slopes gradually from the southern bluffs of this now deeply-interesting island, until it almost connects itself with the land of North Devon, forming on either side of it two good and commodious bays. On this slope a multitude of preserved meat-tins were strewed about; and near them, and on the ridge of the slope, a carefully-constructed cairn was discovered: it consisted of layers of fitted tins, filled with gravel, and placed to form a firm and solid foundation. Beyond this, and along the northern shore of Beechey Island, the following traces were then quickly discovered: the embankment of a house, with carpenters' and armorers' working-places, washing-tubs, coal-bags, pieces of old clothing, rope—and, lastly, the graves of three of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—bearing date of the winter of 1845-6. We therefore now had ascertained the first winter-quarters of Sir John Franklin.

“On the eastern slope of the ridge of Beechey Island, a remnant of a garden (for remnant it now only was, having been dug up in the search) told an interesting tale: its neatly shaped oval outline—the border carefully formed of moss lichen, poppies, and anemonies, transplanted from some more genial part of this dreary region—contrived still to show symptoms of vitality; but the seeds which doubtless they had sowed in the garden had decayed away. Nearer to the beach, a heap of cinders and scraps of iron showed the armorers' working-place; and along an old water-course, now chained up by frost, several tubs, constructed of the ends of salt-meat casks, left no doubt as to the washing-places of the men of Franklin's squadron. Happening to cross a level piece of ground, which as yet no one had lighted upon, I was pleased to see a pair of Cashmere gloves laid out to dry, with two small stones on the palms to prevent their blowing away: they had been there since 1846. I took them up carefully, as melancholy mementoes of my missing friends. In another spot a flannel was discovered; and this, together with some things lying about, would, in my ignorance of wintering in the Arctic regions, have led me to suppose that there was considerable haste displayed in the departure of the *Erebus* and *Terror* from this spot, had not Capt. Austin assured me that there was nothing to ground such a belief upon, and that, from experience, he could vouch for these being nothing more than the ordinary traces of a winter station; and this opinion was fully borne out by those officers who had in the previous year wintered in Port Leopold, one of them asserting that people left winter-quarters too well pleased to escape, to care much for a handful of shavings, an old coal-bag, or a washing-tub. This I, from experience, now know to be true.”—*Osborn*, pp. 107-110.

From a number of minute facts, it was not difficult to assign the place where the ships must have lain through the winter: they were so stationed, *Osborn* says, as to be

“effectually removed from all risk of being swept out of the bay—which, by the by, from the fact of the enclosed area being many times broader than the entrance of *Erebus* and *Terror* Bay, was about as probable as any stout gentleman being blown out of a house through the keyhole.”

The most interesting traces of winter residence were the graves of Franklin's three seamen. The following description is in all respects creditable to Mr. *Osborn* :—

“The graves, like all that English seamen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmate; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that Nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and foot board to each of the three graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggerel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows :—

‘Sacred to the memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life January 1st, 1846, on board of H.M.S. *Terror*, aged 20 years.’

‘Sacred to the memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died April 3rd, 1846, aged 32 years. *Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*—Josh. xxiv. 15.’

‘Sacred to the memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways.*—Haggai i. 7.’

“I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the *Erebus* the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device.”—*Ibid.*, p. 111.

With this discovery the work of the ships for the season may be said to have closed. Wellington Channel, as far as vision extended, presented a continuous sheet of ice, much of it, as we learn from Dr. Sutherland and other experienced persons, appearing “to be at least three years old.” (ii. 124.) In

mid-channel of Barrow's Strait, at the same time (Aug. 25,) the pack was seen to westward, but

"the sea was as smooth as oil; and thousands of seals, in which one could distinguish three species—the ocean or Greenland seal, the bearded seal, and the common seal—were seen taking their pastime in the water. White whales were also seen in great abundance."—*Suth. i. 293.*

Osborn also dwells upon the enormous shoals of white whales—the water appearing as if filled with them; he states that eleven bears were seen, and that large flights of wild fowl came down Wellington Channel. By the middle of September Austin's ships were fast fixed in the ice, in the channel between Griffith's Island and Cornwallis Land, and here they were secured as well as might be for the winter. Penny made his ships fast in Assistance Harbor, on the south coast of Cornwallis Land, about 20 miles east of Austin's station; and here, also, Sir John Ross, in the *Felix*, wintered.

The other ships turned homewards. The *North Star* left her winter quarters in Wolstenholme Sound on the 3rd of August, and reached Port Leopold on the 12th. Being unable, however, from the ice to land her stores there, she deposited them at Admiralty Inlet, where, as we have seen, Sir E. Belcher was unable to find any trace of them.

The American Expedition made a most singular sweep. Lieut. de Haven parted company with the other searching vessels on the 13th of September off Griffith's Island. But the frost had already set in, and, snow having fallen, the sea was covered with a tenacious coating through which it was impossible for the vessels to force their way. As the ice about them thickened they became entirely at the mercy of the winds and currents. To the astonishment of all on board, they were carried directly up Wellington Channel. Here, drifting about as the wind varied, they came, on the 22nd of September, in sight of that island which in our charts is named Baillie Hamilton. To the north-west was distinctly seen the cloud of "frost-smoke," indicative of open water, and signs of animal life became more abundant. For the remainder of September the vessels were nearly stationary:—throughout October and November again they were drifted to and fro by the changing wind, but never passing out of Wellington Channel. On the 1st of November the new ice was upwards of three feet thick.

"Still frequent breaks would occur in it, often in fearful proximity to the vessels. Hummocks, consisting of massive granite-like blocks, would be thrown up to the height of twenty and even thirty feet. This action in the ice was accompanied with a variety of sounds impossible to be described, but which never failed to carry a feeling of awe into the stoutest hearts."—*De Haven's Report.*

By the beginning of December the ships were carried down the Channel, and entered Lancaster Sound. Westerly winds now prevailing, the vast field of ice, with the imprisoned ships, slowly drifted to the mouth of the Sound. In January they were fairly launched in Baffin's Bay, and a steady drift commenced to the southward, the vessels being carried along with the whole vast body of ice. On the 19th of May Cape Serle was descried, being the first land seen for four months; a few days later Cape Walsingham was visible, and the ships passed out of the Arctic zone. On the 6th of June, the whole immense floe in which they had been inextricably locked for nearly nine months was rent in all directions, without violence or noise, leaving not a piece exceeding 100 yards in diameter. Thenceforth the vessels were free, and in due time safely reached New York. During the winter, the occupations and amusements most suitable for preserving the crews in health had been persevered in—but sledges and boats with stores were always ready in case of accident, each man being furnished with a bundle of clothes which he could catch up at a moment's notice.

From this extraordinary sweep we must conclude that the barrier of ice across Wellington Channel, apparently fixed firmly to the land on either side, was really in continual motion. It seems to have been obedient to the wind rather than to any settled current. Of these facts our ships, safe in their winter-quarters, were entirely ignorant; and when, so late as the 12th of August in the following season, they still saw the entrance of the Channel firmly closed against them by solid ice, we cannot feel surprised at their supposing it to have remained unmoved since the first day of their arrival. Here the principal business of the winter was preparation for the spring journeys. Amusements were not neglected; there were plays and masquerades; the general health of all the men was good; and we have more than one admission that throughout the long winter "hardships there were none."

The arrangements for the sledging parties

were, in both expeditions, very complete. Every provision was made for the health and comfort of the men, and whoever glances into the blue-books will acknowledge that Austin most thoroughly fulfilled the duties of a skilful and humane commander. By an arrangement with Penny, made as early as 17th October, 1850, the latter undertook the complete 'search of Wellington Strait,' while Austin's detachments were to examine the shores north and south of Barrow's Strait. The coasts newly explored by these parties are laid down in the charts of Arrowsmith and the Admiralty. We confine our notice to the three routes which it seemed most likely Franklin might have taken:—to the west by Melville Island, to the south-west by Cape Walker, and to the north-west by Wellington Channel.

Of all Austin's parties, that under Lieutenant M'Clintock was most ably and successfully conducted. He left the ships on the 15th of April, and taking a course due west, reached Point Griffith on the eastern shore of Melville Island on the 11th of May. On the 21st he sighted Winter Harbor, but there being neither ships, tents, nor any sign of human habitation to be seen, he deferred any close scrutiny of it until his return. By the 27th of May he had reached Cape Dundas at the western extremity of Melville Island, and, on the following day, ascending a high cliff, made out the coast of Banks' Land.

'Its eastern extreme was indistinct; but its western extreme terminated abruptly. Banks' Land appears to be very lofty, with steep cliffs and large ravines, as about Cape Dundas. I could make out the ravines and snow-patches distinctly with my glass.'—*M'Clintock's Report*.

To the north of Banks' Land, at a distance from it of about seventy miles, he discovered a range of land apparently running nearly due west. "This does not present steep cliffs, but a bold and deeply indented coast; the land rising to the interior, and intersected by valleys rather than ravines." The sea he imagined to continue to the westward. Following the coast of Melville Island to the north-east, he entered Liddon Gulf, and here saw fragments of coal of good quality. Leaving the shore, he crossed the Gulf to gain Bushnan Cove, where Parry in his journey across the island in 1820 had left the "strong but light cart," in which he had carried his tent and stores. On the 1st of June M'Clintock reached the west point of the Cove, and, leaving two men to prepare supper, he com-

menced a search with four others for Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820:—

"On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across, and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate report published of his journey saved us much labor in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow; the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust, and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route where all seemed equally bad was selected, therefore sent the men directly up its northern bank in search of the wheels which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once; erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record on it in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle, containing Parry's cylinder, was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation I would have restored it to its lonely position."—*Ibid.*

As the weather was misty, M'Clintock did not explore the head of the gulf, but struck directly across the land for Winter Harbor. It was evident that no one had visited the place since Parry's departure in 1820. The inscription cut upon the face of the sandstone rock by Mr. Fisher appeared quite fresh. A hare, discovered at the foot of this rock, was so tame that she entered the tent, and would almost allow the men to touch her.

"I have never seen any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there cannot be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been here. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it."—*Ibid.*

On the 6th of June M'Clintock left Winter Harbor, and reached the ships on the 4th of July. The latter part of his journey was fatiguing, from the extensive pools of water in the ice, but all his men arrived in excellent health and spirits. He was out 80 days, and had travelled 770 miles. Several reindeer, musk-oxen, and bears were shot, besides numerous birds—and the food thus obtained was of very material importance to the people. This journey made it certain that Franklin had not passed west of the Parry Islands.

The expedition under Captain Ommaney

and Lieut. Osborn south-west of Cape Walker determined nothing. The cape was found to be the north-eastern extremity of an island, separated from the continent by a narrow channel. Beyond the cape the coast swept round to the south, until interrupted by a bay about 20 miles wide. While Ommaney proceeded to examine the shores of this bay Osborn struck across it, and making the land again, which still trended southerly, he followed it some miles further, and then travelled a few miles across the sea to the west. But, after a short journey, finding the ice exceedingly hummocky, he retraced his steps. From his farthest point he saw a continuation of land to the south, but could perceive neither land nor loom of land to the west or south-west. As the weather was clear, and he had a good spy-glass, and as moreover he had advanced westward fifteen miles from the coast, his view must have extended a considerable distance. Both Ommaney and Osborn are clear that the coast they traversed could never be navigable for ships. Shoals extended for a considerable distance into the sea; the water, to the depth of several feet in-shore, was frozen to the bottom, and enormous masses of ice were thrown up on the floe by pressure, and grounded on the strand. But the question is—not whether that particular coast was navigable, but—whether there was any reason to suppose that a navigable sea existed between the shore they followed to the south, and the nearest coast to the west yet discovered (Banks' Land)—a distance of 200 miles at least. Lieut. Osborn had never been among ice before; with more experience he would have known that the enormous blocks he saw aground and on the floe surely indicated motion at some time. It is common enough to find coasts fast bound with ice, even in the open season, while open water exists some miles off. Thus Parry tells us that he found Prince Leopold's Islands "encumbered with ice to the distance of four or five miles all round them, while the strait was generally as clear and navigable as any part of the Atlantic." Before the last Committee, M'Clintock stated that there was no appearance of the sea being navigable west of Melville Island—and then followed some questions by Parry:—

"*Sir E. Parry.*—Does that remark apply to the whole of the ice to the southward of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—No. *Parry.*—State whereabouts in your opinion it was likely to be navigable to the south of Melville Island. *M'Clintock.*—I think to the east of Winter Harbor. *Parry.*—

Then you think a ship could probably get to the southward and westward more easily to the eastward of Winter Harbor than by going on to the west part of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—Yes."

When Parry himself was off the east end of Melville Island, he found his soundings uniformly increase as he went to the south. "In standing to the southward, we had gradually deepened the soundings to 105 fathoms." Here is proof of deep water in the direction Franklin was ordered to take; nor is there any evidence to show that there may not be, at certain seasons, a navigable sea to the south, which may lead, as M'Clintock supposes, far to the west of the Parry group.

Of Penny's parties one followed the western and the other the eastern side of Wellington Channel, until both were stopped by reaching open water. Captain Stewart, on the east, or rather north side of the channel, reached Cape Becher 30th May; from hence he could see water washing the land all along, with much broke-up ice in the offing. Mr. Goodsir, on the opposite shore, first saw open water from Disappointment Bay on the 20th of May. To the west an open channel appeared. Penny himself, traversing the channel from south to north, reached the islands which divide the strait into three narrow channels. From Point Surprise, on the north of Baillie Hamilton island, he beheld a vast expanse of open water, and here, he tells us, "the expression that escaped me was, 'No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found;' so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed." (*Suth.* ii. 132.) Determining to prosecute the search further in a boat, he returned to the ships with all speed, and succeeded in getting a boat to the edge of the water by the 17th of June, but a succession of contrary gales prevented him after all from getting further than Baring Island—though there was open water to the north-west. He got back to his ships on the 25th of July.

Towards the close of June the ice in Barrow's Strait broke up. Mr. Stewart, under date of the 27th, writes:—"I went to the land, and ascended the hill, and then saw that the ice in Barrow's Strait was all adrift and broken up, to the utmost limits of vision assisted by a telescope." On the 10th of July, as we learn from Osborn—

"Not a particle of ice was to be seen east or west in Barrow's Strait, except between Griffith's Island and Cape Martyr, where, some ten miles from the water, and in the centre of a fixed floe, our unlucky squadron was jammed. Everywhere

else a clear sea spread itself, sparkling and breaking under a fresh southerly breeze."

Surely this must have taught our young lieutenant that it was very possible for a navigable sea to exist, at some miles' distance from an ice-bound coast. It was August before the ships were free. Captain Austin then addressed an official note to Penny, distinctly asking "whether you consider that the search of Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satisfactory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable, unnecessary." The reply was—

"*Assistance Bay, 11th August, 1851.*

"SIR:—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done? I have, &c.—WILLIAM PENNY."

The following day Penny put to sea. The entrance of Wellington Channel was then full of heavy ice, nor did there appear any probability that it would break up that season. Penny states that he now determined to get home before the other ships.

"When I saw Sir John Ross taken in tow by Captain Austin, from this moment I was determined I should go home before him, and had great cause to be satisfied with the decision, for I had every reason to suppose that disrepute would be thrown upon what we had done, and I told this to my officers."—*Penny's Evidence.*

Pushing forward with all speed, Penny arrived in London on the 12th of September. Austin's ships explored the entrances of Jones's Sound and Smith's Sound, and did not reach home for a fortnight or three weeks later. In the meantime Mr. Penny addressed a letter to the Admiralty, asserting his conviction that the missing expedition had gone up Wellington Channel, and that "its course should be therein followed with the utmost energy, determination, and despatch." This suggestion was so contrary to the spirit of his note to Austin on the 11th of August, that he was called on by the Admiralty to transmit a copy of his official correspondence. In place of doing so, he made statements to the effect that he had entreated Captain Austin to give him a steamer to make an effort to get up Wellington Channel, and that his last words to Austin were, "Go up Wellington Channel, sir, and you will do good service to the cause." As the result of these, and other statements of a like kind, a committee of Arctic officers was

appointed to inquire into the circumstances. They properly came to the conclusion that Captain Austin could put only one construction on Mr. Penny's letters, and would not have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received the most authentic information.

At the time when open water was discovered high up Wellington Channel, the sea in every other direction was covered with solid ice. The fact is remarkable, whatever conclusion may be drawn from it. The prevalent opinion seems to be that Franklin, having learnt at his winter-quarters the existence of this open water, thenceforth directed all his energies to meet it, and succeeded in the attempt. There are, however, not inconsiderable difficulties in the way of this supposition. Be it conceded that in the summer of 1846 Franklin found the entrance of the channel open, and knew of the sea beyond it, does it follow, as matter of certainty, that he would take that course? The mere fact of a prospect of open water to the north might not appear to him of much importance, as it is commonly found throughout the winter at the head of Baffin's Bay and in gulfs on the coast of Greenland, where the tide, as in Wellington Channel, runs high and sets strongly. We know that Sir John Barrow warned Franklin and his officers against attempting Wellington Channel—not because it might be closed, but because

"as far as experience went, it was entirely free from ice—no one venturing to conjecture to what extent it might go, or into what difficulties it might lead."—*Mangles, 37, 38.*

We have seen what his Instructions were; and Richardson observes:—

"It is admitted by all who are intimately acquainted with Sir John Franklin, that his first endeavor would be to act up to the letter of his Instructions."

Sir F. Beaufort says, "he was not a man to treat his orders with levity;" and such is the testimony of all the important witnesses. It is only on the supposition that Franklin found it impossible to penetrate to the southwest that any of his friends imagine he might have tried Wellington Channel.

Setting aside all gossiping communication, usually a fertile source of error; and oftener supplied by imagination than by memory, we are not without decisive evidence of Franklin's real opinion. In the Diary of Fitzjames there is, under date of June 6, 1845, one very remarkable passage:—

"At dinner to-day Sir John gave us a pleasant account of his expectations of being able to *get through the ice on the coast of America*, and his *disbelief in the idea that there is open sea to the northward*. He also said he believed it possible to reach the pole over the ice by wintering at Spitzbergen, and going in the spring, before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it."—*Mangles*, 78.

To our mind these words are conclusive as to Franklin's hopes and intentions. In his second journey to the Mackenzie river, 1825-6, he himself writes that from the summit of Garry Island

"the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any *visible obstruction to its navigation*, and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us."

Then he had ardently wished for a ship in which he could leave that shallow shore, and steer direct for Behring's Strait. It was this sea which he was instructed to reach, and which there seemed every probability of his reaching by pushing to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long. It was greatly in favor of his attempting this passage that, even should he meet with obstructions, he might reasonably hope to reach the North American shore by boats, or by a journey across the ice, and thus connect the discoveries of Parry with his own.

Fairly stated, the case stands thus:—On the supposition that he ascended the Channel, we must suppose either that he disobeyed the Admiralty orders (which all who know him agree he would not do), or that he tried to penetrate to the south-west before he entered his winter harbor or immediately on quitting it. Could he have made the attempt in 1845? He left Disco Island on the 12th July, and at the close of that month was struggling with the middle ice in Baffin's Bay. He had himself, as we learn from Fitzjames, a perfect knowledge of the difficulty there would be in getting to Lancaster Sound:—

"Parry was fortunate enough, in his first voyage, to sail right across in nine or ten days,—a thing unheard of before or since. In his next voyage he was fifty-four days toiling through fields of ice, and did not get in till September—yet Lancaster Sound is the point we look to as the beginning of our work."

Now, progress from Disco Island to Lancaster Sound took Ross (Sir John) in his first voyage from 17th June to 30th August. Sir James Ross, in 1848, was from 20th July to 20th August struggling through the mid-

dle ice, and did not reach Cape Yorke till 1st September. Penny's ships were at Disco Island May 3rd, 1850, and did not reach Beechey Island till 26th August. To make the same distance took Mr. Kennedy, in 1851, from the commencement of July till the 4th September, and Sir E. Belcher, in the remarkable open season of 1852, from June 12 to August 11th. It is not probable that Franklin could have reached Barrow's Strait until the end of August or beginning of September; and it is hardly conceivable that he could that season have satisfied himself that there was no passage to the south-west—more especially as he must have taken up his station early, and before young ice began to form.

Shall we suppose, then, that, on getting out of harbor, he advanced to the south-west, and, baffled in his efforts, returned to Wellington Channel? The absence of any signals on the shore either way must go far to negative the idea; and it is more than doubtful whether the two months of an Arctic summer would suffice for such an exploration. Wellington Channel is intricate, and, for ships of the size of the Erebus and Terror, would require great caution. Penny states that—

"the fearful rate the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the Channel renders it dangerous even for a boat, *much more so a ship*, unless clear of ice, which, from the appearance of the ice here, will not be clear this season."

The experienced Abernethy says:—

"Wellington Strait is a dangerous navigable passage, the ice flowing about with the tide. It would not be safe for a ship to go up there."

Lieut. Aldrich conceived there must be "vast difficulty in navigating the Strait;" and Captain Austin observes that the navigation of the Channel must be very critical, *as all narrow straits in icy seas are.*" We do not quote these statements as evidence that the Strait cannot be navigated, for Sir E. Belcher has settled that question; but to prove how unlikely it is that the Channel could be passed through rapidly. On the supposition that Franklin went up it, how are we to account for the absence of cairns or flag-staffs, which would show he had visited, or taken possession of, the newly-found land?—for no shores have been so minutely explored as these.

In our total ignorance of the geography of that region which Franklin was directed to

examine, it would be rash to speculate on the difficulties into which an opening to the south-west might lead. Before Lancaster Sound was explored, no one could have supposed that it would open out so many intricate channels, or display that intermingling of land and sea on either side north and south, which the skill of our best navigators for the last thirty years has failed to make more than imperfectly known. Franklin's ships may have been, as the *Fury* was, forced ashore in some narrow ice-choked channel far to the west, or they may have been caught in the bottom of some gulf from which they have been unable to escape. Between him and the American continent there may be mountainous land, and immense fields of that peculiar sharp-pointed ice which Kellett says it would be impossible to traverse by any exertion or contrivance. He describes it as

"very much broken, or rough, with pinnacles of considerable height. Travelling over it for any distance is, I should say, impossible; many of the floes are nearly covered with water, the mirage from which distorted objects in the most extraordinary way."

In the same way Pullen gives it as his opinion that there would be no possibility of reaching the North American coast across the heavy hammocky ice he saw to the north. We are constrained, indeed, to admit that the fact of no trace of Franklin having as yet been found furnishes a strong presumption that he is no longer in existence; but we say that that fact alone is not stronger against his having taken a south-west than a north-west course, as the one might have led him into as great peril as the other, and as completely have deprived him of the possibility of communicating with any point where he might hope for assistance.

We are not ignorant of what may be urged on the other side; that the most experienced Arctic navigators hug the *northern* shore; that—in spite of the evidence of Doctor Sutherland and others as to the usually later breaking up of the ice in Wellington Channel—Franklin might have met with an impenetrable barrier of ice to the west, while the entrance of that Channel was open;* and that Parry in his first voyage in vain attempted to find an opening in the ice to the south. Our argument is not that Franklin must have

taken any one particular course, but only that, so long as the space between 104° and 116° W. long. is unexplored, it cannot be said that Franklin has been fairly sought in the direction he was ordered to pursue.

The search was maintained by one vessel only in the following year. The *Prince Albert*, which returned home in 1850, after her unsuccessful cruise, was refitted, and sailed early in 1851, under command of Mr. William Kennedy, who has published a short and sensible narrative of his voyage. M. Bellot, a lieutenant in the French navy, joined as a volunteer, and his generous ardor and lively spirits seem to have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the expedition. Kennedy wintered at Batty Bay, on the west side of Regent's Inlet. In his spring journey of 1852 he showed what it was in the power of a really intrepid traveller to accomplish. Following the coast to the south, he found a channel in Brentford Bay leading westward. Traversing this channel he came again upon the sea, thus proving North Somerset to be a large island. On his right, to the north, the land appeared continuous. By Lieut. Browne's examination of Peel's Sound (or Ommaney Inlet) from Barrow's Strait, we were led to suppose that it was only a gulf, which would so far correspond with Mr. Kennedy's observation. As an open sea appeared to the south, it is not unreasonably conjectured that it may be continued to the Victoria Strait of Rae; in that case the narrow channel of Brentford Bay would prove that at least one south-west passage existed. Continuing his course nearly west, until he passed 100° west long., he turned to the north, struck the sea at that point reached by Capt. Ommaney in exploring the bay which bears his name, then turned to the east and to the north till he reached Cape Walker, returning to his ship by the north shore of North Somerset, having successfully performed a journey of eleven hundred miles and been absent from the ship for ninety-seven days! During the whole time they knew no other shelter than the snow houses they threw up at each resting-place.

In his modest narrative Mr. Kennedy describes the general order of his arrangements. His party, including M. Bellot and himself, consisted of six persons. Their luggage and stores were borne on sleighs made after the Indian fashion, five Esquimaux dogs very materially assisting in their draught. Without the aid, indeed, of these much-enduring animals so long a journey could scarcely have been performed; and, as noth-

* Dr. Sutherland, when asked by Sir E. Parry whether it was his opinion that the ice broke up sooner in the direction of Cape Walker than at the entrance of Wellington Channel, replied, "Yes; two months sooner."

ing came amiss to them in the way of food, it being found that "they thrive wonderfully on old leather shoes and fag-ends of buffalorobes," the sleighs were not much burdened by care for their provision. With a little practice all hands became expert in the erection of snow-houses, which presented

"a dome-shaped structure, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking beehive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside; as these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole house is as air-tight as an egg."—*Narrative*, 78, 79.

As respects their provision, they were materially indebted to the old treasures of the *Fury*, which they found "not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of our own stores and those supplied to the other Arctic expeditions."* While travelling they had a cup of hot tea night and morning—"a luxury they would not have exchanged for the mines of Ophir." A gill and a half of spirits of wine boiled a pint of water. When detained by bad weather they had but one meal daily, and took ice with their biscuit and pemmican to save fuel. On the 15th of May they reached Whaler Point, and here stopped a week to recruit; all suffering much from scurvy. At this early period Regent's Inlet and Barrow's Strait were free from ice as far as the eye could reach. In a notice left at Whaler Point it was said "Cape Walker was carefully examined, but bore no evidence whatever of its having been visited by Europeans." Now, as the large cairns, formed by the parties of Ommaney and Osborn the previous spring, could thus be overlooked, might not signals erected by Franklin have been equally undistinguishable amid the deep snow which enveloped this bleak and rugged coast?

By the 30th of May the travellers were back at Batty Bay, where all had gone on well; but it was not until the 6th of August

that the ship, by sawing and blasting, could be got clear of the ice. On the 19th of August Kennedy reached Beechey Island, where he had the satisfaction of finding the *North Star* engaged in sawing into winter quarters.—The expedition of Sir E. Belcher—consisting of the two brigs and their attendant steamers previously commanded by Austin, with the *North Star* as a depôt-ship—had left the Thames on the 21st of April, and arrived at Beechey Island on the 10th of August. The season was remarkably open; Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait were equally clear of ice: on the 14th of August Sir E. Belcher (with a ship and a steamer) stood up the Channel, and the following day Captain Kellett (with the other brig and steamer) sailed in open water for Melville Island.—From the *North Star* Mr. Kennedy received despatches from England. He would gladly have remained out another season, but, as his men were bent on returning, he was compelled to relinquish his design, and bring his ship home.

A fortnight after his departure, Captain Inglefield, in the *Isabel* screw-steamer, communicated with the *North Star*. The *Isabel* had been purchased by Lady Franklin, with assistance from the Geographical Society and others. In her Captain Inglefield quitted England on the 6th of July last; coasted the northern shores of Baffin's Bay; advanced much further up Whale Sound than any previous navigator, finding as he proceeded an immense expanse of open water; ran a considerable distance up Smith's Sound and Jones's Sound without discovering any opposing land; and then made for Beechey Island, which he reached on the 7th of September. It is the opinion of this skilful observer that all the three great sounds at the head of Baffin's Bay are channels leading into the Polar Ocean. It is to be regretted that, in so favorable a season, he had not the opportunity of determining this question, with regard to one of them at least. But, on the whole, considering the limited time at his disposal—his whole voyage lasting but four months—he must be allowed to have exerted himself very laudably.

The last parliamentary paper prints the intelligence received from Behring's Strait to the end of August, 1852. Commander Maguire, who was sent out to relieve Captain Moore in the *Plover*, arrived at Port Clarence on the 30th of June. The crew, with the exception of some frost-bites, were well, and had behaved admirably. Constant intercourse had been kept up with the natives,

* On a strict and careful survey, made last July, of the preserved meats, 10,570 lbs., in tin canisters, supplied to the *Plover*, they were found "in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, totally unfit for men's food." The whole were thrown into the sea, as a nuisance. It is much to be feared that Franklin's preserved meats may have been of no better quality.

but no tidings had been heard as to any subject of anxiety. The Plover, under her new commander, put to sea on the 12th of July, and arrived at Icy Cape on the 19th, whence Maguire proceeded in a boat to Point Barrow to take soundings for anchorage. In his last despatch, 20th August, he intimates his expectation that he shall be able to place the Plover in winter quarters there about the beginning of September. He much advises that a steamer should be sent out to open a communication with him; and, considering how strongly a vessel of this kind has been recommended for the service by Admiral Beaufort and other high authorities, we are quite at a loss to understand why one was not sent out in place of the Rattlesnake recently despatched.

Mr. Kennedy is about to depart in the Isabel for Behring's Sea. Lady Franklin, aided by 1000*l.* subscribed by some generous friends in Van Diemen's Land, who gratefully remember Sir John's rule, will again be at the charge of the expedition. The Isabel will be provisioned for four years. Mr. Kennedy hopes he shall be able to pass the strait this year, and take up a position for the winter somewhere near Point Barrow, whence in the winter and spring he might explore to the north and east, in the direction of Melville Island and Banks' Land. Captain Inglefield, in the Phenix steam-sloop, will start this spring for Beechey Island, accompanied by a store-ship containing an ample supply of provisions. A new expedition is also, we observe, to be fitted out by the beneficent Mr. Grinnell of New York.

The present state of the search then is this:—Sir E. Belcher is engaged in a survey of Wellington, while Captain Kellett is probably safely anchored in Winter Harbor, the old quarters of Parry. Each has a well-stored ship, with an attendant steamer; while the

North Star, within reach no doubt of parties from either vessel, remains in Franklin's harbor at Beechey Island. On the Pacific side, the Plover, we may presume, is advanced to Point Barrow. We have no intelligence of M'Clure since, under a press of canvas, he stood for the pack-ice off Icy Cape, in August, 1850; nor from Collinson since he passed Behring's Strait in July of the following year. Our consul at Panama indeed writes that Collinson had been spoken by some whalers, but, without details, we know not what credit is to be attached to the report. M'Clure supposed he should be able to reach England by way of Barrow's Strait some time in this year, either by navigating his vessel through the unknown sea which stretches north of the American continent, or by quitting his ship and making for Melville Island, or some point nearer home. Stirring tidings of some kind will most likely reach us in the course of a few months. The search, so long and so ardently prosecuted, continues not only to interest the scientific and enterprising, but to carry with it the sympathies of the whole nation. The public mind is made up that the fate of the missing ships shall be determined, if human energy can determine it—and the resolve is as wise as generous. To our Navy, under God, we owe our greatness and safety; and in sending forth our gallant seamen on hazardous enterprises, we are bound by every possible obligation to inspire them with a full confidence that they are under the eye and guardianship of their country, and that its resources will be exerted to the utmost in their behalf. The pecuniary cost of the search is not to be regarded in comparison with its object; and it is better for a thousand lives to be perilled in the discharge of duty than for one to be so a c neglect.

From the Biographical Magazine.

FELICIA HEMANS.

AMONG the many lady writers of the present century, few have higher claims upon our gratitude and regard than FELICIA HEMANS. The hearts and "homes of merry England" have often been charmed by the music of her plaintive melodies, sublimated by their lofty moral tone, ennobled and refined by their gentle teachings of faith, and of love; and their holy aspirations after all that is beautiful and true. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans may not possess the intellectuality, the *massive* power, the deep earnestness, the beauty, which distinguish that of Mrs. Barrett Browning; nevertheless it is full of sweetness and gentleness, and of a soft, subdued enthusiasm, breathing, moreover, throughout such a trusting and affectionate spirit, that it must ever find a welcome and a rest in all true, loving hearts.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was the daughter of an eminent merchant of Liverpool. She was the fifth of seven children, and born on the 25th of September, 1793. While she was still very young, her father suffered a reverse of fortune, and consequently left Liverpool with his family, to reside in Wales. Here, in the deep seclusion of a romantic country, in a fine old mansion at Gwrych, in Denbighshire, Felicia Browne spent many happy years of childhood. The wild far-distant murmurs of the "solemn sea," with its teachings of the grand and the infinite, the soft, undefinable whisperings of the free, green woodland, the song of birds, the fall of waters, the changeful skies, and all the endless variety of mountain scenery, early inspired her with an intense love and sincerest reverence for nature, that silent, but ever true, and noble educator of the poet's soul. She was early distinguished by mental precocity. At six years of age Shakspeare was the companion of her solitude; and many a pleasant hour she passed in sweet communion with the lofty spirits of old, in a rustic seat she had chosen amid the boughs of an old apple tree. She was a rapid reader, and her fine memory easily retained whole pages of poetry after having only once read

them over. Her juvenile studies were superintended by her mother—a noble-minded woman of high intelligence, and sweet simplicity of character, and of a calm, cheerful temperament—in every way admirably adapted for the guidance of a spirit so bright and beautiful, so exquisitely sensitive as that of the young Felicia. And in after years when the wreath of fame encircled the fair brows of the poetess, she turned from the world's praises to the soft glance of those beloved eyes, and felt that her best reward still lay in the glad, approving smile of the dear face "that on her childhood shone."

When about eleven years of age, she spent a winter in London with her parents; and the following year repeated the visit—and this was the last time of her sojourn in the great metropolis. The contrast between the confinement of a town life, and the bright, happy freedom of the country, was by no means pleasing to her. She longed most earnestly to return to her romantic home among the mountains of Wales; and again to join in the merry sports of her younger brothers and sisters. We can well imagine how distasteful the noise and hurry of London life, the crowded streets, the cloudy atmosphere, would prove to the fair child of the hill and the forest; how she would miss the sweet music of nature, the rich melody of birds, the mountain echoes, the woodland murmurs; but most of all the fresh, pure air, and the clear, bright, open skies. Many things, however, she saw during these London visits, which ever remained most vividly impressed upon her remembrance. Collections of art were objects of her especial interest. On entering a hall of sculptures she exclaimed, "Oh, hush!—don't speak;" well knowing that the spirit of the place was silence. Felicia Browne was not more than fourteen years old when her first volume of poems was published, in the form of a quarto volume. It was very severely criticised, and although, at first, the young poetess felt much depressed, she soon recovered from the effects of this harsh judgment, and again

poured forth her melodies in strains more rich and varied than before. One of her brothers was then serving in Spain, under Sir John Moore, and of course her enthusiasm was enlisted on his behalf, and visions of military glory, and scenes of martial heroism became at this time the sources of her poetic inspiration.

The commencement of her acquaintance with Captain Hemans dates from about this period. On his first introduction to the family at Gwrych, Felicia was a lovely girl of fifteen—with rich golden ringlets shading a fair face of radiant and changeful expression. She was a dream of delight, a vision of beauty, a creature all poetry, romance, and enthusiasm, in the first bright flush of the sunshine of life, and as such she was eminently calculated to inspire sentiments of admiration, of devotion, and of love. Captain Hemans pleaded eloquently, and received in return the first affection, deep, and sincere, of that warm young heart. Her friends trusted this might be only a fleeting fancy, but it proved on the contrary a constant one, although Captain Hemans was immediately ordered to embark with his regiment for Spain, and Felicia did not see him again for three years.

Mr. Browne removed with his family to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph's, Flintshire, in 1809. Here our poetess entered upon new studies with her accustomed ardor. She read Spanish and Portuguese, and commenced the study of German, although it was long years after this before she drank in the spirit of the latter language with thorough appreciative enjoyment. She possessed some taste for drawing, and had a decided talent for music, which ever powerfully influenced her highly susceptible mind. The strains she preferred were chiefly of a pensive character. The simplest national melodies had a charm for her—the wild airs of Ireland and of Wales, the pathetic ballad lays of Scotland, and the melancholy, but chivalrous songs of Spain were especial favorites. And well can we imagine the strange, entranced awe, with which she would listen to the deep impressiveness of the cathedral service with its thrilling accompaniments;

When the depth profound of the solemn fane re-
echoed sacred story,
And one sweet voice heard lone and clear, called
on the Lord of Glory!

Strange and mysterious is the power of music when heard in some fair Gothic minster, with the fading light of eve falling

through the stained windows with no step to disturb the shadowy aisles, and the white immortal statues standing out dim in the twilight. Then indeed we seem to be near the spirit-land. The glory streams through the golden gates, we half see the flashing of the star-gemmed diadems, for truly and indeed we hear the angel voices. But it is too much. The spirit faints beneath the weight of too divine a joy, and as the caged bird beats vainly against her prison-bars, such in that intoxicating moment are the soul's wild efforts to attain the real, the infinite, the true.

In after years there were times when Mrs. Hemans found music too painfully exciting, and the voice of her heart re-echoed to the exclamation of Jean Paul's immortal old man:—"Away! away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!"

About this time Felicia Browne enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with some friends at Conway; and the beautiful scenery by which she was surrounded, was a fount of constant and never-failing inspiration. Here she became acquainted with Mr. Edwards, the blind harper of Conway, to whom she addressed some spirited stanzas:—

Minstrel, whose gifted hand can bring
Life, rapture, soul from every string;
And wake, like bards of former time,
The spirit of the harp sublime;
Oh! still prolong the varying strain,
Oh! touch th' enchanted chords again.

Thine is the charm, suspending care,
Th' heavenly swell, the dying close,
The cadence melting into air,
That lulls each passion to repose;
While transport lost in silence near,
Breathes all her language in a tear.

In 1812 appeared the "Domestic Affections, and other Poems," and during the same year the marriage of the poetess with Captain Hemans took place. They went to reside at Daventry for a year, where their eldest son was born. Mrs. Hemans regretted bitterly the change of residence from the mountain land to so flat and uninteresting a country; and with exceeding delight she returned to Bronwylfa with her husband the following year. Here she resided with her mother until the death of that true and devoted friend. Her father sometime previously had again engaged in commerce, and emigrated to Quebec where he died. Mrs. Hemans' residence at Bronwylfa was passed in the strictest retirement, and entire consecration to study and the requirements of her

family. She had five sons, and her attention was necessarily directed towards their education. In 1818 she published a collection of translations, and afterwards in rapid succession, "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," "Modern Greece," "Tales and Historic Scenes." It was about this period that Captain Hemans removed to Rome, to try the restorative effects of the warm climate of the South upon his health, which had become impaired by the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. He made Rome his permanent abode, and Mrs. Hemans never saw him again. To quote the words of her sister: "It has been alleged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is, however, unfortunately but too well known that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful, yet it must be stated that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of letters, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on, seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation, and from that time to the hour of her death Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

The increasing popularity of her writings brought her many new friends, among whom none more valued than Dr. Luxmore, bishop of St. Asaph's. He took great interest in her poem "The Skeptic," which made its appearance in 1820. Just before this publication she obtained the prize of fifty pounds for the best poem on the "Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the banks of the Carron." The prize being awarded to her was a pleasing surprise to Mrs. Hemans, as she had not the slightest expectation of obtaining it, for the number of competitors was perfectly overwhelming. In the spring of 1820 she was introduced to Bishop (then Mr.) Heber, whose eminent literary taste proved of material service to her in the course of her poetical career.

Mrs. Hemans was employed at that time on a poem, entitled, "Superstition and Revelation," which was intended to comprehend a great variety of subjects. Every thing relative to the graceful and sportive fictions of ancient Greece and Italy; the ruder be-

liefs of uncultivated climes; the Hindoo rites; the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, was to be laid under contribution; but of this extensive plan only a fragmentary portion was ever completed. This poem is alluded to in the following extract from a letter on the commencement of Mrs. Hemans' acquaintance with Heber: "I am more delighted with Mr. Heber than I can possibly tell you; his conversation is quite rich with anecdote, and every subject on which he speaks had been, you would imagine, the sole study of his life. In short his society has made much the same sort of impression on my mind that the first perusal of 'Ivanhoe' did; and was something so perfectly new to me that I can hardly talk of any thing else. I had a very long conversation with him on the subject of the poem, which he read aloud and commented upon as he proceeded. His manner was so entirely that of a friend, that I felt perfectly at ease, and did not hesitate to express all my own ideas and opinions on the subject, even where they did not exactly coincide with his own."

In the autumn of 1820 Mrs. Hemans paid a visit to the family circle of Henry Park, Esq., Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool. Here she writes: "I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the novelty of all the objects around me. The pastoral seclusion and tranquillity of the life I have led for the last seven or eight years had left my mind in that state of blissful ignorance, particularly calculated to render every new impression an agreeable one; and accordingly Mr. Kean, casts from the Elgin marbles, and the tropical plants in the Botanic gardens, have all in turn been the objects of my wondering admiration." It was while visiting these kind friends that the *jeu d'esprit* was written with reference to the word "Barb,"—a gentleman having requested Mrs. Hemans to supply him with some precedents from old English writers, proving the use of the word as applied to a steed. The following imitations were the result of his inquiry, and the forgery was not discovered until after some time.

The warrior donn'd his well-worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest,
He mounted on his jet-black barb,
And put his lance in rest.

Percy's Reliques.

Eftsoons the wight withouten more delay,
Spurr'd his brown barb, and rode full swiftly on
his way.—*Spenser.*

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?

The soul of battle is awake within me!
 The fate of ages and of empires hangs
 On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
 Bring my good lance, caparison my steed,
 Base, idle grooms! Are ye in league against me?
 Haste with my *barb*, or by the holy saints,
 Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow!

Massinger.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, the bright cynosure of ladies' eyes—he of the dazzling breast-plate and swan-like plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble *barb* presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontania.
—Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule

The storm of battle? So where'er he moves
 Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest—
 Fate on his sword is throned—and his white *barb*,
 As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
 Seems breathing fire.—*Potter's Æschylus.*

Oh! bonnie looked my ain true knight,
 His *barb* so proudly reining;
 I watched him till my tearful sight
 Grew amaist dim wi' straining.

Border Minstrelsy.

Why he can heel the lavolt, and wind a fiery *barb*, as well as any gallant in Christendom. He's the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.—
Shakspeare.

Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine,
 All other joys I joyously would yield;

My knightly crest, my bounding *barb* resign,
 For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field.
 For courts or camps no wish my soul would prove,
 So thou wouldst live with me and be my love!

Earl of Surrey's Poems.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
 Heedless of youthful sports; I seek no more
 Or joyous dance or music's thrilling tone,
 Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore;
 Or knightly tilt when steel-clad champions meet,
 Borne on impetuous *barbs*, to bleed at beauty's
 feet.—*Shakspeare's Sonnets.*

As a warrior clad
 In sable arms, like Chaos grim and sad,
 But mounted on a *barb* as white
 As the fresh new-born light,—
 So the black knight too soon
 Came riding on the bright and silver moon,
 Whose radiant, heavenly ark
 Made all the clouds beyond his influence seem
 E'en more than doubly dark,
 Mourning, all widowed of her glorious beam.

Cowley.

In 1821, Mrs. Hemans obtained the prize offered by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. An extract from one of her letters

at this period pleasingly illustrates the bright sunshine of joy which ever lit up her family circle on the occasion of her literary successes:—"What with surprise, bustle, and pleasure, I am really almost bewildered. I wish you had but seen the children when the prize was announced to them yesterday. Arthur, you know, had so set his heart upon it, that he was quite troublesome with his constant inquiries on the subject. He sprang up from his Latin exercises, and shouted aloud, 'Now I am sure mamma is a better poet than Lord Byron!' Their acclamation were actually deafening, and George said, that the excess of his pleasure had really given him a headache."

The next production of Mrs. Hemans was the "Vespers of Palermo," a tragedy, which she was induced to offer for the stage, through the kind encouragement of Bishop Heber and Mr. Milman. This step occasioned her considerable anxiety as to its ultimate success. In a letter to a friend, she writes:—"I have not been able, I am sorry to say, to pay the least attention to my Welsh studies since your departure. I am so fearful of not having the copying of the tragedy completed by the time my brother and sister return, and I have such a variety of nursery interruptions, that what with the murdered *Provençals*, George's new clothes, Mr. Morehead's *Edinburgh Magazine*, Arthur's cough, and his Easter holidays, besides the dozen little riots which occur in my colony every day, my ideas are sometimes in such a state of rotatory motion that it is with difficulty I can reduce them to any sort of order."

Some time about this period the return of her sister from Germany, and a large stock of books sent her by her brother from Vienna, supplied her with inducements to return to her German studies with increased ardor and interest. This magnificent language soon opened to her delighted mind a perfectly new world of feeling, of thought, and of sentiment, so that she could scarcely talk of anything else. She revelled alike in the warm-hearted enthusiasm of the noble-minded Schiller, in the infinite variety of the wonderful and many-sided Goethe, in the poetry of Herder, and the fiery lyrics of Theodore Körner. Tieck and Novalis were also among her favorite authors. Of the "Sternbald's Wanderungen," she thus speaks in a letter:—

"Now let me introduce you to a dear friend of mine. Tieck's Sternbald, in whose 'Wanderungen,' which I now send—if you know them not already—I cannot but hope

that you will take almost as much delight as I have done amidst my own free hills and streams, where his favorite book has again and again been my companion."

The fine lyric, "The Grave of Körner," procured Mrs. Hemans the honor of some lines from Theodore Körner's *vater*, which she ever valued most highly. This interesting tribute has been well translated by W. B. Chorley, Esq. We will, therefore, transcribe it:—

Gently a voice from afar is borne to the ear of
the mourner;
Mildly it soundeth, yet strong, grief in his bosom
to soothe;
Strong in the soul-cheering faith, that hearts have
a share in his sorrow,
In whose depths all things holy and noble are
shrined.
From that land once dearly beloved by our brave
one the fallen,
Mourning blent with bright fame—cometh a
wreath for his urn.
Hail to thee, England, the free! thou see'st in
the German no stranger,
Over the earth and seas, joined both lands, heart
and hand!

In 1823, the well-known little poem, "The Voice of Spring," was written. It is singular that the fair spring-time of the year should ever have spoken to the mind of Mrs. Hemans in tones breathing more of sadness than of joy. "If," she writes, "if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in spring—the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame."

In December 1823, the "Vespers of Palermo" was produced at Covent Garden. Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss Kelly taking the principal parts. Chiefly owing to the inefficiency of the last-mentioned actress, the piece proved a complete failure, and was the cause of a bitter disappointment to the authoress and her friends. The following April, however, the play was brought forward at Edinburgh with eminent success, exceeding even the "most sanguine expectation." Mrs. H. Siddons recited an epilogue written expressly by Sir Walter Scott. On this joyful occasion Mrs. Hemans writes to a friend:—"I knew how much you would rejoice with me in the issue of my Edinburgh trial. It has, indeed, been most gratifying, and I think amongst the pleasantest of its results, I may reckon a letter from Sir Walter Scott, of which it has put me in possession. I had written to thank him for the kindness he had

shown with regard to the play, and hardly expected an answer, but it came, and you would be delighted with its frank and unaffected kindness."

Her next production was the tragedy of "De Chatillon; or, the Crusaders;" and at the close of the year 1824, she commenced her longest poem, "The Forest Sanctuary," which refers to the sufferings of a Spanish Protestant in Philip the Second's time, and the hero, who escapes to the wilds of America, is the supposed narrator.

In 1825, our poetess removed, with her mother, sister and children, from Bronwylfa to Rhyllon, a house belonging to her brother, and only a quarter of a mile distant from her former residence. The new abode was not nearly so romantic, externally, as Bronwylfa. At Rhyllon, however, Mrs. Hemans spent many happy years, and it was ever to her the home of sweet remembrances. And here, on a soft, grassy mound, beneath the shade of a beech tree, she enjoyed the first perusal of the "Talisman," so gracefully commemorated in her lines, "The Hour of Romance:"—

There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's
sleep;
Amidst the dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water; dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows on the turf, so still,
They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
Made music such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs
down,
And steeped the magic page wherein I read,
Of royal chivalry and old renown,
A tale of Palesine.

The year 1825 brought several tributes to the fame of our authoress from America. Amongst the most pleasant was a letter from Professor Norton, of Cambridge University, New England, offering to superintend the publication of a complete edition of her poems, which was projected at Boston, and also to secure the profits for her benefit. Bright and beautiful must have been the atmosphere of the household of Rhyllon, gladdened by so many tokens of good-will from afar, and blessed with health, sustaining love and social enjoyment at home. At this period she writes:—"Soft winds and bright blue skies make me, or dispose me to be a sad idler; and it is only by an effort, and a strong feeling of necessity, that I can fix my mind steadily to any sedentary pursuits, when the

sun is shining over the mountains, and the birds singing at heaven's gate; but I find the frost and snow most salutary monitors, and always make exertion my enjoyment during their continuance. For this reason I must say, I delight in the utmost rigor of winter, which almost seems to render it necessary that the mind should become fully acquainted with its own resources, and find means in drawing them forth to cheer with mental light the melancholy day!"

In 1826, however, a deep gloom overshadowed the family circle at Rhyllon. There was mourning in the household of the eldest brother of Mrs. Hemans for those "who were not," for the sound of the beloved voices now hushed in the silence of death,

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth.

And a sadder trial was yet in store. The frame of the aged mother whose presence had been like the sweet star trembling over bright waters, was rapidly yielding to decay, and soon the hand was cold, the eyes closed, never to open again on earth; "the silver chord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken." It was in the anticipation of the decease of this dear parent that Mrs. Hemans wrote the following lines:—

Father! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief;
Or, to the chaste'n'd let thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begin,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned the chief;
Thou, Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!

After the last remains of her mother had been consigned to the dark and silent grave, she writes in a letter to a friend:—"My soul is indeed 'exceeding sorrowful,' dear friend; but, thank God! I can tell you that composure is returning to me, and that I am enabled to resume those duties which so imperiously call me back to life. What I have lost none better knows than yourself. I have

lost the faithful, watchful, patient love, which for years had been devoted to me and mine; and I feel that the void it has left behind must cause me to bear 'a yearning heart within me to the grave,' but I have her example before me, and I must not allow myself to sink."

From the date of her mother's death, the health of Mrs. Hemans, which had ever been delicate, became still more so, and she experienced frequent recurrences of inflammatory attacks.

She writes of herself about this period:—"My spirits are as variable as the light and shadow flitting with the winds over the high grass, and sometimes the tears gush into my eyes, when I can scarcely define the cause." And again:—"I am a strange being, I think. I put myself in mind of an Irish melody, sometimes, with its quick and wild transitions from sadness to gaiety."

In June, 1827, Mrs. Hemans wrote a letter of self-introduction to Miss Mitford, which met with a cordial response, and thus opened a pleasant correspondence with the authoress of "Our Village."

The state of her health often confined her to her bed, and being unable to use her pen under such circumstances, she was obliged to have recourse to the services of an amanuensis. On one of these occasions the friend who acted in that capacity wrote thus—"Felicia has just sent for me, with pencil and paper, to put down a little song which, she said, had come to her like a strain of music, whilst lying in the twilight under the infliction of a blister; and as I really think, that 'a scrap' (as our late eccentric visitor would call it) composed under such circumstances, is, to use the words of Coleridge, 'a psychological curiosity,' I cannot resist copying it for you. It was suggested by a story she somewhere read lately of a Greek island, carried off to the Vale of Tempe, and pining amidst all its beauties for the sight and sound of his native sea:—

Where is the sea? I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childish glee;
The measured chime, the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree,
The echoes of my soul are mute,
Where is my own blue sea?

"The Records of Woman," dedicated to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, was published in 1828. In a letter to a friend who had lost a beloved child, Mrs. Hemans writes: "And I, too, have felt, though not (through the breaking of *that* tie) those sick and weary yearnings for the dead, that fervent thirst for the sound of a departed voice or step, in which the heart seems to die away, and literally to become 'a fountain of tears.' Who can sound its depths? One alone, and may He comfort you!" In the same year, Mrs. Hemans again visited her kind friends at Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool; and in consequence of many changes having taken place in the family circle at Rhyllon, she decided upon fixing her residence in the village of Wavertree, where she had extensive facilities for literary enjoyments. She here formed several new and interesting friendships, and was delighted in making the personal acquaintance of her New England friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norton. It was sometime about this period that she became on terms of intimacy with the gifted and noble-minded Miss Jewsbury. A warm and sincere attachment sprang up between them; and Miss Jewsbury's enthusiasm and admiration for the character of her friend, were beautifully exemplified in her eloquent delineation of *Egeria*, in the "Three Histories," which is generally understood to be a portraiture of Mrs. Hemans. We have not space for the whole, but cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following passage:—

"*Egeria* was totally different from any of the women I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. . . . Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep at a word, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken by the wind.' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree with its

Golden lamps hid in a night of green;

or of those Spanish gardens, where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in

her depression, she resembled night, it was night bearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying *Egeria*. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependant woman, the Italy of human beings."

At last the time drew near for Mrs. Hemans to take a farewell of her Welsh home, and remove to the residence she had engaged at Wavertree. It was a severe trial, leaving the "old familiar place," and still more so, as she was obliged also to part with her two eldest sons, who were sent to their father at Rome. She writes: "I am suffering deeply, more than I could have dreamt or imagined, from this farewell sadness! My heart seems as if a nightmare weighed it down. . . . You know it is impossible I should be better till all these billows have passed over me. The improvisatore talent has scarcely deserted me yet, but it is gushing up from a fountain of tears. Oh! that I could but lift up my head where alone the calm sunshine is!"

Many new friends clustered around the poetess on her removal to Wavertree. She was, indeed, almost overwhelmed by the overtures of strangers desirous of making her acquaintance. In a letter to Mrs. Howitt, written shortly after her change of residence, she says: "My health and spirits are decidedly improving; and I am reconciling myself to many things in my changed situation, which at first pressed upon my heart with all the weight of a Switzer's home-sickness. Among these is the *want of hills*. Oh! this waveless horizon, how it wearies the eye accustomed to the sweeping outline of mountain scenery! I would wish that there were, at least, woodlands, like those so delightfully pictured in your husband's 'Chapter on Woods,' to supply their place; but it is a dull, uninventive Nature all around here, though there *must* be somewhere little fairy nooks, which I hope by degrees to discover."

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Hemans was induced to visit Scotland, after having received many invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Chiefswood, near Abbotsford. She writes to a friend at St. Asaph's:—"Now I am going to excite a sensation, I am actually about to visit Scotland—going to Mr. Hamilton's, at Chiefswood. Charles has been longing to communicate the important intelligence, as he and Henry are to accompany me; but I could not possibly afford that pleasure to any one but myself. And you are as much surprised as if I had written you word that I was going to the North Pole." Shortly after her arrival at Chiefs-

wood, she writes again:—"You will be pleased to think of me as I now am, in constant, almost daily intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, who has greeted me to this mountain-land in the kindest manner, and with whom I talk freely and happily, as to an old familiar friend. I have taken several long walks with him over moor and brae, and it is indeed delightful to see him thus and to hear him pour forth, from the fulness of his rich mind and peopled memory, song and legend, and tale of old, until I could almost fancy I heard the gathering-cry of some chieftain of the hills, so completely does his spirit carry me back to the days of the slogan and the fire-cross."

On another occasion, after having walked with Sir Walter to see the Yarrow:—"This day has been, I was going to say, one of the happiest, but I am too isolated a being to use that word—at least one of the pleasantest and most cheerfully exciting of my life. I shall think again and again of that walk under the old solemn trees that hang over the mountain-stream of Yarrow, with Sir Walter Scott beside me; his voice frequently breaking out, as if half unconsciously, into some verse of the antique ballads, which he repeats with a deep and homely pathos. . . . Before we retired for the night he took me into the hall and showed me the spot where the imagined form of Byron had stood before him. This hall, with its rich gloom shed by its deeply colored windows, and with its antique suits of armor and inscriptions, all breathing of 'the olden time,' is truly a fitting scene for the appearance of so stately a shadow. The next morning I left Abbotsford, and who can leave a spot so brightened and animated by the life, the happy life of genius, without regret? I shall not forget the kindness of Sir Walter's farewell—so frank and simple, and heart-felt, as he said to me, 'There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and *you* are one of those.' It is delightful to take away with me so unmingled an impression of what I may now call almost affectionate admiration."

Mrs. Hemans was delighted with Edinburgh, where she formed several agreeable acquaintances; among whom were Captain Basil Hall, and Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review." At Holyrood House, she was vividly impressed by the picture said to be a portrait of Rizzio, and she embodied her thoughts in the "Lines to a Remembered Picture."

They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;

The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams.
Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
Is there; and yet how dark a death was thine?

Could it—oh! could it be—meek child of song?
The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
Was the celestial gift to shield from wrong?
Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?
Ask if a flower upon the billows cast
Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast!

Among the numerous friends of Mrs. Hemans, in Edinburgh, none were more highly valued than Sir David Wedderburn and his kind lady. At their house our poetess ever received a warm and hearty welcome. After a short sojourn with Sir Robert Liston, at his pleasant residence at Milburn Tower, Mrs. Hemans returned to her own house at Waver-tree, where she was soon after visited by Miss Jewsbury. The principal lyrics in the "Songs of the Affections," were written during this winter. In one of them, "The Spirit's Return," ever a great favorite with us, she writes to a friend:—"Your opinion of the 'Spirit's Return,' has given me particular pleasure, because I prefer that poem to any thing else I have written; but if there be, as my friends say, a greater power in it than I had before evinced, I paid dearly for the discovery, and it made me almost tremble as I sounded the deep places of my soul." Mr. Chorley gives an interesting account relative to the production of this poem. "It was suggested," he says, "by a fire-side conversation. It had long been a favorite amusement to wind up our evenings by telling ghost stories. One night, however, the store of thrilling narratives was exhausted, and we began to talk of the feelings with which the presence and the speech of a visitant from another world (if indeed a spirit could return,) would be most likely to impress the person so visited. After having exhausted all the common varieties of fear and terror in our speculations, Mrs. Hemans said, she thought 'the predominant sensation at the time must partake of awe and rapture, and resemble the feelings of those who have listened to a revelation, and at the same moment know themselves to be favored above all men, and humbled before a being no longer sharing their own cares or passions; but that the person so visited must thenceforward and for ever be separated from the world and its concerns; for the soul

which had once enjoyed such a strange and spiritual communion, which had been permitted to look, though but for a moment, beyond the mysterious gates of death, must be raised by its experience too high for common grief again to perplex, or common joy to enliven.' She spoke long and eloquently upon this subject; and I have reason to believe that this conversation settled her wandering fancy, and gave rise to the principal poem in her next volume."

In the summer of 1830, Mrs. Hemans visited Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. And here we must again quote from her picturesque letters:—"My nervous fear at the idea of presenting myself to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon me so rapidly that it was more than seven o'clock before I took courage to leave the inn at Ambleside. I had indeed little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure this little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate."

Again:—"I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit-land; all here is so brightly still, so remote from every-day cares and tumults, that sometimes I can hardly persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be 'the light of common day,' that is clothing the woody mountains before me; there is something almost visionary in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration when it can be freely poured forth! There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed, and felt it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride; and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of paternal friend."

After spending above a fortnight with the venerable poet of Rydal Mount, Mrs. Hemans engaged for a few weeks a pretty little cottage on the lake called the "Dove's Nest." She writes of it:—"I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know

when I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like 'things of life' over the blue waters, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness."

But even in this romantic seclusion Mrs. Hemans was not free from the annoyance of "lion-hunters," and she complained bitterly of the vexations to which such visitors subjected her. On quitting the "Dove's Nest," late in the summer, she made another tour into Scotland. During her sojourn at Milbank Tower, she had formed a friendship with J. C. Graves, Esq., and his family, of Dublin; and by them she was induced that autumn to effect a long-projected visit to Wales, by way of Dublin and Holyhead. Not having found the neighborhood of Wavertree to agree with her health, she determined upon taking up her permanent residence at Dublin the ensuing spring, particularly as her brother was residing in Ireland. She paid a last farewell-visit to her former home at Bronwylfa, on her return from Ireland. During Mrs. Hemans' residence near Liverpool, she enjoyed much of the society of Mr. Roscoe, the author of the "Lives of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo X." The last winter she was in Wavertree, she took lessons in music, and derived much pleasure from a newly-discovered faculty of musical composition. At this time her health began decidedly to fail, and her physician enjoined upon her "great care and perfect quiet," to prevent her disease (an affection of the heart) from assuming a dangerous character.

In the spring of 1831, Mrs. Hemans removed to Dublin, and shortly after paid a visit to her brother, Major Browne, at Kilkenny. She writes:—"The state of the country here, though Kilkenny is considered tranquil, is certain, to say the least of it, very ominous. We paid a visit, yesterday evening, at a clergyman's house about five miles hence, and found a guard of eight armed policemen stationed at the gate; the window ledges were all provided with great stones, for the convenience of hurling down upon assailants, and the master of the house had not for a fortnight taken a walk without loaded pistols. You may well imagine how the boys, who are all here for the holidays, were enchanted with this agreeable state of things; indeed, I believe they were not a little disappointed that we reached home without having sustained an attack from the White-feet."

Mrs. Hemans did not go into society much

at Dublin. She formed, however, several very interesting friendships. Among them may be mentioned Archbishop Whateley, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Blanco White. It was here that she heard Paganini for the first time. She alludes to his magical performances in the following letter:—"To begin with the appearance of the foreign wonder. It is very different from what the indiscriminating newspaper accounts would lead you to suppose. He is certainly singular looking, pale, slight, and with long, neglected hair; but I saw nothing whatever of that *wildfire*, that almost ferocious inspiration of mien which has been ascribed to him. Indeed I thought the expression of the countenance rather that of good-nature—a mild *enjouement* than of anything else; and his bearing altogether simple and natural."

She writes again: "—related to me a most interesting conversation he had had with Paganini, in a private circle. The latter was describing to him the sufferings—(do you remember a line of Byron's?

'The starry Galileo with his woes')

—by which he pays for his consummate excellence. He scarcely knows what sleep is; and his nerves are wrought to such almost preternatural acuteness, that harsh, even common sounds, are often torture to him; he is unable sometimes to bear a whisper in his room. His passion for music he described as an all-absorbing, a consuming one; in fact, he looks as if no other life than that ethereal one of melody, were circulating in his veins. But, he added, with a glow of triumph kindling through deep sadness: 'Mais, c'est un don du ciel.' I heard all this, which was no more than I had imagined, with a still deepening conviction, that it is the gifted before all others—those whom the multitude believe to be rejoicing in their own fame, strong in their own resources—who have most need of true hearts to rest upon, and of hope in God to support."

After some reference to the increasingly delicate state of Mrs. Hemans' health, her sister remarks:—"A delight in sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old divines, became from henceforward her predominant taste; and her earnest and diligent study of the Scriptures was a well-spring of daily increasing comfort. . . . She now sought no longer to forget her trials—('a wild wish and a long-ing vain' as such attempts must ever have proved)—but rather to contemplate them

through the only true and reconciling medium; and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had once been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what can alone be called 'the things that are.'"

A very pleasing incident occurred at this time. A stranger called upon Mrs. Hemans one day, while she was still very unwell and obliged to decline visits from all, except her nearest friends. He begged, however, so earnestly to see her, that refusal was impossible; and then, in terms of the deepest feeling, he expressed his warm gratitude to her, in that through reading her poem of "The Skeptic," he had passed from the darkness of infidelity to the light of faith and trust in all the infinite consolation of the Christian religion.

In 1833, Mrs. Hemans designed the plan of a volume of sacred poetry, afterwards published under the title of "Scenes and Hymns of Life." She writes:—"I have now passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I even feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of 'Scenes and Hymns,' you will see what I mean by enlarging the sphere, though my plans are as yet imperfectly developed."

In 1834, the "Hymns for Childhood," the "National Lyrics," and lastly, the "Scenes and Hymns of Life," were published. All were favorably received, and especially the latter. In a letter to a friend, Mrs. Hemans observes:—"I find in the 'Athenæum' of last week, a brief but satisfactory notice of the 'Scenes and Hymns.' The volume is recognized as my best work, and the course it opens out, called 'a noble path.' My heart is growing faint. Shall I have power given me to tread that way much further?"

In the summer of the same year, Mrs. Hemans was startled and deeply affected by the news of the death of her friend, Mrs. Fletcher, late Miss Jewsbury, who died in India. The following extract from one of her letters, will best describe her state of feeling on the reception of this melancholy

news:—"I was, indeed, deeply and permanently affected by the untimely fate of one so gifted, and so affectionately loving me, as our poor lost friend. It hung the more solemnly upon my spirit, as the subject of death and the mighty future had so many times been that of our most confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up, as it were, in the recesses of her mind, than were ever manifested to the world in her writings! Strange and sad does it seem, that only the broken music of such a spirit should have been given to the earth, the full and finished harmony never drawn forth."

Mrs. Hemans was obliged to relinquish a projected visit to England about this period, in consequence of an attack of fever. On her recovery she went on an excursion into Wicklow county, for change of air, but, most unfortunately, the inn to which she repaired was infected with scarlet fever, and both herself and servant "caught the contagion." On her partial convalescence she returned to Dublin; and, the same autumn, through being exposed to the evening air, she took a cold, that was followed by distressing ague attacks, from the effects of which she never more recovered. In December, for the sake of change of scene, she removed to the country residence of Archbishop Whateley, at Redesdale, which was kindly placed at her disposal. Here she writes:—"My fever, though still returning at its hours, is still decidedly abated, with several of its most exhausting accompaniments, and those intense throbbing headaches have left me, and allowed me gradually to resume the inestimable resource of reading, though frequent drowsiness obliges me to use it very moderately. But better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace, which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God. I would I could convey to you the deep feeling of repose and thankfulness with which I lay one Friday evening gazing from my sofa, upon a sunset sky of the richest suffusion, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt its holy beauty sinking through my inmost being, with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

The state of her health being rather worse than better, Mrs. Hemans left Redesdale for her own home at Dublin, in March, 1835. She was, henceforth, confined to her room, and often the prey of acute suffering.

But her soul was ever enwreathed with a sweet serenity, an atmosphere of joy and love, the "peace that passeth all understanding." Her spirit was haunted at times by dreams of immortal beauty, as if borne by ministering angels to illumine her couch of death. She would sometimes say, "no poetry could express, no imagination conceive the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy." Again, she remarked, "I feel as if hovering between heaven and earth." She assured one of her friends that "the tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had often contemplated together, was now a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her—the *sweetness of her couch*."

On Sunday, April 26th, she dictated her last poem to her brother. It was the "Sabbath Sonnet." Throughout her illness, she enjoyed the watchful care of her brother and sister-in-law, and was tenderly and faithfully attended by her servant, Anna Creer, a young woman of singular intelligence and warm-heartedness. On the evening of Saturday, May the 16th, 1835, the bright and gentle spirit of Felicia Hemans passed peacefully away from an earthly slumber to that divine rest which "God giveth His beloved." A simple tablet was erected to her memory, inscribed with some lines from a dirge of her own composition:—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trode,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Having thus taken an imperfect glance over the life-history of this sweet singer, and most amiable woman, let us proceed with a brief but comprehensive survey of the writings on which rest the foundation of her literary fame. We will endeavor to trace the connection between her life and her poetry, which we believe will be found to be attuned in perfect harmony; the one forming, as it were, a kind of complement to the other—the story of her existence interpreting the burden of her song.

Seldom have genius and Christianity been more beautifully and intimately allied than in the case of Felicia Hemans. Religion with her was not merely a name, but a thing of life and reality. Hence it is the sweet and gentle undertone which runs through all her poetry; the rich perfume in which her most tender and refined sentiment is ever embalm-

ed ; the voice that mingles with the music of her every outburst of feeling ; the fair soft light, in fine, which rests on each page of her writings. The gift of genius is oftentimes one fatal to its possessor. Such persons are not unfrequently erratic stars, Nor is this a matter of surprise, for their position is one of peculiar trial. We are all more or less creatures of dependence. We require sympathy, and we derive a pleasure from being understood and appreciated. Herein lies one of the peculiar trials of which genius is susceptible ; for, by its very nature, it is, in most instances, beyond ordinary comprehension, and consequently it is unrecognized, and, of course, meets with but little sympathy. Thus the "loneliness amid a crowd," becomes doubly true.

Filled with high aspirations after all that is great and beautiful, the soul of genius is continually doomed to deep and bitter disappointment in this world of ours. Living in a realm of wonder and of strange mystery, the mind thus endowed is liable, in an extraordinary degree, to the assailing questionings of doubt, and the reasonings of a false philosophy. What marvel, then, if it sometimes go astray ? And the method by which such minds have been too often treated acts by no means as a remedy. Oh, world ! how many high spirits have been crushed, how many deep, true hearts have been broken by thy cold scorn, by thy proud indifference ! Better, far better, it were to meet them on their ways of wandering, with words of love and of tender entreaty, and thus gently to guide them into the "paths of peace" and of blessedness—to enchant them by a vision of beauty, fairer than their brightest dreams—and to fill their thirsting spirits with all the joy-breathing harmonies of the truth eternal.

Many are the dark histories unveiled by the chronicles of genius. We have the sad record of a Chatterton—

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride.

And a Byron, like another Cain, wandering over land and sea, seeking rest, and finding none. And a Keats, "true prophet of the beautiful," bending beneath the weight of ungenerous criticism, like a surcharged lily, to his Roman grave. Here, too, is the "star-eyed" Alastor, with his fair locks disparted Greek-wise over his pale forehead, shipwrecked amid the billows of a cold despair.

Lucretius nobler than his mood,
Who cast his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, "No God !"

Such stories make us sad. We look upon these highly-gifted souls with an admiration mingled with much trembling. We reflect on what they might have been, compared, alas ! with what they were, and are. How great and good, how truly angelic, had their noble powers been rightly directed ! For there is something so bright and beautiful, so star-like in genius, that we must love it. It flashes with such a regal majesty, that it not merely asks for our homage—it commands it. It is so unearthly, too, in its character, like some "lonely light from heaven's shore ;" and, in very truth, it is a mournful thing when its fair radiance is dimmed and darkened by the clouds of this lower world. In proportion, therefore, to our sorrow, on observing genius misguided, and falling short of its lofty mission, is our joy on beholding it in alliance with all that is fair, and "lovely, and of good report."

In Mrs. Hemans we are presented with the almost ideal of feminine character. We should imagine, judging merely from the tone of her writings, that in all the relations of life she was most graceful and loveable ; gentle in manners, and fair in person, with perchance a shade of sadness on her brow. Constant in her friendships, and tenderly affectionate. Intellectually, not over profound ; but still, on all subjects, thinking calmly and well. A woman of deep feeling, tremulously susceptible, thirsting for a love and a sympathy which may never be found on earth. And such, we have been told, she was in reality—

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

The highly gifted L. E. L. has observed, in reference to Mrs. Hemans : "What is poetry, and what is a poetical career ? The first is to have an organization of extreme sensibility which the second exposes bare-headed to the rudest weather. The original impulse is irresistible—all professions are engrossing when once begun, and, acting with perpetual stimulus, nothing takes more complete possession of its follower than literature. But never can success repay its cost. The work appears—it lives in the light of popular applause ; but truly might the writer exclaim :

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart

I cast away for thee ; for thee, ill-fated as thou art.

If this be true even of one sex, how much

more true of the other? Ah! Fame to a woman is but a royal mourning in purple for happiness!

Such are the words of one who lived amid the dazzle of the world's applause, and who felt how false and how vain the glitter after the fading of the flowers, and the quenching of the festal lights. Not that we *entirely* coincide with her; for we think that the joy of genius is as deep and intense as its sorrow. It is evident, however, that Mrs. Hemans felt painfully at times the unsatisfying nature of literary fame. She sang, men listened and admired. Another sweet singer amid the green boughs and the pleasant hills—that was all. There was the loud acclaim, but other response was there none; and so she “lays her lonely dreams aside,” or what is better still, she “lifts them unto heaven.”

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow.
Few, and by still conflicting powers,
Forbidden here to meet;
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns!
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,
A dream to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
Or watched through sickness by thy bed,
Call him a kindred heart.

Perhaps few writers who have written so much as Mrs. Hemans, have uniformly written so well; yet it might have been better for her fame had she left fewer long pieces. She does not possess that lofty power of thought, that intense concentration of ideas, that striking and passionate depth of expression, which is requisite to sustain the attention through a long succession of pages.

Her genius is not dramatic. Hence her more ambitious productions are those which are least known. Although it contains many fine passages, few persons are intimately acquainted with her “Forest Sanctuary,” and still fewer with her “Vespers of Palermo,” and the “Siege of Valentia.” It is in her charming relation of striking incidents, and in her shorter lyrics, that Mrs. Hemans particularly excels. Her poetry is ever elegant, true and tender in sentiment, perfect in harmony, and somewhat mournful in tone. It is the aspiration after a higher and holier sphere; the soul weary and dissatisfied with earth; the exile sighing for its home; and the heartfelt longing for the love and the truth divine. In common with all high souls Mrs. Hemans often gives utterance to feelings similar to those which prompted Margaret Davidson to exclaim:

Earth! thou hast naught to satisfy
The cravings of an immortal mind!

And it is this sentiment, together with the deep thirst for some true fountain of affection, which may be said to form the key-note of her poetry. Her music is a soft bird-like melody; low and plaintive, sometimes rising into strains of generous enthusiasm; and as the zephyr amid the forest greenery, it ever breathes if not of gladness, of all that is fair and free. The “vision and the faculty divine” appear seldom to have oppressed Mrs. Hemans as with a woe and a burden, and a strange joy, which must break forth in a wail of impassioned music or in a gush of wild exultation. The realm of poetic enchantment in which she delighted to wander, was enwreathed with a kind of dreamy beauty, like one of Turner's landscapes; it was the home of all sweet and tender remembrances; of high and noble hopes; of warm patriotism and of undying love. A land moreover filled to overflowing with the whispers of seraphic song; those “lays of Paradise,” o'er which as they vibrate amid his spirit chords, the poet vainly weeps, in his inability to interpret them more fully.

The serene repose of Mrs. Hemans' world of thought was seldom disturbed by the voice of the “rushing winds of inspiration.” Her poems, therefore, seldom bear the impress of intense excitement, of strong and fervent impulses; they are more the expression of habitual states of mind and feeling; hence they have been charged with exhibiting a tinge of monotony. Theirs is not the fall of a mountain torrent, but the silvery murmuring of a rill amid the light and shade, the

hills and the meadows. The light of genius with her was not a flash of restless radiance, but the still, untroubled shining of the star. Consequently her muse is invariably of a deliciously soothing character. She is unsurpassed in graceful and felicitous expression, and in true and tender sentiment, especially where she has reference to the domestic affections. Take, as an example, the "First Grief," or

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas! for Love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, oh earth!

Few poets have more beautifully adapted their style of versification to the sentiment they wish to convey, than Felicia Hemans. Her "Song of the Battle of Morgarten," and that sublime little lyric, "The Trumpet," seem to ring like some martial music; and solemn and touching as the thought they express, is the flow of the following stanzas from the "Hour of Death:"—

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee: but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

And, as strikingly illustrative of our previous observations, we would point to the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." What a picture is contained in the first two verses. The sea, and the storm, and the wild, dark night!

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er;
When a band of exiles moored their bark,
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

And truly beautiful are the stanzas following. The deep hush, the whispers, as it were, of the first two lines, and then the shout and the exultant music:—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding voice of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared,
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home!

It is such noble strains as these, and as the "Treasures of the Deep," the "Voice of Spring," the "Spirit's Return," the "Better Land," and many others, which must ever haunt our memories, like some beloved mel-

ody, and which the world "will not willingly let die." There are some nice portraits in the "Records of Woman," the work in which, according to the authoress herself, "she had put her heart and individual feeling more than in anything else she had written." The noble story of "Gertrude, or Fidelity till Death," is strongly told.

Beautiful and touching are the last lines composed by Mrs. Hemans, the "Sabbath Sonnet," written a few days before her decease—a fitting finale to her literary labors:

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their
way,

Towards spire and tower, midst shadowing elms
ascending

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd
day.

The halls from old heroic ages gray

Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low

With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds
play,

Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those path-ways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness!

Sweet and touching is the spirit of cheerful resignation breathing through the above. The idea presented in the commencement of the sonnet is as fair and truthful, as the conclusion is redolent of the serenest repose.

We experience a sensation of pure and unmixed delight in the contemplation of genius, where, as in the case of Mrs. Hemans, the service of song is united to solemn and entire consecration of soul to the best interests of time and eternity. Poetry should ever have a definite purpose. It should be a thing not merely to gladden our idle hours, though that is well; but, further, it should be devoted to higher ends, and to all great and holy uses. This is not the place for us to dilate upon the poet's work and mission. We would, however, have him to remember that the power and the gift divine were not bestowed upon him to be wasted merely on the things of earth. It is through genius that the spirit of inspiration speaks; and assuredly, the "light that never was on sea nor shore," is not wont to be kindled in vain; and woe be to those who disregard the warning voice within, and who permit that celestial radiance to gild the roses of earth alone, instead of ascending to its native heaven.

From the English Review.

LAYARD'S SECOND EXPEDITION.*

If ever a subject had the right to arrest the attention, or an author to claim the consideration of both the press and the public, that subject is Shinar, that author Layard.

For what subject can excite a deeper, and at the same time a more universal interest, than the cradle of the human race—the home of post-diluvian civilization—the nursery of civil, social, and political institutions?

Nor are we acquainted with any writer of the present day, who describes the wonders which he has seen and the adventures which

he has encountered, in a manner so simple and yet so attractive, so unostentatious and yet so powerful, as the author of "Nineveh and its Remains." As page after page of his delightful works is greedily devoured, our wonder increases at the variety as well as the excellence of the intellectual feast. Or, to adopt another mode of illustration,—the graphic pencil, the master-hand, are equally discernible, whether the object represented be of an ancient or a modern date,—whether the scene be laid amongst the Arabs of the Desert or the Dwellers of the Mountain Valleys; the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, or the bazaars of Bagdad and Mosul.

The secret of Mr. Layard's success as a writer, beyond and above the intrinsic attractiveness of his subject, lies, we conceive, in the fact that he thoroughly understands

* Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert: being the Result of a Second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M. P., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains." With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. London: Murray. 1853.

that subject, and thinks, and consequently writes, of nothing else. Varied as are the points which present themselves to the eye in the course of these researches and the adventures connected with them, the accuracy and clearness of design and detail show that the writer himself comprehends that which he wishes to impart; and though the author is frequently and necessarily the hero in great achievements or sparkling incidents, he never puts himself forward. In short, though the reader is always contemplating and admiring Mr. Layard—Mr. Layard is never contemplating or admiring, or even thinking of himself.

These remarks apply equally to the former and the latter works of this eminent traveller; but the volume now under consideration—the narrative of the second expedition—contains vast treasures of amusement and information fresh from the mine of discovery, and is, we think, almost, if not quite, the cheapest book that we have ever seen; a fact accounted for in the advertisement by the publisher's resolution to produce no abridgment of it.

The binding is original and characteristic: the color is a light bright brown; on either board are embossed the wing and hind foot of the celebrated bull, whilst on the back above the title appears the head; beneath, the two fore legs of the same mystical sculpture. So that we may consider this mysterious inmate of the halls of Nimroud as rising from his long-forgotten resting-place—the grave of a nation, the tomb of an empire—to disclose to the startled ears of the nineteenth century the secrets and the wonders of his prison-house. In other words, it would seem that we are to consider the whole volume, or at any rate a great part of it, as a discourse of the strange being whose likeness it bears, Loquitur Winged Bull,—and never did a creature of the same species possess so much valuable information, or such a happy knack of imparting it.

In a short paper like the present it would be out of place to enter at any length into the deep questions of history, chronology, language, and ethnology, opened by the researches of Mr. Layard and other Eastern travellers. Indeed we consider such a proceeding as at present premature. We have already many important data, but not sufficient to construct a complete edifice; in a few years we shall probably know more, and then it will be time enough for those "who sit at home at ease" to avail themselves of the toils of the adventurous and intelligent

travellers to whom science already owes so much, by comparing the monuments now discovered with the fragments of pre-existing knowledge, and to construct thence a consistent history of the earliest settlements of the descendants of Noah.

At present let us content ourselves with the book before us, and let the book speak for itself.

"After a few months' residence in England," says Mr. Layard, "during the year 1848, to recruit a constitution worn by long exposure to the extremes of an Eastern climate, I received orders to proceed to my post at Her Majesty's Embassy in Turkey. . . . It was at Constantinople that I first learnt the general interest felt in England in the discoveries. . . . The gratitude which I deeply felt for encouragement rarely equalled, could be best shown by cheerfully consenting, without hesitation, to the request made to me by the Trustees of the British Museum, urged by public opinion, to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria." —pp. 1, 2.

The party—consisting of Mr. Layard himself; Mr. F. Cooper, an artist selected by the Trustees; Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, well known to the readers of "Nineveh and its Remains;" Dr. Sandwith, an English physician; Abd-el-Messiah, a Christian Syrian, whose qualifications as an able and trustworthy servant had been fully tested during the former expedition; an Armenian, named Zerkis; and Mohammed Agha, a Cavase—left the Bosphorus in an English steamer bound for Trebizond, on the 28th of August, 1849. They were accompanied also by Cawal Yusuf, the head of the Preachers of the Yezidis, and four chiefs of the districts in the neighborhood of Diarbekir, who had come to Constantinople on a mission of importance in which they had been essentially befriended by the author.

In his tour through the mountain district which supplies the streams of Western Asia, Mr. Layard meets with many facts, scenes, and incidents, interesting to the general reader and the Biblical student,—Turkish reforms and native manners, Tartar tombs and ancient remains, Armenian Christians and Kurdish freebooters, peasants living in the tombs of their ancestors, and unmuzzled oxen treading out the corn.

They had reached Erzerum on the 8th, on the 20th they left Bitlis, and set out for Jezireh by a circuitous road winding through the valleys of the eastern branch of the Tigris, and thus enabling them to visit the Yezidi villages in the district of Kherzan. Their reception by the simple mountaineers

is graphically and delightfully described, but to explain the enthusiasm exhibited on that occasion we must recur to the very commencement of the volume.

"After my departure from Mosul," says our author, "in 1847, the military conscription enforced among the Mussulman inhabitants of the Pashalic was extended to the Yezidis, who, with the Christians, had been previously exempted from its operation on the general law sanctioned by the Koran, and hitherto acted upon by most Mohammedan nations, that none but true believers can serve in the armies of the state. On the ground that being of no recognized infidel sect, they must necessarily be included, like the Druses and Ansryi of Mount Lebanon, amongst Mussulmans, the government had recently endeavored to raise recruits for the regular troops amongst the Yezidis. The new regulations had been carried out with great severity, and had given rise to many acts of cruelty and oppression on the part of the local authorities. Besides the feeling common to all Easterns against compulsory service in the army, the Yezidis had other reasons for opposing the order of the government. They could not become *nizam*, or disciplined soldiers, without openly violating the rites and observances enjoined by their faith. The bath to which Turkish soldiers are compelled weekly to resort is a pollution to them, when taken in common with Mussulmans; the blue color and certain portions of the Turkish uniform are absolutely prohibited by their law; and they cannot eat several articles of food included in the rations distributed to the troops. The recruiting officers refused to listen to these objections, enforcing their orders with extreme and unnecessary severity. The Yezidis, always ready to suffer for their faith, resisted, and many died under the tortures inflicted upon them! They were moreover still exposed to the oppression and illegal exactions of the local governors. Their children were still lawful objects of public sale, and, notwithstanding the introduction of the reformed system of government into the province, the parents were subject to persecution and even to death, on account of their religion. In this state of things Hussein Bey and Sheikh Nasr, the chiefs of the whole community, hearing that I was at Constantinople, determined to send a deputation to lay their grievances before the Sultan, hoping that through my assistance they could obtain access to some of the Ministers of State. Cawal Yusuf and his companions were selected for the mission; and money was raised by the sect to meet the expenses of the journey.

"After encountering many difficulties and dangers, they reached the capital and found out my abode. I lost no time in presenting them to Sir Stratford Canning, who, ever ready to exert his powerful influence in the cause of humanity, at once brought their wrongs to the notice of the Porte. Through his kind intercession a firman or imperial order was granted to the Yezidis, which freed them from all illegal impositions, forbade the sale of their children as slaves, secured to them the full enjoyment of their religion, and placed

them on the same footing as other sects of the Empire. It was further promised that arrangements should be made to release them from such military regulations as rendered their service in the army incompatible with a strict observance of their religious duties."—p. 4.

Well might the mountaineers receive with every token of love, and gratitude, and honor, the Frank stranger to whom they owed their lives and their liberties, their children and their homes. And good would it be for the prosperity, as well as the honor of England, if she had at every foreign court men of equal ability and courage in the cause of the oppressed and the defenceless, as the right-minded minister and the true-hearted employé who rescued the Yezidis from the rod of the oppressor.

These Yezidis appear to be a highly interesting people, the remnant of an ancient race once powerful. Their doctrinal errors, though strange and striking, have been grossly exaggerated and misrepresented; and their morality seems to be far above the common standard of the unbaptized. They believe in the former glory and present power of Satan; but they add to this an extraordinary notion that though suffering at present from the displeasure of the Almighty, he will be hereafter restored to his pristine dignity and favor. Whilst, therefore, giving the supreme honor to the One God alone, they endeavor to propitiate the rebel-angel, not only from the fear of his present power, but from the wish to secure his future good offices.

Next to Satan, but inferior to him in might and wisdom, they recognize seven archangels, who exercise a great influence over the world, viz. Gabrail, Michail, Raphail, Azrail, Dedrail, Azrapheel, and Shemkeel. Christ, according to them, was also a great angel who took the form of man. They believe that He did not die upon the cross, but ascended into heaven; they expect His second coming, and likewise that of Imaum Mehdi.

They hold the Old Testament in great reverence, and believe in the cosmogony of Genesis—in the Scriptural account of the Deluge, and in other events recorded in the Bible. They do not altogether reject either the New Testament or the Koran, but consider them of secondary authority. They circumcise their children, and also practise a species of baptism. They moreover reverence the sun under the title of Sheikh Shems; and they use language with reference to their founder, Sheikh Adi, which is in many respects applicable to our Lord, both in His Divine and human capacity.

They would seem indeed to be the remnant of a Chaldean, Median, or Assyrian people, which after having been driven into the mountains by some conquering horde, had engrafted upon Sabæanism a compound of Christianity and Manicheism, which had been further diluted by an admixture of Mohammedanism. Mr. Layard has given, both in the present and the former volumes, many interesting particulars regarding them. In his last expedition, he obtained a copy of one of their hymns, and also the music of three of their chants; but their history will probably remain an enigma, until some traveller can obtain a transcript of the sacred book, one copy of which has perhaps escaped the fury of that relentless persecutor, Beder Khan Bey.

"The Cawals," says our author, "who are sent yearly by Hussein Bey and Sheikh Nasr, to instruct the Yezidis in their faith, and to collect the contributions forming the revenues of the great chief, and of the tomb of Sheikh Adi, were now in Redwan. The same Cawals do not take the same rounds every year. The Yezidis are parcelled out into four divisions, for the purpose of these annual visitations, those of the Lingar, of Kherzan, of the pashalic of Aleppo, and of the villages of Northern Armenia and within the Russian frontier. The Yezidis of the Mosul districts have the Cawals always amongst them. I was aware that on the occasion of these journeys the priests carry with them the celebrated Melek Taous, or brazen peacock, as a warrant for their mission. A favorable opportunity now offered itself to see this mysterious figure, and I asked Cawal Yusuf to gratify my curiosity. He at once acceded to my request, and the Cawals and elders offering no objection, I was conducted early in the morning into a dark inner room in Nazi's house. It was some time before my eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the dim light, to distinguish an object from which a large red coverlet had been raised on my entry. The Cawals drew near with every sign of respect, bowing and kissing the corner of the cloth on which it was placed. A stand of bright copper or brass, in shape like the candlesticks generally used in Mosul and Baghdad, was surmounted by the rude image of a bird, in the same metal, and more like an Indian or Mexican idol than a cock or peacock. Its peculiar workmanship indicated some antiquity, but I could see no traces of inscription upon it. Before it stood a copper bowl to receive contributions, and a bag to contain the bird and stand, which takes to pieces when carried from place to place. There are four such images—one for each district visited by the Cawals. The Yezidis declare that, notwithstanding the frequent wars and massacres to which the sect has been exposed, and the plunder and murder of the priests during their journeys, no Melek Taous has ever fallen into the hands of the Mussulmans. . . . As I before mentioned, it is not looked upon as an

idol, but as a symbol or banner, as Sheikh Nasr termed it, of the house of Hussein Bey."—p. 48.

Our readers are perhaps not aware that in Roman Catholic countries it is customary to carry about a diminutive representation of a dove at Whitsuntide, and demand alms in honor of the Holy Spirit. A singular coincidence this appears at first sight; but our own experience teaches us, that as far as we have read, heard, or seen, there neither is, nor ever has been, any false religion with which Romanism has not some *distinctive* feature in common—thus verifying the prophet's words: "Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

Arrived at Mosul, Mr. Layard immediately proceeded with the excavations, which had been carried on but slightly and slowly during his absence, rather with the view of keeping possession of the ground, than of making any further discoveries.

Many interesting sculptures were discovered;—slabs, on which campaigns were minutely and spiritedly depicted; monsters, on which cuneiform inscriptions, relating to important events, were deciphered: but before any thing of moment had been achieved, a pressing invitation from his Yezidi friends drew the author into the mountains, where he obtained much information, some of which we have already communicated to the reader, and consummated the good work he had undertaken. The account of this expedition is exceedingly interesting; but we must not linger on it. Before, however, repairing to the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, we cannot avoid quoting one characteristic anecdote, which occurs at this juncture: it refers to a certain Turkish Pasha, who had just paid a short, but troublesome, visit to the Yezidis of Baasheikah:—

"His Excellency not fostering feelings of the most friendly nature towards Namik Pasha, the next commander-in-chief of Arabia, who was passing through Mosul, on his way to the headquarters of the army of Baghdad, and unwilling to entertain him, was suddenly taken ill, and retired, for the benefit of his health, to Baasheikah. On the morning after his arrival, he complained that the asses by their braying during the night had allowed him no rest; and the asses were accordingly peremptorily banished from the village. The dawn of the next day was announced, to the great discomfort of his Excellency, who had no interest in the matter, by the cocks; and the irregular troops, who formed his body-guard, were immediately incited to a general slaughter of the race. The third night his sleep was disturbed by the cry-

ing of the children, who, with their mothers, were at once locked up for the rest of his sojourn in the cellars. On the fourth he was awoke by the chirping of sparrows; and every gun in the village was ordered to be brought out to wage a war of extermination against them. But on the fifth morning his rest was sadly broken by the flies; and the enraged Pasha insisted upon their instant destruction. The Kiayah, who, as chief of the village, had the task of carrying out the governor's orders, now threw himself at his Excellency's feet, exclaiming, 'Your Highness has seen that all the animals here, (praise be to God!) obey our Lord the Sultan: the infidel flies alone are rebellious to his authority. I am a man of low degree and small power, and can do nothing against them; it now behoves a great Vizir, like your Highness, to enforce the commands of our Lord and Master.' The Pasha, who relished a joke, forgave the flies, but left the village."—p. 81.

Alas! are there not many amongst us, who, to the extent of our capacity, when worn with sickness, or worried with mischances, or too often, merely from the indulgence of an evil temper, or an overbearing will, are quite as unreasonable and selfish as the Mussulman despot of Mosul?

But let us return to Nineveh:—

"By the end of November several entire chambers had been excavated at Kouyunjik, and many bas-reliefs of great interest had been discovered. The four sides of the hall, part of which had been already described, had now been explored. In the centre of each side was a grand entrance, guarded by colossal human-headed bulls. This magnificent hall was no less than 124 feet in length, by 90 feet in breadth, the longest sides being those to the north and south. It appears to have formed a centre, around which the principal chambers in this part of the palace were grouped. Its walls had been completely covered with the most elaborate and highly finished sculptures. Unfortunately all the bas-reliefs, as well as the gigantic monsters at the entrances, had suffered more or less from the fire, which had destroyed the edifice; but enough of them still remained to show the subject, and even to enable me, in many places, to restore it entirely.

"The narrow passage, leading from the great hall, at the south-west corner, had been completely explored. Its sculptures have been already described."—p. 103.

They represented the siege of a walled city, divided into two parts by a river:—

"One half of the place had been captured by the Assyrians, who had gained possession of the towers and battlements; but that on the opposite bank of the stream was still defended by slingers and bowmen. Against its walls had been thrown banks or mounds, built of stones, bricks, and branches of trees. The battering-rams, covered with skins or hides, looped together, had been

rolled up these inclined ways, and had already made a breach in the fortifications. Archers and spearmen were hurrying to the assault, whilst others were driving off the captives, and carrying away the idols of the enemy. The dress of the male prisoners consisted of a plain under shirt, an upper garment, falling below the knees, divided in the front, and buttoned at the neck, and laced greaves. Their hair and beards were shorter, and less elaborately curled than those of the Assyrians. The women were distinguished by high rounded turbans, ornamented with plaits or folds. A veil fell from the back of this head-dress over the shoulders. No inscription remained to record the name of the vanquished nation. Their castles stood over wooded and mountainous country; and their peculiar costume, and the river passing through the centre of their chief city, may help hereafter to identify them.

"The opposite side of this narrow chamber or passage was shortly afterwards uncovered. The bas-reliefs on its walls represented the king in his chariot preceded and followed by his warriors. The only remarkable feature in the sculptures was the highly decorated trappings of the horses, whose bits were in the form of a horse at full speed."—p. 74.

This passage opened into a chamber 24 feet by 19, from which branched two other passages. The one to the west was entered by a wide doorway in which stood two plain spherical stones about three feet high, having the appearance of bases of columns, although no traces of columns could be found. This was the entrance into a gallery about 218 feet long by 25 wide.

Mr. Layard thus describes his first introduction to the bas-reliefs discovered on the southern side of the great hall:—

"The sculptures faintly seen through the gloom were still well enough preserved to give a complete history of the subject represented, although, with the rest of the bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik, the fire had nearly turned them to lime, and had cracked them into a thousand pieces. The faces of the slabs had been entirely covered with figures varying from three inches to one foot in height, carefully finished and designed with great spirit. In this series of bas-reliefs the history of an Assyrian conquest was more fully portrayed than in any other yet discovered, from the going out of the monarch to battle to his triumphal return after a complete victory. The first part of the subject has already been described in my former work. The king, accompanied by his chariots and horsemen, and leaving his capital in the Assyrian plains, passed through a wooded and mountainous district. He does not appear to have been delayed by the siege of many towns or castles, but to have carried the war at once into the high country. His troops, cavalry and infantry, are represented in close combat with their enemies, pursuing them over hills and through valleys, beside streams, and in the midst of vineyards. The Assyrian

horsemen are armed with the spear and the bow, using both weapons while at full speed; their opponents seem to be all archers. The vanquished turn to ask for quarter; or, wounded, fall under the feet of the advancing horses, raising their hands imploringly to ward off the impending death-blow. The triumph follows. The king, standing in his chariot beneath the royal parasol, followed by long lines of dismounted warriors leading richly caparisoned horses, and by foot soldiers variously armed and accoutred, is receiving the captives and spoil taken from the conquered people. First approach the victorious warriors, throwing the heads of the slain into heaps before the registering officers. They are followed by others leading and urging onward with staves the prisoners—men chained together, or bound singly in fetters, and women, some on foot, carrying their children on their shoulders and leading them by the hand, others riding upon mules. The procession is finished by asses, mules, and flocks of sheep.”—p. 70.

Painful, yet valuable, are these pictorial documents. It is much to be regretted that their epigraphs should have been destroyed by fire; it is however to be hoped that the written annals deciphered upon the winged bulls—annals full, accurate, and precise of the reigns which they commemorate, will enable us to identify the places and peoples which they represent.

How little could the founders and decorators of these magnificent palaces, the leaders of these victorious armies,—the ruthless oppressors of their fellow-men—have thought that their very names should pass away until after thousands of years a wanderer from the Isles of the Gentiles should unlock the secrets of the tomb, and bring to light once more the might, the magnificence, and the barbarity of Assyria's monarchs.

In this, and in other portions of the work before us, we are tempted to cry out against the cruelty of the Ninevite sovereigns, and doubt the high civilization of those who could be so vastly merciless and so minutely vindictive. And yet if we look to other times and countries, we shall find that “the bloody city” does not stand alone or even pre-eminent in her shame.

We have but to turn to classic Rome, whether in the days of her pristine virtue (so-called) or her corruption, to see as total an absence of mercy and justice towards the vanquished as meet us in the records of Kouyunjik or Nimroud.

Nay! as the eye of history traces the annals of succeeding conquerors and despots, each age furnishes some awful name resplendent with that halo of dazzling and infernal glory which shall adorn the mighty sinner's brow—for ever.

But we must return to the great hall, since there are subjects there which claim our notice; subjects of a very different kind, illustrating the arts, the habits, and the mechanical powers of Assyria. For on the north or north-eastern side of this vast chamber were bas-reliefs which, though cracked and to a great degree calcined by fire, were nearly perfect; and these sculptures, instead of describing the wars and triumphs of the monarch, represented the process of transporting the great human-headed bulls to the temple-palaces of which they formed so conspicuous a feature. But before giving a particular description of them, we must return to the long gallery lying westward of the great hall, as the bas-reliefs still preserved in it are necessary to the completion of this very important series, of which they form an integral portion:—

“A huge block of stone (probably of the alabaster used in the Assyrian edifices), somewhat elongated in form so as to resemble an obelisk in the rough, is lying on a low flat-bottomed boat floating on a river. It has probably been towed down the Tigris from some quarry, and is to be landed near the site of the intended palace, to be carved by the sculptor into the form of a colossal bull. It exceeds the boat considerably in length, projecting beyond both the head and stern, and is held by upright beams fastened to the sides of the vessel, and kept firm in their places by wooden wedges. Two cables are passed through holes cut in the stone itself, and a third is tied to a strong pin projecting from the head of the boat. Each cable is held by a large body of men, who pull by means of small ropes fastened to it, and passed round their shoulders. Some of these trackers walk in the water, others on dry land. The number altogether represented must have been nearly 300, about 100 to each cable, and they appear to be divided into distinct bands, each distinguished by a peculiar costume. Some wear a kind of embroidered turban, through which their long hair is gathered behind; the heads of others are encircled by a fringed shawl, whose ends hang over the ears and neck, leaving the hair to fall in long curls upon the shoulders. Many are represented naked, but the greater number are dressed in short chequered tunics, with a long fringe attached to the girdle. They are urged on by taskmasters armed with swords and staves. The boat is also pushed by men wading through the stream. An overseer, who regulates the whole proceedings, is seated astride on the fore-part of the stone. His hands are stretched out in the act of giving commands. The upper part of all the bas-reliefs having unfortunately been destroyed, it cannot be ascertained what figures were represented above the trackers; probably Assyrian warriors drawn up in martial array, or, may be, the king himself in his chariot, accompanied by his body-guard, and presiding over the operations.

"The huge stone having been landed, and carved by the Assyrian sculptor into the form of a colossal human-headed bull, is to be moved from the bank of the river to the site it is meant to occupy permanently in the palace-temple. This process is represented on the walls of the great hall. From these bas-reliefs, as well as from discoveries to be hereafter mentioned, it is therefore evident that the Assyrians sculptured their gigantic figures before, and not after the slabs had been raised in the edifice, although all the details and the finishing touches were not put in, as it will be seen, until they had been finally placed. I am still, however, of opinion that the smaller bas-reliefs were entirely executed after the slabs had been attached to the walls.

"In the first bas-relief I shall describe, the colossal bull rests horizontally on a sledge similar in form to the boat containing the rough block from the quarry; but either in the carving the stone has been greatly reduced in size, or the sledge is much larger than the boat, as it considerably exceeds the sculpture in length. The bull faces the spectator, and the human head rests on the fore-part of the sledge, which is curved upwards and strengthened by a thick beam, apparently running completely through from side to side. The upper part, or deck, is otherwise nearly horizontal; the under, or keel, being slightly curved throughout. Props, probably of wood, are placed under different parts of the sculpture to secure an equal pressure. The sledge was dragged by cables, and impelled by levers. The cables are four in number; two fastened to strong projecting pins in front, and two to similar pins behind. They are pulled by small ropes passing over the shoulders of the men, as in the bas-reliefs already described. The numbers of the workmen may of course be only conventional, the sculptor introducing as many as he found room for on the slab. They are again distinguished by various costumes, being probably captives from different conquered nations, and are urged on by task-masters. The sculpture moves over rollers, which, as soon as left behind by the advancing sledge, are brought again to the front by parties of men, who are also under the control of overseers armed with staves. Although these rollers materially facilitated the motion, it would be almost impossible, when passing over rough ground, or if the rollers were jammed, to give the first impetus to so heavy a body by mere force applied to the cables. The Assyrians, therefore, lifted, and consequently eased the hinder part of the sledge with huge levers of wood; and in order to obtain the necessary fulcrum they carried with them during the operations wedges of different sizes. Kneeling workmen are represented in the bas-reliefs inserting an additional wedge to raise the fulcrum. The lever itself was worked by ropes, and on a detached fragment, discovered in the long gallery, men were seen seated astride of it to add by their weight to the force applied.

"On the bull itself are four persons, probably the superintending officers. The first is kneeling, and appears to be clapping his hands, probably beating time, to regulate the motions of the

workmen, who, unless they applied their strength at one and the same moment, would be unable to move so large a weight. Behind him stands a second officer with outstretched arm, evidently giving the word of command. The next holds to his mouth either a speaking-trumpet or an instrument of music. If the former, it proves that the Assyrians were acquainted with a means of conveying sound, presumed to be of modern invention. In form it undoubtedly resembles the modern speaking-trumpet; and in no bas-relief hitherto discovered does a similar object occur as an instrument of music. The fourth officer, also standing, carries a mace, and is probably stationed behind to give directions to those who work the levers. The sledge bearing the sculpture is followed by men with coils of ropes and various implements, and drawing carts laden with cables and beams. Even the landscape is not neglected; and the country in which these operations took place is indicated by trees, and by a river. In this stream are seen men swimming on skins; and boats and rafts, resembling those still in use in Assyria, are impelled by oars with wedge-shaped blades.

"A subject similar to that just described is represented in another series of bas-reliefs with even fuller details. The bull is placed in the same manner on the sledge, which is also moved by cables and levers. It is accompanied by workmen with saws, hatchets, pickaxes, shovels, ropes, and props, and by carts carrying cables and beams. Upon it are three officers directing the operations, one holding the trumpet in his hands, and in front walk four other overseers. Above the sledge and the workmen are rows of trees, and a river, on which are circular boats resembling in shape the 'kufas,' now used on the lower part of the Tigris, and probably, like them, built of reeds and osier twigs, covered with square pieces of hide. They are heavily laden with beams and implements required for moving the bulls. They appear to have been near the sledge when dragged along the bank of the river, and were impelled by four oars similar to those above described. Near the boats, astride on inflated skins in the water, are fishermen angling with hook and line.

"On a fallen slab, forming part of the same general series, is the king standing in a richly-decorated chariot, the pole of which, curved upwards at the end, and ornamented with the head of a horse, is raised by eunuchs. From the peculiar form of this chariot, and the absence of a yoke, it would seem to have been intended purposely for such occasions as that represented in the bas-reliefs, and to have been a kind of movable throne drawn by men and not by horses. Behind the monarch, who holds a kind of flower, or ornament in the shape of the fruit of the pine, in one hand, stand two eunuchs, one raising a parasol to shade him from the sun, the other cooling him with a fan. He appears to have been superintending the transport of one of the colossal sculptures, and his chariot is preceded and followed by his body-guard armed with maces. In the upper part of the slab is a jungle of high reeds or canes, in which are seen a wild sow with its young and a

stag and two hinds. These animals are designed with great spirit and truth.

"The next series of bas-reliefs represents the building of the artificial platforms on which the palaces were erected, and the Assyrians moving to their summit the colossal bulls. The king is again seen in his chariot drawn by eunuchs, whilst an attendant raises the royal parasol above his head. He overlooks the operations from that part of the mound to which the sledge is being dragged, and before him stands his body-guard—a long line of alternate spearmen and archers, resting their arms and shields upon the ground. Above him are low hills covered with various trees, amongst which may be distinguished, by their fruit, the vine, the fig, and the pomegranate. At the bottom of the slab is represented either a river divided into two branches and forming an island, as the Tigris does to this day opposite Kouyunjik, or the confluence of that stream and the Klauser, which then probably took place at the very foot of the mound. On the banks are seen men raising water by a simple machine, still generally used for irrigation in the East, as well as in southern Europe, and called in Egypt a *shadoof*. It consists of a long pole, balanced on a shaft of masonry, and turning on a pivot; to one end is attached a stone, and to the other a bucket, which, after being lowered into the water and filled, is easily raised by the help of the opposite weight. Its contents are then emptied into a conduit communicating with the various water-courses running through the fields. In the neighborhood of Mosul this mode of irrigation is now rarely used, the larger skins raised by oxen affording a better supply, and giving, it is considered, less trouble to the cultivator.

"The process of building the artificial mound adjoined the subject just described. Men, apparently engaged in making bricks, are crouching and kneeling round a square space, probably representing the pit whence the clay for this purpose was taken. Unfortunately this part of the subject, on the only two slabs on which it occurs, has been so much defaced that its details cannot be ascertained with certainty. These brick-makers are between two mounds, on which are long lines of workmen going up and down. Those who toil upwards carry large stones, and hold on their backs by ropes baskets filled with bricks, earth and rubbish. On reaching the top of the mound they relieve themselves of their burdens, and return again to the foot for fresh loads in the order they went up.

"It would appear that the men thus employed were captives and malefactors, for many of them are in chains, some singly, others bound together by an iron rod attached to rings in their girdles. The fetters, like those of modern criminals, confine the legs, and are supported by a bar fastened to the waist, or consist of simple shackles round the ankles. They wear a short tunic, and a conical cap, somewhat resembling the Phrygian bonnet, with the curved crest turned backwards, a costume very similar to that of the tribute-bearers on the Nimroud obelisk. Each band of workmen is followed and urged on by task-masters armed with staves.

"The mound, or artificial platform, having been thus built, not always, as it has been seen, with regular layers of sun-dried bricks, but frequently in parts with mere heaped-up earth and rubbish, the next step was to drag to its summit the colossal figures prepared for the palace. As some of the largest of these sculptures were full twenty feet square, and must have weighed between forty and fifty tons, this was no easy task with such means as the Assyrians possessed. The only aid to mere manual strength was derived from the rollers and levers. A sledge was used similar to that already described, and drawn in the same way. In the bas-relief representing the operation four officers are seen on the bull, the first apparently clapping his hands to regulate the motions of those who draw, the second using the trumpet, the third directing the men who have the care of the rollers, and the fourth kneeling down on the edge of the back part of the sculpture to give orders to those who use the lever. Two of the groups of workmen are preceded by overseers, who turn back to encourage them in their exertions; and in front of the royal chariot, on the edge of the mound, kneels an officer, probably the chief superintendent, looking towards the king to receive orders direct from him.

"Behind the monarch, on an adjoining slab, are carts, bearing the cables, wedges, and implements required in moving the sculpture. A long beam or lever is slung by ropes from the shoulders of three men, and one of the great wedges is carried in the same way. In the upper compartment of this slab is a stream issuing from the foot of hills wooded with vines, fig-trees, and pomegranates; beneath stands a town or village, the houses of which have domes and high conical roofs, probably built of mud, as in parts of northern Syria. The domes have the appearance of dish-covers with a handle, the upper part being topped by a small circular projection, perhaps intended as an aperture to admit light and air.

"This interesting series is completed by a bas-relief, showing, it would seem, the final placing of the colossal bull. The figure no longer lies horizontally on the sledge, but is raised by men with ropes and forked wooden props. It is kept in its erect position by beams, held together by cross bars and wedges, and is further supported by blocks of stone or wood piled up under the body. On the sledge, in front of the bull, stands an officer giving directions with outstretched hands to the workmen. Cables, ropes, rollers, and levers are also employed on this occasion to move the gigantic sculpture. The captives are distinguished by the peculiar turbans before described."—pp. 104—114.

Interesting and lucid as is this description, which we have deemed it impossible to abridge or curtail without unfairness both to the author and the reader, it derives additional charms, and is rendered yet clearer in the pages before us, by the numerous illustrations with which it is accompanied. The first of these is a woodcut, let into the page, representing the head and head-dresses of

the captives employed in moving the bull. The next exhibits workmen carrying ropes, saws, and other implements intended for the same purpose; then follows a stag; then a very spirited delineation of a sow and her young, both backed by high reeds, canes, or some similar plant. Then we have a larger illustration, occupying the whole of page 111, in which the king is seen superintending the removal of the bull. Then the smaller woodcut of a village with conical roofs, and, lastly, another page, the 113th, gives us the closing scene of this curious performance, the Assyrians placing the bull on its destined resting-place.

Many thoughts are suggested by these descriptions and illustrations. They tell us of the power, the civilization, and the absolutism of Assyria—an absolutism very unlike those ill-concocted and worse-directed despotisms which have succeeded the mighty monarchies of ancient times; an absolutism where the supreme will of the deified monarch was the moving and guiding principle of a vast system of strict and unerring discipline—a system in which every authority rested on and in entire subordination to that above it—all centering in and radiating from the throne; a system which made the great king the fountain and nucleus, and head, and root of every thing; which combined religion, polity, and the relations of social and domestic life, in one vast edifice, one mighty tree, administering all things according to rigid rule, yet bending all things and persons to the will of the monarch; a system, in fact, which imitated that of the universe, substituting the institutions of Assyria for those of nature, and giving to the Ninevite sovereign the prerogatives of master, father, and God.

Whatever may have been the working of this paternal government at home—whatever may have been its effect upon the citizens and compatriots of Nineveh—it is plain that it was a continual curse to the surrounding nations, and that it degraded the prisoners of war into beasts of burden.

With the power and the intelligence, the many opportunities and circumstances which facilitated their operations, it is not wonderful that the great monarchs of Assyria and Egypt should have constructed the magnificent works which still remain, since they felt no compunction in employing the lives or causing the deaths of whole nations of captives, for the erection of those monuments of their power which attest the ingenuity of their minds, and the vastness of their conceptions, the high state of civilization and the artistic

refinement of those ages; and which tell, in characters that nothing can efface, how much the strong will inflict, how much the weak can endure, when neither God nor man interferes to curb the tyrant or to free the slave.

In the case of Nineveh, however, God did interfere, as He always does sooner or later; and for ages the very site of “the bloody city” was doubted, nay, the power, the pomp, the glory, and the civilization of Assyria were disputed.

There is a curious fact narrated in the first work of Mr. Layard, which may possibly in some degree illustrate the process of Divine retribution.

When Beder Khan Bey massacred the Yezidis (as he did the Nestorians), reducing them to one-fourth of their previous numbers, a vast multitude of men, women, and children fled in the direction of Mosul; the floods, however, had carried away the bridge of boats, so that they were unable to cross the river; they assembled therefore in despair on the mound of Kouyunjik, and there were all slaughtered—men, women, and children—by the merciless Kurds.

Now, if the Yezidis are a remnant of that nation which once ruled Assyria and reigned in Nineveh, there would be something peculiarly fearful in the thought that the exiled descendants of those ruthless oppressors should be driven back to the scene of their ancestral crime and glory, to suffer in utter helplessness for the sins of their forefathers.

As with individuals, so with nations, “Blood it defileth the land: and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.”* This has been the law, and will be so as long as man inhabits the earth.

* In a striking manner, too, has barrenness—barrenness of the soil—the curse pronounced on Cain, followed every where in the track of that innocent blood, which cries aloud to Heaven for vengeance, and never cries in vain.

The fertile valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, the luxuriant fields of Italy, the glorious land of Spain, are among the many striking examples of this awful and irreversible decree; and, singularly enough, there is no part of Christian Europe in which agriculture is at so low an ebb as in the Papal States.

The same law is operating in other lands. Beyond the Atlantic the curse of blood has been, and is still felt; and already, in the older slave States of the American Union, the

* Numb. xxxv. 33.

land is withering under the blood that pol-
luteh it.

Let us, however, retrace our steps to the days of Assyria's glory, when the terrible Sennacherib ruled over a nation of warriors—the pride of his own people, and the terror of surrounding countries.—Sennacherib! Yes; it is he whose palace we have been examining. A beautifully-executed delineation of the north-eastern façade, and grand entrance of this edifice, forms the frontispiece of the volume. It displays a grandeur of conception, an elegance of design, and a richness of detail, which have never been surpassed in the noblest works of ancient or modern architecture. We shall not, however, pause at present to describe it, but proceed to give the result of some of Mr. Layard's researches regarding this monarch, which identify his person, and illustrate his history.

During the month of December, the south-eastern façade of the palace had been laid open. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures, of gigantic size, were here grouped together; and the length of the whole, without including the sculptured walls, continued beyond the smaller entrances, was 180 feet:—

“On the great bulls, forming the centre portal of the grand entrance, was one continuous inscription, injured in parts, but still so far preserved as to be legible almost throughout. It contained 132 lines. On the four bulls of the façade were two inscriptions, one inscription being carried over each pair, and the two being of precisely the same import. These two distinct records contain the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous particulars connected with the religion of the Assyrians, their gods, their records, and the erection of their palaces, all of the highest interest and importance. . . . The inscriptions begin with the name and titles of Sannacherib. . . . He calls himself ‘the subduer of kings from the upper sea of the setting sun (the Mediterranean), to the lower sea of the rising sun (the Persian Gulf).’ In the first year of his reign he defeated Merodach Baladan, a name with which we are familiar; for it is this king who is mentioned in the Old Testament as sending messengers and a present to Hezekiah.”—pp. 138—140.

In the course of these annals, various cities and tribes of Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine are mentioned, besides many other neighboring regions. Amongst other curious passages we have the following:—

“‘Hezekiah, king of Judah,’ says the Assyrian king, ‘who had not submitted to my authority, forty-six of his principal cities, and fortresses, and villages depending upon them, of which I took no account, I captured, and carried away their spoil. I shut up (?) himself within Jerusalem,

his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of his towns which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the kings of Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country small. In addition to the former tribute imposed upon their countries, I added a tribute, the nature of which I fixed.’ The next passage is somewhat defaced; but the substance of it appears to be, that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem, 30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver, the treasures of his palace, besides his sons and his daughters, and his male and female servants or slaves, and brought them all to Nineveh. The city itself, however, he does not pretend to have taken.

“There can be little doubt that the campaign against the cities of Palestine, recorded in the inscriptions of Sennacherib at Kouyunjik, is that described in the Old Testament. The events agree with considerable accuracy. We are told, in the book of Kings, that the king of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, ‘came up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them,’ as he declares himself to have done in his annals. And, what is most important, and perhaps one of the most remarkable coincidences of historic testimony on record, the amount of the treasure in gold taken from Hezekiah, thirty talents, agrees in the two perfectly independent accounts. Too much stress cannot be laid on this singular fact, as it tends to prove the general accuracy of the historical details contained in the Assyrian inscriptions. There is a difference of 500 talents, as it will be observed, in the amount of silver. It is probable that Hezekiah was much pressed by Sennacherib, and compelled to give him all the wealth that he could collect, as we find him actually taking the silver from the house of the Lord, as well as from his own treasury, and cutting off the gold from the doors and pillars of the Temple, to satisfy the demands of the Assyrian king. The Bible may, therefore, only include the actual amount of money in the 300 talents of silver, whilst the Assyrian records comprise all the precious metal taken away. . . . It is natural to suppose that Sennacherib would not perpetuate the memory of his own overthrow; and that, having been unsuccessful in an attempt upon Jerusalem, his army being visited by the plague described in Scripture, he should gloss over his defeat by describing the tribute he had previously received from Hezekiah as the general result of his campaign. There is no reason to believe, from the Biblical account, that Sennacherib was slain by his sons immediately after his return to Nineveh; on the contrary, the expression ‘he returned and dwelt at Nineveh,’ infers that he continued to reign for some time over Assyria. We have accordingly his further annals on the monuments he erected.”—pp. 143—145.

There are many curious facts illustrated or brought to light by these records. Thus we have the flight of the king of Sidon to “Yavan, in the middle of the sea;” we have a campaign against the Babylonians, with the

conquest of that country, and its assignment as a government satrapy or pashalic to Asurnaddin, the son of Sennacherib; we have also the conquest of a people on the shores of the Persian Gulf, whose cities were at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab. To accomplish this, Tyrians, Sidonians, and Greeks, or Ionians, were brought to the banks of the Tigris, where they built and manned vessels of war for the invader.

We proceed, however, to transcribe a passage, which is of still greater interest. It was during the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, that a chamber was discovered containing sculptures in better preservation than any which had yet been found at Kouyunjik. Some of the slabs, indeed, were almost entire, though cracked and otherwise injured by fire; and the epigraph, which explained the event portrayed, was fortunately complete. That event was the siege of Lachish:—

"These bas-reliefs represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city evidently of great extent and importance. It appears to have been defended by double walls, with battlements and towers, and by fortified outworks. The country around it was hilly and wooded, producing the fig and the vine. The whole power of the great king seems to have been called forth to take this stronghold. In no other sculptures were so many armed warriors drawn up in array before a besieged city. In the first rank were the kneeling archers, those in the second were bending forward, whilst those in the third discharged their arrows standing upright, and were mingled with spearmen and slingers; the whole forming a compact and organized phalanx. The reserve consisted of large bodies of horsemen and charioteers. Against the fortifications had been thrown up as many as ten banks or mounds, compactly built of stones, bricks, earth, and branches of trees, and seven battering-rams had already been rolled up to the walls. The besieged defended themselves with great determination. Spearmen, archers, and slingers thronged the battlements and towers, showering arrows, javelins, stones, and blazing torches upon the assailants. On the battering-rams were bowmen discharging their arrows, and men with large ladles pouring water upon the flaming brands, which, hurled from above, threatened to destroy the engines. Ladders, used probably for escalade, were falling from the walls upon the soldiers who mounted the inclined ways to the assault. Part of the city had, however, been taken. Beneath its walls were seen Assyrian warriors impaling their prisoners, and from the gateway of an advanced tower, or fort, issued a procession of captives, reaching to the presence of the king, who, gorgeously arrayed, received them seated on his throne. Amongst the spoil were furniture, arms, shields, chariots, vases of metal of various forms, camels, carts

drawn by oxen, and laden with women and children, and many objects the nature of which cannot be determined. The vanquished people were distinguished from the conquerors by their dress, those who defended the battlements wore a pointed helmet, differing from that of the Assyrian warriors in having a fringed lappet falling over the ears. Some of the captives had a kind of turban, with one end hanging down to the shoulder, not unlike that worn by the modern Arabs of the Hedjaz. Others had no head-dress, and short hair and beards. Their garments consisted either of a robe reaching to the ankles, or of a tunic scarcely falling lower than the thigh, and confined at the waist by a girdle. The latter appeared to be the dress of the fighting-men. The women wore long shirts, with an outer cloak, thrown, like the veil of modern Eastern ladies, over the back of the head, and falling to the feet.

"Several prisoners were already in the hands of the torturers. Two were stretched naked on the ground to be flayed alive, others were being slain by the sword before the throne of the king. The haughty monarch was receiving the chiefs of the conquered nation, who crouched and knelt humbly before him. They were brought into the royal presence by the Tartan of the Assyrian forces, probably the Rabshakeh himself, followed by his principal officers. The general was clothed in embroidered robes, and wore on his head a fillet adorned with rosettes and long tasseled bands.

"The throne of the king stood upon an elevated platform, probably an artificial mound in the hill country. Its arms and sides were supported by three rows of figures one above the other. The wood was richly carved, or encased in embossed metal, and the legs ended in pear-shaped ornaments, probably of bronze. The throne, indeed, appears to have resembled, in every respect, one discovered in the north-west palace at Nimroud, which I shall hereafter describe. Over the high back was thrown an embroidered cloth, doubtless of some rare and beautiful material.

"The royal feet rested upon a high footstool of elegant form, fashioned like the throne, and cased with embossed metal; the legs ending in lion's paws. Behind the king were two attendant eunuchs raising fans above his head, and holding the embroidered napkins.

"The monarch himself was attired in long loose robes richly ornamented, and edged with tassels and fringes. In his right hand he raised two arrows, and his left rested upon a bow; an attitude probably denoting triumph over his enemies, and in which he is usually portrayed when receiving prisoners after a victory.

"Behind the king was the royal tent or pavilion; and beneath him were his led horses, and an attendant on foot carrying the parasol, the emblem of royalty. His two chariots, with their charioteers, were waiting for him. One had a peculiar semicircular ornament of considerable size, rising from the pole between the horses, and spreading over their heads. It may originally have contained the figure of a deity, or some mythic symbol. It was attached to the chariot

by that singular contrivance joined to the yoke and represented in the early sculptures of Nimroud, the use and nature of which I am still unable to explain. This part of the chariot was richly adorned with figures and ornamental designs, and appeared to be supported by a prop resting on the pole. The trappings of the horses were handsomely decorated, and an embroidered cloth, hung with tassels, fell on their chests. Two quivers holding a bow, a hatchet, and arrows, were fixed to the side of the chariot.

"This fine series of bas-reliefs, occupying thirteen slabs, was finished by the ground-plan of a castle, or of a fortified camp containing tents and houses. Within the walls were also seen a fire-altar with two beardless priests, wearing high conical caps, standing before it. In front of the altar, on which burned the sacred flame, was a table bearing various sacrificial objects, and beyond it two sacred chariots, such as accompanied the Persian kings in their wars. The horses had been taken out, and the yokes rested upon stands. Each chariot carried a lofty pole surmounted by a globe, and long tassels or streamers; similar standards were introduced into scenes representing sacrifices in the sculptures of Khorsabad.

"Above the head of the king was the following inscription . . . which may be translated, 'Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish (Lakhisha). I give permission for its slaughter.'" —pp. 149—152.

This evidence is in itself pretty conclusive. But further testimony has come to light, by which the date of this monarch, and consequently his personal identity, has been established. In an apartment at the south-west corner of the palace, which seems to have been a sort of state-paper office, were discovered many pieces of fine clay bearing the impression of seals, which, there is no doubt, had been affixed, like modern official seals of wax, to documents written on leather, papyrus, or parchment. Documents of the kind, with seals of clay attached to them, have already been discovered in Egypt, specimens of which are to be seen in the British Museum. In the case of the Assyrian documents, the writings no longer exist, having been consumed by the fire which destroyed the building, or having decayed in the lapse of ages. In the stamped clay, however, which still survives, may yet be seen the holes for the string or strip of skin by which the seal was fastened. Nay, in some instances, the ashes of the string remain with the marks of the fingers and thumb. The greater part of these seals are Assyrian, being apparently impressions of the royal signet: but amongst them are some few of foreign origin, belonging to Egypt, Phœnicia, and other countries. Of these the most remarkable

are two Egyptian seals, the impressions of a royal signet, which, though imperfect, retain the cartouche with the name of the king so as to be perfectly legible. It is one well known as that of the second Sabaco the Æthiopian, of the 25th dynasty. On the very same piece of clay is the impression of an Assyrian seal, evidently the royal signet. Not the slightest doubt exists as to the identity of the Egyptian cartouche. Hence the clearness of the proof.

"Sabaco reigned in Egypt at the end of the seventh century before Christ, the exact time at which Sennacherib came to the throne. He is probably the So mentioned in the second book of Kings (xvii. 4) as having received ambassadors from Hoshea, the king of Israel, who, by entering into a league with the Egyptians, called down the vengeance of Shalmaneser, whose tributary he was, which led to the first great captivity of the people of Samaria. Shalmaneser we know to have been an immediate predecessor of Sennacherib, and Tirakha, the Egyptian king, who was defeated by the Assyrians near Lachish, was the immediate predecessor of Sabaco II.

"It would seem that, a peace having been concluded between the Egyptians and one of the Assyrian monarchs, probably Sennacherib, the royal signets of the two kings thus found together were attached to the treaty which was deposited among the archives of the kingdom. Whilst the document itself, written upon parchment or papyrus, has completely perished, this singular proof of the alliance, if not actual meeting of the two monarchs, is still preserved amongst the state papers of the Assyrian empire."—p. 159.

Whilst occupied in the excavations which led to these valuable results, Mr. Layard was suddenly called upon to resist an attack made upon his workpeople and their dwellings by an Arab tribe entitled the Tai. His conduct in reference to this incident showed how, when we are disposed to do good, we can find the means of doing it. Having, by his courage and temper, staid the affray which had already begun, he made the acquaintance and obtained the good will of the marauders, paid them a visit in their own encampment, heard their grievances, entered into their troubles, and finally succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between the hereditary chief and a disloyal kinsman, whom the Turkish government had set up as his rival in the headship of the tribe.

Here, too, we may mention that, in carrying out and enforcing the measures for the relief of the Yezidis, he actually succeeded, with the aid of the vice-consul, in liberating a girl of that tribe, and restoring her to her family, although she had been placed in the harem of the chief Cadi of Mosul.

If our fellow-countrymen would generally employ themselves, when wandering amongst the heathen and the infidel, in such works as these, the children of those benighted lands would surely see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven; and be led, by experiencing the goodness of the gospel, to acknowledge its power and receive its truth.

It is impossible to convey, by extract or abridgment, one tithe of the information or amusement contained in these volumes. It is easy enough, for those experienced in the practice, to skim milk; but it is beyond the skill of the most veteran dairyman to perform the same operation upon cream.

Amongst other noticeable facts we would remark, however, that Mr. Layard discovered amongst the ruins, *arched drains*; caldrons and bells of bronze, the latter having iron tongues; bronze cups and dishes, studs and buttons in mother-of-pearl and ivory, with many small rosettes in metal. He also met with various weapons and pieces of armor agreeing with the sculptures; some iron tools and other instruments; carved articles in ivory; glass bowls, the oldest specimens of transparent glass yet discovered; some bronze cubes beautifully inlaid with gold, the earliest examples of this curious art; and lastly, a royal throne, apparently that of Sargon.

"With the exception of the legs, which appear to have been partly of ivory, it was of wood cased or overlaid with bronze. . . . The metal was most elaborately engraved and embossed with symbolical figures and ornaments, like those embroidered on the robes of the early Nimroud king: such as winged deities struggling with griffins, mythic animals, men before the sacred tree, and the winged lion and bull. As the wood-work over which the bronze was fastened by means of small nails of the same material had rotted away, the throne fell to pieces, but the metal casing was partly preserved. Numerous fragments of it are now in the British Museum, including the joints of the arms and legs; the rams' or bulls' heads which adorned the ends of the arms, . . . and the ornamental scroll-work of the cross bars in the form of an Ionic volute. The legs were adorned with lions' paws resting on a pine-shaped ornament, like the thrones of the later Assyrian sculptures, and stood on a bronze base."—p. 199.

Amongst the objects which were to be conveyed to England was a pair of colossal winged lions. Mr. Layard's last visit to them by night, and the firing of the bituminous spring which followed, are too graphically described to be omitted.

"We rode, one calm cloudless night, to the mound, to look on them for the last time before

they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full, and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising around them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of the human heads, and driving before it the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one, the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which those venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more, and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unscathed amid the wreck of man and his works for ages. It seemed almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts, to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin. Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards his tents. We scarcely heeded his going, but stood speechless in the deserted portal, until the shadows again began to creep over its hoary guardians.

"Beyond the ruined palaces, a scene scarcely less solemn awaited us. I had sent a party of Jebours to the bitumen springs outside the walls, to the east of the enclosure. The Arabs having lighted a small fire with brushwood, awaited our coming to throw the burning sticks upon the pitchy pools. A thick heavy smoke, such as rose from the jar on the sea-shore when the fisherman had broken the seal of Solomon, rolled upward in curling volumes, hiding the light of the moon, and spreading wide over the sky. Tongues of flame and jets of gas, driven from the burning pit, shot through the murky canopy. As the fire brightened, a thousand fantastic forms of light played amidst the smoke. To break the cindered crust, and to bring fresh slime to the surface, the Arabs threw large stones into the springs; a new volume of fire then burst forth, throwing a deep red glare upon the figures and upon the landscape. The Jebours danced round the burning pools, like demons in some midnight orgie, shouting their war-cry and brandishing their glittering arms. In an hour the bitumen was exhausted for the time, the dense smoke gradually died away, and the pale light of the moon again shone over the black slime pits."—pp. 201, 202.

It is a singular coincidence, that the lions appear to have departed from their long resting-place to the Tigris in almost the same manner as that in which they had, many ages ago, performed the same route in an opposite direction—with this striking and commendable difference, however, that whereas the Assyrian tyrant had compelled bands of wretched and unwilling captives to toil for the destroyer of their homes, the beneficent and enlightened Englishmen drew the multitude forward in their work by the stronger

and more enduring ties of gratitude and interest. Owing to the floods which had deluged the country and saturated the soil, the enterprise of dragging the huge monsters over the interval between the mound and the place of embarkation was attended with great difficulty, and required additional exertions on the part of the workmen. But here, as elsewhere, Mr. Layard surmounted every obstacle by his exceeding tact and firmness.

"It was necessary to humor and excite the Arabs to induce them to persevere in the arduous work of dragging the cart through the deep soft soil into which it continually sank. At one time, after many vain efforts to move the buried wheels, it was unanimously declared that Mr. Cooper, the artist, brought ill luck, and no one would work until he retired. The cumbersome machine crept onwards for a few more yards, but again all exertions were fruitless. Then the Frank lady would bring good fortune if she sat on the sculpture. The wheels rolled heavily along, but were soon clogged once more in the yielding soil. An evil eye surely lurked among the workmen or the bystanders. Search was quickly made, and one having been detected upon whom this curse had alighted, he was ignominiously driven away with shouts and execrations. This impediment having been removed, the cart drew nearer to the village, but soon again came to a stand-still. All the Sheikhs were now summarily degraded from their rank and honors, and a weak ragged boy having been dressed up in tawdry kerchiefs, and invested with a cloak, was pronounced by Hormuzd to be the only fit chief for such puny men. The cart moved forwards until the ropes gave way, under the new excitement caused by this reflection upon the character of the Arabs. When that had subsided, and the presence of the youthful Sheikh no longer encouraged his subjects, he was as summarily deposed as he had been elected, and a gray beard of ninety was raised to the dignity in his stead. He had his turn; then the most unpopular of the Sheikhs were compelled to lie down on the ground, that the groaning wheels might pass over them, like the car of Juggernaut over its votaries. With yells, shrieks, and wild antics the cart was drawn within a few inches of the prostrate men. As a last resource I seized a rope myself, and with shouts of defiance between the different tribes, who were divided into separate parties and pulled against each other, and amidst the deafening *tahlel* of the women, the lion was at length fairly brought to the water's edge."—pp. 203, 204.

Well, the Lions have left Nineveh, and so must we, although we would willingly linger amongst the ruins of that mighty city. After this achievement our author made a tour in the mountains, attended a marriage festival of the Yezidis, visited Baazani, one of their especial districts, and inspected the rock sculptures of Bavian. They are well worthy attentive consideration, and in common with

those at the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, near Beyrout, and many other monuments scattered in various directions, belong to the reign and attest the triumphs of the great Sennacherib.

After returning to Mosul our traveller paid another visit to the Tai, who had lately sustained a severe defeat at the hands of the Shammar, aggravated by the loss of forty valuable mares. The following incident is curiously characteristic of Arab life.

"We found the Howar," says our author, "much cast down and vexed by his recent misfortunes. The chiefs of the tribe were with him in gloomy consultation over their losses. A Bedouin wrapped in his ragged cloak was seated listlessly in the tent. He had been my guest the previous evening at Nimroud, and had announced himself on a mission from the Shammar to the Tai to learn the breed of the mares which had been taken in the late conflict. His message might appear to those ignorant of the customs of the Arabs one of insult and defiance. But he was on a common errand; and although there was blood between the tribes, his person was as sacred as that of an ambassador in any civilized community.

"Whenever," adds Mr. Layard, "a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be about to receive his death-blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim 'O Fellan! (such a one) the mare that fate has given to you is of noble blood. She is of the breed of Saklawiyah, and her dam is ridden by Awath, a Sheikh of the Fedhan' (or as the case may be). Nor will a lie come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or a foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost.

"Among men," proceeds our author, "who attach the highest value to the pure blood of their horses, and who have no written pedigree (for amongst the Bedouins documents of this kind do not exist), such customs are necessary. The descent of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is an event known to the whole tribe. If a townsman or a stranger buy a horse, and is desirous of written evidence of its race, the seller with his friends will come to the nearest town to testify before a person specially qualified to take the evidence, called 'the cadi of the horses,' who makes out a written pedigree, accompanied by various prayers and formularies from the Koran used on such occasions, and then affixes to it his seal. It would be considered disgraceful to the character of a true Bedouin to give false testimony on such an occasion, and his word is usually received with implicit confidence."—pp. 221, 222.

Besides much that is interesting and amusing with regard to these noble animals, and the high regard in which they are held by their Arab masters, we have also many facts and anecdotes concerning hawks. The art of falconry, once in such general practice and such high esteem amongst ourselves, is still exercised in the East with a skill and spirit nothing inferior to the best days of that sport in Europe. Amongst many details on the subject we are told on one occasion with reference to a Sheikh, by name Suttum, who had lost his falcon:—

“Suttum was inconsolable at his loss. He wept when he returned without his falcon on his wrist, and for days he would suddenly exclaim ‘O Bej! Hattab was not a bird, he was my brother.’”—p. 299.

On returning to the excavations once more, Mr. Layard found that many interesting discoveries had been made, amongst them was a set of sculptures which, from their illustration of a celebrated passage of Scripture, arrest our peculiar attention.

“The bas-reliefs represented the siege and sack of one of the many cities taken by the Great King, and the transfer of its captives to some distant province of Assyria. The prisoners were dressed in garments falling to the calves of their legs, and the women wore a kind of turban. Although the country was mountainous, its inhabitants used the camel as a beast of burden, and in the sculptures it was represented laden with the spoil. The Assyrians, as was their custom, carried away in triumph the images of the gods of the conquered nation, which were placed on poles, and borne in procession on men's shoulders. ‘Hath any god of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria?’ exclaimed the Assyrian general to the Jews. ‘Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim?’ They had been carried away with the captives, and the very idols that were represented in this bas-relief may be amongst those to which Rabshakeh made this boasting allusion. The captured gods were three, a human figure with outstretched arms, a lion-headed man carrying a long staff in one hand, and an image enclosed by a square frame. Within a fortified camp, defended by towers and battlements, the priests were offering up the sacrifices usual upon a victory; the pontiff was distinguished by a high conical cap, and, as is always the case in the Assyrian sculptures, was beardless. By his side stood an assistant. Before the altar, on which were some sacrificial utensils, was the sacred chariot with its elaborate yoke. On a raised bench across the centre of the castle was inscribed the name and titles of Sennacherib.”—pp. 228, 229.

The travellers now started on an expedition to explore the valley of the Khabour, the Chebar of Scripture, a very beautiful country, interesting alike to the lover of na-

ture and the student of history. Here, as usual, they saw much, heard much, and met with numberless adventures. We must, however, confine ourselves to one modern incident, and one ancient site.

We have already introduced our readers to a certain Sheikh, Suttum, the owner of a noble falcon, towards whom he entertained a brotherly affection, and over whose loss he wept fraternal tears. This Arab was linked in the bonds of wedlock with a lady of high birth and proportionably high spirit. She had been very handsome in her youth, and still retained much of her original beauty. He had married her, however, principally from motives of policy, and did not always bear patiently the yoke which she laid upon him. In the present instance she had insisted on accompanying him, from the fear, apparently, that he might fall in with a previous wife of his, whom, in the very bloom of her beauty, she had compelled him to send home to her friends. On one evening after he had been out sporting, Suttum came to Mr. Layard somewhat downcast in look, as if a heavy weight were on his mind.

“At length, after various circumlocutions, he said that his wife would not sleep under the white tent which I had lent her, such luxuries being, she declared, only worthy of city ladies, and altogether unbecoming the wife and daughter of a Bedouin. ‘So determined is she,’ said Suttum, ‘in the matter, that, Billah! she deserted my bed last night and slept on the grass in the open air; and now she swears she will leave me, and return on foot to her kindred, unless I save her from the indignity of sleeping under a white tent.’ It was inconvenient to humor the fancies of the Arab lady, but, as she was inexorable, I gave her a black Arab tent used by the servants for a kitchen. Under this sheet of goat-hair canvas, open on all sides to the air, she said she could breathe freely, and feel again that she was a Bedouin.”—pp. 267, 268.

The ancient site to which we would direct the reader's attention for a few seconds is that of Arban. The first objects of interest found here were a pair of winged human-headed bulls, the fore-parts of which had been disclosed by the river during the recent floods already alluded to. These monsters were found to be of a coarse limestone, their height about five feet six inches, their length about four feet six inches. They resembled in general design the well-known winged bulls of Nineveh, but in the style of art they differed considerably from them.

“The outline and treatment were bold and angular, with an archaic feeling conveying the impression of great antiquity. They bore the same relation to the more delicately finished and

highly ornamented sculptures of Nimroud, as the earliest remains of Greek art do to the exquisite monuments of Phidias and Praxiteles. The human features were unfortunately much injured, but such parts as remained were sufficient to show that the countenance had a peculiar character differing from the Assyrian type. The sockets of the eyes were deeply sunk, probably to receive the white and the ball of the eye, in ivory or glass. The nose was flat and large, and the lips thick and overhanging like those of a negro. Human ears were attached to the head, and bulls' ears to the horned cap, which was low and square at the top, not high and ornamented like those of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik, nor rounded like those of Nimroud. The hair was elaborately curled as in the pure Assyrian sculptures, though more rudely carved. The wings were small in proportion to the size of the body, and had not the majestic spread of those of the bulls that adorned the palaces of Nineveh."—p. 276.

Above this figure were purely Assyrian characters, from which it would appear that the sculptures here discovered belonged to the reign of a king whose name has not been discovered on any other monument. The individual thus indicated, however, may have been some satrap, general, or other distinguished subject or powerful feudatory of the Great King.

Behind these bulls were found various relics of an early date: amongst them was a copper bell like those from Nimroud; there were also fragments of bricks bearing arrow-headed characters painted yellow, with white outlines upon a pale green ground.

In another part of the mound was discovered a lion with extended jaws sculptured in the same stone and the same style as the bulls. It had five legs, and the tail had a claw at the end as in the bas-reliefs of Nineveh. In height it was much the same as the bulls.

In another spot half of a human figure was discovered; the face in full, one hand grasping a sword or dagger, the other holding some object to the breast, the hair and beard long and flowing, and ornamented with a profusion of curls as in the Assyrian bas-reliefs. The features and countenance are eminently Caucasian; the head-dress appears to consist of a circular helmet ending in a sharp point. The treatment and style prove this figure to be contemporaneous with the bulls and the lion.

The interest of these objects is enhanced, and their character elucidated, by spirited woodcuts let into the text.

Besides these sculptures various small articles of considerable importance were discovered in the mound of Arban. Amongst

them were several Egyptian Scarabæi belonging to the eighteenth dynasty of kings and the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

The conjectures suggested, the trains of thought aroused, by these discoveries, we can do no more than faintly indicate.

The archaic character of the sculptures appears to claim for them a remote antiquity, anterior to the more perfect specimens of art discovered at Nineveh itself. For, though we believe civilization and science to have been coeval with the human race,—the one being the natural state of man, and the other derived from the teaching of God,—there is no reason to suppose that the practice of the imitative arts would obtain or reach its perfection in the earlier ages of the primitive world. Indeed, it is clear that such would not be possible until the increase of population enabled some persons to withdraw their energies from the occupations necessary to life or conducive to comfort, and devote them to merely ornamental employments. And though it is probable that a considerable degree of perfection had already been reached in these matters by the time of Noah, still the destruction of the human race by the Deluge would once more reduce men to necessary employments, and the dispersion of Babel and sanguinary ambition of Nimrod would probably tend to retard them in their return to the standard of antediluvian art.

Again the physiognomy of the monsters, joined with the existence of the Scarabæi, denote a large admixture of Egyptian or Ethiopic influence at the period when the sculptures were erected.

Another cause of peculiar interest in these remains arises from the fact that the fifteenth century before Christ,—the age to which they appear to belong, or with which they are closely connected,—includes the periods of the Exode of Israel under Moses, and the conquest of Canaan by Joshua, and verges upon the era of Chushan-Rishathaim, the Mesopotamian monarch, who oppressed the Israelites for eight years, till they were delivered by Othniel.

Were the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates in a state of intimate and friendly intercourse with that of the Nile at the time of the erection of these sculptures? Are they vestiges of an Egyptian domination, or proofs of an Assyrian triumph? These and numberless other questions arise. But they cannot yet be answered. Let us hope that future excavations (for we earnestly trust that such

will be undertaken and carried out without stint of time, trouble, or money), and further researches, will enable us to solve these and many other deeply-interesting questions—such as that of the character of the relation evidently existing between the civilization, arts, and religion of Assyria and Etruria,—a connection which, long since ably urged by the talented authoress of the “Sepulchres of Etruria,” is now further corroborated by the discovery of Assyrian remains, which we may not stay to describe.

On leaving Arban, Mr. Layard made a tour through the native tribes and ancient remains of the neighboring districts before returning to Mosul. From the many curious customs mentioned in the course of this journey, we select the following as possessing a peculiar interest :—

“One of the most remarkable laws in force amongst the wandering Arabs, and one probably of the highest antiquity, is the law of blood, called the *Thar*, prescribing the degrees of consanguinity within which it is lawful to revenge a homicide. Although a law, rendering a man responsible for blood shed by any one related to him within the fifth degree, may appear to members of a civilized community one of extraordinary rigor, and involving almost manifest injustice, it must nevertheless be admitted, that no power vested in any one individual, and no punishment, however severe, could tend more to the maintenance of order, and the prevention of bloodshed amongst the wild tribes of the Desert. As Burckhardt has justly remarked, ‘this salutary institution has contributed in a greater degree than any other circumstance to prevent the warlike tribes of Arabia from exterminating one another.’

“If a man commit a homicide, the Cadi endeavors to prevail upon the family of the victim to accept a compensation for the blood in money, or in kind, the amount being regulated according to custom in different tribes. Should the offer of blood-money be refused, the ‘*Thar*’ comes into operation; and any person within the ‘*Khomse*,’ or fifth degree of blood of the homicide, may be legally killed by any one within the same degree of consanguinity to the victim.”—p. 306.

From this law arises the great unwillingness shown by Arabs to disclose their own name or that of their father to a stranger, lest by so doing they should expose themselves to the operation of the *Thar*.

“In most encampments are found refugees, sometimes whole families, who have left their tribe on account of a homicide for which they are amenable. In case after a murder, persons within the ‘*Thar*’ take to flight, three days and four hours are by immemorial custom allowed to the fugitives before they can be pursued. Frequently they never return to their friends, but remain with those who give them protection, and become in-

corporated into the tribe by which they are adopted. Thus there are families of the Harb, Aneyza, Dhofyr, and other great clans, who for this cause have joined the Shammar, and are now considered part of them. Frequently the homicide will wander from tent to tent over the Desert, or even rove through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money.”—p. 307.

Equally curious and interesting are the laws of DAKHEEL, or those which regulate the customs and principles of Arab hospitality. Amongst the Shammar, if a man can seize the end of a string or thread, the other end of which is held by his enemy, he becomes his Dakheel or protector. If he touch the canvas of a tent, or can even throw his mace towards it, he comes under the same category. If a horseman ride into a tent, both man and beast receive the benefits of *Dakheel*. A stranger who has eaten with a Shammar can give *Dakheel* to his enemy; thus Mr. Layard could protect an Aneyza though there was blood between his tribe and the Shammar. So far, indeed, is this principle carried out, that a woman can protect any number of persons or tents. A striking illustration of this came under our author’s observation. He thus mentions it in a note :—

“In the winter of the year of my residence in Babylonia, after an engagement near Baghdad, between the Boraij and the Turkish regular troops, in which the latter were defeated, a flying soldier was caught within sight of an encampment. His captors were going to put him to death, when he stretched his hands to the nearest tent, claiming the *Dakheel* of its owner, who chanced to be Sahiman Mijwell’s eldest brother. The Sheikh was absent from home, but his beautiful wife Noura answered to the appeal, and, seizing a tent-pole, beat off his pursuers and saved his life. This conduct was much applauded by the Bedouins.”—p. 318.

And it will be applauded by all who reverence courage, generosity, and honor.

In obedience to these regulations the Shammar will never attack a caravan whilst it remains in sight of their own encampment, considering such an act as a breach of the laws of hospitality. Surely it is not at all improbable that the chivalry of the later mediæval times was learnt from these children of the Desert, when we recollect the great difference on such points observable in the conduct of Europeans before and after their collision with the Arabs. From numberless traits occurring in these pages they seem to be, despite of all their faults, essentially and *par excellence* gentlemen born.

During Mr. Layard's tour in the Desert, the excavations at Kouyunjik had been actively carried on under the superintendence of Toma Shishman, and many interesting discoveries awaited his return. Amongst the most interesting of these were, 1. a Banquet Procession; 2. Chambers of Records; 3. Figures of the Fish-God Dagon; and, 4. a Representation of Satan.

The Banquet Procession was sculptured upon slabs of six feet in height, and extended about ninety-six feet along the wall of a passage or gallery. First came the mace-bearers; then a servant bearing a pine-apple; the attendants who followed carried clusters of ripe dates, flat baskets of osier-work filled with pomegranates, apples, and bunches of grapes. They raised in one hand small green boughs to drive away the flies. Then came men bearing hares, partridges, and dried animal-locusts fastened on rods. These were followed by a man with strings of pomegranates; then came, two by two, attendants carrying on their shoulders low tables, such as are still used in the East at feasts, loaded with baskets of cakes and fruits of various kinds. The procession was followed by a long line of servants bearing vases of flowers. These figures were dressed in a short tunic, confined at the waist by a shawl or girdle; they wore no head-dress, their hair falling in curls on their shoulders.

With regard to the second matter on our list Mr. Layard says:—

"I have mentioned elsewhere, that the historical records and public documents of the Assyrians were kept on tablets and cylinders of baked clay. Many specimens have been brought to this country. On a large hexagonal cylinder, presented by me to the British Museum, are the chronicles of Esarhaddon; on a similar cylinder, discovered in the mount of Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and formerly in the possession of the late Colonel Taylor, are eight years of the annals of Sennacherib; and on a barrel-shaped cylinder, long since placed in the British Museum, and known as Bellino's, we have part of the records of the same king. The importance of such relics will be readily understood. They present, in a small compass, an abridgment or recapitulation of the inscriptions on the great monuments and palace walls, giving, in a chronological series, the events of each monarch's reign. The writing is so minute, and the letters are so close one to another, that it requires considerable experience to separate and transcribe them. Fragments of other cylinders have also been discovered, and many inscribed tablets, from three to six inches in length, have been long preserved in England and in various European collections.

"The chambers I am describing appear to have been a depository in the palace of Nineveh for

such documents. To the height of a foot or more from the floor, they were entirely filled with them; some entire, but the greater part broken into many fragments, probably by the falling in of the upper part of the building. They were of different sizes; the largest tablets were flat, and measured about nine inches by six and a half inches; the smaller were slightly convex, and some were not more than an inch long, with but one or two lines of writing. The cuneiform characters on most of them were singularly sharp and well-defined, but so minute in some instances as to be almost illegible without a magnifying-glass. These documents appear to be of various kinds. Many are historical records of wars, and distant expeditions undertaken by the Assyrians; some seem to be royal decrees, and are stamped with the name of a king, the son of Esarhaddon; others again, divided into parallel columns by horizontal lines, contain lists of the gods, and probably register of offerings made in their temples. (One, Dr. Hincks has detected a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by different alphabetical signs, according to various modes of using them—a most important discovery; on another, apparently a list of the sacred days in each month; and on a third, what seems to be a calendar. It is highly probable that a record of astronomical observations may exist amongst them, for we know, from ancient writers, that the Babylonians inscribed such things upon burnt bricks. As we find from the Bavian inscriptions, that the Assyrians kept a very accurate computation of time, we may reasonably expect to obtain valuable chronological tables, and some information as to their methods of dividing the year and even the day. Many are sealed with seals, and may prove to be legal contracts or conveyances of land. Others bear rolled impressions of those engraved cylinders so frequently found in Babylonia and Assyria, by some believed to be amulets. The characters appear to have been formed by a very delicate instrument before the clay was hardened by fire, and the process of accurately making letters so minute and complicated must have required considerable ingenuity and experience. On some tablets are found Phœnician, or cursive Assyrian characters, and other signs."—pp. 344—346.

On the north side of another chamber were two doorways leading into separate apartments; each entrance was formed by two colossal bas-reliefs of Dagon. His image occurs also on a fine agate cylinder in Mr. Layard's possession. It combined the human shape with that of the fish. The head of the fish formed a mitre above that of the man, whilst its scaly back and fanlike tail fell as a cloak behind, leaving the human limbs and feet exposed. The figure wore a fringed tunic, and bore the two sacred emblems, the basket and the cone.

Our author is of opinion that the grotesque form adopted by the European vulgar

to denote the Evil One, is only a modification of the original Assyrian demon.

"A monster, whose head, of fanciful and hideous form, had long pointed ears, and extended jaws armed with huge teeth. Its body was covered with feathers, its fore feet were those of a lion, its hind legs ended in the talons of an eagle, and it had spreading wings and the tail of a bird.

"Behind this strange image was a winged man, whose dress consisted of an upper garment with a skirt of skin or fur, and an under robe fringed with tassels, and the sacred horned hat. A long sword was suspended from his shoulders by an embossed belt; sandals, armlets, and bracelets completed his attire. He grasped in each hand an object in the form of a double trident, resembling the thunderbolt of the Greek Jove, which he was in the attitude of hurling against the monster who turned furiously towards him."—p. 348.

It is worthy of remark, that the Assyrians used the wood of the cedar in their royal and sacred edifices, and that they procured it from Lebanon. During this visit to the ruins, the traveller was attracted by the smell of that odoriferous wood, a beam of which had been used for fuel by the Arab workmen.

Fain would we linger with our author amongst the monuments of Nineveh, accompany him on his tour in Armenia and Kurdistan, decipher the inscriptions on the cliffs by Lake Van, examine with him the rock sculptures of Bavian, and enter into the trials and troubles of the Nestorian Christians; but our consumption of paper warns us that the limits allotted to this article have already been exceeded, and with unwilling heart we must draw our remarks to a close.

Since, however, the title of the work before us includes a visit to Babylon, we must not conclude without some allusion to the remains discovered in the desolate ruin which occupies the site once crowned by the lady of nations, the excellency of the Chaldees.

Amongst other curious relics of early times, Mr. Layard discovered certain bowls which were used as charms. The bowls were covered internally with Hebrew inscriptions. The patient, afflicted with sickness, or otherwise exposed to evil influences, was directed to fill the bowl with liquid, and then to drain it dry; and it was believed that by so doing he appropriated to himself the benefits of the charm. We subjoin one of these singular compositions, advertising the reader that its authors believed in the existence of sex,

the institution of marriage, and the production of offspring amongst the evil spirits.

"This is a bill of divorce to the Devil, and to . . . and to Satan, and to Neric, and to Zachian, and to Abitur of the mountain, and to . . . and to the night monsters, commanding them to cease from Batnaium, and from the country of the north, and from all who are tormented by them therein. Behold, I make the counsels of these devils of no effect, and annul the power of the ruler of the night-monsters. I conjure you all, monsters . . . both male and female, to go forth. I conjure you and . . . by the sceptre of the powerful one who has power over the devils, and over the night-monsters, to quit these habitations. Behold I now make you cease from troubling them, and make the influence of your presence cease in Beheran of Batnaium, and in their fields. In the same manner as the devils write bills of divorce and give them to their wives, and return not to them again, receive ye your bill of divorce, and take this written authority, and go forth and leave quickly, flee and depart from Beheran in Batnaium, in the name of the living . . . by the seal of the powerful one, and by this signet of authority. Then will there flow rivers of water in that land, and there the parched ground will be watered. Amen, Amen, Amen. Selah."—pp. 512, 513.

We ought not to omit mentioning that amongst the many interesting relics of antiquity discovered by our author after his return from Armenia, were sculptures representing the tortures inflicted on Israelitish captives for blaspheming the gods of Assyria. There are also many curious facts and careful deductions respecting the architecture, history, and religion of that ancient empire, in the latter pages of this volume, and some valuable suggestions regarding the light thrown by these discoveries on the arts and arms, the customs and buildings of Israel and Judah.

Much, however, remains still to be discovered in the mounds which have not yet been opened; much still remains in those which have been but imperfectly searched; and we trust that the money will be soon found to carry out the great designs conceived, but, for want of funds, not executed by the author of this charming volume. Should the Sovereign grant him armorial bearings to reward his great achievements, we would suggest, on a shield sable the palace of Sennacherib argent; supporters, a winged lion and a winged bull, both proper; motto, LITORIS ASSYRII VIATOR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MODERN FRENCH MEMOIRS.

MADAME DE GENLIS—BARERE—JOSEPHINE.

A CLEVER and well informed contemporary, the *British Quarterly Review*, has already anticipated us in reference to the older French memoirs—the Memoirs of the *Fronde*, and the age of Louis XIV., and has announced a third article on the subject, bringing down his criticism to the period of 1789. The ground being thus pre-occupied, there remains but for us to give some account of the more modern French memoirs, particularly those which have appeared within the last sixty or seventy years.

There is no name in modern French literature better known than that of Madame de Genlis; and though it is only about thirty years since her memoirs on the 18th century—or as she fixes the epoch herself, in her title page, her memoirs from 1756 to 1825—first saw the light, being then ushered into the world by Ladvoat, the bookseller of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, yet, as in this publication she speaks of many events which occurred nearly a century ago, we shall be doing no violence to chronological order in commencing our notice with some account of the lady and her numerous volumes, literary and autobiographical.

Madame de Genlis tells us, in the preface to her memoirs, that she was born on the 25th of January, 1746, on the estate of Champceri near Autun in Burgundy. With that egotism and minute particularity which distinguishes her writings in everything relating to herself, she takes care to announce to us, that the wet-nurse to whose care she was confided, was already four months advanced in pregnancy, so that instead of being suckled as ordinary children are, she was fed with wine and water, passed through a tammy. Father Perefixe, in his life of Henry IV., thinks it incumbent on him to announce that the *Roi vaillant*, so soon as he made his first appearance in the world, was given by his nurse a draught of wine with a clove of garlic in it; but though we may be curious to know these particulars regarding one of the greatest

if not the very greatest among the kings of France, we are not concerned to be informed of such trivialities regarding Madame A. or Monsieur B. As little does it concern Madame de Genlis's readers to know that in girlhood she fell into a pond and into the fire, and received two burns—that she put on whale-bone and sat in an iron collar, and was forced to wear spectacles of a peculiar construction to prevent her from squinting. Yet all these things she tells us with as much precision and circumstantiality as though they were matters really important to the reader and to the world. It is quite in character for this worthy lady to announce to us that she inspired with a *grande passion*, when she was eleven and three-quarters of a year old, a young man of eighteen, but who, as he was merely the son of a doctor of medicine, and therefore, *point gentilhomme*, Mademoiselle Ducrest St. Aubin, the daughter of a noble, though reduced and poor, could not think of marrying. This little trait reveals not merely character, but a whole social system which it is important to know with a view to understand the mode of life in France previous to the first revolution.

It may be asked who was the father and what was the family of Madame de Genlis? Her family was undoubtedly noble but poor. Her father was Seigneur of Bourbon Lancy, and she tells us that in virtue of her birth she was, in her seventh year, received a member of the noble Chapter of Alix, and created Countess of Lancy. Her father returning from St. Domingo (she does not say on what errand), was captured by the English and brought into Launceston, in Cornwall. There he first saw the Count de Genlis, who in returning from Pondicherry, where he had for six years commanded a regiment, was also taken prisoner. M. Ducrest de St. Aubin after a time was liberated, and returned to France. He found his young daughter already distinguished as a musician. As a harpist and pianist, all the *salons* were open to her, nor

was she less distinguished by her *esprit* than by her musical capabilities. Indeed it was her wit and talent that gained her a husband. M. de Genlis having seen a letter written by her to one of his friends, when she was only eighteen years of age, was so prepossessed in favor of the writer, that he was already half in love with her, and no sooner did he become personally acquainted with her, than he was wholly so. When Madame de Genlis married, her mother and family were far from easy in circumstances; they had originally lived in a small apartment in the *Rue Traversiere*. Afterwards they accepted the hospitality of the famous *Fermier General*, La Popilniere, at Passy, and their host dying, were received by a reputedly rich judge. The *homme de robe* falling into difficulties, they rented a small house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and there it was that Madame de Genlis became acquainted with many of the celebrated literary men of the day. Presented at court after her marriage by the Marchioness of Puisieux, she was admired by the monarch as pretty; but it was not, nevertheless, at court that she was destined to make her way. She was the niece of Madame de Montesson, first the mistress and subsequently the wife of the Duke of Orleans; and although she neither liked her aunt, nor was liked by her, she nevertheless dined at her house three times a week, and there became acquainted with some of the most celebrated *beaux esprits* and men of letters of the time. At the Duke of Orleans' *château* at Villers-Cotterets, where there were private theatricals, Madame de Genlis exhibited not merely a talent for the stage, but for the composition of theatrical pieces. While this secured her the favor of the prince, it also imposed on her the disagreeable task of correcting and amending her aunt's *pièces de théâtre*—for Madame de Montesson had the mania of writing for the stage, without the ability.

The old Duke of Orleans found Madame de Genlis somewhat of an original. She had at this time read a very great deal, had written *Cecile*, had studied surgery and anatomy, and passed altogether for a person of a rather masculine turn of mind. The old Duke, charmed with her wit, her talents, and her pretty face, presented her to his son the Duke of Chartres, subsequently Duke of Orleans, better known as *Egalité*, father of Louis Philippe, King of the French. The Duke of Chartres confided to her the education of his children, not as governess, but under the title of *governor*. While engaged in this occupation, she published the *Theatre*

of *Education*, *Adele and Theodore*, the *Tales of the Castle*, the *Annals of Virtue*, &c. The Revolution found Madame de Genlis engaged in writing books and treatises as well as giving instruction to the junior branches of the house of Orleans. Though she does not avow the fact in her *Memoirs*, Madame de Genlis became a strenuous partisan of the principles of the Revolution. She was particularly intimate with Barère and Petion, and often accompanied her pupils to the sittings of the Jacobins. But neither the position nor the opinions of Madame de Genlis, nor the extravagant professions of liberalism, indeed of Jacobinism, by *Egalité*, rendered France a safe sojourn for his children. Madame de Genlis was obliged to pass into England with Mademoiselle Adélaïde D'Orleans. The governor, as she was called, and her pupil were recalled after a little while by *Egalité*, but after a sojourn of a few months in France, during the massacre of September, Madame de Genlis was a second time obliged to take her departure from her native soil. It was in this exile, whilst at Tournay, that she married her adoptive daughter Pamela to Lord E. Fitzgerald. When Dumouriez retired before the Austrian army, Madame de Genlis left Belgium for Switzerland, in which country General Montesquiou procured her an asylum in the convent of Saint Claire. Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Adélaïde D'Orleans obtained a refuge with her aunt the Princess of Conti, who lived at Fribourg. After remaining somewhere in the Swiss convent, Madame de Genlis proceeded to Hamburgh and Altona, at both which places there were numerous French refugees, but not one of them would consent to see her, too well remembering her early adhesion to the principles of the Revolution. During this period and her subsequent *séjour* at Berlin, Madame de Genlis, much to her credit, supported herself by her literary labors. After the 18th Brumaire, she obtained permission from the first consul to return to Paris, but what was of still more importance to her, a pension of 6000 francs and a lodging in the Arsenal, with the privilege of reading in her own apartments any of the books in the library of that establishment. After a while, through the instrumentality of M. de Lavalette, this busy lady managed to correspond, as she tells us herself, with the emperor on public affairs, and no doubt afforded him some valuable suggestions. But no sooner did the current of fortune turn against Napoleon, than she directed her eyes towards Louis XVIII., who, however, refused to continue her pen-

sion. Albeit the restored monarch declined to provide from the public purse, or from his civil list, for this versatile lady, yet her expupil the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, the First King of the French, allowed her a handsome pension.

It was during the period of the Restoration she composed her voluminous Memoirs, which extend in the original editions to eight volumes. Although these volumes are nothing very wonderful in point of style, yet they contain an immense amount of curious matter on men, manners, and society; and as Madame de Genlis travelled much, saw much, and observed much, her remarks are often *piquantes*, and may not seldom be considered valuable as the expression of the opinions and tone of thought of persons of her class in life. The vanity of the lady is egregious, throughout the whole eight volumes. Not content with telling us that she had an excellent memory, innate religious sentiments, a beautiful voice, the prettiest hands and feet in the world—not content with announcing to us that an old Swiss colonel wished to marry her—that the Baron D'Andlau proposed for her and was refused, *when he afterwards proposed for her mother and was accepted*—not content with telling us of her accouchements, her pregnancies, her general health, her illnesses, and her colics from gingerbread given her by the Duke of Orleans; her readings, her recitations, her manner of life, and daily and nightly habits, she gives us a world of news, and scandal, and small talk of the people with whom she mixed in the great world. The society at Sillery—the chateau life of France before 1789—the circles of the Puisieux, the Custines—of the *Palais Royal*, are all vividly brought before us in her stirring pages. In her journeyings, too, the reader accompanies her. We go with her to Brussels, to Spa, to Aix la Chapelle, to Lausanne, to Ferney, nay, to Italy, Germany, and our own dear England, metropolitan and provincial. If we had not gone through these volumes, neither we nor our readers would ever have known that Madame de Genlis played the harp so divinely at the palace of the Queen of Naples, that her Sicilian majesty kissed the performer's pretty and sound-promoting hand—we should never have known that Madame de Genlis gave over rouge at thirty—that her family was musical—that she invented a new method of fingering the harp—that she made numerous playthings for the Orleans children, and discovered what not wonderful things besides. We should never

have known that an Italian master, the Abbé Marastini, fell at her feet and made love to her—that M. Mervys was also desperately in love with her—that an attempt was made by a good-looking young fellow whom she met at the *table d'hôte* at Altona, to entrap her to his rooms under the pretence that she should there meet one of her earliest and oldest friends, who was also, he represented, his own common friend. Before the period arrived for keeping the appointment, however, Madame de Genlis happily had learned enough to put her on her guard and did not proceed to the rendezvous. Soon after she was informed that the friend whose name he had made use of as a common acquaintance, knew nothing whatever of the adventurer, who probably designed to rob and dishonor her. We need scarcely say, the fellow never afterwards appeared at the *table d'hôte*.

Throughout her eight volumes, Madame de Genlis appears as a great religionist and a staunch supporter of Mother Church—meaning thereby, the one Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolical Religion. She is also, as in duty bound, a fervent hater of philosophy, and of everything savoring of Voltaireism; but this does not prevent her morality from being exceedingly loose. The morality of the time in France was, that a woman for one *aventure éclatante* was undone, yet she might raise herself after a thousand irregularities—after *mille dereglemens*. Madame de Genlis defends this system of social ethics, as though it were in concurrence with the Gospel and the moral code as recognized by men and women of pure life. With all her vanity, egotism, and intense selfishness, however, we must admit that Madame de Genlis admirably performed her duty of governor and governess to the children of Egalité. Not merely did she teach them everything useful in literature and the fine arts, but she gave them instruction in physics and natural philosophy, and provided that the young men should learn two or three trades by the aid of which they could earn their bread. Madame Adélaïde, their sister, was taught embroidery, painting, and the finer works; and all were made proficient in modern languages, chiefly by the method adopted in Russia, that is to say, by teaching the languages *de vive voix*, and by word of mouth, rather than by means of written rules. Thus a German gardener, a German *valet de chambre*, and English grooms were employed about her pupils, who at dinner were forced to speak English, and at supper Italian. When these facts are remembered, the proficiency

of the late King of the French in languages and in the sciences will be well understood. He, like his preceptor, went through a regular course of anatomy, walked the hospitals, learned to bleed, to set a broken joint, to dress wounds, &c. That the emigrants at Hamburg neither received nor consorted with Madame de Genlis, will not appear surprising, when the reader learns that the lady accompanied her pupils to witness the demolition of the Bastille—that she attended with them the sittings of the Cordeliers and other clubs, and caused the young Duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, King of the French, to be received a member of the philanthropical and other democratical societies.

That portion of the memoirs of Madame de Genlis devoted to literary criticism, though occasionally amusing, is of little intrinsic worth. In remarking on the works of Marmontel, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and above all, on the productions of Madame de Staël, it is plain to the most superficial observer that Madame de Genlis is guided by passion, by prejudice, where not actuated by envy and malevolence. In finding fault with the style of Madame de Staël, which, notwithstanding its occasional blemishes and Germanisms, is one of the most brilliant in the French language, Madame de Genlis regrets that the gifted author of *Corinne*, and of the book *De l'Allemagne*, was not her pupil; as though the teaching of such a woman, however excellent with persons of ordinary faculties, could have at all influenced the career of a man or woman of genius. None of the Orleans family, male or female, though they all possessed average abilities, were men or women of genius.

From all we have read and heard, however, on the subject, Madame de Genlis was to these pupils an admirable instructress, or, if we must consider her as governor, an admirable instructor. She did everything that in her lay to form the minds and hearts of her pupils, and spared neither toil nor pains to render the young princes and princesses what they ought to be. At a certain period of the pupilage, M. de Genlis, the husband of the lady, as well as the lady herself, became entitled to a considerable access of fortune, but this made no change in her conduct, or induced her for one moment to intermit her attention and instruction.

While staying at Berlin, in emigration, Madame de Genlis met the French minister, General Beurnonville, at the house of Madame Cohen, where she was in the habit of playing in pieces of her own composition.

The diplomatist interested himself in her fate, and promised to obtain permission for her to enter France. While waiting for this permission, M. Lombard, a young *littérateur* of French extraction, the descendant of one of the refugees obliged to quit France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, fell, if we are to believe the lady, desperately in love with her, and proposed marriage. She tells us she refused what she calls "*le ridicule mariage que lui propose M. Lombard.*"

The near prospect of her own return to France did not induce her to forget her distinguished pupils. She addressed to the *directoire* a memoir, with a view to obtain the liberty of M.M. de Beaujolais and Montpensier, detained in prison at Marseilles. Soon after this memoir was despatched, Madame de Genlis obtained permission to return to her country. She passed by way of Hamburg and Brussels to Paris, where she found, as might be expected, everything changed: language, manners, dress, habits, and modes of life, were no longer what they were at the period of her departure. Soon after her return, she established herself at Versailles, and worked away with great zeal at the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, giving it in succession *le Malencontreux*, *les Ermites des Marais*, *Pontius*, *Mlle. de Clermont*, &c. After awhile she ceased to labor for this publication, and produced the romance of Madame La Vallière. It was at this season that the first consul offered to better her position—an offer which she tells us she declined at the moment. Soon after, however, we find her in receipt of a pension of 6000 francs from the emperor, and engaged in writing the history of *Henri le Grand*, and editing the memoirs of Dangeau, after the MS. preserved in the Arsenal. Within a short interval of obtaining her own pension, this stirring and active woman had also obtained a pension of 2000 francs for Monsigny, a pension of 4000 francs for M. Radet, and a pension of 3000 francs for her own brother. Notwithstanding that her circumstances were now easier, she continued to labor with her prolific pen as indefatigably as before, producing *La Tendresse maternelle*, *ou l'Éducation Sensitive*, *Le Siège de la Rochelle*, *Belisaire*, *Alphonse*, and we know not how many others. While engaged scribbling thus all day long, the famous Gall discovered, she tells us, that she had the bump of religion and elevation of mind, as well as that of perseverance. That Madame de Genlis had the bump of perseverance, we can well believe; but the bump of religion and elevation

of mind! really, really, M. Gall (as Lord Liverpool said to Lord Londonderry, who had asked for the Russian embassy), this is indeed too bad!

In the beginning of her sixth volume, Madame de Genlis tells us she was named by the 'emperor,' a *dame d'inspection*. Under this title she was bound to visit all the schools in her district. Having accomplished this task, she sent to the emperor (for we are now arrived at the period of the empire) a detailed account of the abuses she discovered. Napoleon, however, had scarcely the opportunity of remedying anything pointed out to him as erroneous, for the Allies were at this time marching fast on Paris.

Madame de Genlis was a witness to the entry of Monseigneur, afterwards Charles X., whose bearing, she tells us, was that of a chivalrous gentleman and *parfait cavalier*. She informs us she went once to the Court of Louis XVIII.; but this, though the truth, is not the whole truth. She went, we know from other and very credible sources, to solicit the continuance of her pension of 6000 francs, which *Louis le Désiré* point blank refused. Nor was this her only misfortune. Shortly after this period she had a severe fall, which spoiled—she confidentially announces—the shape of her pretty turn-up nose, and knocked out two of her pearly teeth. This must have been a sad disaster to a woman of so much personal vanity, yet the brave old lady goes on and on, sempiternally writing, as for thirty years previously, and refuting the tales which Lady Morgan told of her in that far too imaginative work called *France*. The diminution in her income induced Madame de Genlis to leave Paris for Ecouen. In this latter abode she projected to write a life of Madame Recamier, and actually produced her *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes* and her *Voyages Poétiques*. She commenced a journal called *L'Intrepide*, an encyclopædia, and a herbal, painted by herself, which Louis XVIII. purchased, though he refused the lady a pension. In truth, if we were to go over all this notable woman did, and said, and wrote, and meditated, and dreamt of,—the speeches she composed for M. Valence, to be delivered at the Chamber of Peers—the works she finished, and commenced, and left unfinished, we should not have done, even though we were to write to the end of the year. Her dinners with the Duke of Mecklenburg, Lacépède, Lord Bristol, Canning, the Duke of Gloucester, and Lord Sidney Smith (*sic*

in Memoirs), are but a small portion of her feasting and junketings.

As the dear old lady grew older, the fire of her devotion increased. In her seventh volume, we find her compiling a prayer-book, under the title of *Heures à l'usage des Gens du Monde, et des Jeunes Personnes*, and also writing a defence of indulgences, and their efficacy, and further, composing poetical lives of the saints—verses on *Saint Genis*, and *Sainte Pulchérie*, and six religious novels. At the time she was thus devoutly occupied, Madame de Genlis set on foot a project for the conversion of the Arabs,—meditated a journey to the Holy Land, wrote a canticle on the subject, and collected all the passages of the Bible relative to music and the harp—an instrument on which, if we are to believe her, she was, as a performer, without a rival. These labors were diversified by a biography of Madame de Bonchamp—by readings to M. de Valence, of that excellent book, the *Imitation of Christ*, and by theological discussions with a young Englishman named Wright, whom Madame de Genlis induced to abjure the Protestant religion. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that Madame de Genlis was wholly engrossed by spiritual duties. M. Merlaincourt begged of her to choose him a wife, in the midst of all these heavenly labors, and in a very short time she married the good man to one of her own nieces.

We are now arrived at the year 1825, when Madame de Genlis had attained her eightieth year, and when she went to establish herself in the convent of the *Dames de St. Michel*. But a convent was not the place for so stirring, so bustling, and so utterly mundane a woman; and accordingly we soon discover her settled in the *Rue Neuve de Berry*, where, we believe, the Revolution of 1830 found her. After she had attained the age of eighty, she still labored for *Ladvocat* and other publishers, but as she had no hereditary property of her own, and as her husband, who died on the scaffold, was unable to leave her any, she was sorely straitened in her latter days; and when she died, on the 31st December, 1830, all that she left in the way of property after her, were a few sous in copper money and some old furniture. Madame de Montesson, her aunt, had bequeathed her a legacy of 2000 francs, but she handed this over to the Marquis Ducrest, her brother.

It cannot be denied that the volumes of memoirs which Madame de Genlis composed

almost in her eightieth year are amusing, and possibly faithful, to a certain extent, as a description of manners; but on the other hand, we rise from their perusal with no very exalted opinion of the character of the woman. So long as the Revolution and the Republic were triumphant, she flattered both; and when Bonaparte rose, on the anarchy of the one and the ruins of the other, to supreme power, not content with burning incense before her idol, she declared war against all who refused to bend the knee to the conqueror and the despot. At the epoch of the Restoration, Madame de Genlis turned round *volte face* to the elder branch; but all her complaisance to Louis XVIII. failed in procuring her a renewal of the pension of 6000 francs, which she enjoyed from Napoleon.

Of the literary merits of her own sex, Madame de Genlis was exceedingly envious. She does everything in her poor power to depreciate Madame de Staël and Madame Cottin. Yet she had neither the genius, the elevation, nor the vigor of the one, nor the vigorous conception and varied power of delineation possessed by the other. There is some palliation, if not excuse, for Madame de Genlis' envy. From the period of the Reign of Terror, she was thrown, without pecuniary resources, on a society and a world to which she did not belong, and in which she was reduced—such was the state of parties—to the pitiable necessity of writing books, in which there was fulsome flattery or evil speaking. Madame de Genlis has, one way or another, written about eighty volumes; but of these, not above two or three will live. Among the still surviving, we may place in the foremost rank *Mlle Clermont*. It is a curious and significant fact, that neither during the Restoration nor after the Revolution of July, 1830, was Madame de Genlis ever received at the Palais Royal by the Duke of Orleans as prince, or by Louis Philippe as king of the French. For this there must have been some reason with which the public are not acquainted; for certainly, as regarded mere tuition and mental and moral culture, Madame de Genlis justified the confidence that was placed in her by Philippe Egalité. By the early education given him by Madame de Genlis, the late Louis Philippe was not only fitted for the station in which he was born, but was fitted and fashioned to endure either unexpected adversity or unexpected good fortune. "How often," says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the young prince was exposed, after his es-

cape from France—"how often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself; to despise all kinds of effeminacy; to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat; to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain; to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise; and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes; and finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all that he inherited from birth or fortune—nothing remained but what he received from nature and from me."

Madame de Genlis left one son, who died young, and two daughters, one married to Count Lawoestine, whose son is now a lieutenant-general in the service of France, and another married to Lt.-gen. the Marquis de Valence. The youngest daughter of Madame de Valence, and the granddaughter of Madame de Genlis, became the wife of the late Marshal Gerard. The perusal of Madame de Genlis' memoirs is essential to every one who would understand France from 1789 to 1830.

All who have read on the subject of the French Revolution have encountered the name of Barère—in newspapers, in pamphlets, and in histories; and many men of middle age who have sojourned at Brussels have seen and conversed with him. In 1789, at an early age, he was a member of the States General; and in 1790, and for some years afterwards, he played a leading part in the debates of the Convention, and founded the first political journal of the Revolution, called *Le Point du Jour*. Barère was born at Tarbes, in the Pyrenees, in the year 1755, and was admitted an advocate of the Bar of Toulouse before 1780. After practising for a short time before the *Parlement* of Toulouse, he was elected a member of the Council of the Higher Pyrenees, and in the stormy times preceding the Revolution, became notorious as a man imbued with the democratical doctrines then prevailing. Any one who goes over the pages of the *Moniteur* will frequently find his name in that repertory of much that is curious, much that is mean, much that is sanguinary, and a great deal that is flagitious. In these ample pages, presenting such abundant materials for romance and history, we find that he pronounced the funeral oration of Mirabeau; that he proposed a pension for the widow of

Rousseau; and that his name is incorporated with a great number of revolutionary measures.

He proposed that Paoli should be declared a traitor to his country; he proposed the accusation of Custine; the expulsion of the Bourbons; the judgment against the queen; the destruction of the tombs of the kings of France; and he contributed to the passing of a decree, that the English and Hanoverian prisoners should be put to death. Yet this is the man who would fain have us believe, writing in his old age, that he was moderate and merciful. In the jargon of the day, he was one of those who used to say, that *l'arbre de la liberté ne croit qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans*; and to prove his theory, he voted for the death of a king who, though weak and vacillating, was as little of a tyrant as any monarch of whom mention is made in history. Barère tells us, in his Memoirs, that being charged to examine Louis XVIII. at the bar, he did all he could to be impartial; but the only evidence he cites of his impartiality is, that, unlike some of the members of the Convention, he abstained from addressing the monarch as Louis Capet—an appellation which the unfortunate sovereign particularly disliked—and simply addressed him as Louis. Barère tells us, in his Memoirs, the volumes before us, that he endeavored to be mild, as well as impartial; but neither his mildness nor his impartiality prevented him from voting for death "*sans appel et sans sursis*." In writing thirty years afterwards, he regrets that the punishment of death was not expunged from the code; but these *ex post facto* lamentations are in a great degree valueless. From the memoirs of the day, as well as from his own revelations, we learn that Barère suspected Robespierre, but had not the courage to attack him, and he, like many others, appears to have been cowed by the implacable will of that sanguinary monster. While admitting the gloomy, jealous, and suspicious nature of Robespierre's disposition, Barère, however, maintains that he was a fanatic untainted by personal vices or corruption, a republican from principle and ambition, and altogether incorruptible in matters of money. Neither the lengths which Barère went in political opinions, nor his activity, busy zeal, and expertness as a penman, speaker, and reporter, saved him from proscription. The factions which succeeded each other in the first French Revolution, tyrannized and proscribed in turn, and in this wise it was, that a man who had made more than two hundred reports, who

had spoken many discourses, and who was a zealous, if not a useful member of the Convention, was himself exiled. He was sent to the island of Oleron, and afterwards to the prison of Saintes, in which he spent four months, on the deliberation of a committee of twenty-one appointed to inquire into the conduct of the *Comité de Salut Public*. Barère alleges, in the second volume of his memoirs, that Sièyes was the chief of this inquisitorial commission, that Saladin was the reporter, Sergeant one of the secretaries, and Chenier the orator. He states that previously to the appointment of this inquisitorial commission, he was in the habit of meeting Chenier daily at dinner at Dupin's, deputy of the Aisne, and that on these occasions Chenier appeared to be attached to him—an attachment founded, he remarks, on a similitude of interests, dangers, and opinions; but that having expressed an opinion not very flattering of the tragedy of *Timoleon*, Chenier, who was of the *genus irritabile vatum*, never forgave him, turned against him, and when he was incriminated and unfortunate, placed himself in the rank of his accusers, and was amongst the number of those who demanded his death.

When such are the opinions these French patriots entertain and express of each other, it is by no means extraordinary that readers of history and memoirs give heed to a considerable portion of the evil deeds and ungrateful conduct which they impute to each other. After having been formally accused, Collot, Billaut, Vadier, and Barère were condemned to deportation. Barère, however, instead of being expatriated to Cayenne or Sinnamari, was sent, as we stated, in 1795, to the island of Oleron. He and his companions ran some danger of being assassinated at Orleans and at Tours. At almost every town through which they passed, mobs followed them and threatened them with vengeance. In writing more than a quarter of a century afterwards of these events, Barère says, not without some spice of truth, that such is the indifference, recklessness, and levity of the French in listening to the calumnies of journalists and pamphleteers, that in the course of six months they could be brought to ostracize all the great men of Plutarch, if nature were so prodigal as to afford them such characters. In March, 1795, Barère arrived at Oleron, and in his third volume gives an interesting account of his captivity. For a while he was allowed to walk on the ramparts, which commanded a view of the two famous *pertuis*, or passages, of Mannisson and Antioch, where

were occasionally seen English frigates threatening the island; but he soon was deprived of this enjoyment and closely confined within his room. The unfortunate man would have been reduced to the prison fare of *pain de munition*, in which both beans and straw were plentifully found, with only water to wash it down, if it had not been for an old boatman, a native of Auch, who supplied him with good bread and biscuit.

From Oleron, Barère was transferred to the prison of Saintes. In this he remained for four months, at the end of which period, thanks to the efforts of his cousin Hector Barère, an Inspector of Marine, a young merchant of Bordeaux, and a worthy man of Vanderkaud, (the descendant of a Dutchman,) he escaped. For about a fortnight he lay concealed in a *château* in the *Charente Inférieure*, but at the end of that period the *gendarmes* were on the look-out for him, and he was forced to leave the *château* and escape with a sailor by water to Bordeaux. Arrived safely at Bordeaux, he was received by a merchant of that city, one Mr. James Fonade, who lived in the Rue Sainte Croix. This worthy man, at the risk of his own safety, of his credit as a merchant, and of his personal liberty, if not of his life, granted Barère an asylum without the least hope of a better future dawning on the fugitive or on their common country. For five years he afforded the ex-member of the *Comité de Salut Public* a roof, raiment, food, and preserved his secret inviolable from his relatives, his clerks, and his servants. Traits of this kind dignify and adorn our common nature, and induce us to believe that even in the very tempest and whirlwind of revolutions men may be found exhibiting all the better and more benevolent feelings that gild and brighten humanity. Between five and six years Barère remained under the roof of this true friend, and chiefly occupied himself in reading and composition. After the 18th *Brumaire*, (9th Nov., 1799,) he was advised to proceed to Paris, but did not quit his retreat, and remained hidden till after the 5th *Frimaire*, (Christmas, 1799,) when the *Conseil Constitutionnel* restored him to liberty.

Of the *Constitution Brumairienne*, Barère was no admirer. He admits it was the consequence of the directorial despotism, and of the weakness of the legislative councils—that under it the liberty of the press and a great number of journals disappeared, as well as the publicity of debates; and that it paved the way to a military dictatorship, which was in the spirit of the army as well as the natural

inclination of the young and adventurous general who had placed himself at its head.

Soon after his arrival in Paris, Barère addressed his observations on the new constitution, in the form of a letter, to the first consul. Certain portions of this letter were inserted as written in the *Moniteur*, but other passages were truncated and disfigured, not merely in regard to mere verbal expressions, but in respect also to principle and meaning. On the 5th *Frimaire*, a decree appeared in the *Moniteur*, liberating Barère, Carnot, De Mailhe, Boissy, D'Anglas, and twenty others proscribed by the Convention and Directory. On New Year's Day Barère went to thank Cambacères, the second consul, requesting him to express to the first consul his gratitude for the restoration of his liberty. Two days after this, Cambacères intimated to him that the first consul would receive him that day at one o'clock, at the Petit Luxembourg. He went thither in the carriage of Cambacères, escorted by four horsemen, traversing, in a consular equipage, that *Carrousel* which he had crossed six years previously, followed by thousands of troops and National Guards, calling aloud for his proscription. On this he somewhat truthfully remarks, '*C'est qu'à Paris on est toujours en majorité contre les faibles, les malheureux, les accusés.*'

Arrived at the Petit Luxembourg, Cambacères introduced him into the large salon adjoining the cabinet of the first consul. Several generals were in this room. In a few moments the first consul appeared, conversed with a general for five or six minutes, during which time he attentively observed Barère, then, addressing Cambacères, he said, 'Is not that the citizen Barère?' to which Barère replied in the affirmative, thanking the first consul for having restored him to liberty—a liberty, he repeated, that he should never have lost. 'Your losing it was the inevitable effect of revolutions,' drily responded Bonaparte. After asking him his age and some other particulars not necessary to allude to here, the first consul inquired of him as to the government he deemed most suitable to France. 'There are but two means, general,' said Barère, 'of governing the nation, *la justice et le caractère*. Of the latter we have had too much during the Revolution, but of the former we have not had enough, and the consequence is, that liberty has all but perished.' Barère then enlarged on the necessity of adhering to the principles established by the constitution of 1791. The reply of Bonaparte was remarkable. 'The French,' said he, 'are so light and inconstant, that they absolutely like changes of govern-

ment and of governors.' Eight days after this conversation, he attended another audience. Bonaparte told him he was glad to see him, and that he had given directions his *surveillance* should cease. Almost contemporaneously with this, Fouché, the old colleague of Barère, and then Minister of Police, invited him to dinner, and in the course of the month of January he was also invited to dinner by the second consul, who engaged the *ex-conventionnel* to write an answer to a speech of Lord Granville directed against Bonaparte. At the end of six days he had finished his answer—an answer highly approved of, as is clear from the fact of the Home Minister, Lucien Bonaparte, having ordered 14,000 copies to be printed. So thoroughly, indeed, was the Anti-English zeal of Barère relished in high places, that in the month of April, Cambacères announced to him that the first consul wished to give him a prefecture, to be chosen by himself. Though Cambacères further intimated to him, that in three months he would be a counsellor of state, Barère persisted in his refusal of a prefecture, to the evident surprise and dissatisfaction of the minister. Within a short time of this refusal, Bonaparte proposed to him to edit a journal for the army. The *ex-conventionnel* did not relish this proposal, when the first consul rejoined, 'You already edited a journal for the army, called *Le Point du Jour*, when you were a member of the *Constituante*; and remember that, in undertaking the conduct of this new journal, you will have an opportunity of seeing me every day, and thereby you will lose nothing.' But Barère, if we are to believe his own account, did not wish to be a mere instrument, and he escaped (unlike the La Guéronnières and Cassagnacs) the degradation of being a hireling Napoleonic journalist. Notwithstanding this refusal, towards the first days of Vendémiaire, *an IX.*, Barère received a letter from the first consul, inviting him to the Tuileries. This time he was requested to read a pamphlet of Sir Francis D'Ivernois, and to intimate to the consul whether it was worth a reply. At the end of three days he produced an analysis of the work, and was commissioned to write an answer to it.

Notwithstanding these services, Barère was suspected by some of the officials of police, and we believe unjustly suspected, to be implicated in the conspiracy of Arena Ceracchi and Topino Lebrun.

During the peace of Amiens, many English, as our readers are aware, visited Paris. With several of these Barère was intimate.

He frequently saw Erskine, and his son, the present lord; also a friend of Erskine, described as Mr. Mackensie Coeffhis, a name unpronounceable as unexisting then or now. Sometimes, also, he was visited by Lord Greacen (probably the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan) and Mr. Green, M.P. Barère states that he believes the majority of distinguished English came to Paris at that time to inquire into the projects, views, and character of Bonaparte, and the *ex-conventionnel* endeavored to throw a light on the subject of their inquiries by describing Bonaparte as the most ambitious, the proudest, the most imperious man, and the greatest enemy to liberty that ever existed.

Barère relates to us a singular conversation which he had in 1803 with John Kemble, in the rooms of Mr. Green, at the Hôtel de Tivoli, Rue St. Lazar. The question was the liberty of the press, and Barère contended that as the bile of the emperor was every day stirred up by attacks in our newspapers, it would be better that our ministers should suppress these insulting expressions, and thereby maintain good harmony between two great, powerful, industrious, and civilized nations. No sooner had the *ex-conventionnel* uttered these words than John Kemble vehemently struck the table, exclaiming, "Monsieur Barère, if there were a minister in England who should dare to impose on the press any such base conditions as not to speak of the first consul, and who should thus seek to extinguish liberty of opinion, I would, even though that minister were Mr. Pitt, place myself at the head of a mob to demolish his house." In 1803, Barère, in the confidence of friendship, and addressing Englishmen so well known as Erskine and Burdett, spoke of the Republic as a form of government impossible to realize, or to render in harmony with the French character.

Occasionally Barère affords most valuable testimony as to the state of individual and general opinion in France. Thus he tells us, that when he went, in 1808, to the waters of Cauterets, in the Pyrenees, Marshal Lannes, who was there, never ceased to declaim against the Spanish war, and to predict that this mad ambition of Bonaparte would decimate the generals, and hasten the fall of the emperor. The shattered and worn out Murat, whom Barère encountered soon after at Bareges, attested by his appearance how much he suffered by carrying into effect the policy of his brother-in-law at Madrid. Under the head of 1812, Barère tells us the immense discontent produced by the continental sys-

tem of Bonaparte. One does not wonder at this when, by an imperial decree, the penalty of death, with the confiscation of cargo and ship, was imposed on every captain who brought into port an English journal!

Arbitrary suppressions of journals and domiciliary visits made at the houses of writers were as common in 1812 as in 1851, '52, and '53. Barère gives an account of how the *Courier de l'Europe*, in which he had an interest, was summarily dealt with by Savary, Minister of Police, who appeared to him more of a *gendarme* than a minister. Over the years 1812 and '13 Barère very quickly passes. He tells us, and truly, that 700,000 French were destroyed in Russia, and that after the events of that campaign even the idolaters of the emperor seemed to have lost faith in his star. Arriving at 1814, the Anti-English feelings of Barère—feelings which he had exhibited from an early date—burst forth with fresh fury. He is restrained neither by probability nor by truth, and gives vent to the most unbounded exaggerations, as well as to the most gratuitous falsehoods. He talks of Wellington having employed by turns violence and corruption, of his having permitted violence, pillage, rape, and every crime and horror incident to war. It were needless to attempt to refute calumnies such as these. We may, however, state generally, that when speaking of the English army and its commander, Barère seems to lose all sense of decency, truth, and discretion. In giving an account of his exile at Brussels, after the hundred days, he again returns to the attack, to calumniate Wellington, whom he charges with being rigorous to the French refugees. He calls this great man (chiefly distinguishable for a frank and tranquil spirit) "*esprit tracassier et turbulent*," "*Prefet de Police de la Sainte Alliance*," and "*agent militaire et politique de la Sainte Alliance plutôt que général Anglais*." All this rhodomontade is beneath contempt, but it shows the animus of the *ex conventionnel*. Again Barère speaks of "*L'orgueil des Anglais pour célébrer la seule victoire à laquelle ils aient assisté—Waterloo*." Trash of this kind is unworthy of reply. The man who penned it must have full well known, that from the days of Cressy and Agincourt down to Waterloo, the French and English never crossed bayonets in which the latter were not victorious. We have no desire to depreciate the bravery and courage of our gallant and martial neighbors, but we cannot permit history to be falsified even by a *directeur du Comité de Salut Publique*. When

Barère says "*Le Duc de Wellington a pillé la victoire*," and speaks of Waterloo as "*victoire unique dans cette guerre de vingt-cinq ans*," he forgets all the victories of Portugal and Spain down to Orthez and Toulouse.

Barère was not a man of first or even of second-rate ability, or a person of great learning and attainment, but for a few years he exercised very considerable power. He was sensible and observant, free from prejudices, except as relates to England; and as he writes in a pleasing, simple, and unpretending style, his memoirs, which were published in four volumes by Carnot and David d'Angers, were, and are, highly popular. The first restoration did not meddle with Barère, and allowed him to sojourn tranquilly at Paris. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Representatives, and labored in that capacity—to his credit, be it spoken—to give the country a constitution. When foreign armies were marching up to the gates of Paris, his was the voice that cried aloud to place the national representation under the safeguard of the people. On the return of Louis XVIII., Barère came under the law of 1816 with respect to regicides, and sought an asylum in Belgium. He remained at Brussels till the events of July, 1830, enabled him to return to France. He passed but a few days in Paris, retiring to his native town of Tarbes, in which he lived till the period of his death—an event which took place on the 13th of January, 1841, when he had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-five years. The memoirs of Barère throw a considerable light on events from 1789 to 1816, and are more especially valuable in exhibiting to us the condition of France from 1790 to 1800.

Two or three long articles in a magazine or review, or indeed a regular series of articles extending to six or eight, might be made out of memoirs having reference to Napoleon alone, not to speak of those bearing on the imperial family, comprising the brothers and sisters, the consorts, and mother of Napoleon. Within the space allotted to us here it is not our intention, in the present paper, to refer to more than one of these memoirs, and perhaps no more agreeable and anecdotal volumes can be touched upon than the *Mémoires Anecdotiques sur l'intérieur du Palais*, by M. de Bausset. M. de Bausset was prefect of the imperial palace from 1805 to 1814. He was nephew of the Bishop of Alais, afterwards peer of France, and cardi-

nal. M. Bausset was himself in early life intended for the priesthood, but the revolution changed his destiny, as indeed it did that of hundreds of others. While yet in the flower of his age he was attached to the emperor as chamberlain, and two months after the coronation—namely, in February, 1805, was named prefect of the imperial palace. His functions consisted in what is called a *service d'honneur* and in the *surveillance* of a part of the administration of the palace under the orders of the grand marshal, Duroc, afterwards Duke of Frioul. At a period when imperial etiquette is followed almost to the letter by the present occupant of the Tuileries, it may be of more than ordinary interest to make a few extracts from the work. To begin with the beginning. Napoleon, it seems, left his chamber exactly at nine o'clock, dressed for the day. The officers on service were the first admitted, and to them the emperor gave his orders. Immediately afterwards the *grandes entrées*, persons of the highest rank, were introduced. At half-past nine breakfast was served. The prefect of the palace announced this meal to the emperor, preceded him to the room in which it took place, and remained with the first *maitre d'hôtel*, who served his imperial master. Napoleon, De Bausset tells us, breakfasted on a small mahogany table, covered with a napkin. The prefect of the palace held his hat under his arm (how precise and circumstantial is M. le Prefet) and remained standing near this small table. Breakfast generally lasted about eight minutes, but when the emperor desired *de fermer son cabinet*, as he phrased it, the morning meal lasted longer, and nothing, on these occasions, could exceed the charm of the emperor's converse. The conversation of Napoleon, on these occasions, was rapid and picturesque, and such moments, De Bausset says, were the happiest of his life. Savants of the first renown, such as Monge, Berthollet, Costaz, Denon, and Corvisart, were admitted at this meal. Occasionally, too, the emperor received artists and men of talent, such as David, Gérard, Isabey, Talma, Fontaine, &c.

In his cabinet Napoleon received the ministers, directors general, &c., and these labors generally occupied him till six in the evening.

At six dinner was served. At the Tuileries or St. Cloud their majesties dined alone, except on Sunday, when the imperial family was admitted to the banquet. There was only one course, removed by dessert. The

emperor relished the simplest fare. He drank Chambertin only, and rarely unmixed with water. The family, on these occasions, was waited on by the pages, the valets de chambre, butlers, and carvers, never by livery servants. Dinner lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. The emperor never tasted liqueurs; his custom was to take two cups of coffee daily—one in the morning, after his breakfast, the other after his dinner. Such as are curious in imperial expenditure will find an exact account of the cost of washing, lighting, firing, of kitchen, of butlerage, of cellarage, of silver, of linen, of porcelain, of kitchen range, &c., in M. de Bausset's first volume.

We prefer extracting an ordinary dinner bill of fare. These dinners consisted of two soups, two removes, four entrées, two roasts, four entremets, and two dishes of vegetables, and were as follows:—

Two Soups.

Purée de marrons.
Macaroni.

Two Removes.

Brochet à la Chambord.
Culotte de bœuf garni.

Four Entrées.

Filets de perdreaux à la Monglas.
Filets de canards sauvages au fumet de gibier.
Fricassée de poulet à la chevalière.
Cotelettes de mouton à la Soubise.

Two Roasts.

Chapon au cresson.
Quartier d'agneau, etc.

Many breakfasts and dinners passed over, says M. de Bausset, without a single word being spoken, so pre-occupied was the emperor with affairs of state.

Within a month or six weeks after these lines shall have met the public eye, it is likely that Pope Pius the Ninth will have started on his journey to Paris to crown Louis Napoleon. It may, under these circumstances, be interesting to state that when Pius the Seventh arrived in Paris, for the purpose of crowning the first Emperor Napoleon, his habits were not merely simple, but those of an anchorite. The whole year was one continual Lent to him. He ate *maigre* all the year round, and drank nothing but water, as when he was in his convent. Though this was the undoubted and notorious fact, yet M. de Bausset tells us that, in examining the accounts of the articles furnished for the table of the holy father, there was a daily de-

mand of five bottles of Chambertin. The edibles of the suite of the pope were of the best description, and given in great abundance, yet on one occasion the Count de B. discovered a Roman ecclesiastic attached to his holiness's household engaged in devouring a *poularde aux truffes*, which he had succeeded in surreptitiously subtracting from the table at which he had just dined.

With many superficial readers and observers it was, and is, a moot point whether Napoleon ever seriously meant an invasion of England. Such of our readers as have perused two or three articles which appeared in this magazine during the last sixteen months, have had abundant evidence laid before them that the plan of invasion was seriously and deliberately attended. M. de Bausset, before he was employed in the emperor's service, like many others, had been no believer that serious operations against our country, by means of invasion, were meditated; but as soon as he became initiated into the emperor's secrets, he changed his opinion, and entertained the conviction that a serious blow was meant against *perfidie Albion*.

Though M. de Bausset was not a military man, he nevertheless accompanied his master in more than one campaign, and from his being charged with no functions, either military or diplomatic, had probably more leisure to observe the emperor than those more actively engaged. He tells us that in camp his manner of life was the most frugal, that he received the common soldier who desired to speak to him with uniform civility, and lived as simply as any one of the army. The commonest aliments, and the most simply dressed, obtained his preference. There was nothing he liked better than *œufs au miroir*, or *haricots en salade*. One of these dishes, with a little Parmesan cheese, generally composed his breakfast. At dinner he ate sparingly, rarely of ragouts, and always of wholesome things. I have often heard him say, writes De Bausset, that however little one may have eaten at dinner, one always ate too much.

M. de Bausset tells us much of the private life of Josephine, and from all he states, we arrive at the conclusion that the general opinion entertained as to the grace, kindness, and excellence of heart of that princess, was fully warranted by facts. Many supposed Josephine merely light and frivolous, and without deep or profound feelings, but we know, from these volumes, that when the subject of divorce was first opened to her by

Napoleon, her anguish was extreme. De Bausset describes her screams and lamentations as most painful and afflicting. *Non, je n'y survivrai point!* she cried, with piercing agony, and fell senseless on the floor. It was on this occasion that De Bausset, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, was called in by the emperor. "*Entrez, Bausset,*" said Napoleon, "*et fermez la porte.*" It was with some difficulty even that the prefect of the palace and his imperial master were enabled to remove Josephine to her chamber, where her female attendants were rung for.

The abnegation and self-denial of the empress in the household of her husband were extreme. It frequently happened, when pressed by business, that the emperor altogether forgot the hour of dinner, and did not leave his *cabinet de travail* till nine, ten, or eleven o'clock at night. The weary hours from six o'clock were spent by Josephine in waiting for him, when his remark would be, *Mais je crois qu'il est un peu tard—je croyais avoir dîné.*

After the divorce, De Bausset tells us that he was one of those sent on the part of the emperor to receive Marie Louise, the new bride, on the frontiers at Branau. The French *cortège* was composed of the Duchess de Montebello, lady of honor, of the Countess of Lucay, *dame d'atours*, the Duchess de Bassano, the Countess de Montmorency, de Mortemart, and de Bouillé, Jauffret, Bishop of Metz, almoner, the Count de Beauharnais, Prince Aldobrandini Borghese, *premier écuyer*, the Counts d'Aubusson de Bearn, d'Angosse, and De Barod, chamberlains; the Count de Seyssel, master of the ceremonies, and de Bausset, prefect of the palace, and others. So anxious were the French party to gain a view of the future empress when she should arrive on the neutral territory, where both parties were to meet, that De Bausset states he obtained a gimlet and bored several holes in the partition which divided the Austrian from the French cortege. The French ladies of course were the most anxious for the first stolen peep. To all the party the empress appeared perfect, at least on a first view. Her figure was perfect, her hair beautifully blonde, while her blue eyes disclosed candor and ingenuousness, and her countenance and expression denoted a kindly feeling and freshness.

We do not go over the journey of Marie Louise through Germany. At Munich, at Stuttgart, and at Carlsruhe, she received letters from the emperor, each borne to her by Frenchmen of distinction. The letter pre-

sented to her imperial majesty at Munich was delivered by M. St. Aignan. It painfully affected her, for it obliged her to separate from her governess, the Countess of Lazanski, to whom she was much attached. The etiquette of courts, however, says the inexorable De Bausset, admits of no consideration, and counts as nothing the sentiments and affections of the heart. It has often happened (and here the prefect of the imperial palace speaks truth) that princesses who brought with them strangers to the country of their settlement and adoption, have either from habit or facility of character, allowed themselves to be influenced. It is, therefore, the established usage that a princess about to be married to a sovereign prince should come alone, should forget her past, and commence, as it were, a new life.

On her entering the French territory Marie Louise was received with acclamations. At Strasburgh she was met by the first page of the emperor, who delivered a letter from Napoleon, presented her majesty with the rarest flowers, and pheasants shot by the emperor himself.

De Bausset, in his second volume, speaks a good deal of the King of Holland, the putative father of the present Emperor of the French. We find him repeating the old, and we believe the true, story of the *accidente funeste*, which happened to Louis at Verona, in 1805. This story he gives in the very words of the emperor himself, which we here transcribe. *Ce pauvre Louis*, (meaning the father of Louis Napoleon) *c'est ici, dans cette même ville, et dans les campagnes d'Italie, qu'il éprouva l'accident le plus funeste. A une heure de nuit une femme qu'il connaissait à peine, viola son domicile; depuis ce temps il est livré à des agitations nerveuses variables, selon l'atmosphère, et dont il n'a jamais pu se guérir.*

De Bausset enters at length into a history of the travail of Marie Louise, and the birth of the King of Rome. It appears that, on this memorable occasion, there were three and twenty persons in the bed-room of the young mother. Among these were Mesdames de Montesquiou, de Montibello, and de Lucay; Messieurs Corvisart, Dubois, and Bourdier, physicians of the emperor; Bourdois and Antin, *médecins des enfans de France*, together with nurses, &c.

We have heard much talk, during the last two months, of the pope and the respect which Napoleon entertained for the holy father, but we find no trace of these feelings in M. de Bausset's book. On the contrary, an ill-dis-

guised contempt for the papacy, which Bonaparte used as a mere instrument, everywhere appears. In an after-dinner conversation with Kellerman, Bonaparte related to the marshal that Pius VII., after having signed the concordat of his own free will, wished a week afterwards to slip out of the contract solemnly entered into. But I answered him, said Napoleon, that what he asked was contrary to the interests of France, and that *being moreover infallible, he could not be in error*. At this the marshal laughed immoderately. Napoleon, regardless of the effect which his words produced, went on to speak of the papacy as a vicious government. He called the conclave *ce serail politique*.

M. de Bausset was one of those who accompanied the empress and the King of Rome to Blois, and who was charged by that princess with a letter for her father, the Emperor of Austria, and for her husband Napoleon, when Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte and Cambacérés were desirous of forcing her to quit the capital of Loir et Cher. In delivering, or rather in the effort to deliver, these letters, the prefect of the palace came into contact with Metternich and Talleyrand—the house of the latter being *le point central où toutes les ambitions—toutes les prétensions venaient aboutir*. Perceiving the number of persons, assiduous courtiers of Napoleon who were at that moment of the turning point of his fortunes hanging about the antechamber of the new government about to be installed, M. de Bausset sorrowfully remarks, “I noticed that the individuals whose devotion and enthusiasm in the imperial government had much struck me were precisely those who had placed the largest white cockades in their hats.” So, in truth, it has been in France. Within a little month after the period, De Bausset and the whole world saw, with amazement, most of the men who had gained rank, wealth, and fame from Bonaparte, turn to the Bourbons with shameless and surprising servility.

The Bourbons and the elder Bonaparte have now passed, and another Bonaparte, without either the blood or the genius of the first emperor, occupies his place. But how long he may occupy it is not given unto living man to tell. Bourienne, in concluding his work regarding the wonders and miracles he had seen, says that in writing of the events in which he had been a spectator, and in many of which he had been an actor, he almost thinks he had been recording a fairy tale, so suddenly did so much splendor and glory vanish. If he had lived till 1852-3,

what must have been his reflections? If so much dazzling splendor and glory passed away in 1815 like a sick man's dream, what must be the end of the dominion of the feet of clay without the head of gold? The end

must be even more unsubstantial and ephemeral, more of smoke and empty air than the stuff that dreams are made of. The notice of other royalist and Napoleonic memoirs must be deferred.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LAST HOURS OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. MAJOR WARD.

On the night of the fifth of May, 1821, a young ensign of the 66th regiment, quartered at St. Helena, was wending his solitary way along the path leading from the plain of Deadwood to his barracks, situated on a patch of table-land called Francis Plain. The road was dreary, for to the left yawned a vast chasm, the remains of a crater, and known to the islanders as the "Devil's Punchbowl;" although the weather had been perfectly calm, puffs of wind occasionally issued from the neighboring valleys; and at last, one of these puffs having got into a gully, had so much ado to get out of it, that it shrieked, and moaned, and gibbered, till it burst its bonds with a roar like thunder—and dragged up in its wrath, on its passage to the sea, a few shrubs and one of those fair willows, beneath which Napoleon, first Emperor of France, had passed many a peaceful, if not a happy hour of repose, surrounded by his faithful friends in exile.

This occurrence, not uncommon at St. Helena, has given rise to an idea, adopted even by Sir Walter Scott, that the soul of Napoleon had passed to another destiny on the wings of the storm spirit; but, so far from there being any tumult among the elements on that eventful night, the gust of wind I have alluded to was only heard by the few whose cottages dotted the green slopes of the neighboring mountains. But as that fair tree dropped, a whisper fell among the islanders that Napoleon was dead! No need to dwell upon what abler pens than mine have recorded; the eagle's wings were folded, the dauntless eyes were closed, the last words, "*Tête arme*," had passed the faded lips, the proud heart had ceased to beat. . . . !

They arrayed the illustrious corpse in the

attire identified with Napoleon even at the present day; and among the jewelled honors of earth so profusely scattered upon the breast, rested the symbol of the faith he had professed. They shaded the magnificent brow with the unsightly cocked hat,* and stretched down the beautiful hands in ungraceful fashion; every one, in fact, is familiar with the attitude I describe, as well as with a death-like cast of the imperial head, from which a fine engraving has been taken. The cast is true enough to nature, but the character of the engraving is spoiled by the addition of a laurel wreath on the lofty but insensate brow.

Now about this cast there is a *historiette* with which it is quite time the public should become more intimately acquainted; it caused a subject of litigation, the particulars of which are detailed in the *Times* newspaper of 1821, but to which I have no opportunity of referring just now. Evidence, however, was unfortunately wanting at the necessary moment, and the complainant's case fell to the ground. The facts are these:—

The day after Napoleon's decease, the young officer I have alluded to, instigated by emotions which drew vast numbers to Longwood-house, found himself within the very death-chamber of Napoleon. After the first thrill of awe had subsided, he sat down, and on the fly-leaf torn from a book, and given him by General Bertrand, he took a rapid but faithful sketch of the deceased emperor. Earlier in the day, the officer had accompanied his friend Dr. Burton, of the 66th regiment,

* The coffin being too short to admit this array in the order proposed, the hat was placed at the feet before interment.

through certain paths in the island, in order to collect material for making a composition resembling plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking the cast with as little delay after death as possible. Dr. Burton, having prepared the composition, set to work and completed the task satisfactorily. The cast being moist was not easy to remove, and, at Dr. Burton's request, a tray was brought from Madame Bertrand's apartments, madame herself holding it to receive the precious deposit. Mr. —, the ensign above alluded to, impressed with the value of such a memento, offered to take charge of it at his quarters till it was dry enough to be removed to Dr. Burton's; Madame Bertrand, however, pleaded so hard to have the care of it, that the two gentlemen, both Irishmen and soldiers, yielded to her entreaties, and she withdrew with the treasure, which she *never afterwards would resign*.

There can scarcely, therefore, be a question that the casts and engravings of Napoleon, now sold as emanating from the skill and reverence of Automarchi, are from the original taken by Dr. Burton. We can only rest on circumstantial evidence, which the reader will allow is most conclusive. It is to be regretted that Dr. Burton's cast and that *supposed* to have been taken by Automarchi were not *both* demanded in evidence at the trial in 1821.

The engraving I have spoken of has been Italianized by Automarchi, the name inscribed beneath being *Napoleone*.

So completely was the daily history of Napoleon's life at St. Helena a sealed record, that on the arrival of papers from England, the first question asked by the islanders and the officers of the garrison, was, "What news of Bonaparte?" Under such circumstances it was natural that an intense curiosity should be felt concerning every movement of the mysterious and ill-starred exile. Our young soldier one night fairly risked his commission for the chance of a glimpse behind the curtains of the Longwood windows; and, after all, saw nothing but the imperial form, from the knees downwards. Every night, at sunset, a *cordon* of sentries was drawn round the Longwood plantations. Slipping between the sentinels, the venturesome youth crept, under cover of trees, to a lighted window of the mansion. The curtains were not drawn, but the blind was lowered. Between the latter, however, and the window-frame were two or three inches of space; so down knelt Mr. —! Some one was walking up and down the apartment, which was brilliantly illumin-

ated.* The footsteps drew nearer, and Mr. — saw the diamond buckles of a pair of thin shoes; then two well-formed lower limbs, encased in silk stockings; and, lastly, the edge of a coat, lined with white silk. On a sofa, at a little distance, was seated Madame Bertrand, with her boy leaning on her knee; and some one was probably writing under Napoleon's dictation, for the Emperor was speaking slowly and distinctly. Mr. — slipped back to his guard-house, satisfied with having *heard the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

Mr. — had an opportunity of seeing the great captive at a distance on the very last occasion that Bonaparte breathed the outer air. It was a bright morning when the sergeant of the guard at Longwood-gate informed our ensign that "General Bonaparte" was in the garden on which the guard-room looked. Mr. — seized his spy-glass, and took a breathless survey of Napoleon, who was standing in front of his house with one of his generals. Something on the ground attracted his notice; he stooped to examine—probably a colony of ants, whose movements he watched with interest—when the music of a band at a distance stirred the air on Deadwood plain, and he who once had led multitudes forth at his slightest word, now wended his melancholy way through the grounds of Longwood, to catch a distant glimpse of a British regiment under inspection.

We have in our possession a small signal-book, which was used at St. Helena during the period of Napoleon's exile. The following passages will give some idea of the system of vigilance which it was thought necessary to exercise lest the world should again be suddenly uproused by the appearance of the French emperor on the battle-grounds of Europe. It is not for me to offer any opinion on such a system, but I take leave to say, that I never yet heard any British officer acknowledge that he would have accepted the authority of governor under the burden of the duties it entailed. In a word, although every one admits the difficulties and responsibilities of Sir Hudson Lowe's position, all deprecate the system to which he considered himself obliged to bend.

But the signal-book! Here are some of the passages which passed from hill to val-

* Napoleon's dining-room lamp, from Longwood, is, I believe, still in the possession of the 91st Regiment, it having been purchased by the officers at St. Helena in 1836.

ley, while Napoleon took his daily ride within the boundary prescribed :

"General Bonaparte has left Longwood."

"General Bonaparte has passed the guards."

"General Bonaparte is at Hutt's-gate."*

"General Bonaparte is missing."

The latter paragraph resulted from General Bonaparte having, in the course of his ride, turned an angle of a hill, or descended some valley beyond the ken, for a few minutes, of the men working the telegraphs on the hills !

It was not permitted that the once Emperor of France should be designated by any other title than *General Bonaparte* ; and, alas ! innumerable were the squabbles that arose between the governor and his captive, because the British ministry had made this puerile order peremptory. I have now no hesitation in making known the great duke's opinion on this subject, which was transmitted to me two years ago, by one who for some months every year held daily intercourse with his grace, but who could not, while the duke was living, permit me to publish what had been expressed in private conversation.

"I would have taken care that he did not escape from St. Helena," said Wellington ; "but he might have been addressed by any name he pleased."

I cannot close this paper without saying a word or two on the condition of the buildings once occupied by the most illustrious and most unfortunate of exiles.

It is well known that Napoleon never would inhabit the house which was latterly erected at Longwood for his reception ; that he said "it would serve for his tomb ;" and that the slabs from the kitchen *did* actually form part of the vault in which he was placed, in his favorite valley beneath the willows, and near the fountain whose crystal waters had so often refreshed him. This abode, therefore, is not invested with the same interest as his real residence, well-named the "Old House at Longwood ;" for a more crazy, wretched, filthy barn, it would scarcely be possible to meet with ; and many painful emotions have filled my heart during nearly a four years' sojourn on "the rock ;" as I have seen French soldiers and sailors march gravely and decorously to the spot, hallowed, in their eyes, of course, by its associations with their invisible, but unforget-

ten idol, and degraded, it must be admitted, by the change it has undergone. Indeed, few French persons can be brought to believe that it ever was a decent abode ; and no one can deny that it must outrage the feelings of a people like the French, so especially affected by associations, to see the bed-chamber of their former emperor a dirty stable, and the room in which he breathed his last sigh, appropriated to the purposes of winnowing and threshing wheat ! In the last-named room are two pathetic mementoes of affection. When Napoleon's remains were exhumed, in 1846, Counts Bertrand and Las Cases carried off with them, the former a piece of the boarded floor on which the emperor's bed had rested, the latter a stone from the wall pressed by the pillow of his dying chief.

Would that I had the influence to recommend to the British government, that these ruined, and I must add, desecrated buildings should be razed to the ground ; and that on their site should be erected a convalescent hospital for the sick of all ranks, of *both* services, and of *both* nations. Were the British and French governments to unite in this plan, how grand a sight would it be to behold the two nations shaking hands, so to speak, over the grave of Napoleon !

On offering this suggestion, when in Paris lately, to one of the nephews of the first Emperor Napoleon, the prince replied that "the idea was nobly philanthropic, but that England would never listen to it." I must add that his highness said this "rather in sorrow than in anger ;" then addressing Count L——, one of the faithful followers of Napoleon in exile, and asking him which mausoleum *he* preferred—the one in which we then stood, the dome of the *Invalides*, or the rock of St. Helena—he answered, to my surprise, "St. Helena ; for no grander monument than that can ever be raised to the emperor !"

Circumstances have made one little incident connected with this, our visit to the *Invalides*, most deeply interesting. Comte d'Orsay was of the party ; indeed it was in his elegant *atelier* we had all assembled, ere starting, to survey the mausoleum being prepared for the ashes of Napoleon. Suffering and debilitated as Comte D'Orsay was, precious, as critiques on art, were the words that fell from his lips during our progress through the work-rooms, as we stopped before the sculptures intended to adorn the vault wherein the sarcophagus is to rest. Ere leaving the works, the director, in exhibiting the solidity of the granite which is finally to encase Napoleon, struck

* At one time the abode of the Bertrands ; it overlooks the valley containing the tomb.

fire with a mallet from the magnificent block ; —“ See,” said Comte D’Orsay, “ though the dome of the *Invalides* may fall, France may yet light a torch at the tomb of her emperor.” I cannot remember the exact words, but such was their import ; Comte D’Orsay died a few weeks after this.

From the Westminster Review.

POEMS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

GOETHE has told us how much easier it is to wear a laurel crown than to find the head worthy to be crowned :

“ Ein Kranz ist gar viel leichter binden
Als ihm ein würdig Haupt zu finden ” —

but, little accustomed as critics are to weave crowns for poets now a days, Glasgow has this year shown us the head of a young poet who will, we believe, ere long make good his claim to the honor. Considering the mass of matured mediocrity and polished incapacity which is every year thrust upon a supremely inattentive public in the guise of poetry, one cannot conceive a more unattractive title than that of the volume we have undertaken to introduce to the reader’s notice. *Poems*, and by Alexander Smith ! who could be expected to look at them, unless previously assured that these poems were veritable poems—the blossoming of a young plant growing high up on the sides of the double-peaked Parnassus ? Yet we venture to assure the reader that no competent person can glance at these pages without at once discovering that they belong to a category in every way removed from that of the “ poetry ” which each quarter produces in abundance. Alexander Smith is a born singer ; a man of genius ; not a musical echo of other singers. He has faults enough to occupy an academy of critics, and these we shall presently indicate, but the faults are mainly those of youth—he is, we hear, only twenty-one. No such first publication can we remember ; what he will hereafter produce, if his intellectual progress be proportionate, will, we cannot doubt, place him among the foremost of English poets. But, to achieve this, to grow into the stature prophesied by his youth, he must deepen and extend his experience, enlarge the compass of his diapason, and prune the over-luxuriant

imagery which clusters about his thoughts thick as the blossoms in spring.

Leaving the future to the future, let us glance at what he has already achieved. This volume contains a long dialogue, mis-named a drama, setting forth the struggles of a young poet. Besides this *Life-Drama*, as it is ambitiously entitled, there are three short poems, and eight sonnets. Most of these have appeared in the *Critic* and the *Leader*, from which they are re-printed with slight alterations. The most striking characteristic of these poems is, their abundant *imagery*. And, by imagery, we do not mean what young gentlemen having “ the accomplishment of verse ” fatigue us with ; but fresh, vivid, concrete images actually present to the poet’s mind, and thrown out with a distinctiveness and a delicacy only poets can achieve. Nature is written over with varied symbols, and the poet reads them into intelligible meanings. Our extracts will make this sufficiently apparent. But while we note that—to use his own simile—

“ his chief joy
Is to draw images from every thing ;
And images lay thick upon our talk
As shells on ocean sands ” —

we must also note the youthful prodigality which, as in Keats, renders the verse cloying from its sweetness. He would seem richer were he not so rich. Something of this over-luxuriance is due to youth, and something to the extremely sensuous nature of his style.

And this leads us to the second characteristic—sensuousness. Because he is young, and has not yet learned wisdom, chastened by suffering—*παθηματα παθηματα*—his eager senses have embraced the world, and only sensuous offspring issue from his muse. The heights and depths of our nature have been seen by him as yet only in swift anticipative

glimpses, not in full and steady contemplation. That grave burden of imperious thought, and sad delicious suffering, quickening the spirit to higher impulses and to profounder utterances—that region of speculation and of sorrow which great poets have always traversed, and which impregnates their music as the bed of violets impregnates the south wind passing over it—has hitherto been no more than suspected by him. So that, on rising from his poems, we do not feel bettered; we do not feel that a great spirit has spoken from its depths to ours; we feel that a young and eager spirit has been singing in exultant life of all the glories and intoxications of beauty, joy, ambition, and wild hopes. Love, love, love! is the eternal hymn; and that, too, love of a brief and passionate kind, transient as the glowing colors of a sunset, eager as youth, impetuous and careless of the morrow; the love, in short, of youthful dreams, and not the grave devotion of a life.

With the sensuousness of imagery, and directness of fervid expression, there is necessarily connected a certain voluptuousness, which has excited the too hasty condemnation of some readers more refined than healthy. We cannot accept the objection. It is quite true that his muse is passionate, and sincere in the language of passion. If it seem too voluptuous, the reason is, that, from the causes before alluded to, it is too *exclusively* sensuous. But the language of passion, when sincere and reverent, is the language a poet is bound to use; one of the poet's functions is that of beautifying and ennobling such feelings; and he only merits reprobation, when, by cynicism, irreverence, insinuation, or conscious lubricity, he disgraces his office. No one can for an instant say that Alexander Smith incurs any such charge. He is pure, and reverent, earnest and sincere. With a strong sense of enjoyment, he mingles the most refined perceptions of what is beautiful and tender. There are, indeed, many who object to any expression whatever of these imperishable and holy instincts; but the objection springs from a perverted and unhealthy conception of literature. It belongs to that mistaken view of Art which has idealized disease: which has created the type of sickly heroines and impossible refinements. We have deserted Nature for the Hospital, and our most poetic flowers are *immortelles*.

We do not, therefore, bid Alexander Smith to tame the impassioned fervor of his language, we only want him to deepen

and extend the nature of his passion, making it the flaming utterance of his *whole* being, sensuous, moral, and intellectual, and then no one will have a fault to find. This, we have no doubt, will come to him in time, for he is essentially a *young* poet, one whose experience is of the varied aspects of earth and sky, and of his own fitful desires, not of the complexities and perplexities of life. What he has experienced he sings; and as Jean Paul notes of young poets, in his curious "*Vorschule der Aesthetik*," the novelty of their feelings seems to them a novelty of subjects, and that is the reason why they always either throw themselves into the Unknown and Unnamed, in foreign lands and epochs, without any individuality, or else throw themselves into the Lyrical—for in this last, there is no other nature to imitate than that which is within them—*oder vorzüglich auf das Lyrische; denn in diesen ist keiner Natur nachzuahmen als die mitgebracht*. Lyrical, indeed, Alexander Smith is above all things, and his poems are but the outpouring of this Lyrical feeling, excited by Nature, by Ambition, and by Love.

In the extracts we are about to quote, every one will recognize the magnificence of imagery, the rare felicity of expression, the intensely musical feeling, and the originality with which old materials are used. Much of the imagery reminds us of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, but the poet most constantly recalled is Keats. The *Life-Drama* is but of slender substance—a canvas whereon is woven tapestry of varied and exquisite pictures. Walter, a young poet, is followed,

"By strong ambition to outroll a lay,
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way."

But this hope is frustrated; he cannot be what he desires, the laurel-crowned victor:—

"Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave
A-leep in moonlight!
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul
A passion burns from basement to the cope.
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?

Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love

Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortalness
'To stand on time as on a pedestal;
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,

We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart,
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;
I am so cur-ed, and wear within my soul
A pang as fierce as Dives, drowsed with wine,
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;
Waked by a fiend in hell!—

'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me
*To fling a Poem like a comet, out,
Far-splendoring the sleepy realms of night.*
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
As when, upon a racking night, the wind
Draws the pale curtains of the vapory clouds,
And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.—Naught for me
But to creep quietly into my grave.”—pp. 2—4.

And he has the right sense of the poet's office:—

“My Friend! a Poet must ere long arise,
And with a regal song sun-crown this age,
As a saint's head is with a halo crown'd;—
One, who shall hallow Poetry to God
And to its own high use, for Poetry is
The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride;—

One, who shall fervent grasp the sword of song
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,
To find the quickest passage to the heart.
A mighty Poet whom this age shall choose
To be its spokesman to all coming times.
In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,
And grapple with the questions of all time,
And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul

Called up the buried prophet from his grave
To speak his doom, so shall this Poet-king
Call up the dead Past from its awful grave
To tell him of our future.”—pp. 25, 26.

Let Alexander Smith meditate on this his own conception, for hitherto he has shown little tendency to “grapple with the questions of his time.” To resume: after having loved, and struggled, been unhappy and disappointed, Walter rises to a clearer appreciation of his destiny, learns to care less for fame, and more for actual deed: indeed the “moral” of the poem may be found in this passage:—

“My life was a long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,

*And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning-deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
Which men call Fame. Our night is past;
We stand in precious sunrise, and beyond
A long day stretches to the very end.
Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!
Even puts on her jewels. Look! she sets,
Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
Upon the evening but a tide of awe,
And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,
Swells up within me, as the running brine
From the smooth-glistening, wide-heaving sea,
Grows in the creeks and channels of a stream
Until it threatens its banks. It is not joy,
'Tis sadness more divine.”—pp. 200, 201.*

It will be seen that this *Life-Drama* is a poem of episodes through which a passion runs—

“Like honeysuckle through a hedge of June.”

Here is one in a different style from anything we have quoted:—

“Within a city One was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common
doom,
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum, the boy clomb up
Into a shy and solitary youth.
With strange joys and strange sorrows, oft to
tears
He was moved, he knew not why, when he has
stood

Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feeling overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unspired and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Once did he say, ‘For me, I'd rather live
With this weak human heart and yearning blood,
Lonely as God, than mate with barren souls;
More brave, more beautiful, than myself must be
The man whom truly I can call my Friend;
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw
To higher heights of Being, and ever stand
O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the moon;
Soon as he fail in this, the crest and crown
Of noble friendship, he is naught to me.
What so unguessed as Death? Yet to the dead
It lies as plain as yesterday to us.
Let me go forward to my grave alone,
What need have I to linger by dry wells?
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he
read

Of those great spirits who went down like suns,

And left upon the mountain-tops of Death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a Poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come.
Alchemist Memory turned his past to gold.
When morn awakes against the dark wet earth,
Back to the morn she laughs with dewy eides,
Up goes her voice of larks! With like effect
Imagination opened on his life,
It lay all lovely in that rarer light.

He was with Nature on the sabbath-days.
Far from the dressed throngs and the city bella,
He gave his hot brows to the kissing wind,
While restless thoughts were stirring in his
heart.

'These worldly men will kill me with their
scorns,

But Nature never mocks or jeers at me;
Her dewy soothings of the earth and air
Do wean me from the thoughts that mad my
brain.

Our interviews are stolen. I can look,
Nature! in thy serene and griefless eyes
But at long intervals; yet, Nature! yet,
Thy silence and the fairness of thy face
Are present with me in the booming streets.
Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,
And disembowelled by the biting pick,
Kind Nature! thou hast taken to thyself;
Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mays,
Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed its
scars,

And hid its wounds and trenches deep in flowers.
So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,
Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,
Eftace the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,
The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain
With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm my
heart,

And the quick courses of my human blood.'
Thus would he muse and wander, till the sun
Reached the red west, where all the waiting
clouds,

Attired before in homely dun and gray,
Like Parasites that dress themselves in smiles
To feed a great man's eye, in haste put on
Their purple mantles rimmed with ragged gold,
And congregating in a shining crowd,
Flattered the sinking orb with faces bright.
As slow he journeyed home, the wanderer saw
The laboring fires come out against the dark,
For with the night the country seemed on flame;
Innumerable furnaces and pits,
And gloomy holds, in which that bright slave,
Fire,

Doth pant and toil all day and night for man,
Thro' large and angry lustres on the sky,
And shifting lights across the long black roads.

Dungeoned in poverty, he saw afar
The shining peaks of fame that wore the sun.
Most heavenly bright, they mocked him through
his bars.

A lost man wildered on the dreary sea,
When loneliness hath somewhat touched his
brain,

Doth shrink and shrink beneath the watching
sky,

Which hour by hour more plainly doth express
The features of a deadly enemy,
Drinking his woes with a most hungry eye.

E'en so, by constant staring on his ill,
They grew worse-featured; till, in his great
rage,

His spirit, like a roused sea, white with wrath,
Struck at the stars. 'Hold fast! Hold fast! my
brain!

Had I a curse to kill with, by yon Heaven!
I'd feast the worms to-night.' Dreadfuller words,
Whose very terror blanched his conscious lips,
He uttered in his hour of agony.

With quick and subtle poison in his veins,
With madness burning in his heart and brain,
Wild words, like lightnings, round his pallid lips,
He rushed to die in the very eyes of God.

'Twas late, for as he reached the open roads,
Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,
The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.

The city now was left long miles behind,
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars.
He reached its summit. Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he
stood,

Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.

He raised his hands. Alas! 'twas not in pray-
er—

He long had ceased to pray. 'Father,' he said,
'I wished to loose some music o'er Thy world,
To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,
And then to die in autumn with the flowers,
And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so well.
Thou mightst have smoothed my way to some
great end—

But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty
God.

This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds
Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,
Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self!
Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to
Thee?

My pangs? My tears of blood? They could
not move

Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.
Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, therefore
here,

To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,
Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,
And as my pale corpse fronts the glittering night,
It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds.
His death did not disturb that ancient Night.
Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung
Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with
stars—

No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths.

EDWARD.

Now, what a sullen-blooded fool was this,
At sulks with earth and Heaven! Could he not
Out-weep his passion like a blustering day,
And be clear-skied thereafter? He, poor wretch,
Must needs be famous. Lord! how Poets geck
At Fame, their idol. Call 't a worthless thing,

Colder than lunar rainbows, changefuller
Than sleeked purples on a pigeon's neck,
 More transitory than a woman's loves,
 The bubbles of her heart—and yet each mocker
 Would gladly sell his soul for one sweet crumb
 To roll beneath his tongue.

WALTER.

Alas! the youth,
 Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart
 As to live quiet days? When the heart-sick
 Earth

Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun,
And scoops her weary forehead to the night,
To struggle with her sorrow all alone,
The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,
Till she is calm. But in his sorrow's night
 He found no comforter. A man can bear
 A world's contempt when he has that within
 Which says he's worthy—when he contemns
 himself,
 There burns the hell. So this wild youth was
 foiled

In a great purpose—in an agony,
 In which he learned to hate and scorn himself,
 He foamed at God, and died.”—pp. 131-9.

There is not a page of this volume on
 which we cannot find some novel image,
 some Shakspearian felicity of expression, or
 some striking simile. Our long extracts
 have shown the crowded wealth of imagery
 carried by his verse: we will now select
 some shorter passages—every one a gem:—

UNREST.

“Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
 Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
 Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
 Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
 And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
 Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
 Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the fran-
 tic rain;
 We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
 In their strange penance. And this wretched
 orb
 Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
 Homeless and sobbing through the deep she
 goes.”—p. 85.

A CHILD.

“Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
 ’Tis ages since he made his youngest star.
 His hand was on thee as ’twere yesterday.
 Thou later Revelation! *Silver Stream,*
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow!”—pp. 85, 86.

LISTLESSNESS.

“*My drooping sails*
Flap idly ’gainst the mast of my intent.
I rot upon the waters when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.”—p. 104.

SOLITUDE.

“’Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
 From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,
 As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.”—p. 178.

RESOLUTION.

“I will throw off this dead and useless past,
 As a strong runner, straining for his life,
 Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds.
 A mighty purpose rises large and slow
 From out the fluctuations of my soul.
 As, ghost-like, *from the dim and tumbling sea*
Starts the completed moon.”—*Id.*

HOPELESSNESS.

“I see the future stretch
 All dark and barren as a rainy sea.”—p. 83.

Here is a string of pearls:—

“The lark is *singing in the blinding sky,*
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
 All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
 Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
 In Winter's front, so fair ’mong its dark peers,
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
 And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
 Finding its old companions gone away,
 It joined November's troop, then marching past;
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
 And all the while it holds within its hand
 A few half-withered flowers.”—pp. 111, 112.

Bettina says, that Goethe is always great
 upon the stars, as Homer is upon the sea.
 Alexander Smith seems to love both with an
 insatiable passion, and perfectly marvellous
 it is to see how incessantly they furnish him
 with images always new, always varied.
 Compare the passage just quoted, about the
 bridegroom sea, with this:—

“Better for man,
 Were he and Nature more familiar friends?
 His part is worst that touches this base world.
 Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
 Is gross with sand.”—p. 8.

Or this:

“If ye are fair,
 Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
 The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,
 The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
 Each shouldering for her smile.”—p. 7.

Equally fresh and manifold are the images
 with which he invests those primeval themes

—sunset and moonlight. By the way, we commend this exhaustless novelty on old subjects to the consideration of all who have little faith in the latent resources of the human mind, and who suspect that it has done its best and greatest in literature and art. Here are some passages in which the symbolic descriptions are of startling aptness and beauty:—

“One dreary morn
Your Book came to me, and I fondled it,
As though it were a pigeon sent from thee
With love beneath its wing. I read and read
Until the sun *lifted his cloudy lids*
And shot wild light along the leaping deep,
Then closed his eyes in death. I shed no tear,
I laid it down in silence, and went forth
Burdened with its sad thoughts: slowly I went;
And, as I wandered through the deepening gloom,
I saw the pale and penitential moon
Rise from dark waves that plucked at her, and go
Sorrowful up the sky.”—p. 196.

“I walked with him upon a windy night;
We saw the streaming moon flee through the sky
Pursued by all the dark and hungry clouds.”—
p. 185.

“Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
Of the diviner morrow, which even then
Is hurrying up the world's great side with light.”
—p. 105.

“The moon hides with a cloak of tender light
A scarr'd heart fed upon by hungry fires.”—p. 89.

The imagery is sometimes brief and pregnant in expression, as when he says:—

“And laughter fluttered thro' their after talk
As darts a bright bird in and out the leaves.”

Or in the Shakspearian wealth of imprisoned thought here:—

“I am drunk with joy.
This is a royal hour—the top of life.
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the
grave.”

In Currer Bell's novel, “Shirley,” there is a beautiful passage describing an April day, when “a sunbeam kissed the hill tops, making them smile in clear green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging dishevelled tresses of a cloud;” it is probable that Alexander Smith may have seen this passage, and that it was murmuring indistinctly in his ear when he wrote the following, for plagiarism is the last charge to be preferred against one so opulent.

WALTER.

“Poor child, poor child!
We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,
VOL. XXIX. NO. III.

Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close,
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs,
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now had naught but me and her great wrong.
She did not kill me with a single word,
But once she lifted her *tear-dabbled face*—
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
Into its burning throat, from that pale look,
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
It drives me out to the black moors at night,
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain,
And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,
Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn
Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!
It comes—*that face again, that white, white face,*
Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes,
That make me mad. Oh, save me from those eyes!
They will torment me even in the grave,
And burn on me in Tophet.

GIRL.

Where are you going?

WALTER.

My heart's on fire, by hell, and on I drive
To outer blackness like a blazing ship.
[He rushes away.]

To youth must be put down a certain carelessness of style, and occasionally of grammar, surprising in one so keenly alive to the felicities of expression; there are Scotticisms and common-places no good reader of the proofs should have passed; and we were amazed to find him on the first page using this threadbare image:—

“As Moses' serpent the Egyptians' swallowed
One passion eats the rest.”

Nevertheless, the extracts we have given must have made manifest the fact, that here is a man possessing in an unusual degree the “vision and the faculty divine,” which, when moved by the momentum of richer experience, will create great poems. As Johnson was wont to say, “Sir, a man can only coin guineas in proportion to his gold,”—the finest faculty will be little more than sterile, unless it be employed on the right material. If a Phidias carve an image out of clay, it will perish like clay; the finest marble must be under the sculptor's hands, or all his genius will be wasted. That Alexander Smith has the creative faculty, we cannot doubt: it remains for the future to show whether that faculty will be exercised on common-place clay, or on rare and priceless marble.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

BOZZIES.

ENGLISH literature is poor in biography. It is true we have many "Lives," but not many of them are very life-like. Biography-writing is an art little studied. The author oftener thinks of himself than of his subject. If he be rhetorically inclined, he does not so much desire to convey to the reader an accurate picture of the Life delineated, as to astonish by fine writing and beautifully-rounded periods. These rhetorical lives are not worth much. They may dazzle, astonish, and even instruct, but they do not give us what we look for in a biography—a picture of how the man lived, how he dressed and ate, what he did, and what he said. The rhetorical biography is a kind of literary clothes-horse, on which the author exhibits himself. As for *life*, you see little of it; the subject is only taken as a peg to hang fine sentences upon.

There are biographies of another kind—men who collect all the letters, memoranda, scraps of writing, anecdotes at second-hand, rumors, reports, birth and marriage certificates, of a distinguished personage, and stowing them away in a book, which they "edit" as the "Life and Letters" of such a one; and forthwith a big book is issued from the press. Call this a biography! It is no such thing. It is an *omnium gatherum*, a *collectanea*, often a pile of rubbish, but not a Life. We have had many notable instances of this sort of manufacture lately, the most melancholy of which was the *Life of Wordsworth*, by his son. Southey fared rather better, but his *Life* too suffered in the ponderous six volumes of undigested, though admirable materials, which have recently been given to the world. Wilberforce's *Life*, though handsomely paid for, was another failure, originating in the same causes. For sons, even though they possess the requisite literary ability, are the last persons to write fairly and dispassionately the Lives of their parents. They draw a veil over those points of character which the world most wishes to see unveiled, and which give the chief interest to a biography. They think of their father's

fair name, and aim at reconciling editorial duties with filial love. And thus, often, the pith of the memoir is allowed to escape. Sir Samuel Romilly's life, by his son, is one of the best that has appeared: but, fortunately, the father had left behind him an excellent autobiography, which the son allowed to speak for itself, and there was left little more to be desired. To this we may add the extremely interesting *Life of Curran*, by his son—one of the best pieces of biography which has come to light of recent years.

Another biography of a highly-celebrated writer is now in course of publication, which seems to have been prepared in the same hasty manner. We allude to the *Life of Moore*, edited by Lord John Russell. Here we have, not a life, but a collection of materials. His lordship, greatly to his honor, has taken the trouble of arranging the papers which the illustrious poet left behind him, and then sent them so arranged to the publisher. Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, whose business is to make catalogues, might have done the work as well: he could have arranged the papers for the printer. But we looked for a biography—a picture of the living, writing, thinking man, by one who knew him; and we have, instead, little more than an arrangement of his papers for publication. It is true, Moore has left behind him a fragment of a diary, fresh and sparkling, which speaks for itself; but we want more than that, and trust the noble editor will yet, before he concludes his labors, supply a portraiture, without which the biography of the poet will be incomplete, and, in many respects, only partially intelligible.

It is said that Johnson, when he heard that Boswell intended to write a Life of him, threatened that he would prevent it by taking Boswell's! This rage of Johnson was doubtless caused by the lamentable manner in which so many great English Lives have been strangled by their biographers. For, good biographies are even rarer than well-spent lives; and many great men have been strangled after death by little men, who have attempted

to delineate them, but succeeded only in drawing their own pictures. Strange enough it is, that Boswell, who was so suspected by Johnson as an incompetent biographer, should have left us the most complete portraiture of a great English, living man, that is to be found in our language. And yet Boswell was no distinguished *littérateur*. Macaulay contemptuously calls him "a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb"—"one of the smallest men that ever lived." And yet this despised Boswell has written the best English biography—a book that is worthy of a place beside Plutarch. How is this? Why, because Boswell related that of which he knew, and because out of the fulness of his heart and memory his mouth spoke and his pen wrote. He gave us a real Life of Johnson—told us every minute detail about him, even to the kind of coat and wig he wore—the tea, fish sauce, and real-pie with plums, which he loved—his rolling walk and blinking eye—his foibles, vanities, and prejudices—his trick of touching the posts as he walked, and his superstition about entering a house with the right foot first—his habit of picking up and treasuring by him scraps of orange-peel—his gruntings—his vehement "you lie, Sir!"—his whirlwind eloquence—his fits of rage—his penitence—his gloomy moroseness, and sometimes his uncontrollable laughter. In fact, you have the man as he lived, written down by one who followed him like his shadow; or rather, who daguerreotyped him for us in sun-pictures which shall live forever in English biography. And not only is Johnson delineated as he lived in Boswell's pages, but by far the most characteristic traits in the life of Oliver Goldsmith—those which inform us as to the life, and character, and dress, and conversation, of that simple-minded being—are also to be found recorded there. And so of many others of Johnson's distinguished contemporaries, of whom, but for James Boswell, we should now have known comparatively little.

Carlyle, in his admirable article on Samuel Johnson, originally published in *Fraser*, has done much to rescue Boswell from the obloquy and contempt which recent commentators have sought to cast upon his name. True, he was a weak, vain man—something of a *flunkey*. Yet was he a hero-worshipper. He might not have the capacity of being a notable man himself; but he admired all such, and Samuel Johnson was the hero whom he idolized. The man who had in him this intense admiration of a character such as Johnson's could not be so utterly worthless. "It is," says Carlyle, "one of the strangest phe-

nomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of discipleship (such as brought men from far countries, with rich gifts and prostrate souls to the feet of the Prophets), had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does) perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart, James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognizing world. The worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted yet enthusiastic man, doffing his advocate-wig, regularly take post and hurry up to London, for the sake of his sage chiefly, as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the Sabbath of his whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour-tempered blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger), and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honor, as from a fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have been laughed at than envied; his officious, whisking, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden, but only leaden, opinions. His devout discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean spanielship in the general eye. . . . There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living Wisdom is quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the Godlike to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that loyalty, discipleship, all that was ever meant by *hero worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness (or real martyr) to this high, everlasting truth."

It was through this intense admiration for Johnson, that Boswell was enabled to produce his life-breathing biography; and although many great literary men have lived since his time, they have been able to produce nothing equal to it. We want more Bozzies—men

with a heart and an eye to discern character and to recognize wisdom—with free insight, simple love, and childlike open-mindedness. We have more than enough of rhetorical and didactic talent, but in biography it is out of place. We want faithful delineations of character, which is nature in its highest form; and it is matter for thankfulness that brilliant powers are not needed for its true appreciation. Your Bozzies are the best historians of their age, and often teach us more than Hume or Robertson can do. Even the garrulous Samuel Pepys may tell us more of the real life of his "Own Times" than a Burnet or a Swift.

What would we not give for a Bozzy's account of Shakspeare?—Shakspeare, the man of men, of whose private life so little is known? Indeed, his only autobiography is to be found in his sonnets. But we should like to know how Shakspeare lived, how he dressed, even what kind of stockings he wore, what were his habits, his times of rising up and lying down, whether he wrote in dressing-gown and slippers, how he worked and fared, who his companions and friends were, and, above all, what was his talk and familiar conversation, what were his speculations about life and death, and wealth and poverty, and what was the daily life of the men and women about him. We have only occasional glimpses of these subjects in his noble works; but then, to have his familiar talk jotted down for us, his recollections of his boyhood and of his adventures in the woods of Charlecote; and then his struggles amid London life—how he took to the stage, what was his history there, how he worked his way up to proprietorship in the Blackfriars theatre, what was his life when he went back, full of deep-welling thoughts, to that quiet country life at Stratford-on-Avon, where he died—who would not wish to have all this related to him, as Boswell has related the story of Johnson's career? But, as it is, Shakspeare's life is written in his works; and more than they tell us we can scarcely be said to know. About all such great men there is the most natural desire to know much. The world's eyes are turned to them. We want to know their individuality and manner of existence, which may often be full of profit and instruction for us. But we are curious also as to their features, and looks, and dress, and sayings, and even their most indifferent actions—the record of which only Bozzies can duly note for our satisfaction. Your "distinguished writers" have rarely eyes for such small matter. They are so apt

to make the subject of their book a mirror in which they wish to see themselves. The lives they write are not biographies, so much as the dry bones of a body, which should have been alive. It is only the loving, gossiping Bozzies who can adequately satisfy us about the matters we are most desirous to know.

Autobiographies are very instructive; indeed, Johnson has said that every man's life may be best written by himself. But those who write their own lives are apt to omit the very things in which the world takes most interest. A man is not always the best judge himself. He is disposed to paint himself *en beau*; otherwise he were scarcely human. Rousseau is the only writer who has been honest in this respect, and there may have been an affection in his confession of faults, not altogether truthful. Hear Rousseau himself on this point:—

"No one can write a man's life so well as himself. His interior being, his true life, is known to himself alone; but, in writing, he disguises it; under the name of a Life he makes an apology; he shows himself as he would like to be seen, but not at all as he is. The sincere are more or less truthful in what they say, but they are more or less false through reservations; and what they conceal has such a bearing on what they avow, that, in telling only a part of the truth, they in reality say nothing. I place Montaigne at the head of these *false sincere* writers, who would deceive you even in relating what is true. He paints himself with his faults, but then they are only amiable ones; there is no man who has not hateful faults too. Montaigne paints himself like, but only in profile. Who knows but that some gash on the cheek, or a cast in the eye, on the side concealed from us, would not have totally altered the expression of the countenance?"

A man cannot speak freely of himself in his autobiography. As the old Highland proverb has it—"Were the best man's faults written on his forehead, he would pull his bonnet over his brow." Could you expect him to put them in his biography? And Voltaire has observed in the same spirit, "Every man has a wild beast within him. Few know how to chain him. The greater number give him the rein except when the fear of the law holds them back." You cannot expect men to tell you honestly how they manage with their "wild beast." We would rather believe in the Bozzy, to the extent of his observation.

Of recent biographies, Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, and Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, furnish apposite illustrations. The former is a real, living portrait; it lets you into the actual life of an earnest man—paints him as he lived, and thought, and worked; it is a life worthy of Plutarch. The latter—the life of *Lord George Bentinck*—is a political pamphlet rather than a life. There is here and there to be found a little of the biographic lath and plaster; but we will venture to say that a better idea of Lord George

Bentinck as a *man* might be obtained from a brief conversation with one of his servants or grooms than from this so-called biography. It is a mere clothes-horse, on which Mr. Disraeli displays his collection of political wares. It is little better than *réchauffé* of Hansard: certainly it is not the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*.

The French greatly excel us in biography and memoirs; but this topic we reserve for some future number.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TUILERIES FROM 1815.

THE most futile of all attempts, whether in politics, or in taste, is to resuscitate the past. The past may have been very good, very exemplary, very sublime, very praiseworthy, but whatever it was, it is past, and cannot be resuscitated. And all attempts to revive a system of government, or a peculiar aspect of religion, a phase of taste, as they occurred centuries ago, have always, and must always prove a failure. Take the present as it is, and anything may be made out of it. A despotism may be made out of a republican society, and purity may be awakened amongst the most thoughtless and suffering people, but to do this one must take things as they are, and start from the new point, instead of foolishly trying back for an old one.

The ultra party, which came back with the Bourbons, would never understand this. They not only wanted France to be monarchic, but monarchic as it was in 1780, which was an impossibility. They therefore brought back all the etiquette and pride, and obstruction of the old Court, with none of its fascinations and splendor. Pages might be written illustrative of them, but no number of pages, or variety of anecdotes, could depict it so strongly, as one very trifling circumstance. One of the greatest changes in the internal arrangement of the Tuileries effected by Napoleon, was the same, indeed, which had taken place in all French houses, viz., the establishment of a sane and well-ordered system of water-closets. One of the first acts of the Bourbons on re-entering

the Tuileries, was to order them all to be removed, as an innovation on ancient etiquette, and on the ancient *regime*!

There was little to alter in the château, however, except the erasure of the bees, and the substitution of the *fleur-de-lis*. There was a careful alteration of names, but of even these, some could not be changed. The great square hall at the top of the staircase, ornamented with pictures of the living marshals (when dead their effigies are transferred to the Invalides), still retained its title of the *Salle des Maréchaux*. This the Swiss guards tried to defend on the 10th of August, since when, many as have been the dynasties dethroned, no guard royal or imperial ever defended the palace of the Sovereign.

There were no festivities in the Tuileries until the Duc de Berri was married. The Duchess of Angoulême was occupied with works of charity, on which, indeed, she expended her allowance. Of every letter or petition that she received, she tore off the seal and threw it into a basket, and the contents were regularly sold and converted to pious uses. The Duchess knew nobody in France. She tried hard to learn a little of society, of who different ladies were, with their characters and leanings. But the persons she applied to to furnish her with such necessary information, were selfish and malignant, and the Duchess's receptions became often an insult, not a compliment, even to those the least deserving of such vengeance.

The Duchess of Berri came of a different school, from Naples, the hotbed of scandal,

true or false. She was as inclined to be indulgent, as the Duchess of Angoulême was to be severe. But the pregnancy of the Duchess of Berri, so fraught with joy to the royalists, was at the same time a continual source of terror. The attempts upon her life, and upon that she was about to bear, were frequent, and party did not shrink from employing petards with so base a purpose. This very naturally exasperated the royalists, and drove them from tolerating literature or politics, or trying conciliation in social life, when the Duc de Berri's murder brought matters to a climax, and forced Louis the Eighteenth to put himself into the hands of the ultras. Resentment was then the only thought at Court, nor did the lamentations cease till the Duc d'Angoulême's triumphant march through Spain changed it into confidence and exultation. The few pictures that Louis the Eighteenth ordered (he cared not for the arts) was the capture of the Trocadero—Delava painted it. It became one of the few pictures that ornamented the Tuileries, and was destroyed by the mob in 1830.

From 1824 the Duchess of Berri gathered influence. Her son and daughter were grown up. Her conduct was irreproachable, but still there were youth and spirit about her, which attracted the young of both sexes, and she made friends, which afterwards served her in her adventurous expeditions. The Duc de Berri, after his marriage, had lived at the Elysée, but after his death his widow retired to the Pavillon de Flore, and there by degrees gathered around her a little Court, that was not silenced by the gravity of the Duchess of Angoulême. There never were two people more like than the Duchess of Berri and Mademoiselle Dejazet, the actress, like in feature, like in spirit, like in rouge. It may be imagined that a Court thus presided over, bade fair to be a gay one.

No one has yet written the life of the Duchess of Berri, or given a picture either of her society at the Tuileries or her adventures in La Vendée. At least, very few and very meagre sketches have appeared. Even Lamartine, who has confined his volumes on the Restoration to much of Jerome's anecdotes and personal portraiture, too much respected the Duchess of Berri, as still living, to make free with her name and life. But whilst throwing a veil over the inhabitants of one wing of the Tuileries, he has left a most vivid picture of all that passed on the other. One may say, that he has applied a

photographic machine to those interviews between Louis the Eighteenth and Madame Du Cayla, which he depicts with so much unction and decorum. The truth was, that Louis the Eighteenth was so weary of life and so sickened after his being compelled to get rid of M. Decazes with the grands seigneurs, the grandes dames, and the high priests, whom his brother would alone tolerate at the Tuileries, that Louis the Eighteenth would do nothing for any of them. Deprived of the use of his limbs, of the enjoyment of his faculties, and even of his will, the poor king lay or sat like a huge hulk, offering nothing but a passive resistance to the sea of courtiers around him. He became unmanageable, pretty much as the late Emperor of Austria was, except that the latter was from his birth idiotic, and that Louis the Eighteenth was an *homme d'esprit*, of whose bodily infirmities his brother took advantage to coerce him. The same remedy was applied in both cases. A Tyrolese woman was found, who exercised a kind of fascination over the Emperor Ferdinand, and at her bidding he signed papers and went through the formal duties of royalty. Madame Du Cayla was introduced to Louis the Eighteenth and obtained the same influence over him. In both cases the relatives of the monarch, his old courtiers, and the priesthood got possession of the moving power, and influenced the monarch through her.

Louis the Eighteenth devoted his Wednesdays to Madame Du Cayla. On that day no one but herself was allowed to penetrate into his cabinet, and when she retired in the evening she was observed to carry with her through the Salle des Gardes—for she loved concealment—a bag containing fifty thousand francs. Lamartine considers Louis the Eighteenth and Madame Du Cayla as a pair of saints, and there seems to have been nothing faulty in their connection. But it made the Salle des Gardes laugh and gave birth to a host of anecdotes. The keeper of the seals, Peyronnet, once approached the monarch, who was, as then usual, slumbering in his chair. Louis, startled, exclaimed the name of Madame Du Cayla, which was Zoe. Peyronnet was indiscreet enough to tell the story, and he gained from it a *sobriquet*. He was called Robinson *Cruzoe*. But one must be almost a Frenchman to understand the pun.

Nothing so perplexed and annoyed the Duchess d'Angoulême and the Count d'Artois in the last months of Louis the Eighteenth's life, as his obstinacy in refusing to

receive the archbishop and to submit to the ceremonies which the Catholic Church imposes upon dying moments. He refused, as a condemned man would the visit of the executioner. At length Madame Du Cayla induced him to consent, and in so doing closed the door of the King's apartment against her for the rest of her days. Louis, grateful, made a will in her favor and left it on his desk. But Charles the Tenth entered his brother's cabinet, carried off all the papers, burnt the will, and made a beggarly compensation to Madame Du Cayla of a thousand a year for her life.

Singular to say, Charles the Tenth began his reign liberally and gaily. He restored the liberty of the press; he restored his *apanage* and rank to the Duke of Orleans. He courted popularity, and it was really not his hatred of the people or theirs of him that drove him to extremes. This was done by the royalists themselves, who went into opposition because they were indulged with office and with power. The great fault of Charles the Tenth was his not knowing how to manage a Court. He was austere, too much given to priestly solemnity. Could he have gathered his Court around him, given fêtes, and fallen somewhat into the ways of the ancient monarch, he might win over those royalists in his chamber who joined the liberals against him. He summoned Prince Polignac in anger, gave up everything to his gendarme, and retired with the Court to St. Cloud. There was the royal residence when the Ordonnances appeared.

But it was from the Tuileries, nevertheless, that Marmont issued his orders for putting down the insurrection. The struggle of 1830 began, in fact, between the people, excited to revolution heat in the Palais Royal, and crowded colonnades of the Théâtre Français, whilst the royalist officers and *état major* in the neighboring wings that stretch from the Tuileries, were provoked and sent the lancers to charge them. This was the evening of the 27th.

In the afternoon of the 29th the populace burst into the Tuileries, from whence merely a few shots were fired. One of them happened to strike a youth of the Polytechnic school, who was leading the assault. The victors carried him in with them, and placed him, dying, on the throne, and in the actual chair in the throne-room where Charles the Tenth had so lately sat. It was thus dyed with the blood of the popular hero, ere it was broken to pieces and its tapestried cover torn down.

There was an enthusiasm of honesty in those who first invaded the Tuileries. Any who attempted to plunder, were certain to be shot, as was the case with the poor devil who had secreted a huge pair of scissors, and tried to get off on the pretext that it was a weapon. There was a very large sum of money in one of the cellars, but none were broken open, at least on the first day. By degrees, however, all those who had families, business, or home elsewhere, evacuated the palace, but a large body remained behind, who had none of these things, ragged, homeless wretches, who thus succeeded to the Bourbon kings in the old palace of the race. They even found a commander, pretended to form a corps, and posted guards, armed either with lances or muskets, at the different gates and exits, letting none enter without the password. The same band kept possession of the Tuileries-garden. The leader of these fellows had apparently but a shabby uniform, and the Tuileries possessed no store of such clothes. He therefore donned a flowered silk *robe de chambre* of Charles the Tenth, and wrote his orders from a silken canopy. The cock of the band was a wonderful fellow, who robed himself in some feminine garments, and who proceeded to make a wondrous cuisine. The next day some authorities bade the occupants of the Tuileries to dislodge. They presented lances and bayonets and refused. Guards were then placed outside to prevent all ingress, and it was proposed to starve them into surrender. On this they threatened to burn the château. What was to be done? Some of the Polytechnicians, and of the young fellows, who afterwards formed the Garde Mobile, offered to march to the assault of the château. This offer was accepted. They were marshalled for the purpose, and the fellows inside were summoned for the last time to surrender. Surrender they would not, but they professed their willingness to treat. The negotiation lasted many anxious hours, and the Carousel was thronged with spectators, who came to see the château carried by assault. The chief condition they insisted on was the liberty of marching out in a body without any of them being searched. Amidst the boasted honesty and boasted courage of the time these conditions were granted them, and about one hundred and fifty ruffians marched with all the portable spoil of the Tuileries, and thereby with all the honors of war. Some of the rascals remained behind, and taunted the marauders on their mingled

qualities of patriots and burglars. But the National Guard erecting its head quarters in the château, cleared it by degrees even of the dregs of its late occupants.

After a few months' hesitation and timidity, Louis Philippe took up his station in Louis Dix-huit's easy chair, although even then Queen Amelia resisted long that final, and what she thought that fatal, move.

The revolution of July has been most graphically told by Dumas, who has reproduced and re-introduced his *Trois Mousquetaires*, or at least two of them in the persons of the two youths of the Polytechnic school, Charras and Lothon. The pictures are in general true, though Dumas, strangely enough, gives them the air of fable. He has preserved two most excellent and striking anecdotes. Some of the richest scenes of those days took place in the council chamber, which are well known and universally recounted. How good is the following answer of Louis Philippe to Dupin. The latter came up to the King, much huffed and indignant from some cause, no doubt for not being consulted, which, as member of the cabinet, *sans portefeuille*, he felt himself entitled to be. "I fear, sire," said Dupin, "we cannot live or set up our horses together any longer."—"I have been of this opinion myself a long time, M. Dupin," said the monarch; "but I had not the courage to express it."

It was droll enough, the succeeding ministries of the two bankers, neither of whom knew aught of true politics and who had but one idea each, Laffitte that of going on, and Perrier that of stopping short.

In the first year of Louis Philippe's reign and residence at the Tuileries, any one could mount the royal staircase on reception evenings, and that was almost every evening, give his name to the *huissier*, and walk or take part in the business or the converse of the hour. His Majesty was not the least surprised at seeing a visitor whom he had not the honor of knowing. Nor was there a master of the ceremonies to ask the impertinent question of, what brought him there? Indeed, a National Guard's uniform was a passport anywhere. These citizen soldiers alone kept guard over the palace; and for a long time the officers on duty dined at the royal table. The King, however, who picked his crown out of the dust, and got his fortune by negotiation with the vilest rabble, set quietly, gradually but carefully to polish the one, set the other to rights, and restore respect to both. But the expense of keeping

royal house frightened him. Louis Philippe was a man who could throw away a million upon masons, whilst he grudged francs to cook and *provéditeur*. He accordingly introduced into the Tuileries the rule, which he had observed in the Palais Royal, that of paying for banqueting expenses at so much a head, and contracting with a *restaurateur* to do it. Even the expenses of the Prince's *café* and eggs were taxed and arranged in the same precise and economic fashion. It was debated, which did least honor to the royal palace, the elder Bourbons, who from ideas of majesty refused to allow any one to dine with them, or the younger Bourbon, who invited every one to dine with him, but who gave no more sumptuous repast than could be procured at three francs a head. As kings, however, do not go out into mixed company, Louis Philippe's plan had the advantage of putting him in communication with all persons worth conversing with; and for the first years of his reign no one could be better or more fully informed. Latterly, as Louis Philippe grew old and testy and economic, and infirm, and shrunk from seeing any one save old acquaintances, he became so little aware of what was passing even astride his door, that February, 1848, took him completely by surprise.

One of the most striking scenes in the later numbers of Dumas' Memoirs, is that where the deputation, in July, 1830, goes to Neuilly to offer the crown to Louis Philippe, who was absent. The deputation could only find Louis Philippe's wife and sister, Queen Amelia and Madame Adelaide. The former indignantly refused the crown in her husband's name, but the latter with eagerness and adroitness accepted it. This sufficiently marks the difference between the two women,—the one desirous of keeping Louis Philippe a Bourbon prince, the other seeking to make him a revolutionary and liberal sovereign. Unfortunately Madame Adelaide died, leaving Odilon Barrot one of her executors; and the King became more of a Bourbon prince than before. Not only such men as Barrot and Thiers were banished from the Tuileries, but every free-spoken man. Louis Philippe became testy, and intolerant of contradiction. His trust in Guizot was unbounded, and Guizot alone was the welcome councillor of the Tuileries.

How did M. Guizot lose his hold of the King, and why was he not allowed to defend the Tuileries and the Crown? Simply because M. Guizot forgot one of the first and necessary traditions of the French statesman,

which is, always to wear a sword himself, or be associated with some one of eminent military reputation. The first requirement for any French government was an *illustre épée*. Louis Philippe had Gerard, but he was dead ; then Soult, who was superannuated. Lastly, Bugeaud, but Bugeaud quarrelled with Guizot, and would only act with Thiers. So that Guizot, having no general, was dismissed when the menacing moment came, and when Bugeaud was summoned, Thiers came necessarily with him. Bugeaud forthwith set himself to examine the means of defence, and found that there was no ammunition. The supply of so useful a material of war rested with the Duc de Montpensier, a boy, but governor of Vincennes. He had not made the requisite provision. Marshal Bugeaud accordingly refused to defend the King and his château.

In the meantime, the Tuileries presented the same anarchy which was observed after the revolution of 1830. Every one that pleased rushed up its staircase, and into the King's presence, to propose terms or offer advice. It was Emile de Girardin one moment, and M. Cremieux the next. What was the *cabinet de travail* of the King, was encumbered with people of all kinds. The King ran from it into his bedroom, and from his bedroom back into it, clothed in a kind of dressing jacket, greatly perturbed, now listening to some alarming reports, then comforting his family, which had crowded to his side ; then receiving a deputation, then retiring to ponder upon an answer. The editor of the "Constitutionnel," then an opposition paper, had come in with the others, and coolly sate himself down with pen and ink at a table, to be any one's and every one's secretary. He wrote out all kinds of proclamations and addresses and decrees, some of which appeared, and some did not. The Queen was more excited and indignant than the King ; and when persons entered to give friendly counsel, whom she knew to be at times conspiring against the King, she told them to leave the room. She saw too M. Cremieux, but he minded her not. The majesty that did hedge the Queen was lost upon the future members of the republican government. At last, it came to abdication, an act to which neither the King nor his family could have been brought, if the chiefs of the insurrection had not sent several guarantees, that, in that case, the throne should be secured to the little Count de Paris. This done, the old King put on his hat, took the Queen under his arm, and walked down the great stair-

case, and across the garden of the Tuileries, until they met a *fiacre*, in which the shipwrecked royalty embarked.

The King's abdication and departure were so sudden, that none even of the family were aware of it, except those who were present. The Duc de Nemours, with the Duchess of Orleans and children, went to the chamber, where they and their friends mismanaged and threw away a cause, which the staunchness of one general might have saved. The Ducs d'Aumale and Joinville were in Algiers. The Duc de Montpensier ought to have taken care of their wives. But they were forgotten, and the mob was in the Princess de Joinville's apartments before she fled, leaving her bonnet as a trophy. It would have been fortunate for the family of Orleans had any of these been arrested ; but they showed great alacrity of flight. The chief ruffianry of the mob was this time kept out of the Tuileries. They were allowed to wreak their barbarous fury on the Palais Royal and upon Neuilly. The more respectable tribe of insurgents took possession of the Tuileries, under the command of the famous chess player, St. Arnaud, who had been *caissier* of the "Temps."

As usual, after a revolution, the Tuileries returned to the keeping of the National Guard. The members of the Provisional government ensconced themselves in their several ministries. And when they went to the Council, it was to the Hotel de Ville, not the Tuileries. The latter palace remained tranquil. But the revolution of 1848 had precisely the same want of a high military officer, that Louis Philippe experienced. So great is the general respect in France for such a character, that a few days after the revolution, Bugeaud could show himself in the streets, and be well received. The great perplexity was the want of even a war minister. The Provisional government sent to Algiers for Cavaignac, who came, and we know the consequences. He conquered for the Moderates of the Assembly, he put the people down for them, and they in return asked the people to discard him, and to elect, as President of the Republic, the future Emperor of the French. It was after all an inevitable choice. Still it was for the newly elect a three years' struggle, against the revolutionists on the one hand, and the monarchists on the other.

The latter entrenched themselves in the Tuileries, under the command of Changarnier. All remember the long antagonism between the Tuileries and the Elysée. All know the

blinding zeal with which Changarnier carried on the war, as well as the persevering and cool adroitness of him who triumphed, and who wears the crown of his uncle in the old palace of the Tuileries.

Napoleon the Third has certainly gained very much in public opinion, and has assumed quite another position before it, since he quitted the Elysée, and has taken up his abode in the Tuileries. Report or calumny used to represent the Elysée as the retreat of dissipation and a place of orgy. Imagination is free to draw what picture it pleases of bachelor's life; but with an Empress at the Tuileries, an Empress well known and admired as a member of the higher circles of the metropolis, scandal has no longer a hold. The palace has been rendered far more hospitable and splendid, than it was even in Na-

poleon's time, although the taste of that day is restored, as far as is compatible with the ideas of this.

Napoleon the Third likes splendor, and show, and expenditure. He has greatly raised the salaries of all functionaries, but he insists on their spending them. He sets his face against the idea of a senator, whose sole equipage is his umbrella. Such measures at least render the imperial palace more like the abode of Kings, than it has been during the time when the Duchess of Angouleme received no one but her almoner, or when Louis Philippe dined his guests at so many francs a head. The French boast of themselves, that they like *égalité*, and yet we find them not reluctant to admit the claim of those who boldly and proudly assert superiority.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE NOVEL, CONSIDERED AS THE EPOS OF OUR TIME.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

"THE Novel is the Epos of our time," Adam Ohlenschläger has said, with striking truth. And though learned scholars have proved that the old Epos is not essentially a heroic poem—not the same as the "Epopée"—they admit the Epos to be an account of deeds and events in which a particular person is the chief actor, who, for that reason, becomes the hero or the heroine of the tale. Moreover, a great German scholar says, that the characteristic of the epic poem is, *that it contains what concerns all humanity*; but so does every narrative that honors man. The old Epos, and its younger brother, the Novel, seem thus to come so near to the heroic poem, that they may lay claim to its name, honor, and dignity.

But the hero of the epic poem of later days is not the same as that of the old one; and his life and exploits are measured on a different scale. The hero of the ancient Epos is generally a great champion, winning victories by fraud and carnage, and killing a great number of men; he his beautiful, brave, fortunate, and his great deeds are battles. The hero of the Novel is, above all, *man*—the feeling, think-

ing, moral man, in strife with the world, as he advances towards the aim that his genius points out.

The Epos of old acknowledges but few men; they are the favorites of the gods, the great and gifted ones on earth. The rest of mankind is merely the mob, serving, at the utmost, as a footstool for the elevation of the hero.

Of the modern Epos, every man may be a hero, every woman a heroine; because *man* is the chosen favorite, the one by God beloved, and summoned to high destinies, to the possession of an infinite kingdom. The difference arises from the old Epos being a heathen, whereas the Novel is baptized in the life of Christianity.

Christianity ascribes to every human soul an infinite value in the eyes of God, and an infinite possibility towards perfection. It places man as the innermost of creation.

The Novel took up the doctrine of revelation, and grouped around its hero nature, science, art, society, as his realm. In the Novel, the centre of life is man; and the problem his life has to solve is the redeeming and elevating of earthly existence. He is to be conqueror still,

but only to bless ; his first and greatest victories are to be won on an inner battle-field : if conqueror there, he will subdue the world.

The Novel, therefore, became essentially biographic. In the history of individual man, all that is human will be represented in every sphere of existence. The hero or the heroine of the Novel is the representative of the higher spiritual humanity, conquering devils and monsters by the power it gives, and is proclaimed the victor, in life or—in death.

To every man the Novel brings this exhortation : "Learn to conquer!"

The Novel is a manifold paraphrase of the word : "Behold the man!"

The Novel further says to man : "Behold thy world in all its beauty, ugliness, greatness, littleness, sweetness, bitterness ; in a word, in all its truth!"

To a clear-sighted critic, the great value and importance of the Novel, within literature, as means of higher improvement, cannot be questioned. To a discerning critic, the Novel must appear as one of the most influential productions of art that civilization has produced.

The great development that the Novel literature has attained in this century proves, in our opinion, the tendency of the age towards human improvement ; and if the Novel has become the favorite reading with all classes, it shows, as we think, their good taste and sound eye.

We are here ready to say, with Mme. de Sévigné, "*Mon ami, le public a bon nez, et ne se méprend guère.*"

The question about the value of the Novel should, consequently, be reduced to the inquiry as to the worth of this or that Novel, with regard to the problem it has to solve, as the epic poem of man.*

We do not deny that the Novel has often been mistaken in the solution of this problem ; that it has sometimes carried darkness and poison on its leaves, instead of light and healing life. This is its sin. But this ought no more to be imputed to the whole mass of Novels than the abominations of Nero can be ascribed to all mankind.

More frequently still, it has borne on its leaves joy, consolation, hope, strength, and healing life to the heart of man. It will do so in a higher degree, when it has come to

a clearer understanding of itself and its mission.

Richardson's *Pamela*, St. Pierre's *Chau-mière Indienne*, and, in later times, several noble English Novels, are beautiful and true epic poems in a Christian sense, justly beloved by all peoples, and patterns for the Epos of our time.*

Uncle Tom—the most read and most beloved book of the present day—is, in certain respects, still superior to these. There, not only nature, domestic life, and the questions of moral life, are grouped round the man who is the centre of the narrative ; but the deepest and most important political and social questions crowd for decision round that lonely, loving, bleeding, human heart, and receive from it their light and their doom.

And who is the hero here—who makes our hearts beat, our eyes involuntarily fill with tears ; who makes the peoples of two great continents, far divided by oceans, join in the same interest, the same grief, the same meditations, and makes them discuss a matter that concerns them all, because it concerns all humanity ? It is the poorest, the most destitute, the most despised of beings ; a man who can scarcely read, and not at all write—a miserable negro slave. But he is a *man*, in the highest sense of the word ; then he is a Christian, and humanity rejoices in him of its most exalted life. Thus far the divine hero has advanced in the redemption of humanity. And so far the Novel has followed in the traces of that divine hero in elevating man.

The Novel and its brethren, the Tale and the Sketch, have likewise the merit of making us acquainted with distant lands and nations in a more hearty and familiar way than other books. From narrations about travels, we get accounts of outward things and conditions. In scientific books, we learn about the geography and geology of a country ; its special plants and animals, &c. ; are made acquainted with the features of the people's character and institutions. But the Novel makes us look into the hearts, the inner life of the people ; it opens to us the home, and introduces us there to the father and mother, the youth and the girl, the child, the servant ; it shows us what is in that part of the world, the aim of their life, their joy and sorrow, labor and pastime ; it makes us see the trees

* In the Novel literature, we can discover two chief directions, like those that in the art of painting are called the Italian and Dutch schools. The former strives to represent the ideal, the latter rather a strong and life-like reality.

* In the English Novels, *Mary Barton* and *Alton Locke*, the great social questions of the day are discussed (in England) in their relation to man, who thereby stands forth in his most significant importance as a member of society. The political or social Novel appears on the stage.

that give them shade, the flowers that give them pleasure; in a word, it makes us behold man, in his whole human world, with the features peculiar to that country among that people.

And we scarcely know of a greater and more profitable enjoyment than to be, in our quiet homes, removed, as it were by magic, to foreign lands; to get acquainted with new characters and new conditions, and to learn from them at least how vast is the realm of man, how manifold the resources of our earthly life! And though the noble and amiable Swedish poet, Bishop Frangén, characterized the Novel as—

“An event that never happened;”

yet we dare assert, in consequence of our own

experience, that the story related in the *true* Novel really has happened, and happens every day, if not *exactly* in the same manner as the Novel points out, yet in analogous ways; and that no Novel is so romantic as actual life.

We sincerely wish that every young man and every young girl would consider their lives in their truly romantic signification, and early prepare themselves for writing their autobiographies—the Novel of which ought to be something far better than a slight love-story. But should it turn out a tale of love in a great style—so much the better. The genuine Novel is such a biography!

[Our readers will be so good as to remember that Miss Bremer wrote this little article in *English*: and, as she is in Stockholm, cannot correct her proofs—this will account for some little obscurity in style.—Ed.]

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DUEL OF D'ESTERRE AND DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IN a conversation after dinner about hand-writing, as indicating character, the master of the house produced a document penned, as he truly observed, under very peculiar circumstances. It is the fragment of a letter from Daniel O'Connell to his *fidus Achates*, George Lidwell, written after the duel with D'Esterre, but before the final consummation of the tragedy. Lidwell was to have been O'Connell's second upon the occasion, but, for some pressing reason, was obliged to leave Dublin pending the preliminary defiances, which were of unusual duration.

As D'Esterre only survived the *rencontre* forty-eight hours, this letter may be considered a dispatch from the field of battle, whilst as yet the flush of victory had not been dashed with remorse, and a little exultation—all the facts and circumstances of the case considered—might, perhaps, have been excusable. But there is nothing of the kind. It is a dry, hard letter enough, indicating that instinctive attention to “number one” which appears to have grown with the writer's growth, and never to have deserted him during the most vehement or the most soul-subduing passages of his life. The effect of the transaction upon his own fortunes (his “good chance,” as he calls it)

seems to have been the uppermost thought; but that apart, no feeling of a truculent or unbecoming nature displays itself.

On the other hand, we cannot discover any latent spark of the almost maudlin sensibility which, in his latter days, imparted so high a coloring to Mr. O'Connell's reminiscences of this unhappy affair. Although his antagonist lay at that moment in a state of imminent danger, with a lovely young wife anxiously watching every flutter of his ebbing life, whilst the cries of her firstborn in the cradle beside her gave poignancy to her sufferings, and heightened the interest of “the situation,” the sentimental victor notices none of these matters, but coolly relates how “greatly” under his mark the unhappy man had aimed; and then, in a postscript, speculates on the Earl of Donoughmore taking charge of the Catholic Petition. All this is extremely characteristic, and the firm, even, round hand in which it is indited, repels the suspicion of an assumed coolness.

It is written on a sheet of letter-paper, a part of the leaf from the date nearly to the bottom having been worn off. It is doubtful, therefore, where it was written; but most probably from the three first letters (and part of a fourth) of the name, which

are still preserved, he was then at Moorefield, a roadside inn and posting-house, near the Curragh of Kildare, then, and down to a recent period, much frequented by southern travellers. The seal has been broken off, but enough remains to show that the wax was black, and the direction on the back is—

"To " George Lidwell, Esq.
 " Dromard,
 " Roscrea."

Here is a faithful copy of it in its present fragmentary state:—

Moore
2d

" MY DEAR LIDWELL,

" I write merely to thank you and again—and again for your -ness.—Indeed I do not use a *p*! I say I want words to thank I ought.

The papers will give you a details of my affair with D'Este-sequent to your leaving this.—We little fighting.—He fired greatly He is I am happy to tell you this morning but his life is still danger.—If he recovers I shall say there never was so fortunate a man I am—and to make my good chance quite perfect—my wife never heard a word of it until I returned from the ground.

" Believe me to be

" Your most sincerely

" Obligated and faithful

" DANIEL O'CONNELL.

" Will Lord D. accept our petition? Have you any influence over him still?—I wish to God he would, for our sake and his, accept it *cordially*. It would place him on the highest station in Ireland."

The reading of this letter recalls in a vivid manner some of the most striking incidents connected with that tragical event in O'Connell's history. It was in January, 1815, that in one of his political diatribes at the agitation-shop of the day, (whether it was called board, or club, or society), O'Connell complimented the municipal body of the city of Dublin with the title of a "beggarly corporation." It is noteworthy, that nearly thirty years after that, having first richly earned for himself the distinctive appellation of "King of Beggars," he ruled the same city as its Lord Mayor, representing a corporation composed of as tag-rag materials as ever disgraced any age or country.

That, however, is nothing to the matter. The old corporation had no great right to pride itself on its gentility, and it was con-

sidered a hectoring proceeding when one of its members took up a censure bestowed upon the general body as a personal offence, and resolved to fasten a quarrel upon its author. This was Mr. D'Esterre, a retired marine officer, who had formed a mercantile connection in Dublin and become a member of the common council. His affairs were supposed to be in a tottering state at the time, and therefore, perhaps, he was the more quick to take the reflection to himself. Some were so charitable as to insinuate that he was anxious to seize so good an opportunity to recommend himself to the Government by humbling a public enemy. Whatever might be his motive, he called upon Mr. O'Connell to retract the offensive words, and Mr. O'Connell stoutly refused to do so.

Thereupon ensued a state of society such as may have been often witnessed in the olden times of Irish misrule, but it is vain to hope, under the present state of police, that we e'er shall "look upon its like again." For two or three days the town was domineered by two factions, who traversed the streets in opposite directions, ostensibly in search of one another, but never once contriving to come face to face.

At one time Mr. D'Esterre, armed with a cane, sallied forth from Dawson Street attended by some score of true-blue supporters of our glorious constitution, all similarly equipped. Swaggering along the sunny side of Stephen's Green, they would pass down Grafton Street and cross the river by Carlisle Bridge. Rumor ascribed this demonstration to a deadly intention to horsewhip O'Connell wherever he should be found.

When this party had comfortably housed itself back again with the Lord Mayor, or was seated at Atwood's Coffee-room in Dame Street, "nursing its wrath to keep it warm," over a competent supply of mock turtle, Daniel O'Connell with a stalwart following would come like tragedy, "sweeping by," every mother's son brandishing a defensive cudgel and casting fierce looks across the street at the gowmsmen who crowded about the college gates, eager and impatient to behold the conflict.

A strapping fellow was Dan in that day, tall, active, muscular, and full of life. Hand to hand, he would have been an ugly customer to any champion the thick-winded corporation could have turned out against him. But as in the Homeric battles, often two heroes "ranging for revenge" would traverse the field for the length of a day without collision, an envious mist interposing,

so the steam of Atwood's soup, or the hats of the *Liberty Boys* tossing in the air, still concealed these fiery spirits from each other's sight; and it was not till the second night, when they were tired and ashamed of strutting and fretting on the pavement, that a cartel was delivered at Mr. O'Connell's house, and a meeting appointed for the following day.

After breakfast on the following morning, accordingly, was Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by Major Mac Namara and some other friends, seen passing through the leading streets of our metropolis in a coach drawn by four horses, towards the Naas road; and much about the same hour a like equipage with Mr. D'Esterre and his friends proceeded in the same direction.

It was not unusual in those days to manage such matters in such a way. Although Lord Norbury had already pronounced his opinion, that "the first report of a duel should be that of the pistols," display and fanfaronade were not considered evidence of a reluctance to do real business: and at a much later period parties in quest of barbarous satisfaction, have been seen to move with an undisguised intent of murder towards the field, gathering their friends and admirers as they advanced, and followed by any quantity of barren disinterested amateurs who might think it worth while to "see the sport."

Thus I well recollect to have seen, about six years after that, the quiet village of Abbeyleix disturbed from its propriety by an inroad of equipages, crowded inside and out with stern-looking passengers, who demanded refreshment for themselves and provender for their horses. They had been routed by a magistrate, a singularly meddling and officious person, who had interdicted their meeting in the adjacent county of Kilkenny; and Abbeyleix, with its sequestered woods and lawns, being considered "a nice quiet place to fight in," they came trooping, in number about thirty, first to breakfast, and afterwards to settle the difference with what appetite they might.

It was a motley muster as could well be assembled at a short notice, made up of half-pay militia subalterns, attorneys, sporting squires of a grade now nearly extinct, and two or three gentlemen of unequivocal pretensions. There were noted fire-eaters in the number, at least half-a-dozen, who had each killed or seriously disabled his man or two; and it was strange to remark what an inferior order of humanity those manslayers represented. They were distinguished among the

rest by their smallness of stature and mean appearance, without anything manly in their bearing, but on the contrary, a sinister and rather sneaking cast of features, as if they were ashamed to look at the image which they had defaced. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so; for the motive which most commonly led to the perpetration of those homicides was a pitiful and vulgar thirst for eminence, which is not easily gained by a person of low attainments, unless by some extraordinary exertion he can raise himself from the ground

"Et virum victor volitare per ora."

The best looking and most interesting personage in the whole group was a young fellow named Shaw, of a fresh complexion and good figure, who was hawked about to be shot at in a convenient time and place, by one of the dirty little creatures aforesaid. Their attempt to desecrate that neighborhood, however, was frustrated by the interference of another magistrate, the brother of the noble proprietor, who was also the incumbent of the parish, and who, having vainly endeavored to overrule the party to a peace, bound them over not to transgress the law within his jurisdiction. They passed on therefore in quest of some other "quiet" place, and found it, as the shades of evening were descending upon them, in an island near the source of the River Suir in the county of Tipperary, from which they had the satisfaction of retiring after a few moments' delay, to their respective homes, leaving the fresh-colored lad above-mentioned on the grass behind them, with a bullet in his head. He died the following day, and all because the law is, or was, so punctilious as not to permit a county magistrate to follow or arrest a murderer prepense one inch beyond the confines of his own jurisdiction.

But what has all this to do with O'Connell's *rencontre* with D'Esterre, which no magistrate, lay or clerical, paid or unpaid, dreamt of opposing or interfering with in the slightest degree? The only visible exertion of authority was the dispatch of a squadron of dragoons from the Royal Barracks, after it was ascertained that all Dublin was pouring out its population towards the expected field of battle. Gigs, cars, and postchaises, equestrians, to no end, and an innumerable concourse of the lightfooted sons of the sod, crowded the broad road at the back of Kilmainham jail and hurried away south. As soon as this state of things was known at the Castle, orders were sent to the military au-

thorities to be on the alert ; but whether with a view to arrest the principal authors of the commotion or to see fair play observed between them, is a question that is not likely at this time of day to receive a thorough solution. If the purpose was to interrupt the combat, the precaution was tardily resolved upon ; for the departure of the belligerents had been known some hours before the troopers were in the saddle.

To account, however, for these things now can be at best only matter of surmise. All that is certain is that a very different result was anticipated from that which came to pass. D'Esterre was a reputed fire-eater, and his cool determination had been proved on a very trying occasion. The mutineers at the Nore had seized him, and required him on pain of death to assume the command of a ship, which he fiercely refused, and he was actually tied up at the yardarm with a halter round his neck ; but he never faltered. "Haul away, ye lubbers !" was his defying answer to the last offer of these dishonorable terms. In the next moment he would have been dangling in the air, had not the chief mutineers, in generous admiration of a spirit so apt to excite their sympathies, interposed and procured a respite for further parley. An hour at such a crisis is generally equivalent to a life. He was sent back to his cabin ; and before the time allowed for the definitive enforcement of the conditions had arrived, the rage of the conspirators had cooled down. After some further detention, he was set ashore to join the other officers of the fleet.

It was supposed that such an antagonist would prove an awkward customer to O'Connell, against whose personal courage doubts were even then entertained. Not long before, an unseemly quarrel with a brother of the long robe had been adjusted in a manner little conformable to the truculent notions of honor at that time prevalent. At some minor court, where it was safe to take liberties with the presiding power, O'Connell met an argument of the opposite counsel, Maurice Magrath, with this unparliamentary rejoinder—"Maurice, you lie ;" and Maurice, taking up a volume of the Statutes at Large that lay convenient for such a purpose, flung the same at his learned friend's head. A message followed, and on the ground, when the pistols had been handed to the parties, O'Connell, who was the challenger, exclaimed with that dramatic pathos in which he had no superior either on the stage or off it, "Now am I going to fire at my dearest and

best friend." This led to a reconciliation, and no powder was burned.

An ill-natured and sanguinary public was not slow to assign the worst motive to the reminiscences of friendship at such a moment ; and hence people were prepared to expect an easy triumph for Mr. D'Esterre. Party spirit could scarcely have run higher than it does now, but personal hatred was a more avowed ingredient in the feeling with which an obnoxious politician was regarded. It is not a reflection therefore so much upon the individuals as upon the spirit of the time, to say that there were men in office who would have rejoiced to see their formidable adversary brought low in any manner. To such a feeling, at least, was attributed the passive acquiescence of the authorities in the tumultuary state of the capital previous to the duel, and their abstinence from measures of prevention, when apprized that the parties had proceeded to the field.

If any one imagined, however, that O'Connell was deficient in physical courage, it was a great mistake. He had nerve to sustain him in any danger, though it never was a part of his philosophy to court it. As Madame de Stael said of Napoleon—whom the hero-mongers reproached for not having rushed, like Catiline, into the thick of the carnage at Waterloo and perished sword in hand—of death in itself he had no fear ; but death would have been a reverse, and to reverses of every kind he had a decided objection. So neither was it any part of O'Connell's plan, with a brilliant career before him, to run a tilt at every one he met. If he did not run out of the way, it was as much as either his friends or his foes had a right to expect. The desperate course which he steered for nearly thirty years, in the teeth of hostile administrations, among the breakers which separate the anchorage of the law from the wild surf of treason and rebellion, is an answer to the absurd imputation of personal fear as a defect in O'Connell's nature. He was in fact daring even to rashness : and it is notorious that his wife's health suffered materially, nay, very probably her life was shortened, by unceasing agonies of trepidation and alarm, lest his temerity should at length place him within the fangs of legal vengeance. Is it not absurd to suppose that such a man would shrink into a corner from the discharge of a pistol ?

The story of his encounter with D'Esterre is soon told. As he said himself in the letter to Lidwell, they had "little fighting." It

was nearly sunset when they were placed on the ground, in a field at Bishops court, in the county of Kildare, about twelve miles distant from Dublin. The place was well chosen for spectators, being near the foot of a hill, from which many thousands could, and did, behold the proceedings without crowding or interruption. A chilling sight it must have been to the small party of friends who attended poor D'Esterre, to find themselves hemmed in on every side by hostile ranks, whose menacing looks left no reason to doubt that a speedy retribution would follow, should the result prove untoward to the popular idol. They must have been men of no ordinary determination, to have consented to stand the hazard at all against such threatening odds; no rules of chivalry required them to enter lists surrounded exclusively by the partisans of an adverse and angry faction; and it certainly argued but little magnanimity in the managers at the opposite side not to have rejected such a fearful advantage, and proposed a more secret meeting.

Not one of the whole assemblage maintained a more intrepid demeanor, under these trying circumstances, than D'Esterre. However needlessly he may have sought the quarrel, being in, he conducted himself with unaffected manliness. His second was a brother corporator, who, inexperienced in the science of projectiles, accepted the services of an adept in loading the pistols. A great deal was supposed to depend upon that operation; half a grain of powder, over or under, being deemed equal to the square of the distance in determining the point of incidence. The old tacticians did not use to be so precise, but shook the charge, *à discretion*, out of a powder-horn. Happily it has almost ceased to be of the least importance, whether of the two methods be the more effective. But, on the occasion of which we speak, it seems not improbable that over-exact science saved O'Connell's life.

Mr. Frederick Piers, who had undertaken the nice operation of measuring out the menstruum necessary for giving the bolus due effect, is supposed to have been too sparing of his powder. Some persons, who were spectators of the event, alleged that the fault was D'Esterre's, who, in his haste to have the first shot, fired before his pistol had been brought to a proper level. Whatever the cause, the bullet entered the ground before O'Connell's feet, and he, never the man to throw a "good chance" away, took a steady aim and shot his antagonist in the hip.

The ceremonial observed on this occasion differed from that which was usually observed, in the omission of any signal, or word of command. The parties were placed on the ground, and left to their own discretion to choose their time, and to use the weapons of offence which had been committed to them.

The reason assigned for this departure from the regular usage was that D'Esterre had, in a previous *rencontre*, fired at his man before the word could be given, and hit him; and that it was therefore deemed advisable to preclude him from taking a similar advantage on this occasion.

The procedure was not without a precedent. Curran, a great many years before, when he was a stripling unknown to fame, provoked a quarrel in the Circuit Court of Clonmel, with one Walsh, the mob-favorite of his day, and they went out, accompanied by the whole court, except the judge and jury. They were taken to a field, well inclosed with hedges, and placed in opposite corners, just as if they had been a pair of bulls turned into a paddock. The whole population, from the outside of the fence, eagerly watched and encouraged their mutual advances. They both fired, and missed; a "lame and impotent conclusion," provocative of derisive cheers, amid the echoes of which the combatants re-entered the court, to receive the ironical congratulations of their long-robed brethren. The affair had occupied about three quarters of an hour.

But, on this occasion, it was no derisive cheer which rose up to heaven; but a loud and cruel yell of triumph went forth from the valley, and was sent back again from the hills, while its echoes were prolonged from field to field, and passed away to distant multitudes, who telegraphed the event, with incredible speed, into the heart of the city. The hapless victim, of his own intemperate folly, lay writhing in torture; but the pang, which that shout sent through his heart, far surpassed—as he described it on his dying bed—the anguish of his wound. A bitter thing surely it must be, to hear thousands of your fellow-creatures rejoicing, with one voice, in your calamity; and such was the requiem which attended poor D'Esterre from that luckless field. The following day, while the shades of death were thickening around him, his victor—taking his ease at his inn—was speculating on the advantages which the Catholic Question might reap from the patronage of the Earl of Donoughmore.

"So runs the world away."

From the New Monthly Magazine

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

AMERICA is a great fact. Even the dim-eyed, bespectacled Old World can see and acknowledge *that*—crabbed and purblind as the aged witness is thought over the water. A greater fact, measured by square inches, it might be hard to find. Equally great, perhaps, if considered as the theatre of scenes of struggle and acts of enterprise, present and advent, in the drama of the world's progress, in the working out of interests, and the solution of problems, on a gigantic scale, material, moral, social, political. But one thing American there is, which we cannot yet regard as a great fact; one thing, which at best, is only a fiction founded upon fact: and that is, its poetical literature. Hitherto the national genius has sought—or rather has found ready to hand—other modes of expressing its character and asserting its power. It has been occupied with the task of ordering the chaos of elements, colossal and crude, rich with teeming germs of promise, amid which its lot is cast; it has been too busy to sing, though not to talk; it has had too many urgent calls on its physical faculties, its bread-winning arts and money-making appliances, to “go courting” the coy muses, or to build model stables for Pegasus. The young Titan's instinct has been to exercise his muscular frame in turning prairies into parks, and forests into cities, and rivers into mill-streams, rather than haunt the pine-woods in quest of aboriginal dryads, or invoke primæval silence in the depth of sylvan wilds, with hymns inspired by the ecstasy and attuned to the large utterance of the elder gods of song. Compared with her other attainments, America's poetry is backward, stunted, unshapen. It is, comparatively, a lisping speech. Its stars are many in number, but pale in lustre; not *much* differing from one another in glory, and altogether comprising a sort of milky way, with a *soupsçon* of water in it; whereof the constellated members, though for ever singing as they shine, have not yet caught the rolling music of the spheres. American

poetry is not of its mother earth, earthy. It is rather of the Old World, worldly.

Imitation is, in effect, the vice of transatlantic verse; the very head and front of its offending. Not yet has it learned to walk alone on the steep of Parnassus, bold as is the national mien, and firm as is its step, on the level of this work-day world. Again and again we hear the complaint, that American poets give us back our own coin, thinned and deteriorated by the transit—“as if America had not the ore of song in all her rivers, and a mint of her own in every mountain, she does little more for the service of the muse than melt down our English gold and recast it in British forms.” Again and again we hear it charged on the American bard, that he is a dealer rather than a producer, an echo rather than a voice, a shadow rather than a reality; that what he exports he can hardly be said to grow; that he has no faith in his native muses; that Europe is the Mecca of his poetical superstition—England the Jerusalem of his imaginative worship; and that when, at length, the harp is taken down from the trees where for centuries it has hung tuneless, it is but to sing the old songs of his poetical Zion in a strange land. “How is it,” asks an eloquent critic, “that America's children, who wear the new costume of their condition with an ostentation so preposterous, put on the old threadbare garments of the past whenever they sit down to the lyre? While the prosaic American is acting poetry without knowing it, building up new cities in a night, as the poet in the old time reared his fabrics, the bard his brother is haunting the ruins of the European past. The transatlantic muse is an exile, as much as in the days of the pilgrim fathers. Her aspect is that of an emigrant, who has found no settlement; her talk that of one who ‘fain would be hame to her ain countree.’ In a word, all things that creep on the face of the earth have gone up with the American to his new ark of refuge, and naturalized themselves there; but again and

again the dove is sent forth to bring in the olive-branch of song from a strange land." This indictment is confirmed by America herself. Says one of her shrewdest sons to his loving brethren,

The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)
Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders;
Though you ought to be free as the winds and
the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of runaway
slaves;
Though you brag of your New World, you don't
half believe in it,
And as much of the Old as is possible weave in
it.
You steal Englishmen's books and think English-
men's thought,
With their salt on her tail the wild eagle is
caught;
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the ocean.

Emerson, again, utters his aspirations for a day when his country's long apprenticeship to the literature of other lands shall draw to a close; when the millions who are there rushing into life shall find they can no longer feed on the sere remains of foreign harvests; when poetry shall revive and lead in a new age. And so with almost every literary "power" among his countrymen. Nowhere is the charge, such as it is, ignored—by grand or petty jury.

Now, imitation in poetry is *ipso facto* excommunication from the inner circle of the ecclesia of song. It strips the imitator of his priestly vestments. It cuts off the candidate from first-class honors. The world declines to recognize a revised edition of Homer's "Achilles," or a modernized version of Shakspeare's "Hamlet," or a corrected proof of Milton's "Satan." Imitation in such cases implies either the feebleness of self-distrust, or the boldness of piracy, and, either way, pronounces its own doom.

Has America, then, no poets? We are not sophistic enough to set about proving a negation of *that* sort. But if it be asked, "Has she any great poets?" then we, who love America much, but truth more,—who like to read Bryant and Longfellow, but not in forgetfulness of Shakspeare and Milton,—then we venture to answer, "Surely not." Here again we are not called upon to prove a negative. Let the New York Dante appear; let the Boston Chaucer arise; let the Charlestown Wordsworth come forth—each in the spirit and power, not merely in the mantle, of the respective bards—and forth with the oracles of criticism are dumb, only

to find new speech wherein to welcome the new comers. Understand what you may by the perhaps indefinite expression "great poets," we simply imply that America has not yet produced an "Iliad," or a "Divine Comedy," or a "Jerusalem Delivered;" not yet a "Prometheus Bound," or a "Macbeth," a "Faery Queene," or a "Paradise Lost;" not yet, to approach more debatable ground, a "Marmion," or a "Childe Harold," an "Excursion," or a "Gertrude of Wyoming." We will add, however, that in the matter of living poets, we have anything but a crushing majority of merit. And doubtless the day will dawn—it may be soon—when the American imagination shall prove its creative power. And her first great poet—one of her living prophets hath prophesied it—will take his inspiration "from those very themes and objects from which, in her young and imitative time, the transatlantic muse seeks to escape. He will teach truth by American parable. The wisdom which is of all time and of every land, will be presented by him in the especial form and striking aspects which she has chosen for herself in the country wherein he sings." America's future will have its poetry "uttered," as her past has its poetry "unexpressed"—

For though no poet *then* she had to glorify her
fame,
Her deeds were poems, that could light dead
words with living flame.

The time has been when Richard Henry Dana was regarded as America's brightest orb of song. And there are probably still those who claim for him this bright particular star-shine. His verses are distinguished by meditative calmness, religious aspirations, and manly simplicity. This simplicity, indeed, trenches on the bald and barren, and has been called morbid in its character. His diction is often common-place and prosaic, but occasionally indulges in abrupt, and often spasmodic, intervals of "strong endeavor." Sometimes unruffled and musical, it is at others rasping, rugged, grating, to "ears polite." That Mr. Dana specifically and of set purpose imitates any one particular bard, we do not believe: whatever of the imitative feebleness just referred to may attach to his poems, is there rather implicitly, and by "spontaneous generation" (if *that* may be said of anything imitative). His tendency, however, is to the reflective standpoint of Wordsworth and Coleridge; and his doctrines of idealism and super-sensual

insight, now widely and earnestly affirmed, and often exaggerated, at Boston and other nests of the singing birds, were once scouted as heretical by haters of paradox, and by *cui bono* men of letters.

For his prose writings as well as his verse, a permanent place is assured to him by Griswold, in the literature of America. As a prose writer (though malicious detractors may affect to see nothing *but* prose in him) he is almost wholly unknown in England. His "Paul Felton" and "Tom Thornton" have been heard of; *voilà tout*. Yet his doings in romance, politics, and criticism, have been considerable, though far from successful in a pecuniary sense;—his son's graphic narrative of "Two Years before the Mast" has had a run to which *he* is quite a stranger. It is nearly forty years since he began his contributions to the *North American Review*, in the editorship of which he afterwards took part. It was in this journal that he excited the opposition of the "Queen Anne's Men" and reigning arbiters in poetical criticism, by his eulogy of the Lake poets. He "thought poetry was something more than a recreation; that it was something superinduced upon the realities of life; he believed the ideal and the spiritual might be as real as the visible and the tangible; thought there were truths beyond the understanding and the senses, and not to be reached by ratiocination."* In a periodical of his own, called the *Idle Man*, he published his novel of "Tom Thornton," which an able reviewer has pronounced "interesting," and written in a "style of earnestness which holds truth paramount even to taste, and refuses to adorn vice with a veil of beauty." This periodical ceased with the first volume, which did not pay its expenses, owing, it is said, to the absence of laws of protective copyright; and to this "cause defective" is attributed Mr. Dana's discouragement from the literary enterprises which otherwise he would have engaged in. However, by the testimony of Mr. Flint, the *Idle Man* has become as established a classic in the United States as the "Sketch Book" itself. To become a classic, by the way, is presumably identical with being "put on the shelf," which is a phrase with a Janus face. Few are the libraries where the classics don't want dusting. They are not, by popular interpretation, synonymous with what Charles Lamb called "readable books"—a title recently assumed by a London series, which thus, in its every advertisement,

hints unutterable things as to the unreadability of rival issues.

Although evidently predisposed to poetry of a meditative cast, and of soothing, "all serene" purpose, Mr. Dana's longest and best known effort is in quite a different key, and adventures the treatment of a dramatic theme, with "striking effects," in a suitably rapid and exciting manner. "The Buccaneer" is a legend connected with an island on the New England coast—the oral tradition itself being "added to," and "diminished from," by the poet, according to the supposed exigencies of his art. A murder at sea by a pirate, Matthew Lee by name, and a preternatural process of retribution, are the theme. The distinctive feature in the adjustment of the just recompense of reward, is the introduction of the White Horse, which was cast overboard after its mistress, and whose spectre is the agent of final suffering and penal woe to the reprobate seaman. A fear, half ribald jest, half shrinking apprehension, lest by some wild miracle the white steed should find utterance to reveal bloody secrets, just as in old, old times the diviner's ass had the sudden faculty of speech, constrains Lee to hurl him to the waves alive, and bid him ride them as he may. Then and there, the cry of the struggling brute is appalling to the ruffians on deck, as they watch his wrastlings with the yeasty waters—now sinking, now rearing upwards—"then drifts away: but through the night they hear far off that dreadful cry." To blot out the last vestige of crime, the ship itself is burnt; and the desperadoes settle down on the solitary island "of craggy rock and sandy bay," to enjoy the "much fine gold" for which they have sold ship, business, conscience, and peace. They try to drown reflection in jovial riot:

Mat lords it now throughout the isle:

His hand falls heavier than before.

All dread alike his frown or smile;—

None come within his door,

Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him;

Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

The anniversary of the crime comes round: the guilty revellers keep high holiday. But at midnight there is a strange vision seen; at midnight, a strange cry heard; across the dark waters flits a ship in flames, riding upright and still, shedding a wild and lurid light around her, scaring the sea-birds from their nests, and making them dart and wheel with deafening screams—while above the wave uprises, ghastly white, a horse's head.

* Griswold.

"There, on the sea, he stands—the Spectre-Horse! He moves; he gains the sands,"
 And onward speeds, his ghostly sides streaming
 with a cold blue light, his path shining
 like a swift ship's wake: onward speeds, till
 he reaches Lee's blasted threshold, and with
 neigh that seems the living trump of hell,
 summons the pirate to mount and away!
 But the hour of final vengeance is not yet
 come, and though Lee mounts the spirit-
 steed and is borne whither he would not, and
 sees into ocean depths where lie the sleeping
 dead, done to death by him; yet with the
 morning he is again quit of the apparition,
 and left to brood on his sins and await the
 last scene of all—standing on the cliff, be-
 neath the sun's broad fierce blaze, but him-
 self "as stiff and cold as one that's dead"—
 lost in a dreamy trouble "of some wild
 horror past, and coming woes." Misery
 withers the caitiff's existence for another
 year; and again the burning ship is seen,
 and the white steed visits him, and gives
 warning that the next visit shall be the last.
 Punctual and inexorable visitant!—he comes
 in his season, and in vain Lee flings and
 writhes in wild despair; "the spirit-corse
 holds him by fearful spell;" a mystic fire

Illumes the sea around their track—

The curling comb, and dark steel wave:

There, yet, sits Lee the spectre's back—

Gone! gone! and none to save!

They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
 May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain;

The sealed up sky is breaking forth,

Mustering its glorious hosts again,

From the far south and north;

The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.

—O, whither on its waters rideth Lee?

The legend is a *telling* one. And Mr. Dana has told it impressively. But in the hands of a more devoted romanticist it would have told much better. It is here a somewhat hard and bald composition—not unfrequently obscure from compression and elliptical treatment. The metre selected, too, requires for success a delicate and varied mastery of musical rhythm on the part of the poet, and some familiarity with its character on that of the reader. Some stanzas are excellent—others curt and rugged to a degree. Judging by the rest of his poems, Mr. Dana was out of his element in this stern fancy-piece of legendary lore; and certainly, had we read the others first, we should have been surprised by the imaginative power he has brought to bear on a superstition of pi-

racy and blood, involving the use of machinery from the spirit-world.

The brief introduction to the tragedy is quite in his happiest style, and breathes a melodious tranquillity aptly chosen, by contrast to the advent agitation of struggling passion and savage discord. We see, in a few picturesque lines, a lonely island, all in silence, but for ocean's roar, and the fitful cry, heard through sparkling foam, of the shrill sea-bird:

But when the light winds lie at rest,

And on the glassy, heaving sea,

The black duck, with her glossy breast,

Sits swinging silently,—

How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,

And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

There are not many verses equal to that in the "Buccaneer"—not many figures so suggestive as that of the silent rocking of the black duck on the gentle cradle of an unvexed sea.

The "Changes of Home" is, as the subject demands, meditative and pathetic. The poet revisits the scene of boyhood, and is smitten to his poet's soul by the revolution and decay and innovation it reveals; or rather, by the revolution and decay he discovers in himself, while outward aspects, so far as Nature is concerned, continue much as they were. He meets one, who, like the pastor in the "Excursion," informs him of the chronicles of the village. There are many touching passages—as this:

To pass the doors where I had welcomed been,

And none but unknown voices hear within;

Strange, wondering faces at those windows see,

Once lightly tapped, and then a nod for me!—

To walk full cities, and yet feel alone—

From day to day to listen to the moan

Of mourning trees—'twas sadder here unknown.

A tale of love and bereavement and madness is the mainstay of this poem, and is very feelingly narrated—"soon 'tis told—simple though sad; no mystery to unfold, save that one great, dread mystery, the mind." Sentiment and diction are both pleasing in these verses.

The poem entitled "Factitious Life" is founded on Wordsworth's protest, that the world is too much with us, our hearts given away, our powers wasted. But there is more life and heat and meaning in that memorable sonnet of Rydal's bard, than in this protracted effort of didactic philosophy. The satire is so-so; the humor not very genial; the poetry perilously akin to prose, albeit so anti-prosaic and anti-utilitarian in its purpose.

That purpose is indeed high and praiseworthy; nor do we object, as the author seems to have apprehended, to his commencing in a comparatively trifling vein, and falling gradually into the serious, and at last resting "in that which should be the home of all our thoughts, the religious." The protest is against reducing man's soul to the limits of the conventional, cramping his mind by rules of etiquette, substituting respectability for virtue—"to keep in with the world your only end, and with the world to censure or defend"—it is against a modish existence, where singularity alone is sin, where manners rather than heart are the subject of education, where the simple way of right is lost, and curious expedients substituted for truth. And the aspiration is for a return of the fresh, inartificial time, in the now dim past, when

Free and ever varying played the heart;
Great Nature schooled it; life was not an art:
And as the bosom heaved, so wrought the mind;
The thought put forth in act; and, unconfined,
The whole man *lived* his feelings.

A like spirit animates the lines called "Thoughts on the Soul"—the text being, that it exceeds man's thoughts to think how high God hath raised man—the "practical improvement," that man should cast off his slough, and send forth his spirit to expatiate in "immortal light, and life for evermore." We are earnestly reminded that, linked with the Immortal, immortality begins e'en here—the soul once given, as a solemn trust to man, there ne'er will come a date to its tremendous energies, but ever shall it be taking fresh life, starting fresh for future toil,

And on shall go, for ever, ever, on,
Changing, all down its course, each thing to one
With its immortal nature.

More popular, and charged with more than one home-thrust at the feelings, are the lines called "The Husband's and Wife's Grave." There, folded in deep stillness, in all the nearness of the narrow tomb, lie the partners in life and death—

Yet feel they not each other's presence now.
Dread fellowship!—together, yet alone.

"The Dying Raven" was Mr. Dana's ear-

liest production in verse—appearing in 1825, in the *New York Review*, then under Bryant's editorship—and a fine memorial it is, tender and true, of a sympathetic nature, which has a reverent faith in the truth that He who made us, made also and loveth all. We watch the poor doomed bird, gasping its life out, where the grass makes a soft couch, and blooming boughs (needlessly kind) spread a tent above; we hear its mate calling to the white, piled clouds, and asking for the missed and forlorn one. That airy call

Thou'lt hear no longer; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,
With beating wings, or steady poise aslant,
Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws
Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of
death
Are on thee.

From Him who heareth the ravens' cry for food comes the inspiration of this elegy.

A "Fragment of an Epistle," composed in octosyllabic verse, is an attempt to escape not only what Byron calls the fatal facility, but what the author calls the fatal monotony, of that metre. There is little else to characterize it. "A Clump of Daisies" shows dim and diminutive beside the same object in other poets one might name. "Chantry's Washington" has little of the massive power of either the statesman or the sculptor involved in its memorial verse. "The Moss supplicateth for the Poet," as for one who leaves, oftentimes, the flaunting flowers and open sky, to woo the moss by shady brook, with voice low and soft and sad as the brook itself, and because the moss is of lowly frame, and more constant than the flower, and because it is

—Kind to old decay, and wraps it softly
round in green,
On naked root, and trunk of gray, spreading a
garniture and screen.

"The Pleasure Boat" goes tilting pleasantly on its way, to a soft breeze and musical murmur of accompaniment. And such, with the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" and a few lyrics, comprise, so far as we are informed, the lays of the minstrel whom we have thus inadequately but impartially, "when found, made a note of."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE TWO PRISONERS OF THE CONCIERGERIE;

OR, PARIS ON THE 16TH OCTOBER, 1793, AND ON THE 16TH OCTOBER, 1852.

It was a chill autumn morning—a gray fog brooded over the city, and a gloom rested on the people of Paris. A few faint rays of sunshine struggled through the mist and rested on the roof of the Louvre, and the time-honored towers of Notre Dame. The streets were thronged with people; crowds stood as if in anxious expectation of some great event,—in front of the Palais de Justice, on the steps of the Church of St. Roche, and on the Place de la Revolution (*now* the Place de la Concorde).

And yet it might easily be perceived that it was no festal scene which drew the people from their houses on that 16th of October, 1793. Here and there, it is true, a countenance might be discovered which betrayed marks of sorrow, but those of the great majority wore an aspect either of idle curiosity, cold scorn, or bitter hatred and malignity.

On that day *Marie Antoinette* was to be led forth to the scaffold. Separated from her children, and from all who were dear to her on earth, she had for some time past dragged out a miserable existence in a gloomy cell of the *Conciergerie*, the prison belonging to the old Palais de Justice, on the banks of the Seine. This palace, once the abode of the kings of France—the spot whence St. Louis, surrounded by the flower of European chivalry, set forth for the wars of the crusades—*this* palace it was whose vaults were doomed to be the living grave of a queen of France—a queen whose sorrows and untimely fate have almost caused the world to forget her follies and her faults.

At an early hour of the morning her summons came; the night had been chiefly spent in writing to her children and to the Princess Elizabeth. Exhausted nature at length claimed a few moments for repose; but very brief had been the slumbers of the broken-hearted victim, when her jailer came to announce to her that everything was prepared for her departure. She was not even allowed

the petty consolation of appearing in decent attire before the nation who had once beheld her in all the pomp and splendor of royalty. The damp of the dungeon and long-continued wear, had imparted a soiled and tattered aspect to her garments. Vainly she strove to arrange them to the best advantage ere she quitted her cell. The daughter and the wife of kings must drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs! When she reached the door of the prison, the first object on which her eye rested was the cart which was to convey her, and some of her fellow-prisoners, to the scaffold. A shudder convulsed her frame! Her husband had at least been allowed the favor of a *covered* carriage to convey him to the place of execution: but no such privilege was in store for *her*. She must go forth to meet her doom exposed to the gaze of the multitude in a common open cart, thronged with victims!

Slowly and reluctantly she entered, and the cart drove off. After so many months spent in solitude and gloom the cheerful light of day had no charms for the royal captive; and the sight of the throng of human beings by whom she was surrounded, completely overpowered her. Her exhausted frame was but ill able to bear the joltings of the cart as it passed onwards over the rough stones. Vainly she strove to balance herself by grasping the side of the vehicle; alas! her hands were bound, and on she went that long and dreary way, suffering in body and crushed in spirit, whilst many an insulting jeer fell upon her ear, as she rocked from side to side; and not one in that vast human throng dared to cry, "God bless *her*!"

And yet, even then, in this her hour of misery, the fallen queen was not utterly deserted. It was remarked by many amongst the multitude that, as she drove up the Rue St. Honoré, her eye seemed to wander from house to house; they attributed this to her levity of character, which, even

in that awful moment, was attracted by objects of passing interest. But gay and thoughtless as Marie Antoinette had once been, the anxieties which at this moment filled her heart were of no idle cast. She had refused to receive the last sacraments of her church from the hands of the revolutionary priests, who were alone admitted to the prisons; and secret intelligence had been conveyed to her, on the evening preceding her execution, that one of the non-juring priests, concealed in a house of the Rue St. Honoré, would pronounce absolution over her as she passed on her way to the scaffold. Long did her eye wander from house to house in fruitless search for the appointed sign: at last, she discovered it over the door of an obscure dwelling-house. A passing ray of joy lighted up for a moment the pallid features of the fallen queen, and she bowed her head as she passed to receive the sacrament, which was thus alone accessible to her. Soon the Place de la Revolution was reached—that scene of terror and of crime. As the queen approached the scaffold, close to the very gate of the Tuileries, she glanced for a moment towards that spot where she had once dwelt in royal splendor. How many visions of the past may not have crowded through her mind during that brief, sad moment!—visions of the day when she came to that palace, years before, a gay and lovely bride, and during the festivities attendant on her marriage, hundreds were crushed to death on that very Place!—visions of the days of thoughtless levity which followed, when the love of pleasure and admiration alone filled her heart!—visions of a time of better and purer joy, when a mother's love first stirred within her, and with a thrill of delight she had pressed her first-born to her heart!—visions, too, of the hour when the first muttering of the gathering storm reached her ear!

All this, and much more,—thoughts of the children she was leaving behind her in pitiless hands and evil days—of the hour of anguish which now awaited her—and the awful future upon which she was about to enter. All this might, and probably did, pass through the mind of the unhappy queen, as she gazed for the last time on the Tuileries—for the first time on the guillotine! Brief, however, was the space afforded her for meditation: hurried by the executioner from the cart to the scaffold, the sharp axe swiftly executed its bloody task, and the *Veuve Capet* was proclaimed to be no more! Other victims followed—the crowd gazed

till they were satiated with the sight of blood—and then they dispersed, each man to his home, and thus ended the 16th October, 1793!

Sixty years had well nigh sped their changing course; anarchy had been succeeded by despotism; legitimacy, restored for a brief space, had yielded up the sceptre it swayed with feeble hand; constitutional monarchy had been tried and failed; organized republicanism, too, had had its day; and then another memorable 16th of October dawned on France.

It inaugurated the *empire*! Once more was a *Prisoner of the Conciergerie* the hero of the day. Amidst the crash of falling dynasties and all the vicissitudes of time, those old gray towers had stood unchanged on the banks of the smiling Seine.

On many a sad heart had the gates of the Conciergerie closed since the day when Marie Antoinette left it for the scaffold; but few more daring spirits were ever confined within those gloomy precincts than *Louis Napoleon*, nephew of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. After his landing at Boulogne, and the failure of that rash and premature attempt, the son of Hortense was confined in the ancient prison of the *Palais de Justice*, previous to his removal to the Fortress of Ham.

The game seemed utterly lost, and even the most daring and hopeful heart might well have despaired of success. But years rolled on, the prisoner escaped, bided his time, and when France, weary of anarchy and confusion, yearned for order and security, his firm hand grasped the reins of power, and on the 16th of October, 1852, the *Prisoner of the Conciergerie* entered Paris as the *Emperor Elect* of the French nation.

No fog obscured the sun of Austerlitz on this memorable day—the day which sealed the doom of France, at least during this present phase of her destinies. The air was clear and bright, and all Paris was astir; people were hurrying to and fro on the boulevards in busy preparation; shop-boys looking anxiously at the clock, watching for the hour of twelve, which seemed to them “long-a-coming,” for then the shop was to be closed and the rest of the day devoted to festivity; workmen were giving the finishing touch to triumphal arches; hawkers vending by thousands small gilt medals with the effigy of Louis Napoleon stamped on one side, and on the other the imperial eagle, with the inscription, “*La Ville de Paris, à Louis Napoleon, Empereur*,” whilst others

were crying themselves hoarse, offering for sale flying sheets headed, "*Vive l'Empereur ! c'est le vœu de la France !*" "*Programme des Fêtes et Cérémonies qui vont avoir lieu dans Paris, le Samedi, 16 Octobre,*" &c., and all these valuable documents were to be acquired at the reasonable rate of five *centimes* a-piece.

A few quiet citizens walked about in amazement, scarcely seeming well assured whether the whole was not a dream ; and one might be heard greeting another beneath the shadow of Napoleon's column on the Place Vendôme, with the half-inquiring exclamation, "*Eh bien, voilà l'Empire !*"

But now the hour of noon has struck. Louis Napoleon is to arrive at the railway station at two, and it is high time the procession should begin to form. On they pour—that vast human tide—hemmed in by the double file of soldiers which lined the boulevards throughout their whole extent.

Deputations from the neighboring communes, each bearing some gay flag, with a laudatory device ; portly *dames de la halle*, with huge nosegays in their hands ; spruce-looking *demoiselles* from divers *marchés* and *halles*, all dressed in white muslin and decked with violets ; school children, led by priests and waving triumphantly their little tri-colored flags, while they shouted most lustily, "*Vive l'Empereur,*" and doubtless with them it was a hearty cry, for to him they were indebted for a holiday ! Next came a venerable band, dressed in motley garb—the relics of the *Vieille Garde* and of the *Grande Armée*. As they passed onwards with failing steps, in the varied uniforms of by-gone days, many a one with a wooden leg or broken arm, every heart warmed to the brave old men, and many a hearty cheer greeted them on their way. One of the aged men, who bore the banner, waved it three times solemnly over the heads of the younger soldiery who stood by his side, as though he would fain consecrate them to the service of his master's nephew.

Squadron after squadron of cavalry now dashed onwards through the streets, their helmets glittering in the noon-day sun, whilst every now and then the measured tread of infantry again fell upon the ear.

And now, heads are seen outstretched in anxious expectation, cries, *not loud*, it must be owned, of "*Vive l'Empereur*" are borne upon the breeze ; a brilliant group appears in the distance, and, foremost of them all, his usually impassive countenance kindling

with triumph, rode Louis Napoleon. Gracefully he bowed with uncovered head as he passed onward amongst the crowd, his beautiful Arabian bearing itself as though it shared in its master's triumph. It was a gorgeous pageant, that presented by the sight of those 150,000 armed men, crowds of gaily dressed women, peasants from the country, all pouring along like a resistless, living tide for five whole hours, without intermission. When the prince had passed, and men no longer stood on the "tip-toe of expectation," some of the sharers in the pageant seemed suddenly to remember that it was a long time since they had had their breakfast ; and a young national guardsman might be seen quitting the lines, and cutting a loaf in pieces with his sword, whilst on the point of the same serviceable weapon, he gallantly handed the severed slices to some of the fair damsels of Montrouge, who had borne their part in the procession, and now stood, radiant with smiles and nosegays, beneath the triumphal arch. The merry peals of laughter which this act of civility elicited, had scarcely subsided, when a fresh incident attracted the attention of the crowd. As a *cuirassier* was galloping along, his horse slipped on the smooth pavement of a crossing, and he fell to the ground with some violence. One of the pretty *cantinières*, or *filles du regiment*, dressed in picturesque military attire, immediately stepped forward, and assisted the fallen man to rise, at the same time offering him a draught from the canteen which hung gracefully by her side. Gaiety and good humor served to lend a charm to every passing incident, and an atmosphere of joyous hilarity pervaded all around. Meanwhile, the prince and his brilliant staff passed on their way through the gazing throngs, till they reached the Place de la Concorde.

No blood-stained guillotine now defaced that spacious area ; sparkling fountains played on the very spot where once the blood of royalty had flowed, as though they would fain efface the foul stain which had erstwhile marked their site.

Did recollections of the deeds of violence which this *Place de la Révolution* had witnessed sixty years before, cast their shadow over the heart of the new potentate as he entered the gates of the palace, where Marie Antoinette had once dwelt in royal splendor ? Did a conviction of the illusive nature of all this triumphal pomp flash across his mind, when, in answer to one of his attendants, who expressed a hope that his imperial

highness had been satisfied with his reception, he replied : "*Beaucoup d' arcs de triomphe, mais très peu d'enthousiasme ?*"

Very little enthusiasm indeed there was throughout the vast concourse assembled on that day in Paris! *Parisian women* were pleased because it was a gay scene, such a scene as they always love—and "*il y aura tant de belles fêtes quand nous avons un Empereur !*" Some *old soldiers* were pleased, because the hero of the day was nephew to their own Napoleon; and the prospect of a busy season won him some golden opinions from *Parisian tradesmen*. But amongst the great mass of the people, not one spark of true homage or genuine devotion glowed, as their future emperor rode through the streets of Paris; whilst in many a breast hatred as deep and as undying as that which followed the fallen queen to the scaffold, pursued the rising emperor to the Palace of the Tuileries.

The one quality of Louis Napoleon which, in the eyes of France, redeems his despotism, and casts a *prestige* about his person, is his undaunted courage—his almost reckless daring—" *Il n'a pas peur, ce gaillard là*" was the exclamation of a stout-hearted Norman peasant, who did not seem in any other respect to entertain much reverence or affection for his new ruler.

" *Il n'y aura pas d' attentât sur sa vie car il ne craint rien, cet homme là, et les Français respectent le courage,*" was the observation

of a Parisian gentleman, who acknowledged no other merit save that of hardihood, in the future emperor.

And thus, amidst the hollow plaudits of the populace, amidst gay processions and brilliant illuminations, terminated the 16th October, 1852, whose sunny sky and gorgeous pomp offered a striking contrast to the mournful gloom of the same day in the month of October, 1793.

The fate of Marie Antoinette, despite her weakness, her follies, and her mistakes, has awakened emotions of pity and of regret, even in the minds of her bitterest foes, and we question whether there are any who can look back on that fatal 16th October, 1793, and think without a sigh on the degradation and misery which a fallen queen was then called upon to endure.

With what eyes posterity may glance back upon the 16th of October, 1852; whether blame or wonder, pity or admiration, will predominate in the minds of men, as, at the close of another half century, they look back upon the conduct and career of Louis Napoleon, we cannot now venture to predict.

To the issue of events still unfolded in the womb of time, we leave the result of his daring policy, and for a faithful verdict on his character, we must await the *future* decision of that *vox populi* which sooner or later is sure to speak with impartial truth of the mighty dead!

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE RELIGIOUS POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. IV.—JAMES BEATTIE.

PERHAPS the name 'religious poet' may be denied or reluctantly ceded to James Beattie. And yet we cannot but think of the author of the 'Hermit,' and of the 'Essay on Truth,' in a religious light. A religious man he was undoubtedly, and some of his smaller poems are tinged with a fine devotional spirit, although the 'Minstrel' can hardly, as a whole, be called a sacred strain.

Much has been said about the effect of scenery upon the early development of genius. Some have treated this as a mere fancy, and others have, perhaps, laid too much stress upon it. That the finest scenery in the world can create genius where it is not, is impossible. A dunce born in the Vale of Tempe will remain a dunce still. That the total want of the stimulus of fine scenery

will nip genius in the bud, is an equally absurd supposition. A poet reared it St. Giles' or the Goosedubs will, in spite of this, develop his poetic vein. The true influences of scenery upon genius are, we suspect, the following:—1st, Where poetry lies deep and latent in a deep but silent nature, scenery will act like the rod of Moses on the rock in bringing forth the struggling waters. Nature's great presence, for ever shining around the youth, will prompt to imitation, and gradually supply language. The 'thoughts that breathe' would probably remain in his bosom, did not nature teach the 'words that burn.' 2d, Early familiarity with the beautiful aspects of nature, will enable the youth of genius better to *realize* the finest passages in the poets who are his masters in the divine art. These are often descriptions of scenery, and he who lives in a beautiful or romantic region has the advantage of being able at once to test their truth, and to imbibe their inmost spirit, by comparing them from day to day with their archetypes. He can sit on a snow-clad mountain with Thomson's 'Winter' in his hands. He can walk through a 'tempest-swinging wood,' and repeat Coleridge's 'Sonnet to Schiller.' He can, with Cowper's 'Task' in his memory, see the moon rising, like a 'city in a blaze,' through the leafless trees; or he can, lying on a twilight hill, with twilight mountains darkening into nobler night around him, and twilight fields and rivers glimmering far below, and one cataract, touching the grand piano of the silence into melancholy music, turn round, and see in the north-east the same pale luminary rising in the 'clouded majesty' of which Milton had spoken long before. He can, as he watches the streamers surging up over the northern mountains in November, as if the spirits of their snow were leaving them heavenward, repeat the words of Burns—

'The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Its lights wi' hissing eery din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favors, tint as win.'

He can take the 'Lady of the Lake' to the same summit, while afternoon is shedding its deep, thoughtful, mellow hues (for afternoon is the everlasting autumn of the day) over the landscape, and can see in it a counterpart of the scene at the Trosachs, the woodlands, the mountains, the isle, the westland heaven—all except the chase, the stag, and the stranger, and these imagination can supply. Or he can plunge into the moorlands,

and reaching, towards the close of a summer day, some insulated peak, can see a storm of wild mountains between him and the west, dark and proud, like captives in the train of the sun, and smitten here and there into reluctant splendor by his beams, and think of all the gorgeous descriptions of sunset and its momentary miracles to be found in the poets and fiction-writers—in Scott, Wilson, Croly, Carlyle, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Or he can, from some mighty Ben, look abroad over a country—Scotland below, the blue infinite above—till, in his enthusiasm, he might deem that he could lay his one hand on the mane of the ocean, and the other on the tresses of the sun, and feels for the first time the full meaning of our present poet's words—

'All the dread magnificence of heaven.'

3d, Scenery will sometimes serve to determine a question which often puzzles a young mind, the intellectual and imaginative faculties of which are nearly equal—this, namely, Shall it incline to intellect or to imagination, shall it become permanently philosophic, or poetical for ever and ever? Such dilemmas or choices of Hercules are not uncommon, and there is a period in life when the sight of a mountain, or a sunset, or an autumn wood, can have more power than even a book, or the influence of an older mind, or a young love passion, in deciding them. There are moments when the mind closes with nature, weds her under the night canopy, with the mountains and the stars for witnesses, and says, 'I shall not seek to cut or to carve, to anatomize or to speculate, on thy fair frame. I take thee as a whole as thou art, for better and for worse, this only understood, that I take thy God and his Gospel along with thee.' Such solemn nuptials are, it must be said, more frequently solemnized amid woods and by the sides of moaning midnight rivers, than in dull champaign countries, or under the smoky canopy of cities. 4th, Early intimacy with fine scenery furnishes the poetic mind with an exhaustless command of images. These, being sown in youth, sown broadcast, and without any effort of the mind to receive and retain them, bear fruit for ever. It is a shower of morning manna, which no after fervors of noon or chills of evening are able to melt or to freeze. The mind of the young, especially when gifted, is a daguerreotype plate of the best construction, and, when surrounded by noble scenes, it preserves and reproduces them in ever-varying forms, and in perpetual succes-

sion, to the very last. 5th, It should follow, from these remarks, that the greatest poets have either been brought up in the country, or have early come in contact with a beautiful nature. And so, on the whole, it is. Homer rhapsodized on the Chian strand, and there

'Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.'

Virgil was familiar from childhood with the fairest Italian landscape; Milton spent the most interesting part of his youth among the scenery of Bucks, and there wrote his finest smaller poems. James Thomson was born on the Tweed; of Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron, we need not speak. Keats and Coleridge, indeed, were brought up in London, and hence, perhaps, we may trace in the writings of both a certain vagueness in their pictures of scenery, and also an exaggeration: their icicles are icebergs, their sparrows' nests are eagles' eyries, their clover-fields are billowing prairies, their waterfalls are cataracts in the Sun—they apply a magnifying mirror to the face of nature. And the same may be said of the otherwise powerful and splendid descriptions contained in the 'Life-Drama,' written by Alexander Smith of Glasgow.* The most accurate yet ideal describer of nature we have at present is Thomas Aird, who was not only born at the foot of the Eildon Hills, but who has kept up a close and daily intimacy with the mighty mother; followed her like her shadow; watched her as attentively in her glorious undress of night as in the full robes of day; is up to all her fugitive graces, modest and retiring beauties; and is qualified more than any other living author to 'speak with authority' in her praise.

Beattie, too, was one of the poets favored with early opportunities of making himself intimate with bold and varied scenery. As we write this, we are looking out at the valley which met so often the eye of the future author of the 'Minstrel'—the long fair Howe of the Mearns, sprinkled with woods, bounded on the south-east by the Hill of Garvock, on the other side of which moans the 'hurt and wounded sea,' as it bathes the base of Dunottar Castle, and foams in impotent fury along the iron line of that rocky coast, and

* This poem, originally submitted to us in manuscript, has been newly published, and, we are proud to say, has met with a triumphant reception, especially from the most critical of the critical journals in London.

on the north and north-west by the billowy ridge of the Grampians, bearing thick forests on their bosom, and rising above into brown and barren swells, covered, however, on this 23d of March, with pure wreathed waves of snow. In this landscape, too, are enclosed many individual scenes of great interest: the bold ridge and castle of Drumtochty; the sweet village of Fettercairn; the deep plantations of Woodmyre; the long woodland and river-reach of the all-beautiful Burn; while behind, Glenesk pierces the hills, to reach the romantic shores of Loch Lea. Such scenery could not fail to touch the chords of a mind so finely strung as Beattie's, and to tell powerfully on his after compositions.

The incidents in Beattie's life were not numerous. Born of 'good farmer people' in Laurencekirk, he was sent to the parish school, and thence to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where, like Thomson and Pollok, he preached a sermon so flowery and rambling, that his professor discouraged him from prosecuting his path to the pulpit. He returned to his native district, and became parish teacher in Fordoun, a parish bordering on that of Laurencekirk, where he pursued the poetic studies he had begun when a school-boy, and where he attracted the notice of Lord Gardenstown and Lord Monboddo. Five years after, we find him elected usher to the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and in other two years, at the early age of twenty-five he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College. He was married, nine years later, to the daughter of Dr. Dunn, rector of the Grammar School, who is described as a very beautiful woman, and of whom Dr. Johnson, we know, entertained a still higher opinion than of her husband.—(See 'Boswell.')

In 1760, he published a small volume of 'Original Poems and Translations,' which did not attract much notice. In 1770, appeared his famous 'Essay on Truth,' which became instantly popular, infinitely more so than its merits deserved. It is now almost entirely neglected. Its attack on metaphysics was rendered worthless by the fact that Beattie knew nothing about them, but resembled one who had never crossed the 'Ass's Bridge' in Euclid sneering at fluxions. Hall's depreciation of them in his review of Foster's 'Essays' is far more valuable, because Hall was an accomplished, if not an original, metaphysician. Had Thomas Brown expressed in words his well-known *enacted* preference of poetry to the science of mind,

it had told with still greater force, since he had travelled from the Dan to the Beersheba of metaphysical speculation, and seemed to have found all barren.

Soon after the publication of the 'Essay on Truth,' Beattie gave to the world the first part of the 'Minstrel,' and a short while after, the second. He intended to have added a third, but never found leisure to execute his intention. About this time he repeatedly visited London, where he enjoyed the company, and elicited the respect, of its most eminent literati, and had a 'special interview' with the king and queen—poor old George III. as usual talking nonsense, and Beattie bowing and scraping before the utterances of the golden calf.

In 1787, feeling his health declining, he applied to the crown to appoint his son, James Hay Beattie, to be his assistant and successor in the chair. It was granted. This youth was a person of uncommon promise, but died at the age of twenty-two, to the inexpressible grief of his father, who, like Burke, doted on, and very much overrated the talents of, his son. Soon after, his second son Montague dying, and his wife having become deranged, Beattie was compelled to retire from the duties of his professorship. In 1799 he was seized with palsy, and in 1803 his gentle spirit was released from its 'body of death,' and so quiet was his dismissal, that he rather seemed to cease to live, than to die.

Beattie, as a whole, may be said to occupy a respectable rather than a lofty place in literature. As a philosopher, he has now no name. He rather struck at, and all about, Hume, than smote him hip and thigh. His essays are exceedingly agreeable compositions—they were the delight of Cowper—but are neither profound nor brilliant. His prejudices were very strong and unreasonable. In horror at the infidelity of Gibbon and Hume, he is led to speak slightly of their literary merits. Of Robertson, too, he has, or at least expresses, a cold opinion. 'But Lord Lyttleton is his private friend, and him he always calls the great historian,' though he is obliged to give his lordship's name afterwards, to let his readers know of whom he is speaking! From his letters, it might appear that all the literary talent, all the taste, and all the virtue of the country were confined to his circle of friends—Lord Lyttleton, Mrs. Montague, Dr. Porteous, and Major Mercer.

It is as a poet that Dr. Beattie must survive, and his place is for ever fixed among the

true but secondary 'sons of the morning.' He approaches not to the lofty creators, nor can he be ranked among the elaborate builders of the lofty rhyme. His place in genius is below Campbell, Collins, Gray, and Aken-side; in actual achievement he is not much inferior. If Campbell has written more and finer small poems, it may be doubted whether any of his larger is so unique and thoroughly-fused as the 'Minstrel.' The 'Hermit' is equal to Gray's 'Elegy,' in everything but length; and the 'Ode to Peace' is, we think, superior to the 'Bard.' Take the following stanza, for instance, descriptive of the invasion of America by the Spaniards:—

"On Cuba's utmost steep,
Far leaning o'er the deep,
The goddess' pensive form was seen;
Her robe of nature's varied green
Waved on the gale; grief dimm'd her radiant
eyes;
Her swelling bosom heaved with boding sighs:
She eyed the main; where gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war,
Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar:
She saw; and on refulgent pinions borne,
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with
the morn."

The charm of the 'Minstrel' lies in its blending of the moral elements with the material imagery. The mind described seems to grow up like one of nature's own products, like a fir among the woods of Auchcairnie, or a plane-tree upon the far-seen heights of Esslie. The poet's soul is not described as rising like a stormy wave to the wind of passion. It is not forced into activity, or hatched prematurely by electric heat; it develops sweetly, gradually, and in finest harmony with the beautiful and the great around it. The 'Minstrel' is indeed a dream—no poetic mind probably ever was insulated as Edwin's is described to be; but the 'dream is one,' it is consistent with itself, and its outline is painted as delicately, and with as much trembling truth, as though it were with the pencil of a pictorial fairy—the Raffaele of Lilliput. It is needless to dwell upon the solemn dignity of the verse, the chaste grandeur of the imagery, the rich chiaro-scuro which rests like a tropical night upon the whole poem, or the memorable individual descriptions, such as that beginning, 'Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store?' and the famous piece of cloud scenery, proving Beattie a genuine 'Child of the Mist,' and the truth of which one may test by climbing in the cloudy and dark day the

Cairnamount, to the north of the poet's birth-place, and watching the sea of vapor boiling, shifting, sinking, rising, tumultuating at his feet. The poem is felt, indeed, to be deficient in profound suggestiveness—its thought seldom throws out grappling irons; but its beauty, truth, and thoroughly sustained purpose, must always captivate, and excite keen regret that it remains a fragment. How fine, had he, in the third canto, more fully introduced religion as the finish and grand finale of the minstrel's education!

In the 'Hermit,' this desideratum is in part supplied. Not diviner is the gloom he first throws over the prospects of man, than is the light which at last he leaves resting upon the picture. It is the light of divine revelation. It has been kindled at the face of Jesus, but, at the same time, the truth it tells has served to combine with, and to corroborate, other voices, which, strengthened by this, so legibly declare the grand fact, that now, to an ear once instructed from on high, the low wind, as it passes over the church-yard grass seems to whisper, 'they are not dead, they are only asleep;' and the sunshine as it falls more sweetly on the grave than on the garden, seems to smile down the tidings, 'they are only sleeping;' and all natural analogies formerly obscure—the butterfly springing from his chrysalis tomb, the morning bursting her star-sprinkled shroud, the spring coming forth from her wintry cave, on 'wide wings of sunshine and breezy shadows'—find their antatype in the resurrection from the dead; and, as of old there was a 'garden where there was a sepulchre, where Jesus was laid,' so now in every sepulchre almost, is there not a garden, where the flowers, and budding branches, and ever-renewing green, seem silently to testify, that, as Jesus rose and revived, those that sleep in Jesus shall the Lord bring with him? and thus do not the great resurrections of nature unite with the resurrection of Christ

to form and sustain within us the 'blessed hope' of immortality, and to paint on our eyes the unutterable prospect which forms the climax of this beautiful poem—

"On the pale cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb?"

We remember with much interest the fact that the affecting verses in the "Hermit," beginning,

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,"

were quoted in tones of deep and tremulous pathos, by Dr. Thomas Brown, in the last lecture he ever delivered to his students. He read them as if from within the verge of that

"Mighty veil
Which doth divide the living and the dead,"

and which was so soon to be uplifted before his mild and half etherialized spirit!

We must now bid the amiable author of the "Minstrel" farewell! We love to think of him, wandering in youth through the black fir plantains which surrounded his birth-place; or climbing Garvock Hill, and fixing his piercing black eyes on the distant white sails, hovering like wings over the rounded, gray-green ocean; or crossing those dark dreary moors which lie between Fordoun and Aberdeen, in search of learning and distinction in that northern metropolis; or teaching his young son, James Hay Beattie, to "consider" the cresses of the garden, "how they grow," and to see in them an argument for the existence of a God; or taking his last look of the dead body of his son Montague, and saying, "Now I have done with the world." He had many of the powers, all the virtues, and scarcely one of the faults generally supposed to be connected with the mind and the temperament of a poet.

From Hogg's Instructor.

TABLE-TALK.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

DRYDEN'S HEXASTICH.

It is a remarkable fact, that the very finest epigram in the English language happens also to be the worst. *Epigram* I call it in the austere Greek sense; which thus far resembled our modern idea of an epigram, that something pointed and allied to wit was demanded in the management of the leading thought at its close, but otherwise nothing tending towards the comic or the ludicrous. The epigram I speak of is the well-known one of Dryden dedicated to the glorification of Milton. It is irreproachable as regards its severe brevity. Not one word is there that could be spared; nor could the wit of man have cast the movement of the thought into a better mould. There are three couplets. In the first couplet we are reminded of the fact that this earth had, in three different stages of its development, given birth to a trinity of transcendent poets; meaning narrative poets, or, even more narrowly, epic poets. The duty thrown upon the second couplet is to characterize these three poets, and to value them against each other, but in such terms as that, whilst nothing less than the very highest praise should be assigned to the two elder poets in this trinity—the Greek and the Roman—nevertheless, by some dexterous artifice, a higher praise than the highest should suddenly unmask itself, and drop, as it were, like a diadem from the clouds upon the brows of their English competitor. In the kind of expectation raised, and in the extreme difficulty of adequately meeting this expectation, there was pretty much the same challenge offered to Dryden as was offered, somewhere about the same time, to a British ambassador when dining with his political antagonists. One of these—the ambassador of France—had proposed to drink his master, Louis XIV., under the character of the sun, who dispensed life and light to the whole political system. To this there was no

objection; and immediately, by way of intercepting any further draughts upon the rest of the solar system, the Dutch ambassador rose, and proposed the health of their high mightinesses the Seven United States, as the moon and six* planets, who gave light in the absence of the sun. The two foreign ambassadors, Monsieur and Mynheer, secretly enjoyed the mortification of their English brother, who seemed to be thus left in a state of bankruptcy, "no funds" being available for retaliation, or so they fancied. But suddenly our British representative toasted his master as Joshua, the son of Nun, that made the sun and moon stand still. All had seemed lost for England, when in an instant of time both her antagonists were checkmated. Dryden assumed something of the same position. He gave away the supreme jewels in his exchequer; apparently nothing remained behind; all was exhausted. To Homer he gave A; to Virgil he gave B; and, behold! after these were given away, there remained nothing at all that would not have been a secondary praise. But, in a moment of time, by giving A and B to Milton, at one sling of his victorious arm he raised him above Homer by the whole extent of B, and above Virgil by the whole extent of A. This felicitous evasion of the embarrassment is accomplished in the second couplet; and, finally, the third couplet winds up with graceful effect, by making a *résumé*, or recapitulation of the logic concerned in the distribution of prizes just announced. Nature, he says, had it not in her power to provide a third prize separate from the first and second; her resource was, to join the first and second in combination: "to make a third, she joined the former two."

Such is the abstract of this famous epi-

* Six planets—no more had then been discovered.

gram; and, judged simply by the outline and tendency of the thought, it merits all the vast popularity which it has earned. But in the meantime, it is radically vicious as regards the filling in of this outline; for the particular quality in which Homer is accredited with the pre-eminence, viz., *loftiness of thought*, happens to be a mere variety of expression for that quality, viz., *majesty*, in which the pre-eminence is awarded to Virgil. Homer excels Virgil in the very point in which lies Virgil's superiority to Homer; and that synthesis, by means of which a great triumph is reserved to Milton, becomes obviously impossible, when it is perceived that the supposed analytic elements of this synthesis are blank reiterations of each other.

Exceedingly striking it is, that a thought should have prospered for one hundred and seventy years, which, on the slightest steadiness of examination, turns out to be no thought at all, but mere blank vacuity. There is, however, this justification of the case, that the mould, the set of channels, into which the metal of the thought is meant to run, really *has* the felicity which it appears to have: the form is perfect; and it is merely in the *matter*, in the accidental filling up of the mould, that a fault has been committed. Had the Virgilian point of excellence been *loveliness* instead of *majesty*, or any word whatever suggesting the common antithesis of sublimity and beauty; or had it been power on the one side, matched against grace on the other, the true lurking tendency of the thought would have been developed, and the sub-conscious purpose of the epigram would have fulfilled itself to the letter.

N. B.—It is not meant that *loftiness of thought* and *majesty* are expressions so entirely interchangeable, as that no shades of difference could be suggested; it is enough that these "shades" are not substantial enough, or broad enough, to support the weight of opposition which the epigram assigns to them. *Grace* and *elegance*, for instance, are far from being in all relations synonymous; but they are so to the full extent of any purposes concerned in this epigram. Nevertheless, it is probable enough that Dryden had moving in his thoughts a relation of the word *majesty*, which, if developed, would have done justice to his meaning. It was, perhaps, the decorum and sustained dignity of the *composition*—the workmanship apart from the native grandeur of the materials—the majestic style of the artistic treatment as distinguished from the original creative power—which Dryden, the translator of the Roman

poet, familiar therefore with his weakness and with his strength, meant in this place to predicate as characteristically observable in Virgil.

POPE'S RETORT UPON ADDISON.

There is nothing extraordinary, or that could merit a special notice, in a simple case of oversight, or in a blunder, though emanating from the greatest of poets. But such a case challenges and forces our attention, when we know that the particular passage in which it occurs was wrought and burnished with excessive pains; or (which in this case is also known) when that particular passage is pushed into singular prominence as having obtained a singular success. In no part of his poetic mission did Pope so fascinate the gaze of his contemporaries as in his functions of satirist; which functions, in his latter years, absorbed all other functions. And one reason, I believe, why it was that the interest about Pope decayed so rapidly after his death (an accident somewhere noticed by Wordsworth), must be sought in the fact, that the most stinging of his personal allusions, by which he had given salt to his later writings, were continually losing their edge, and sometimes their intelligibility, as Pope's own contemporary generation was dying off. Pope alleges it as a palliation of his satiric malice, that it had been forced from him in the way of retaliation; forgetting that such a plea wilfully abjures the grandest justification of a satirist, viz., the deliberate assumption of the character as something corresponding to the prophet's mission amongst the Hebrews. It is no longer the *facit indignatio versum*. Pope's satire, where even it was most effective, was personal and vindictive, and upon that argument alone could not be philosophic. Foremost in the order of his fulminations stood, and yet stands, the bloody castigation by which, according to his own pretence, he warned and menaced (but by which, in simple truth, he executed judgment upon) his false friend, Addison.

To say that this drew vast rounds of applause upon its author, and frightened its object into deep silence for the rest of his life, like the *Quos ego* of angry Neptune, sufficiently argues that the verses must have ploughed as deeply as the Russian knout. Vitriol could not scorch more fiercely. And yet the whole passage rests upon a blunder; and the blunder is so broad and palpable, that it implies instant forgetfulness both in the writer and the reader. The idea which furnishes the basis of the passage is this:

that the conduct ascribed to Addison is in its own nature so despicable, as to extort laughter by its primary impulse; but that this laughter changes into weeping, when we come to understand that the person concerned in this delinquency is Addison. The change, the transfiguration, in our mood of contemplating the offence, is charged upon the discovery which we are supposed to make as to the person of the offender; that which by its baseness had been simply comic when imputed to some corresponding author, passes into a tragic *coup-de-théâtre*, when it is suddenly traced back to a man of original genius. The whole, therefore, of this effect is made to depend upon the sudden scenical transition from a supposed petty criminal to one of high distinction. And, meantime, no such stage effect had been possible, since the knowledge that a man of genius was the offender had been what we started with from the beginning. "Our laughter is changed to tears," says Pope, "as soon as we discover that the base act had a noble author." And, behold! the initial feature in the whole description of the case is, that the libeller was one whom "true genius fired."

"Peace to all such! But were there one whose mind
True genius fires," &c.,

Before the offence is described, the perpetrator is already characterized as a man of genius: and, in spite of that knowledge, we laugh. But suddenly our mood changes, and we weep; but why, I beseech you? Simply because we have ascertained the author to be a man of genius.

"Who would not laugh? if such a man there be,
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

The sole reason for weeping is something that we knew already before we began to laugh.

It would not be right in logic; in fact, it would be a mis-classification, if I should cite as at all belonging to the same group several passages in Milton that come very near to Irish bulls, by virtue of distorted language. One reason against such a classification would lie precisely in that fact—viz., that the assimilation to the category of bulls lurks in the verbal expression, and not (as in Pope's case) amongst the conditions of the thought. And a second reason would lie in the strange circumstance, that Milton had not fallen into this snare of diction through any carelessness or oversight, but with his eyes wide open, deliberately avowing his error as a

special elegance; repeating it; and well aware of splendid Grecian authority for his error, if anybody should be bold enough to call it an error. Every reader must be aware of the case—

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve"—

which makes Adam one of his own sons, Eve one of her own daughters. This, however, is authorized by Grecian usage in the severest writers. Neither can it be alleged that these might be bold poetic expressions, harmonizing with the Grecian idiom; for Poppo has illustrated this singular form of expression in a prose-writer, as philosophic and austere as Thucydides; a form which (as it offends against logic) must offend equally in all languages. Some beauty must have been descried in the idiom, such as atoned for its solecism: for Milton recurs to the same idiom, and under the same entire freedom of choice, elsewhere; particularly in this instance, which has not been pointed out: "And never," says Satan to the abhorred phantoms of Sin and Death, when crossing his path,

"And never saw till now,
Sight more detestable than him and thee."

Now, therefore, it seems he *had* seen a sight more detestable than this very sight. He now looked upon something more hateful than X Y Z. What was it? It was X Y Z.

But the authority of Milton, backed by that of insolent Greece, would prove an overmatch for the logic of centuries. And I withdraw, therefore, from the rash attempt to quarrel with this sort of bull, involving itself in the verbal expression. But the following, which lies rooted in the mere facts and incidents, is certainly the most extraordinary *practical* bull* that all literature can

* It is strange, or rather it is *not* strange, considering the feebleness of that lady in such a field, that Miss Edgeworth always fancied herself to have caught Milton in a bull, under circumstances which, whilst leaving the shadow of a bull, effectually disown the substance. "And in the lowest deep a lower deep still opens to devour me." This is the passage denounced by Miss Edgeworth. "If it was already the lowest deep," said the fair lady, "how the deuce (no, perhaps it might be *I* that said '*how the deuce*') could it open into a lower deep?" Yes, how could it? In carpentry, it is clear to my mind that it could *not*. But, in cases of deep imaginative feeling, no phenomenon is more natural than precisely this never-ending growth of one colossal grandeur chasing and surmounting another, or of abysses that swallow up abysses. Persecutions of

furnish. And a stranger thing, perhaps, than the oversight itself lies in this—that not any critic throughout Europe, two only excepted, but has failed to detect a blunder so memorable. All the rampant audacity of Bentley—"slashing Bentley"—all the jealous malignity of Dr. Johnson—who hated Milton without disguise as a republican, but secretly and under a mask *would* at any rate have hated him from jealousy of his scholarship—had not availed to sharpen these practised and these interested eyes into the detection of an oversight which argues a sudden Lethæan forgetfulness on the part of Milton; and in many generations of readers, however alive and awake with malice, a corresponding forgetfulness not less astonishing. Two readers only I have ever heard of that escaped this lethargic inattention; one of which two is myself; and I ascribe my success partly to good luck, but partly to some merit on my own part in having cultivated a habit of systematically accurate reading. If I read at all, I make it a duty to read truly and faithfully. I profess allegiance for the time to the man whom I undertake to study; and I am as loyal to all the engagements involved in such a contract, as if I had come under a *sacramentum militare*. So it was that, whilst yet a boy, I came to perceive, with a wonder not yet exhausted, that unaccountable blunder which Milton has committed in the main narrative on which the epic fable of

this class oftentimes are amongst the symptoms of fever, and amongst the inevitable spontaneities of nature. Other people I have known who were inclined to class amongst bulls Milton's all-famous expression of "*darkness visible*," whereas it is not even a bold or daring expression; it describes a pure optical experience of very common occurrence. There are two separate darknesses or obscurities: first, that obscurity *by* which you see dimly; and secondly, that obscurity *which* you see. The first is the atmosphere through which vision is performed, and, therefore, part of the *subjective* conditions essential to the act of seeing. The second is the *object* of your sight. In a glass-house at night illuminated by a sullen fire in one corner, but else dark, you see the darkness massed in the rear as a black object. *That* is the "*visible darkness*." And on the other hand, the murky atmosphere between you and the distant rear is not the object, but the medium, through or athwart which you descry the black masses. The first darkness is *subjective* darkness; that is, a darkness in your own eye, and entangled with your very faculty of vision. The second darkness is perfectly different: it is *objective* darkness; that is to say, not any darkness which affects or modifies your faculty of seeing either for better or worse, but a darkness which is the *object* of your vision; a darkness which you see projected from yourself, as a massy volume of blackness, and projected, possibly, to a vast distance.

VOL. XXIX. NO. III.

the "*Paradise Lost*" turns as its hinges. And many a year afterwards, I found that Paul Richter, whose vigilance nothing escaped, who carried with him through life "the eye of the hawk, and the fire therein," had not failed to make the same discovery. It is this: The archangel, Satan, has designs upon man; he meditates his ruin; and it is known that he does. Specially to counteract these designs, and for no other purpose whatever, a choir of angelic police is stationed at the gates of paradise, having (I repeat) one sole commission, viz., to keep watch and ward over the threatened safety of the newly-created human pair. Even at the very first, this duty is neglected so thoroughly, that Satan gains access without challenge or suspicion. That is awful: for, ask yourself, reader, how a constable, or an inspector of police would be received, who had been stationed at No. 6, on a secret information, and spent the night in making love at No. 15. Through the regular surveillance at the gates, Satan passes without objection; and he is first of all detected by a purely accidental collision during the rounds of the junior angels. The result of this collision, and of the examination which follows, is what no reader can ever forget—so unspeakable is the grandeur of that scene between the two hostile archangels, when the *Fiend* (so named at the moment, under the fine machinery used by Milton for exalting or depressing the ideas of his nature) finally takes his flight as an incarnation of darkness.

"And fled,
Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of
night."

The darkness flying with him, naturally we have the feeling that he *is* the darkness, and that all darkness has some essential relation to Satan.

But now, having thus witnessed his terrific expulsion, naturally we ask, what was the sequel? Four books, however, are interposed before we reach the answer to that question. This is the reason that we fail to remark the extraordinary oversight of Milton. Dislocated from its immediate plan in the succession of incidents, that sequel eludes our notice, which else and in its natural place would have shocked us beyond measure. The simple abstract of the whole story is, that Satan, being ejected, and sternly charged under Almighty menaces not to intrude upon the young Paradise of God, "*rides with darkness*" for exactly one week, and, having digested his wrath, rather than his fears, on the

octave of his solemn banishment, without demur, or doubt, or tremor, back he plunges into the very centre of Eden. On a Friday, suppose, he is expelled through the main entrance: on the Friday following, he re-enters upon the forbidden premises through a clandestine entrance. The upshot is, that the heavenly police suffer, in the first place, the one sole enemy, who was, or could be the object of their vigilance, to pass without inquest or suspicion; thus they inaugurate

their task; secondly, by the merest accident (no thanks to their fidelity) they detect him, and with awful adjurations sentence him to perpetual banishment; but, thirdly, on his immediate return, in utter contempt of their sentence, they ignore him altogether, and apparently act upon Dogberry's direction, that, upon meeting a thief, the police may suspect him to be no true man; and, with such manner of men, the less they meddle or make, the more it will be for their honesty.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE RAINBOW.

Colors are the smiles of nature.—LEIGH HUNT.

It is undeniable that the Greeks had greatly the advantage of us dull moderns, not only in their exquisite perception of beauty, their architecture, their sculpture, and their poetry, but even in the imaginative errors of their primeval philosophy.

"I had rather be wrong with Plato than right with any one else," said Cicero, and we may (with all due respect for the majesty of science) in like manner prefer the speculations of Virgil and Ovid to the superior accuracy of Sir Isaac Newton and Antonio de Dominis,*—at all events on the subject of rainbows.

The dry certainties of later discovery pale before the glowing suppositions of those Sons of the Morning, who invested with deity all the varied phenomena of earth and air; who worshipped Hyperion in the sun, and Diana in the moon; who regarded the convulsions of the Sicilian volcano as the restlessness of a captive monster;† who looked

upon the spring flowers as the bounty of Aurora, and were grateful to Ceres for the plenteousness of autumn; who beheld in the lightnings the thunderbolts of Jove, and welcomed Iris, the god-descended, in the ethereal glories of the rainbow.

Candor compels us to admit that the sun and the vapor, the refrangibility of the different particles of light, and the degrees in which the rays are decomposed into their proper colors within the drops of water, have a great deal to do with the matter; but the study of optics is infinitely perplexing and unsatisfactory; we get bewildered amid whole alphabets of contradictory A's and B's, who, looking straight at C, behold D instead; and giving up the diagrams in disgust, revert gladly from this staid anatomical view of the "triple-colored bow" to the mythological genealogy of Iris.

Iris was one of the fabled Oceanides, a messenger of the gods, and an attendant of Juno. A light and gorgeous being with golden locks, borne upon the purple clouds of the sunset, and winged with heavenly plumage, brilliant in all the tints of the rainbow. To her was confided the task of severing that thread which detains the soul in the mortal body of the dying: she supplied the clouds with the waters of the deluge, and became,

* Antonio de Dominis, bishop of Spalatro, published a treatise in the year 1611, entitled *De Radiis Visus et Lucis*, in which he advanced that the rainbow was formed by the refraction of the sunbeams in the drops of rain-water, instead of being produced on the whole body of rain or vapor, as was previously supposed.

† "Typhæus was a monstrous giant with a hundred dragons' heads, who warred against Jupiter in the great struggle of the Titans with the king of the gods. Jupiter tore up the whole island of Sicily and flung it upon him. One promontory acted as a presser upon one hand; another on another; a

third on his legs; and the crater of Mount Etna was left him for a spiracle. There he lay in the time of Ovid, making the cities tremble as he turned."—*Vide Leigh Hunt's Jar of Honey.*

when they subsided, the type of human hope.

The very name of the Rainbow is a pleasant compound, greatly superior to the *arcobaleno* of the Italians, but not to be compared to the poetical *arc-en-ciel* of our French neighbors.

How elegant is the form of the rainbow! Arched and unsubstantial—the perfect curve of beauty that the artists say so much about. Then its unsullied and divinely contrasted hues; distinct, yet blending; red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet—deep and glowing, yet fading imperceptibly one into another,

Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

Painters have seldom succeeded in transferring the evanescent splendor of the rainbow to the material canvas: Turner has done it, Martin (we believe) has done it, and Claude might have done it,—but we cannot, at this moment, recall any picture of his in which it is represented. Its airy transparency,—the rich, yet delicate hues of which it is composed,—

Orange and azure deepening into gold,—

and the optical delusion that combines apparent nearness with actual remoteness, are the great difficulties to the artist, and the chief attributes of the phenomenon.

"Colors are the smiles of nature," saith the quotation at the commencement of our essay:—then is nature for ever smiling upon us in the green meadows, the blue sky, and the "laughing flowers;" but never smiles she so joyously and so kindly as in the rainbow: after weeping gentle rains upon the earth, she rejoices again:—"after a storm, comes a calm,"—after showers, sunshine and a rainbow. Fancy one of these bright things after a storm at sea, spreading its beauty over half the sky, and cheering the faint hearts of the weary voyagers. Fancy the ship, after its hard battle with the angry waters, going gallantly forward, as if it meant to sail right through this glorious archway into some *terra incognita* of undiscovered fertility. What a land might we not hope to find beyond a portal such as this,—what cloudless skies, new flowers, and strange birds with wondrous plumage; and, above all, what just and happy human beings, blest with liberty and love, and wise in all the lore

Of painting, sculpture, and wrapt poesy,
And arts, tho' unimagined, yet to be!

Byron, in the second canto of *Don Juan*, has described a rainbow on the ocean under more dreary circumstances, however, than this Utopian reverie; the verses contain much that is picturesque and even grand, but scarcely earnest enough for the fearful narrative to which they belong:—

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through

The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,

Resting its bright base on the quivering blue:

And all within its arch appeared to be

Clearer than that without; and its wide hue

Waxed broad and waving, like a banner free,

Then changed like to a bow that's bent,—and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwrecked men.

It changed of course; a heavenly chameleon,

The airy child of vapor and the sun,—

Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,

Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,

Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every color into one.

Not less beautiful is the motionless calm of the rainbow when throned on the fierce deluge of the tempest, or on the restless torrent of the mountain cataract: it seems to us a strange and lovely phenomenon that this calmest arch should be based on one of the least substantial and controllable of elements. Fire itself is not more irresistible than the Alpine cataracts of Mont Blanc, or the cascade of Velino. Shelley has worthily described one of the former,* and Byron the latter:—

Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep

Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil

Robes some unsculptured image.

SHELLEY. *Mont Blanc.*

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height

Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;

The fall of waters! rapid as the light

The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,

And boil in endless torture; while the sweat

Of their great agony, wrung out from this

Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet

That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

* Horribly beautiful! but on the verge

From side to side beneath the glittering morn,

An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,

Like Hope upon a death-bed; and, unworn

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn

By the distracted waters, bears serene

Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;

* Shelley's lines are descriptive of the lesser cataract, not of the Cascade des Pelerius; they are within a league of each other.

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien.
BYRON. *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

Such is the rainbow of Velino, such that of Terni, of Niagara, and of the cataracts of the monarch of mountains. The winds and dashing spray disturb not its impalpable serenity;—the icy mountain peaks, and the silent glaciers are not more eternal.

The glorious ministry of the sun appears so indispensable, that the notion of a lunar rainbow is something unfamiliar and strange. The poets put it out of the question altogether; and still more uncongenial are the colorless rainbows of M. Marlotte.

M. Bohault,* in agreeable contrast, tells us of brilliant *colored* rainbows on the grass, formed by the refractions of the sun's rays on the morning dew. It is pleasant to fancy the daisies and buttercups peeping up through this new and gorgeous raiment.

Painters and poets have long agreed in considering the rainbow as a symbol of Hope. Alas! that Hope should so frequently be anchored on dreams as fragile as its emblem!

Milton says, in the twelfth book of *Paradise Lost*, that Noah descends from the Ark

With all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow,
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.

It is curious to observe in what trifling touches the shades of character are defined:—let us compare this bow of “*three listed colors*” with Shelley's account of a rainbow in his exquisite poem on *A Cloud*:—

The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the *million-colored* bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove
While the moist earth was laughing below.

A greater contrast could scarcely be exhibited than this, or one that would illustrate with greater accuracy the antagonistic natures of the two poets. Milton's gigantic mind—looking at nature as set within bounds more distinct and formal,—limited the hues of the bow to the three primary colors, which was not just, for the secondary shades of orange, green, and violet, are as lovely to the eye. Shelley, with his daring enthu-

siasm of diction, his extended philosophical views, and boundless liberality of opinion, errs (on the side of justice, however) in calling it “the million-colored bow.”

Notwithstanding that the rainbow has been long a favorite illustration and accessory in poetry, we do not remember ever to have met with it as the *subject* of a poem. Campbell, in his *Pleasures of Hope*, alludes to it but once, and then cursorily, which is strange, considering the title of that beautiful work. It is in the opening lines, as follows:—

At summer eve, when Heaven's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Still more strange is Shakspeare's infrequent allusion to this most poetical of objects; he mentions it but thrice in the whole course of his works, and the following is the only instance in which it is not used as a mere passing illustration to the subject.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Thomson, in his fine, noble style, says of it in *Spring*:—

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting o'er the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light by thee disclosed
From the white mingling maze.

Laman Blanchard, with great fancy and feeling, exclaims with a poet's fervor:—

A rainbow! it is heaven's lyre!

and L. E. L. says beautifully in one of her brief and sorrowful lyrics:—

But hope has wakened since and wept
Itself like a rainbow, away;
And the flowers have faded and fallen around,
We have none for a wreath for to-day.

* See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Scene 3; and *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Scene 3.

* *Trait de Physique*.

Tennyson introduces it as one of the charms of his marvellous *Palace of Art* :—

From those four jets four torrents in one swell
Across the mountain streamed below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

Let us recall, in conclusion, the lines of Coleridge, from *A Hymn written in the Vale of Chamouni*.

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ! *Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows ?* Who, with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents like a shout of nations

Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !

God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome
voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds !

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God !

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE CHATEAU REGNIER.

I WAS travelling in Germany some eighteen or twenty years ago, when the events which I am going to relate took place. It was my first tour. I was fresh from college, where I had studied with an intensity that had rendered total relaxation as much a necessity as a pleasure.

It was at Coblenz that I met with my early friend Heinrich S., or, to speak more accurately, it was on the road to Coblenz, for I had sent my servant on with the horses, and was proceeding leisurely along the road, which, at this point, hangs like a suspended gallery above the wooded banks and nestling villages that border the glorious Rhine. The evening was beautiful, and above, in the clear sky, the first solitary star was trembling into light. I should never have recognized Heinrich S., but that he spoke to me, as I stood looking over the landscape, and extended his hand to me. I had some difficulty in believing that it was the same youth who had been my class-fellow at Eton. There Heinrich was the sharpest, the boldest, and the most mischievous boy amongst us—the idol of the scholars, and the misery of the masters. Now, how changed was his appearance. Though in reality but a few months my senior, he looked ten years older. His cheeks were white and sunken ; his lips bloodless ; his eyes, surrounded by a dark circle, looked bright and wild ; his hair hung in long dark masses about his face, and his dress was soiled and travel-stained. He had left Eton—where he had been placed by his parents, then resident in England—to

proceed to the University of Gottingen, in his native Saxony, and I had not seen or heard of him since his departure. Could study have altered him thus ? It was strange : his means were ample ; his prospects excellent ; and it seemed scarcely probable that any great misfortune should have befallen him, that could stamp such an expression of haggard wretchedness upon his countenance.

He took my arm, and we walked slowly on towards Coblenz. He spoke little by the way, and that little hastily and unwillingly : his words were frequently contradictory, and uttered in a wandering, melancholy tone, that was most distressing. He lapsed frequently into a moody silence, and then laughed loudly when I had said nothing to provoke it.

I began to fear that he was not perfectly in his right senses, and was glad when we entered the narrow streets of the town, and reached the inn whither my servant had preceded me. Here Heinrich left me, promising to return in an hour's time to dinner, for he was staying, he told me, at a neighboring hotel. So I sat and waited for him in the wooden gallery outside the windows of my apartment, watching the passers-by in the street below, and pondering over my late encounter.

I came back into the room, closed the window, drew the curtains, replenished my meerschaum, and waited, not very patiently, for my dinner and my guest. Both came at last : first the guest, then the dinner. S. seemed to make an effort to shake off his gloom, but the meal was not a social one, and I saw with concern that he ate little, but

drank recklessly, pouring out for himself glass after glass of pure cognac brandy.

I no longer fancied that Heinrich was not in his right mind, but I feared that he drank deeply—perhaps to banish the memory of some passion which I felt sure must be the secret care of his life. We smoked, we drank—the former, as all do in Germany, incessantly—the latter on his part deeply, on mine moderately. We talked of old times: of Eton; of our friends and relations (his parents, he told me, were both dead); of college life; of Cambridge; of Gottingen; of learning; and of writers.

By this time the coldness of his manner had quite vanished. A feverish excitement seemed to possess him. I was the listener, he the speaker. He was enthusiastic on the subject of ancient literature—a stream of eloquence flowed from his lips, and with every draught of the burning liquid he grew more and more delightful in his discourse.

"You must be very happy, Heinrich," said I, with a sigh, "to be so young, and to have studied with great advantage. I have not succeeded in acquiring half the knowledge which you possess of art, science, and literature."

He made no answer; turned as pale as a corpse, and seemed unable to articulate. I poured out another glass of brandy, and gave it into his hand, for his expression alarmed me. He drank it at a draught, laughed hysterically, and burst into tears.

I was inexpressibly shocked. "Heinrich," said I, "earnestly, laying my hand at the same time upon his sleeve, "Heinrich, what has done this?"

For a long time he would not reply to me: at last he yielded to my entreaties, drew his chair nearer to mine, filled another glass, and placed it at his elbow, wiped his forehead nervously, and confided to me the following story:—

"It is now ten years since I entered the University at Gottingen. I was then eighteen, and my name was entered on the books on the 2nd of February, 1822. I was a very wild, happy fellow, when you knew me; but somehow I became a very different fellow when I entered on my university life. I had left my parents, my friends, my English home behind me. Germany was no fatherland to me. England was the scene of my youthful education, the land of my first friends, and I felt lonely, and a stranger in my native place. Perhaps it seemed all the lonelier for its being my native place, and my knowing no soul in any part of it. At all events, I lost

all my buoyancy of spirit; the noisy extravagancies of my fellow-countrymen and students were insupportable to me, and I gave myself up entirely to the acquisition of learning. Night after night I sat up, unsubdued by weariness, till the daylight came creeping through the blinds to pale the glimmer of my lamp. Day after day I refused myself the common enjoyments of exercise and rest; attending the lectures, reading with my tutors, and striving with knowledge in every shape. I lived in an abstract world, apart from the men and things around me. The sight of my fellow-students became an annoyance to me: even the lectures, at last, were unwelcome, since they drew me from the solitude of my own rooms, and the company of my books.

"I was a literary fanatic; I dwelt in a world of imagination, and amid an ideal community. In the silent nights, when the passing student looked up with pitying surprise at the steady light from my windows, I walked in thought with the philosophers of old, and held high converse with the spirits of the past. My rooms had almost the appearance of some ancient wizard's retreat. Crucibles, retorts, magnetic apparatus, electrical machines, microscopes, jars, receivers, philosophical instruments, and books, crowded every part. No chemical theory was too wild, no enterprise too difficult for me. I think I was scarcely sane at this time, for I began to hate mankind, and live solely for myself and my own mind. 'When I am of age,' I promised myself, 'I will seek out some lonely solitude where travellers never pass, and there I will build a house and live the life of the soul.' And I did so. My parents died before I left the university, and when I passed out of its gates I stepped forth into the wide world, a creature ignorant of the usages of life; possessed of riches for which I had no value; lonely, learned, and friendless. Yet not utterly friendless: I had contracted a friendship—if friendship that could be called that subsisted solely in the interchange of thought, for I believe we had never even shaken hands or broken bread together—with the professor of mathematics under whom I had studied. To him alone I bade a farewell; to him confided my plans of retirement; to him promised the knowledge of my retreat as soon as I had established myself in it, and to him offered the hospitality of that roof when I obtained it. It was not long before I found such an one as I desired. I left Germany, and crossed over to England. My old friends were all removed, or

married, or dead. My parents were no more; you were at college: and the dead and empty aspect of the land in which I no longer found any associations of my youth remaining, struck me with sorrow. I felt bitterly the loss of those to whom I owed not only birth and fortune, but reverence and love. All England seemed like a grave, and I hurried from it without even seeking you out at Cambridge. Had you been living anywhere alone, I would have travelled day and night to press your hand once more; but I loathed the sight of men, and I dreaded to enter so vast a community to find you. I went on to France, avoiding Paris and all large towns, and made for the remoter provinces. There I hoped to discover some old chateau where I might seclude myself amid the woods and solitudes, in a land where the people, and even the language, was unknown to me. I found it.

"It was in Languedoc that I lighted upon the house which was henceforth to be my world. It was a lofty and noble chateau, long deserted, half ruined, and surrounded by woods. The nearest village was six miles away, and save a few solitary huts occupied by the very poorest of the peasants, I had no neighbor nearer than that village. Nothing could be more romantic than the situation, and nothing could better have suited with my frame of mind. The mansion was built on a little eminence, so that the turrets and grotesque chimneys peeped above the trees. A noble avenue had, in the old times, led to the great entrance, but was now utterly impassable with weeds and briars. Grass grew on the paths; rabbits burrowed in the gardens; broken statues, green with moss, stood solitary sentinels amid the desolation; and the owl and the bat lodged in the deserted chamber. This was the spot which I had sought for: here I could be happy. I sought out the notary in the nearest post town, and learned from him that the property had been entrusted to him for sale, and that I was the first who had offered to purchase it. It was the mansion of a noble family who had fallen in the revolution of '93, and now belonged to a descendant of theirs, a rich planter in Jamaica, who had long since wished to dispose of it. I bought it for a very trifle, and had one wing repaired and rendered habitable for my use; the rest I allowed to continue in its gradual decay. My solitude was called the 'Chateau Regnier.'

"I sent workmen from Toulouse, and books from Paris and Germany, and in the space of two months found myself in the

paradise of my wishes. I had chosen the right wing for my habitation, and had fitted up three rooms for myself alone, and two more at some distance away, for my attendant. These rooms opened out of each other; the first was my dining and breakfast-room; the second my bed-chamber; the third and remotest my study. I had a motive in this arrangement. The walls were enormously thick, and the doors I had baised and strengthened. I was a stranger in the country—the place was desolate, and I fortified it like a place of defence, for I might be robbed and murdered, and no man the wiser. Again, silence as well as solitude was my luxury, and when all the doors were closed (and the door of the outer apartment, or dining-room, was double), no sound could reach my study from within or without, and none could issue thence. Still further to enhance this pleasure, I had the narrow windows of the latter walled up, and lived, when among my books, in perpetual night. The walls were hung with crimson draperies, and fitted round with bookshelves: a table at one end supported my chemical and philosophical instruments; another, near the fireplace, was laden with books and writing materials; an easy-chair stood beside it, and a noble cabinet, to the right of the fire-place, contained my more valuable papers, minerals, &c. A silver lamp suspended by delicate chain-work hung from the ceiling, and spread a soft light through the chamber, and a powerful spirit-lamp stood on the table beside my reading-desk. Busts of philosophers and poets, showing whitely against the crimson curtains, looked nobly from the top of every bookcase; and from the darkened room, the draperied walls, the silent world of knowledge which it held, the passionless sculpture, and the thickly-carpeted floor—which gave back no echo when you trod upon it—a presence of stillness, a solitude 'which might be felt,' came over the room, and dwelt in it like an invisible soul.

"Here, then, for the first time since I had left Eton, I felt perfectly happy. But for the variety of passing into the outer room twice in the day to take my meals, I should never have known day from night. At twelve, and at seven, I partook of the necessary means of life; from two in the morning till six I slept; all the rest of my life I spent in my study, in thought, in communion with the souls of the dead. The woman whom I had chosen for my servant was old, deaf, and a German. I had brought her from Toulouse, for it was necessary that we should un-

derstand each other's language, and the French I was totally unacquainted with.

"Thus a year passed on. The peasants had ceased to wonder at my habits, the owls and bats had resettled in the uninhabited wing, the rabbits returned to the gardens, and I, a hermit of science, lived to myself, but was dead to the world. One day, however, to my amazement, while seated at dinner, with my old attendant waiting upon me, the door, which on these occasions was left unfastened, was slowly opened, and a head came cautiously through. It was M. Schneider, my old professor of mathematics at Göttingen. I was really glad to see him, more glad than I chose to confess, even to myself. I loved my retreat, but it *was* a pleasure once more to see a familiar face, once more to listen to a familiar voice, once more to exchange thoughts with a living brain, and read them in a cordial eye. No enjoyment which my study ever had afforded me equalled the delight with which I welcomed that good man. I embraced him, I talked, I laughed, I forced him into a chair, and pressed him to partake of my simple meal. I drank his health; I overwhelmed him with questions, without waiting for an answer. I behaved more like a schoolboy than a student, and could have danced for joy. He understood me, and joined in my gaiety. We retreated to the study; I showed him with pride my books, my instruments, my silent solitude. I described to him my mode of life, and finally entreated him to come and spend with me the remainder of his existence. We were so happy that day! I never thought the sight of any human being could give me such delight. M. Schneider did not at once accept all my propositions, but he would remain with me at least for some weeks. I felt as if all my wealth could scarcely purchase sufficient to entertain him. The wines and viands of the neighboring village were not half good enough for him; and I resolved that very night, when he had retired to rest (for I had installed him in my only bedroom), to hire a horse from the neighboring post-house, and gallop down to Toulouse myself to order thence all the luxuries and comforts I could get. We sat in conversation till an advanced hour of the morning—never had I found conversation so delightful. The clock was striking three when I rose to leave the house. I felt no want of rest, and I anticipated with pleasure the walk to the post-house in the fresh morning air. My friend retired to bed: I wrapped myself closely in my travelling cloak, put

a pair of pocket pistols within the breast of my riding coat, opened the outer doors without a sound, closed them, and passed through the hall and the great door, into the gray morning. Never, since my residence there, had I taken a walk of so many miles; never had I stirred beyond the precincts of the park and gardens of the Chateau Regnier. It was autumn: the red and yellow leaves lay thick upon the pathway as I strode rapidly through the forest: the morning sun came slowly up in the East, and cast bright slanting lights between the stems and branches of the trees: the wild birds woke up one after another in their nests up in the branches, and taking the song from each other, filled the air with melody. Sweet scents of distant fields came on the breeze: the hare started at my footfall, and darted across my path; a beautiful lizard glided away in the grass—the sun came up bright and strong—the birds sang louder and louder, and the sunshine and song were in my heart also, and I said joyfully—"The world is lovely, and all that therein is. Solitude is not the only good. Blessed be God, who made the world so beautiful and so glad!" I seemed, on that morning, to bathe in the light of a more generous and divine philosophy. The meeting with my old friend had been good for me, and from henceforth I felt that my life promised higher and holier results than the selfish indulgence of intellectual pursuits. I reached the post-house, mounted a fleet and spirited horse, and rode away at full speed to Toulouse. I had no time to lose, for the town was full fifteen miles away, and I recollected with laughing surprise that, following the habit of many months, I had mechanically turned the key of my outer apartment, and put it in my waistcoat pocket.

"Come, Heinrich," said I, gaily, to myself, 'you must gallop away, for you have locked up the professor, and he must wait for you before he can have any breakfast!'

"I reached the town, gave such orders as I required, remounted the horse, and began retracing my road. It was nine by the cathedral clock. The shops in Toulouse were all open; people were stirring in the streets and on the highroad; wagons with country-people were returning home from selling fruit and vegetables in the town-market. Every one gave me a good-morning, and, as I could not reply to them in their own tongue, I answered all with a nod and a smile. Many looked back and pointed after me. They wondered why I galloped along so fast at that early hour. 'Nine o'clock,

Heinrich,' said I; 'make haste! The professor is hungry.'

"On I went—trees, hedges, cottages flew past me. Suddenly I received a fierce shock,—a fall—a blow,—and I knew no more.

"When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on a straw bed in a small mean cottage. An old woman was sitting knitting in the doorway. All was silent, and I lay watching her busy fingers for several minutes in a stupid apathy, which neither knew nor sought to know the meaning of my situation. At length I tried languidly to turn in the bed, and felt myself seized with a sharp and terrible agony, that forced a scream from my lips. It seemed as if my feet were being torn off! The old woman ran to me, brought me a cup of water, and said something in French, which was, of course, unintelligible to me, put her hand on my lips when I was about to speak, pointed to my feet, and shook her head compassionately as she looked at me.

"I understood her. I remembered the shock—the fall;—my leg was broken.

"I groaned aloud—for I now felt great pain; but I lay still, and tried to recall all the circumstances to my mind. I was on horseback: where was I coming from? From Toulouse, I remembered. What did I want at Toulouse? Ah! the Professor Schneider—the key—the locked door—the distance—the day,—all flashed upon my memory, and, half-frantic, I tried again to rise, and, I think, fainted with the pain, for when I again became sensible, there were a man and a young girl in the room; the latter was bathing my forehead with vinegar, and the man was feeling my pulse. Oh the misery of that waking! Not one—not one to comprehend my words,—not one to tell me how long I had been lying helpless there,—not one to send to the rescue of my friend! I wept burning tears; I prayed, I made signs, I addressed the man, who seemed to be a doctor, in German, Latin, and English, but he only shook his head, and whispered with the others. I tried repeatedly to rise; they held me down by force: my blood burned, my limbs trembled, I was going mad.

"I thought of him, my noble friend, dying, starving, in the accursed solitude of the chateau. No sound could penetrate those doors; no human force break through them. The windows—alas! they were high and narrow, and barred like a prison, through mine own caution. The chimney—that was

not wide enough for a child to climb. The remains of our dinner was left upon the table. He might sustain life for three days upon that, with economy; but how long had I been in this place?—perhaps four, perhaps six, perhaps eight days already! I dug my nails into the palms of my hands with despair at the idea. Then I thought of Ugo Foscolo,—how his body was found with the arm gnawed away by his own teeth in the agony of famine. I raved—I wept—I groaned,—my brain seemed a burning coal. I was in a delirious fever! Oh, the terrible visions of a mind disordered and oppressed with such a fearful anguish as mine! Madness was wrought to a despairing fury, passing all ordinary delirium, by the goadings of conscious agony; pain, mental and bodily, acting in terrible concert, surrounded me with torments to which the fabled hell of the Florentine were no more than an uneasy dream. Sometimes I seemed to behold my guest as from a place whence I could not escape to his aid. I saw him shake the bars of the narrow casements with hopeless fury. I saw his pale face—his convulsed limbs. I heard him curse my name; and then, oh, horror! he fixed his dying eyes on mine, and so chained me, without the power of avoiding their fascination. Again, I was walking with him on a narrow shelf beside a burning lake. I fell: I implored him to save me,—but to extend his hand to me, or I should perish: and methought the dying look came over him again, and his form dilated as he bade me fall and perish. Again—but these recollections are too fearful! I was mad; and when reason once more returned to me, I found myself utterly weakened, and helpless as a child. I looked at my hands; they were little better than the hands of a skeleton. I made signs to them for a looking-glass; my beard had reached the growth of weeks.

"Then I knew that my friend was dead.

"Dead!—never more to call me by my name—never more to touch my hand, or gladden me with talk of high and wondrous things. Dead! still, cold. Dead, and by my means. Dead and unburied. Could I then have died, so to call him back again to life, I would have rejoiced to do so. Nay, to die were too poor a sacrifice,—I would have given my soul to do it. I a murderer! I who had never harmed a fly; who had stepped aside from the snail upon my path—I who had never choked the sweet songs of the birds in murderous sport. I was now too feeble and too broken-hearted to make

even the faintest effort to return to the chateau. I prayed for death; yet day by day I gradually recovered strength. The village surgeon who attended me was no more than an unlettered quack, and it is surprising that I should have escaped with life; but I did, and the more I loathed to live, the more I felt that death rejected me. Gradually my limb strengthened, and they lifted me occasionally from the bed to a garden seat, where I might breathe the cool fresh air of early winter. They were all kind and gentle to me, but grateful I could not be for care or attention, since to exist was now and henceforward a perpetual misery. Besides, they had found me no ungenerous guest: I had a considerable sum with me when I went to Toulouse, and the residue amply satisfied their claims. By-and-by I could even walk with difficulty from room to room, and I had no excuse to remain with them longer. But now I dreaded to return; now I shrunk from the thoughts of the rooms where I knew the body of my friend was.

* * * * *

"I went at last. A rude conveyance bore me home. It was mid-day when I left the cottage, and the rapid winter night had closed in before we reached the gates of the chateau. Here I bid my entertainers farewell, and insisted on approaching alone those walls from which I had so long remained absent. The moon was shining bright and chill on every tree and shrub. I am not superstitious, a thrill of dread crept over me when I stood before the house, and saw the bats flitting in the ruins, and beheld the pale light on the windows of the fatal rooms which I had inhabited. I ascended the broken steps,—the great door yielded to my touch,—a light beneath a distant door evidenced that my old servant was yet faithful to her guardianship. I opened it, and beheld her sleeping soundly in the chimney corner. Yonder, to the right, down that dark corridor, lay the rooms which I had lived in; yonder, the looked and fatal door. The cold dew stood upon my brow; I took a lighted candle from the table, and forced myself to go on. At the door I paused again; even when the key was in and turned I hesitated, and would fain have deferred it; then I pushed it open, walked straight up to the table, and laid the candle down. He was not there. This was a relief to me. I dreaded to find him in the first room, and thanked God that the sight of his corpse had not met my eyes on the first entrance. I closed the door and looked round the cham-

ber in every part. My heart sickened when I beheld the disorder in which it lay. Chairs, books, and cushions were lying on the floor; a thick dust covered every object; the dishes were yet on the table where we had dined together; a few bones, covered, like the rest, with the deposit of months, were scattered on the cloth. A watch was lying beside them; it had stopped long, long ago at twelve o'clock, and lay there blank and speechless. It was Schneider's. I knew it again. Alas! alas! type of its owner; the busy heart was mute and motionless. I wept; tears seemed to ease my heart of the heavy load that was crushing it within my breast. I gathered resolution once more, and opened the door of the second chamber. But he was not there either. The bed was black with dust—he had slept in it when I left him; and there, tossed and uncovered, it remained as when he last arose from it. At the window a table was standing, and on the table a chair. Some panes of glass were broken, through which the night air came down upon me and blew the flame of the candle hither and thither. There he had climbed and striven to escape, but the iron bars defied him; he had broken the window, and cried in vain for help; the attendant was deaf and infirm, and no soul ever penetrated the grounds of the chateau. It was plain, that my study was his tomb. This certainty froze my blood, and I trembled in every limb. Now that it was a certainty I felt unable to move one step in advance. There was the study door not entirely closed, and yet not sufficiently open to reveal aught within. There was his living tomb. It must be done! every breath of air through the shattered panes threatened to extinguish my light. Better to face the worst than be left there in sudden fearful darkness. I groaned involuntarily, and started at the sound of my own voice. I advanced—I extended my hand. Good God! the door resisted me! Yes, there—there across the threshold, lay a dark and shapeless mass. I could only open it by main strength, and all strength on the instant failed me. Terror tied my tongue. I felt a scream of horror rising to my lips, but had not the power to utter it, and, staggering slowly under the burthen, the agonising burthen of supreme fear, I dragged myself back again through the rooms, locked the doors, along the corridor and hall, and out once more among the trees and the moonlight. On I went and never once looked back; out through the great open gates, on along the high road. Dread and

an unnatural strength possessed me. Yesterday I could scarcely walk thirty yards without pain and fatigue; now, I was insensible to mere bodily grievances. I used the fractured limb without attending to the exquisite suffering it must have occasioned me. At last fatigue overpowered me. I sat down by the roadside. A vehicle passed by. The driver saw and assisted me to enter it. At last, after many changes and stages, I reached Paris. I have since then wandered over Europe. Languedoc and the Chateau Regnier I have not beheld since that awful night. I am a pilgrim and an outcast without peace

or rest,—wandering, a shadow, among men and cities, in some one of which I hope to find a grave."

* * * * *

Heinrich S. I never saw again. From time to time I hear of him as having been seen in some far land,—three years since he was in Russia, and last summer I was told that he had been for a few weeks in Vienna. But I know not; report is ever vague and uncertain. He lives, I fear: perhaps the next news may be of his death. I hope so; for life is terrible with him. May he die in peace!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF THE IMPERIAL VAULT,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SPEYER.

CONRAD THE SECOND, Emperor of Germany, was surnamed the Speierer, from his great attachment to the city of Speyer. He was the monarch who had the imperial vault erected in the beautiful cathedral of that town, for the deposit of his own remains and those of his successors, or the other members of his family who might happen to die on the western side of the Alps, as the inscription over the entrance, which is still legible, implies. The historians of that period relate the following romantic story as the origin of this vault:—

There lived at the court of the emperor a nobleman of the name of Caln, who, having had the misfortune to offend him, fled with his wife into the furthestmost recesses of the Black Forest, to escape the vengeance of his irritated master. There they took up their abode, in a miserable and destitute hut. Some time after their flight, as the emperor was hunting in the vicinity of the count's retreat, he was benighted, and compelled to seek shelter for the night in the very dwelling of the man who had so much offended him. The count was away at the time; but it so happened, that on this very night the countess was delivered of a son, in a chamber next to that into which the emperor had retired, immediately after the birth of which

he heard a voice emphatically exclaim, "Oh, Conrad! this child will be thy son-in-law and successor." The astounded monarch summoned his two attendants, and ordered them at once to get possession of the child, and destroy it. But, being more humane than their master, they determined rather to preserve than to take away the infant's life; although, as a proof of their bloody work, Conrad had ordered them to bring before him the child's reeking heart. The servants stole the child from the countess's chamber, and left the hovel apparently with the intention of killing it.

Outside of the hut there happened to be a quantity of game which had been killed at the hunt the preceding day. The attendants at once bethought themselves of a stratagem by means of which they might deceive their bloody-minded lord. They ripped out a heart from the body of a fawn, and brought it to the cruel king, who being more of a monster than an anatomist, mistook it for the heart of his victim, and at once expressed his approbation and delight at the promptitude they had displayed in dispatching a creature which, as he had been foretold, would be his son and heir. In the meantime, the infant had been laid under a tree by the attendants until their return; but, during

their absence, Herman, Duke of Suabia, passing by, and hearing the screams of the infant, took compassion on its neglected and abandoned state, had it removed to his castle, and adopted it for his own. Years flew by, and the child was approaching to manhood, when the emperor came on a visit to the duke. The young count's interesting appearance attracted his attention, and inquiring who he was, Herman related the singular manner in which he had come by him. Suspicion immediately entered the emperor's mind, but he concealed his alarm; and pretending he had taken an extraordinary interest in the youth, desired the duke to cede him over to him, saying that he intended to make him one of his pages, and would provide for his welfare in life. Though the duke loved the count almost as much as if he had been his own child, he could not refuse the emperor's demand, and young Caln departed with his sovereign in the quality of page. On his arrival at his palace at Suabia, the emperor forthwith summoned to his presence the two servants whom he had eighteen years before commissioned to destroy the infant in the Black Forest, in order to elicit from them more positive proof as to the count's identity. The two men, terrified at the king's demand, fell upon their knees, and confessed how they had imposed upon him, but declaring, at the same time, that if it were their sovereign's will that they should die for what they had done, they would rather submit to the worst of deaths than exist as murderers. The enraged monarch dismissed them from his presence. There being no longer any doubt about the young count's origin, the prophecy returned to the emperor's recollection with increasing force and renewed poignancy, and he determined that the object of his alarm should not this time escape him. He dispatched young Caln to the empress, who was then residing at Aix-la-Chapelle, with a letter containing this terrible injunction—"As you set a value on your life, see that the bearer of this be secretly and speedily destroyed."

The traveller, little knowing that he carried his own death-warrant, proceeded on his journey, which lay over Speyer, where, on his arrival, he lodged, according to the orders he had received, at the house of the dean of

the cathedral, who was a most worthy pillar of the church; but, fortunately for the young count, his spiritual affairs were not altogether so important, or so multiplied, as to deprive him of a great deal of worldly curiosity, which was more than usually excited on the arrival of the emperor's page, bearing dispatches for the queen—not an every-day occurrence. He sounded the count on the occasion of his mission, but could elicit nothing from him that could at all satisfy his curiosity; and whilst he was exhausting his interrogatory resources, and drawing largely upon his patience, the wearied traveller fell asleep. Then the excited dean, unable to resist any longer the impulse of his feelings and the favor of the moment, approached the sleeping youth, gently drew the letter from his bosom, where it was concealed, with trembling hand broke the imperial seal, and, as he finished perusing its contents, he could not forbear shedding tears; and turning his eyes towards the innocent victim of his sovereign's bloody designs, who was now buried in peaceful slumber, he felt convinced that he had done no crime to merit such a death—for the guilty could not sleep as he then slept, and resolved to avert the fate that menaced him.

By the alteration of a few letters, he changed the sense of the words containing the cruel order to the queen to this—"As you set a value on your life, see that the bearer of this be secretly and speedily married to our daughter." The honest dean then consigned the letter back to its deposit. Soon after this, the page awoke, took leave of his host, and departed for Aix-la-Chapelle, where, soon after, he was married to the emperor's daughter.

When the emperor heard of this, he was greatly astonished and dismayed; but, when he discovered that his daughter's husband was the Count Caln's son, he forgave the past and made him co-regent in the government; thus fulfilling the prophecy which had been foretold to him in the hut in the Black Forest. Out of gratitude to the Dean of Speyer, who had prevented his shedding innocent blood, he made him chancellor, and founded the imperial vault within the precincts of the Speyer minster.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Journal of
in the

Stan-
ous
the
Lord
simpler
Letters and

the Stanhope
house of Lords, his
addresses, a political
his various essays in
his poems, some letters not
not until now printed cor-
important passages (chiefly political)

the original manuscripts of the let-
son and to the Bishop of Waterford, four
striking papers which see the light for the
st time, the letters of elementary instruction to

Philip Stanhope omitted in the former volumes, and (not the least of its merits) an excellent index. The *Examiner* says of the book, "it is little to say, that its contents may be studied with advantage by all who wish to obtain a mastery and facility in the writing of good English. Nowhere are the graces of style more consummately displayed, or the art of concealing art more happily practised. But the book has also merits of a much higher cast. There are in it stores of good sense, of sound and subtle observation, of just and even high thoughts, which all who care to seek may find. It has been the fate of Lord Chesterfield (which few perhaps could have borne even so well as he has done) to be principally judged as a public writer by letters written without the most distant view to publication, and including matters of the most delicate and close familiarity as between father and son. From these, without regard to their specific purpose, his own principles have been assumed; and out of them a system of life has been constructed,—founded on trading theories of morals, and substituting the deencies for the virtues,—which good men have raised their voices against, and a saying of Johnson's has marked as with the sign of the plague. Yet the last thing Lord Chesterfield thought of doing when he began those letters was to set up any general example for fathers and sons."

Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox. Edited by Lord John Russell. Vols. I. and II. This is the first instalment of a work which the public has looked for with eager interest ever since Mr. Fox's death in 1806. Mr. Fox was long—and is still, perhaps—the great hero of Whig worship:—a position which his large attainments, his suavity of manner, and probably his strict political integrity, entitled him to become. Like his illustrious rival, Mr. Pitt, Fox was the representative of a great political party; and the effects of the services which each rendered to his followers continue still

to influence political connections, and even society itself. The biographer of Mr. Fox was to have been the late Lord Holland,—Mr. Fox's nephew,—and from 1806 to 1853 public attention has been kept alive to a belief that the biography would be one worthy of the subject and of the reputation of its writer. The final disappointment of expectations that were rife for twenty years, and more, about Mallet's "Life of the great Duke of Marlborough" was scarcely more sore than that which a perusal of the book before us will occasion to every believer in Holland House. His Lordship collected, it is true, and the materials were entrusted to Lord John Russell. The *Athenæum*, noticing it, calls it a disjointed and irregular performance. Lord John, however, is of opinion that whatever may be the defects of these volumes, they will give to Englishmen "a better knowledge than they now possess of one of the most striking periods of their history, and of one of the greatest men."

Correspondence, Despatches, and other Papers, of Viscount Castlereagh, Second Marquess of Londonderry. Edited by his Brother, Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B. Vols. IX.—XII. These volumes complete the Castlereagh papers and despatches. They embrace the period when Lord Castlereagh was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, from 1813 to 1822. There is no question as to the great historical value of these records of a statesman who long held a position so prominent in the British government, and exercised so great an influence both at home and abroad. With abilities and eloquence far inferior to those of Fox and Pitt, Grattan and Canning, and other great men of his times, it was the good fortune of Lord Castlereagh to bring to a successful issue transactions which had baffled them all.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. The present volume is supplementary to the four which contain Dr. Hanna's 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers.' The *Literary Gazette* thinks "the letters now printed do not add much to what is generally known of the public career of Chalmers, or of the events in which he took a leading part, but they reveal many striking and pleasing traits of his private character, his warm affection, his busy energy, his devoted piety, and what gave a charm to so much intellectual and moral excellence—his unaffected humility."

Family Romance; or, Episodes in the Domestic Annals of the Aristocracy. By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. These volumes contain some of the gleanings of Mr. Bernard Burke's more elaborate researches into the history and genealogies of the British aristocracy. A number of miscellaneous anecdotes, traditions, legends, and romantic episodes in the domestic annals of well-known families, are collected and arranged, so as to form a work of most entertaining reading, not

without points of public and historical interest. The variety of contents may be indicated by merely naming the titles of the first six papers in each volume—The Heir of Thirlestane, The Beresford Ghost Story, Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, the Story of Colonel James Roch, the Prehen Tragedy, the true Romance of Edward Wortley Montague, Vicissitudes of Great Families, The False Testimony, Actresses raised to Rank by Marriage, General Dalzell's Dinner at Duddington, the Bewsey Tragedy, Queen Elizabeth's Talisman. There are about fifty papers as various and curious in their subjects as those of which we have given the headings.

The eleventh volume of Mr. Grote's History of Greece (handsomely re-printed in this country by the Messrs. HARPER) elicits this just estimate from the *Literary Gazette*:—"In a generation in which the historical labors of Niebuhr and Arnold must remain fragments, we can conceive no higher gratification than that which Mr. Grote is on the eve of attaining—the completion of a well-planned and skilfully-executed history. One more volume will conclude a narrative, which, long meditated, patiently elaborated, and accompanied at each stage with applause and expectation, will probably never be superseded. For, on the one hand, it will not be easy to find any resources for Grecian history which Mr. Grote has not thoroughly explored; and, on the other, it will be still more difficult to find an historian who so remarkably combines the knowledge which is gained in the closet with the experience of men and affairs which is won in the world. It is, indeed, this union of the man of letters with the man of business which leads us so confidently to predict a permanent reputation for Mr. Grote's history. We do not derogate from the merits of his predecessors in the field when we say, that in these qualities, in their amount and in their union, he surpasses them all and sundry."

The fourth volume of Colonel Mure's Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece has been published. It is occupied chiefly with the early history of Greek prose, with the historians prior to Herodotus, and with the delightful "father of history" himself. Colonel Mure properly estimates and does discriminating justice to this noble theme.

Mr. Murray has issued, in a magnificent volume, (which Messrs. PUTNAM & Co. have imported), seventy lithographed drawings of the bas reliefs and other Monuments of Nineveh, which have been the result of Mr. Layard's second expedition to the buried city. The objects are on the scale of an inch and a half or two inches to the foot, and are not mere outlines, like those of the first expedition. They have been carefully drawn and shaded on the stone by Mr. L. Gruner, and for frontispiece we have a splendid colored restoration (by Mr. Gruner, after the sketches of Mr. Ferguson), of the western fronts of the palaces of Nimroud, looking more like the gorgeous vision of a poet than the outline of what once was real. The book is dedicated to Lord Cowley, who may be justly proud of such an offering.

The Frontier Lands of the Christian and Turk; comprising Travels in the Region of the Lower Danube, in 1850 and 1851, by a British Resident in the East. An important work, which the *Spectator* thus characterizes:—"Notwithstanding much of

writing shown in a disposition to over-detail trifling incidents, the book abounds with interesting matter. Excepting Servia, the region has been little visited by travellers: the few who have ventured thither passed rapidly along, whereas our Eastern resident explored the country in the discharge of his mission. He had better opportunities of observing society than a scampering traveller, and from nature or training he was more able to profit by his opportunities. He quickly catches the distinguishing traits of an individual or a class, and has a lively mode of depicting what he sees. The landscapes and social condition of the country are well worth studying."

Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa. By Brodie Cruickshank. The *Standard* pronounces this "one of the most interesting works that ever yet came into our hands. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work has indeed made us all familiar with the degree of intelligence, and the dispositions of the transplanted African; but it has been reserved to Mr. Cruickshank to exhibit the children of Ham in their original state, and to prove that by the extension of a knowledge of the Gospel, and by that only, can the African be brought within the pale of civilization. We anxiously desire to direct public attention to a work so valuable. An incidental episode is an affecting narrative of the death of the gifted L. K. L."

Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh. By the late Macvey Napier, Esq. The two essays forming this volume are reprinted, the one from the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' and the other from the 'Edinburgh Review,' of which Mr. Napier was editor after the retirement of Lord Jeffrey in 1829. The essay on Bacon is chiefly a historical examination and statement of the influence of his works on the progress and direction of modern philosophy. The life of Raleigh is a spirited biographical sketch, with an estimate of his public and literary character, "founded on original information derived from unpublished sources, and on a careful examination of all the printed authorities." Mr. Napier did not appear before the public much as an author, but as editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' he was well known in the literary world, and occupying one of the chairs of Law in the University of Edinburgh, he was esteemed a learned and efficient Professor.

Elements of Psychology. Part I. By J. D. Morell, A. M. MR. MORELL, having obtained by his former publications a name among the cultivators of mental science, now appears as the author of a more formal and systematic treatise on psychology. Few men in this country are so thoroughly acquainted with the works of continental as well as English metaphysicians, and so well qualified for noting and reporting the history and condition of metaphysical science as a branch of human knowledge. The brief analysis of the *Literary Gazette* is the following:—"The author professes to deal with psychology, not as a branch of transcendental philosophy, but as a positive science, the facts of which are to be observed and generalized on the same principles as those of other departments of inductive inquiry. To some degree this is done, but we must say that Mr. Morell has but a vague and indistinct view of the real objects and scope of the Baconian method as applicable to mental science. He does not sufficiently discriminate between the ne-

cessary conditions and laws of thought, and the phenomena of mind which are proper subjects of inductive treatment. The metaphysician, in observing and studying the phases of his own intellectual or emotional nature, proceeds according to the rules expounded in the 'Novum Organum,' which are applicable to the investigation of all subjects, mental as well as physical. The processes of mental introspection afford the richest materials for the inductive science of mind, while by German metaphysicians, and by Mr. Morell as one of their too obsequious admirers, more attention is given to them for the sake of speculative and transcendental metaphysics. The distinction between *Psychology* and *Metaphysics* is plainly enough set down at the commencement of the treatise—the first as occupying itself with the phenomena of consciousness, the latter determining the necessary modes of mental existence; but throughout the work Mr. Morell appears sometimes as metaphysician where he ought to be psychologist, and at other times what is referred to as objective ought to be included among the subjective materials of inductive inquiry. The reader accustomed to these studies, and imbued with the Baconian spirit, will readily perceive this confusion, and will at the same time appreciate the general learning and acuteness of the author. In the present volume the investigation is confined to the *intelligence* as distinguished from the *feelings* and the *will*, the consideration of which is reserved for a second part of the "Elements of Psychology."

History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection (1689–1748,) by Mr. John Hill Burton, which to the *Examiner* "appears not only admirably written, but marked by careful research, excellent principles of judgment, and views of events both original and striking."

The Orations of Hyperides, "now first printed in facsimile, with a short account of the discovery of the original manuscript at Western Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in 1847, by Joseph Arden, Esq., F.S.A." Not more for the circumstances attending its discovery than for its literary value, this volume possesses remarkable interest. It supplies an addition to what had already been found (in the same locality) of the apology for Lycophron, and contains an entire oration for Euxenippus—and, as in a future notice we shall show, exhibits more of the manner and style of this famous orator, whose reputation was hardly second to that of Demosthenes whom he so warmly opposed, than has been derived from any previous authority.

Narrative of a Journey round the Dead Sea and in the Bible Lands, from December 1850, to April 1851. By F. De Sauley, member of the French Institute.

An Art Student in Munich, by Anna Mary Howitt. Mary Howitt's daughter passed a twelvemonth in Munich as a student of painting; and these volumes give an account of her daily life and what she saw. The *Spectator* thus notices it: "Compiled, or more properly extracted, from family letters, the narrative has the freshness of conversation with some of its minuteness, and presents a very charming reflex of thought and feeling, as well as a picture of Bavarian life, and of what is to be seen in the great art-city of Germany. So interesting and informing a work from such apparently slender materials is a rara avis. An Art Student in Munich reminds one of Washington Irving's descriptive

narratives. The lady-painter is indeed less quaint and elaborate; she is also looser in the texture of her production; but she is more natural and real."

Classic and Historic Portraits. By James Bruce. This work comprises biographies of the following classic and historic personages:—Sappho, Æsop, Pythagoras, Aspasia, Milo, Agesilaus, Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Helen of Troy, Alexander the Great, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Scipio Africanus, Sylla, Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberias, Germanicus, Caligula, Lollia, Paulina, Cæsonia, Boadicea, Agrippina, Poppæa, Otho, Commodus, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, Zenobia, Julian the Apostate, Eudoxia, Theodora, Charlemagne, Abelard and Heloise, Elizabeth of Hungary, Dante, Robert Bruce, Ignaz de Castro, Agnes Sorel, Jane Shore, Lucrezia Borgia, Anne Bullen, Diana of Poitiers, Catherine de' Medici, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Cervantes, Sir Kenelm Digby, John Sobieski, Anne of Austria, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mlle. de Montpensier, the Duchess of Orleans, Madame de Maintenon, Catherine of Russia, Madame de Staël.

The Autobiography of a Missionary. By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher, Curate of South Hampstead, Author of "A Two Years' Residence at Nineveh."

The Harmonies of Physical Science in relation to the Higher Sentiments; with Observations on the Study of Medical Science, and the Moral and Scientific Relations of Medical Life. By William Hinds, M.D., &c. A view of the wonders of nature, especially in chemical and medical science, as evidences of design; accompanied with remarks on the proper feelings and conduct that should characterize the medical man, and the spirit in which he should undertake his professional duties.

Traits of American-Indian Life and Character. By a Fur-Trader. A set of sketches drawn from the lifelong experience of an old servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose employment has chiefly though not wholly lain beyond the Rocky Mountains. The incidents of fur-trading, Indian character, Indian life, and Indian treachery and massacre—the last by no means the least—form the substance of the book.

The Adventures of a Lady in Tartary, Thibet, China, and Kashmir, through portions of territory never before visited by Europeans; with an account of the journey from the Punjab to Bombay, overland, *vid* the famous Caves of Ajunta and Ellora. Also, an account of the Mahalleshwur and Neilgherry Mountains, the Sanataria of the Bombay and Madras Presidencies.

Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or, What he Said, Did, or Invented. This new work is well received. The *Athenæum* says: "Let Sam Slick go a mackerel fishing, or to Court in England—let him venture alone among a tribe of the sauciest single women that ever banded themselves together in electric chain to turn tables or to mystify man, our hero always manages to come off with flying colors—to beat every craftsman in the cunning of his own calling—to get at the heart of every maid's and matron's secret—to answer a fool according to his folly, and a gentleman with a gentility which has a feather more in its cap than the gentleman's own. The book before us will be read and laughed over. Its quaint and racy dialect will please some readers—its abundance of yarns will amuse others. There is something in the two volumes to suit readers of every humor."

The sixth volume of the reprint of Mr. Hildreth's *History of the United States*, draws from the *Athenæum* the following estimate: "As Mr. Hildreth proceeds with his history, we become more and more possessed with the feeling to which we have already given expression in noticing the previous volumes—that it will require a very different style of treatment, from that of which Mr. Hildreth seems to be capable, to render the history of the great American Republic interesting to readers on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Hildreth, we have again to repeat, is pains-taking, lucid, and we believe accurate; but, with all these merits, his work is uniformly and preëminently dry. But to us, who want only the essence of American history, and to whom every record of American events must carry with it an indication of the significance of those events from a general, or at least an Anglo-Saxon point of view, such a detailed chronicle as Mr. Hildreth persists in giving, is wearisome and unprofitable."

Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West; or, the Experience of an Early Settler. By Major Strickland, C. M. Edited by Agnes Strickland. This, we believe, is the third, if not the fourth, book on Canadian emigration which we owe to the Strickland family, in its authorship not unpleasantly betraying difference of sex from its predecessors, and for this reason worthy of being considered together with them.

Parisian Sights and French Principles seen through American Spectacles, published by the Harpers, has reached a second edition, and is pronounced by the *Literary Gazette*, "one of the best recent books on France. English readers will find a most amusing and original work, written in a lively style, and embellished with clever illustrations."

The History of New York, from its earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur. A series of histories of the States of the American Union in small compass and popular style, the *Athenæum* thinks, "is a good idea, and if well carried out, would have its welcome in this country as well as in America. We cannot, however, congratulate Messrs. Carpenter and Arthur on their contribution to such a series. Their narrative is dry and colorless; their facts may be correct, though they abstain from quoting any authorities; but we look in vain for life, for animation of thought, for any pulse of the old Puritan heart. This is not the tale that might be told of the pilgrim fathers—of the sailing of the Mayflower—of the progress of the colony—of the revolutionary war."

The Educational Institutions of the United States, their Character and Organization. Translated from the Swedish of P. A. Siljeström, M.A. By Frederica Rowan. The result of a journey to America, at the public expense of Sweden, to inquire into education in the United States. The information in the volume is mainly derived from public reports on the schools, or the laws under which they are established and regulated, with such correction as oral inquiry and examination could supply, as to the actual working. The book contains a good digest of the schools and systems of education in the model States of New York and New England, with notices of some of the other States and of the higher colleges: there are notices, too, of the character and qualifications of the teachers.

The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the Nine-

teenth Century. By H. W. Davis. This able and vigorous book is well spoken of by the *Athenæum*. "Under its fanciful title it professes to review the great political questions of the age—the war of principles as between East and West. Liberty is Ormuzd,—Despotism, Ahriman. Mr. Davis exhibits the history of the two principles for the last thirty or forty years—taking America as the representative of freedom, Russia as that of slavery. He urges on his countrymen the absolute necessity of taking a part in this war of principles; undertaking to show from historical documents that Russia has more than once dreamed of putting down the Republicanism of the United States by force of arms. The book is often eloquent, and almost always suggestive."

A new edition of De Lolme on the Constitution of England has appeared, under the auspices of John McGregor, M.P. The *Literary Gazette* says of it: "Although it is easy to point out errors and defects in De Lolme, it is universally acknowledged that it is far the best book ever written on the English constitution. Its value is not diminished, but rather increased, by the lapse of time since it was written."

ITEMS.

THE last number of *The Museum of Classical Antiquities* is one of unusual interest and value, containing an elaborate dissertation on the site of the Holy Sepulchre and other places in Jerusalem. The examination is continued in a supplementary number to the second volume. The articles state, as the result of the best researches of travellers and of learned men, that the received site of the Holy Sepulchre is not the true one; and it is melancholy to reflect that, from the Crusades down to our own day, a superstition and a lie have exercised so much influence throughout Christendom. So long ago as 1741, Jonas Hortius, a German traveller, spoke thus decidedly on the subject: "Among other results of my journey, I must specially mention the discovery, that what is now received as Mount Calvary cannot be the true one. I trust that the veil of error will now be removed from the eyes of the whole world, and such a blow be given to the godless honoring of this place, that the deceived people may at length open their eyes, and consider how long they have been groping in the dark, and fancied that those offerings could be well-pleasing to God which are so opposed to the service which God requires." The proofs and arguments now collected will set the matter at rest in the minds of all disinterested and candid inquirers.

Touissant Louverture, the negro hero who so nobly distinguished himself by his resistance to the attempt of the French to impose their yoke on his country, Saint Domingo, and who was carried to France and confined in a dungeon till he died—this noted man must now be included in the list of modern authors. A work has just been published containing memoirs of his life, written by him when in the fortress of Joux, in France. They were principally destined to be placed before the First Consul Bonaparte. They contain a full account of the remarkable events in which he figured, and a complete refutation of the false and scandalous charges which Bonaparte caused to be brought against him, as a pretext for keeping him in confinement. They are written with much simplicity and feeling, combined with a certain degree of dignity.

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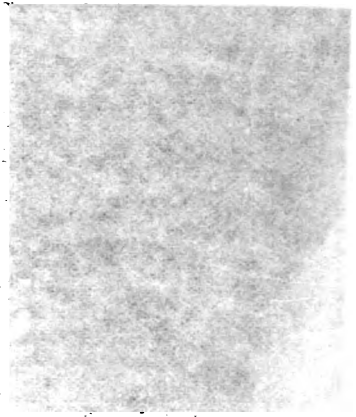
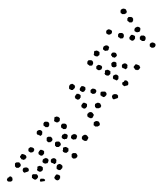


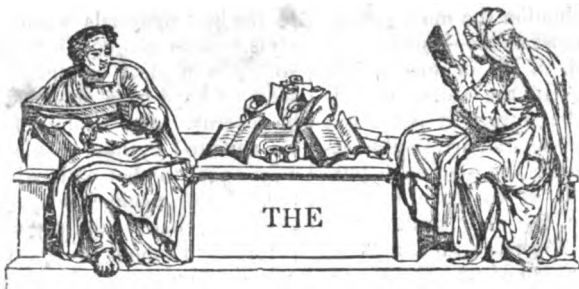
THE ORIGINAL BY G. DURER

THE WIFE OF BUNYAN INTERFERING FOR HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON.

EXHIBITED AT THE PICTURES GALLERY, 1871.







ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1853.

From the British Quarterly Review.

MADAME GUYON.*

JEREMY TAYLOR relates, in one of his sermons, the following legend:—"Saint Lewis the king having sent Ivo, bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic, and melancholy, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what these symbols meant. She answered, My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God." This fanciful personage may be regarded as the embodiment of that religious idea to which we give the name of Quietism. It is the ambition of the Quietist to attain a state in which self shall be practically annihilated,—in which nothing shall be desired, nothing feared,—in which the finite nature ignores itself and all creatures, and recognizes only the Infinite—

is swallowed up and hidden in the effulgence of the Divine Majesty. Quietism attempts self-transcendence by self-annihilation. It calls on man to become Nothing, that he may be dissolved in Him who is All. It has many various names to denote its beloved contrasts of self-emptiness and Divine fullness. That reduction of self to an inappreciable quantity which it inculcates, is called poverty, simplification, denudation, indifference, silence, quiet, death. That self-finding in God which is the immediate consequence of this self-loss, is termed union, transformation, perfection, pure love, immersion, absorption, deification.

Mysticism is the romance of religion. Its history is bright with stories of dazzling spiritual adventure, sombre with tragedies of the soul, stored with records of the achievements and the woes of martyrdom and saintship. It has reconciled the most opposite extremes of theory and practice. In theory it has verged repeatedly on pantheism, ego-theism, nihilism. In practice it has produced some of the most glorious examples of humility, benevolence, and untiring self-devotion. It has commanded with

* *Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1851.

its indescribable fascination the most powerful natures and the most feeble—minds lofty with a noble disdain of life or low with a weak disgust of it. If the self-torture it exacts be terrible, the reward it holds out has been found to possess an irresistible attraction. It lays waste the soul with purgatorial pains, but it is to leave nothing there on which any fire may kindle after death. It promises a perfect sanctification, a divine calm, the fruition of an absolute repose on this side the grave. It has been both persecuted and canonized by kings and pontiffs. In one age the mystic is enrolled among the saints; in another, the inquisitor burns him, or a *lettre-de-cachet* consigns him to the Bastille. But the principle is, indestructible. There always have been, and probably always will be, minds whose religion assumes spontaneously a mystical character. States of society continually recur which necessarily foster this disposition. There have been periods in which all the real religion existing in a country has been found among its mystics. Then this inward contemplative devotion becomes conspicuous as a power—ventures out into public life, and attracts the eye of the historian. Then its protest is heard against literalism, formality, scholasticism, human ordinances. It reacts strenuously against the corruptions of priestcraft. But its voice is heard also discoursing concerning things unutterable. It speaks as one in a dream of the third heaven, and of celestial experiences and revelations fitter for angels than for men. Its stammering utterance, confused with excess of rapture, laboring with emotions too huge or with abstractions too spiritual for words, is utterly unintelligible. Then it is misrepresented. Mysticism becomes in turn the victim of a reaction—the delirium is dieted by persecution—it is consigned once more to secrecy and silence. There it survives, and spins in obscurity its mingled tissue of evil and of good. We must not blindly praise it in our hatred of formalism. We must not vaguely condemn it in our horror of extravagance.

Mr. Upham has contributed to the literature of America an interesting and instructive book. To write the biography of Madame Guyon has been with him a labor of love, and he makes us love him for his labor. To what external section of the Christian community he may belong we know not, but his devout spirit and large-hearted Christian charity bring him near to our hearts at once. He has availed himself conscientiously

of the best materials within his reach. His style is calm and equable—almost too much so. His modest and gentle nature would seem to have been schooled in the Quietism he records. The wrongs of Madame Guyon are narrated by him with a patient forbearance equal to that with which she endured them. For uncharitableness itself he has abundant charity, and the worst malignity of persecution cannot provoke him to asperity or carry him away with indignation. In his sympathy with Madame Guyon, and in his admiration for her character as a whole, we fully agree with him. In his estimate of her Quietism and of Quietism generally, we differ. We shall find occasion, as we proceed, to show why we think him wrong in regarding Quietism and the highest Christian spirituality as identical. In his anxiety to do justice to Madame Guyon, he has transposed and paraphrased her language, softened many expressions, and omitted others. He underrates, we think, the allowance which thoughtful readers will be disposed to make for her. It would have been more satisfactory had he represented her to us just as she was, without veiling a single extravagance. There is a nobleness in her which would survive the disclosure, and preserve for her memory a place in the affection of every liberal mind. The biographer might have appended to her exact words whatever explanation or comment he thought necessary, leaving his readers to judge for themselves. The best course would have been, to have placed occasionally side by side with her meditations some of the rhapsodies of Angela de Foligni or St. Theresa. It would then have been seen, that in comparison with these bepraised and sainted devotees, the persecuted Madame Guyon was sobriety itself. Thus instructed, the protestant would be placed in a position to do her full justice. But, ignorant of mysticism generally, and of the expressions to which Romanist mystical writers had long been accustomed, he would see in Madame Guyon standing alone only a monster of extravagance. Professor Upham, however, has brought much less information of this kind to his subject than could have been desired. The particular form of mysticism which goes by the name of Quietism can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison with some of the other developments of its common principle. Jeane Marie Bouvières de la Mothe was born on Easter-eve, April 13th, 1648, at Montargis. Her sickly childhood was distinguished by precocious imitations of that religious life which was held in

honor by every one around her. She loved to be dressed in the habit of a little nun. When little more than four years old she longed for martyrdom. Her school-fellows placed her on her knees on a white cloth, flourished a sabre over her head, and told her to prepare for the stroke. A shout of triumphant laughter followed the failure of the child's courage. She was neglected by her mother, and knocked about by a spoiled brother. When not at school she was the pet or the victim of servants. She began to grow irritable from ill treatment, and insincere from fear. When ten years old she found a Bible in her sick-room, and read it, she says, from morning to night, committing to memory the historical parts. Some of the writings of St. Francis de Sales, and the life of Madame de Chantal, fell in her way. The latter work proved a powerful stimulant. There she read of humiliations and austerities numberless, of charities lavished with a princely munificence, of visions enjoyed and miracles wrought in honor of those saintly virtues, and of the intrepidity with which the famous enthusiast wrote with a red-hot iron on her bosom the characters of the holy name Jesus. The girl of twelve years old was bent on copying these achievements on her little scale. She relieved, taught, and waited on the poor; and, for lack of the red-hot iron or the courage, sewed on to her breast with a large needle a piece of paper containing the name of Christ. She even forged a letter to secure her admission to a conventual establishment as a nun. The deceit was immediately detected; but the attempt shows how much more favorable was the religious atmosphere in which she grew up to the prosperity of convents than to the inculcation of truth.

With ripening years religion gave place to vanity. Her handsome person and brilliant conversational powers fitted her to shine in society. She began to love dress, and feel jealous of rival beauties. Like St. Theresa, at the same age, she sat up far into the night devouring romances. Her autobiography records her experience of the mischievous effects of those tales of chivalry and passion. When nearly sixteen, it was arranged that she should marry the wealthy M. Guyon. This gentleman, whom she had seen but three days before her marriage, was twenty-two years older than herself.

The faults she had were of no very grave description, but her husband's house was destined to prove for several years a pitiless school for their correction. He lived with his

mother, a vulgar and hard-hearted woman. Her low and penurious habits were unaffected by their wealth; and in the midst of riches, she was happiest scolding in the kitchen about some farthing matter. She appears to have hated Madame Guyon with all the strength of her narrow mind. M. Guyon loved his wife after his selfish sort. If she was ill, he was inconsolable. If any one spoke against her, he flew into a passion; yet, at the instigation of his mother, he was continually treating her with harshness. An artful servant girl, who tended his gouty leg, was permitted daily to mortify and insult his wife. Madame Guyon had been accustomed at home to elegance and refinement,—beneath her husband's roof she found politeness contemned and rebuked as pride. When she spoke she had been listened to with attention—now she could not open her mouth without contradiction. She was charged with presuming to show them how to talk, reproved for disputatious forwardness, and rudely silenced. She could never go to see her parents without having bitter speeches to bear on her return. They, on their part, reproached her with unnatural indifference towards her own family for the sake of her new connections. The ingenious malignity of her mother-in-law filled every day with fresh vexations. The high spirit of the young girl was completely broken. She had already gained a reputation for cleverness and wit—now she sat night-mared in company, nervous, stiff, and silent, the picture of stupidity. At every assemblage of their friends she was marked out for some affront, and every visitor at the house was instructed in the catalogue of her offences. Sad thoughts would come—how different might all this have been had she been suffered to select some other suitor. But it was too late. The brief romance of her life was gone indeed. There was no friend into whose heart she could pour her sorrows. Meanwhile, she was indefatigable in the discharge of every duty,—she endeavored by kindness, by cheerful forbearance, by returning good for evil, to secure some kinder treatment—she was ready to cut out her tongue that she might make no passionate reply—she reproached herself bitterly for the tears she could not hide. But these coarse hard natures were not so to be won. Her magnanimity surprised but did not soften minds to which it was utterly incomprehensible.

Her best course would have been self-assertion and war to the very utmost. She would have been justified in demanding her

right to be mistress in her own house—in declaring it incompatible with the obligations binding upon either side that a third party should be permitted to sow dissension between a husband and his wife—in putting her husband, finally, to the choice between his wife and his mother. M. Guyon is the type of a large class of men. They stand high in the eye of the world—and not altogether undeservedly—as men of principle. But their domestic circle is the scene of cruel wrongs from want of reflection, from a selfish, passionate inconsiderateness. They would be shocked at the charge of an act of barbarity towards a stranger, but they will inflict years of mental distress on those most near to them, for want of decision, self-control, and some conscientious estimate of what their home duties truly involve. Had the obligations he neglected, the wretchedness of which he was indirectly the author, been brought fairly before the mind of M. Guyon, he would probably have determined on the side of justice, and a domestic revolution would have been the consequence. But Madame Guyon conceived herself bound to suffer in silence. Looking back on those miserable days she traced a father's care in the discipline she endured. Providence had transplanted Self from a garden where it expanded to love and praise to a highway where every passing foot might trample it in the dust.

A severe illness brought her more than once to the brink of the grave. She heard of her danger with indifference, for life had no attraction. Heavy losses befell the family—she could feel no concern. To end her days in a hospital was even an agreeable anticipation. Poverty and disgrace could bring no change which would not be more tolerable than her present suffering. She labored, with little success, to find comfort in religious exercises. She examined herself rigidly, confessed with frequency, strove to subdue all care about her personal appearance, and while her maid arranged her hair—how, she cared not—was lost in the study of Thomas à Kempis. At length she consulted a Franciscan, a holy man, who had just emerged from a five years' solitude. "Madame," said he, "you are disappointed and perplexed because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find him."

From the hour of that interview with the Franciscan she was a mystic. The secret of the interior life flashed upon her in a mo-

ment. She had been starving in the midst of fulness; God was near, not afar off; the kingdom of heaven was within her. The love of God took possession of her soul with an inexpressible happiness. Beyond question, her heart apprehended in that joy the great truth that God is love—that He is more ready to forgive, than we to ask forgiveness—that He is not an austere being whose regard is to be purchased by rich gifts, tears, and penance. This emancipating, sanctifying belief became the foundation of her religion. She raised on this basis of true spirituality a mystical superstructure, in which there was some hay and stubble, but the corner stone had first been rightly laid, never to be removed from its place.

Prayer, which had before been so difficult, was now delightful and indispensable; hours passed away like moments—she could scarcely cease from praying. Her trials seemed great no longer; her inward joy consumed, like a fire, the reluctance, the murmur, and the sorrow, which had their birth in self. A spirit of confiding peace, a sense of rejoicing possession, pervaded all her days. God was continually present with her, and she seemed completely yielded up to God. She appeared to feel herself, and to behold all creatures as immersed in the gracious omnipresence of the Most High. In her adoring contemplation of the Divine presence, she found herself frequently unable to employ any words, or to pray for any particular blessings. She was then little more than twenty years of age. The ardor of her devotion would not suffer her to rest even here. It appeared to her that self was not yet sufficiently suppressed. There were some things she chose as pleasant, other things she avoided as painful. She was possessed with the notion that every choice which can be referred to self is selfish, and therefore criminal.

On this principle Æsop's traveller, who gathered his cloak about him in the storm, and relinquished it in the sunshine, should be stigmatized as a selfish man, because he thought only of his own comfort, and did not remember at the moment his family, his country, or his Maker. It is not regard for self which makes us selfish, but regard for self to the exclusion of due regard for others. But the zeal of Madame Guyon blinded her to distinctions such as these. She became filled with an insatiable desire of suffering. She resolved to force herself to what she disliked, and deny herself what was gratifying, that the mortified senses might at last

have no choice whatever. She displayed the most astonishing power of will in her efforts to annihilate her will. Every day she took the discipline with scourges pointed with iron. She tore her flesh with brambles, thorns, and nettles. Her rest was almost destroyed by the pain she endured. She was in very delicate health, continually falling ill, and could eat scarcely anything. Yet she forced herself to eat what was most nauseous to her; she often kept wormwood in her mouth, and put colquintida in her food, and when she walked she placed stones in her shoes. If a tooth ached she would bear it without seeking a remedy; when it ached no longer, she would go and have it extracted. She imitated Madame Chantal in dressing the sores of the poor, and ministering to the wants of the sick. On one occasion she found that she could not seek the indulgence offered by her church for remitting some of the pains of purgatory. At that time she felt no doubt concerning the power of the priest to grant such absolution, but she thought it wrong to desire to escape any suffering. She was afraid of resembling those mercenary souls, who are afraid not so much of displeasing God, as of the penalties attached to sin. She was too much in earnest for visionary sentimentalism. Her efforts manifest a serious practical endeavor after that absolute disinterestedness which she erroneously thought both attainable and enjoined. She was far from attaching any expiatory value to these acts of voluntary mortification, they were a means to an end. When she believed that end attained in the entire death of self, she relinquished them. In a similar spirit, the Suabian mystic Suso, in the fourteenth century, at length abandoned a course of austerity far more severe, at the suggestion of the famous Tauler. The fact that such inflictions were discontinued, as requisite no longer, shows that their object was discipline, not atonement. Many of those mystics who carried them to the greatest length would have shrunk with horror from the idea of relying on their own sufferings for salvation, instead of, or in addition to, the merits of the Saviour. The rigid self-scrutiny of Madame Guyon was constantly discovering selfishness in what had seemed innocent, pride in what once looked praiseworthy. She was struggling through the mortification of the senses towards the higher mortification of the will. Her aim was totally to lose her own activity; to desire nothing, to do nothing, but from the prompting of the Christ formed within; to substi-

tute God for the annihilated self in the inmost of the soul. Some mystics have carried this so far as to believe that they became themselves a revelation, almost an incarnation of Deity, every thought an inspiration, every act divine. Madame Guyon was saved from such excesses. Like the more sober Quakers, she was willing that the Outer should direct the Inner Light. But she did not escape the lesser error of frequently mistaking her own impulses for divine monitions, and endeavoring to read in the mysteries of Providence the immediate will of God. With all the mystics she interpreted too literally the language of St. Paul, "I live, yet no more I, but Christ liveth in me."

Situated as Madame Guyon now was, her mind had no resource but to collapse upon itself, and the feelings so painfully pent up became proportionately vehement. She found a friend in one Mère Granger, but her she could see seldom, mostly by stealth. An ignorant confessor joined her mother-in-law and husband in the attempt to hinder her from prayer and religious exercises. She endeavored in everything to please her husband, but he complained that she loved God so much she had no love left for him. She was watched day and night; she dared not stir from her mother-in-law's chamber or her husband's bedside. If she took her work apart to the window they followed her there to see that she was not in prayer. When her husband went abroad, he forbade her to pray in his absence. The affections even of her child were taken from her, and the boy was taught to disobey and insult his mother. Thus utterly alone, Madame Guyon, while apparently engaged in ordinary matters, was constantly in a state of abstraction. Her mind was elsewhere, rapt in devout contemplation. She was in company without hearing a word that was said. She went out into the garden to look at the flowers, and could bring back no account of them, the eye of her revery could mark nothing actually visible. When playing at piquet, to oblige her husband, this "interior attraction" was often more powerfully felt than even when at church. In her Autobiography she describes her experience as follows:

"The spirit of prayer was nourished and increased from their contrivances and endeavors to disallow me any time for practising it. I loved without motive or reason for loving; for nothing passed in my head, but much in the innermost of my soul. I thought not about any recompense, gift or favor, or anything which regards the lover. The Well-beloved was the only object which attracted my heart wholly to himself. I could not

contemplate his attributes. I knew nothing else but to *love* and to *suffer*. Oh, ignorance more truly learned than any science of the Doctors, since it so well taught me Jesus Christ crucified, and brought me to be in love with his holy cross. In its beginning I was attracted with so much force, that it seemed as if my head was going to join my heart. I found that insensibly my body bent in spite of me. I did not then comprehend from whence it came; but have learned since, that as all passed in the will, which is the sovereign of the powers, *that* attracted the others after it, and reunited them in God, their divine centre and sovereign happiness. And as these powers were then unaccustomed to be united, it required the more violence to effect that union. Wherefore it was the more perceived. Afterwards it became so strongly riveted as to seem to be quite natural. This was so strong that I could have wished to die, in order to be inseparably united without any interstice to him who so powerfully attracted my heart. As all passed in the will, the imagination and the understanding being absorbed in it, in a union of enjoyment, I knew not what to say, having never read or heard of such a state as I experienced; for before this I had known nothing of the operations of God in souls. I had only read 'Philothea' (written by St. Francis de Sales), with the 'Imitation of Christ' (by Thomas à Kempis), and the Holy Scriptures; also the 'Spiritual Combat,' which mentions none of these things."—*The Life of Lady Guion, by Herself; Anon. Trans. 1772, p. 87.*

In this extract she describes strange physical sensations as accompanying her inward emotion. The intense excitement of the soul assumes, in her overstrained and secluded imagination, the character of a corporeal seizure. The sickly frame, so morbidly sensitive, appears to participate in the supernatural influences communicated to the spirit. On a subsequent occasion she speaks of herself as so oppressed by the fulness of the divine manifestations imparted to her, as to be compelled to loosen her dress. More than once some of those who sat next her imagined that they perceived a certain marvellous efflux of grace proceeding from her to themselves. She believed that many persons for whom she was interceding with great fervor, were sensible at the time of an extraordinary gracious influence instantaneously vouchsafed, and that her spirit communicated mysteriously, "in the Lord," with the spirits of those dear to her when far away. She traced a special intervention of Providence in the fact that she repeatedly "felt a strong draught to the door" just when it was necessary to go out to receive a secret letter from her friend, Mère Granger; that the rain should have held up precisely when she was on her road to or from mass; and that

at the very intervals when she was able to steal out to hear it, some priest was always found performing, or ready to perform, the service, though at a most unusual hour.

Madame Guyon had still some lessons to learn. On a visit to Paris, the glittering equipages of the park, and the gaieties of St. Cloud, revived the old love of seeing and being seen. During a tour in the provinces with her husband, flattering visits and graceful compliments everywhere followed such beauty, such accomplishments, and such virtue, with a delicate and intoxicating applause. Vanity—dormant, but not dead—awoke within her for the last time. She acknowledged, with bitter self-reproach, the power of the world, the weakness of her own resolves. In the spiritual desertion which ensued, she recognized the displeasure of her Lord, and was wretched. She applied to confessors—they were miserable comforters, all of them. They praised her while she herself was filled with self-loathing. She estimated the magnitude of her sins by the greatness of the favor which had been shown her. The bland worldliness of her religious advisers could not blind so true a heart, or pacify so wakeful a conscience. She found relief only in a repentant renewal of her self-dedication to the Saviour, in renouncing for ever the last remnant of confidence in any strength of her own.

It was about this period that she had a remarkable conversation with a beggar, whom she found upon a bridge, as, followed by her footman, she was walking one day to church. This singular mendicant refused her offered alms—spoke to her of God and divine things—and then of her own state, her devotion, her trials, and her faults. He declared that God required of her not merely to labor as others did to secure their salvation, that they might escape the pains of hell, but to aim at such perfection and purity in this life, as to escape those of purgatory. She asked him who he was. He replied, that he had formerly been a beggar, but now was such no more;—mingled with the stream of people, and she never saw him afterwards.

This incident is not unimportant. It betrays the existence of perfectionist doctrine among the religious minds of the time, and indicates one great cause of the hostility with which that principle was assailed when subsequently proclaimed by Madame Guyon. She believed that God frequently visited the souls he most loved with inflictions of spiritual anguish—an inward consuming fire of

distress, which was identical, both in character and object, with the purifying flame of purgatory. This interior purgation was designed to chastise transgression—to cleanse away the dross of self-dependence and of worldliness—to annihilate all selfish longings after even spiritual gifts and pleasures for their own sake—and to render the soul pure and passive, a perfect sacrifice to God.

The beauty of Madame Guyon had cost her tender conscience many a pang. She had wept and prayed over that secret love of display which had repeatedly induced her to mingle with the thoughtless amusements of the world. At four-and-twenty the virulence of the small-pox released her from that snare. M. Guyon was laid up with the gout. She was left when the disorder seized her to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law. That inhuman woman refused to allow any but her own physician to attend her, yet for him she would not send. The disease, unchecked, had reached its height when a medical man, passing that way, happened to call at the house. Shocked at the spectacle Madame Guyon presented, he was proceeding at once to bleed her, expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the barbarity of such neglect. The mother-in-law would not hear of such a thing. He performed the operation in spite of her threats and invectives, leaving her almost beside herself with rage. That lancet saved the life of Madame Guyon, and disappointed the relative who had hoped to see her die. When at length she recovered, she refused to avail herself of the cosmetics generally used to conceal the ravages of the disorder. Throughout her suffering she had never uttered a murmur, or felt a fear. She had even concealed the cruelty of her mother-in-law. She said, that if God had designed her to retain her beauty, He would not have sent the scourge to remove it. Her friends expected to find her inconsolable—they heard her speak only of thankfulness and joy. Her confessor reproached her with spiritual pride. The affection of her husband was visibly diminished. Yet the heart of Madame Guyon overflowed with joy. It appeared to her, that the God to whom she longed to be wholly given up had accepted her surrender, and was removing everything that might interpose between Himself and her.

The experience of Madame Guyon, hitherto, had been such as to teach her the surrender of every earthly source of gratification or ground of confidence. Yet one more painful stage on the road to self-annihilation

remained to be traversed. She must learn to give up cheerfully even spiritual pleasures. In the year 1674, according to the probable calculation of Mr. Upham, she was made to enter what she terms a state of desolation, which lasted, with little intermission, for nearly seven years. All was emptiness, darkness, sorrow. She describes herself as cast down, like Nebuchadnezzar, from a throne of enjoyment, to live among the beasts. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "is it possible that this heart, formerly all on fire, should now become like ice?" The heavens were as brass, and shut out her prayers; horror and trembling took the place of tranquillity; hopelessly oppressed with guilt, she saw herself a victim destined for hell. In vain for her did the church doors open, the holy bells ring, the deep-voiced intonations of the priest arise and fall, the chanted psalm ascend, through clouds of azure wandering incense. The power and the charm of the service had departed. Of what avail was music to a burning wilderness athirst for rain? Gladly would she have had recourse to the vow, to the pilgrimage, to the penance, to any extremity of self-torture. She felt the impotence of such remedies for such anguish. She had no ear for comfort, no eye for hope, not even a voice for complaint.

During this period the emotional element of religion in her mind appears to have suffered an almost entire suspension. Regarding the loss of certain feelings of delight as the loss of the divine favor, she naturally sank deeper and deeper in despondency. A condition by no means uncommon in ordinary Christian experience assumed, in her case, a morbid character. Our emotions may be chilled, or kindled, in ever-varying degrees from innumerable causes. We must accustom ourselves to the habitual performance of duty, whether attended or not with feelings of a pleasurable nature. It is generally found that those powerful emotions of joy which attend, at first, the new and exalting consciousness of peace with God, subside after a while. As we grow in religious strength and knowledge, a steady principle supplies their place. We are refreshed, from time to time, by seasons of heightened joy and confidence, but we cease to be dependent upon feeling. At the same time, there is nothing in Scripture to check our desire for retaining as constantly as possible a sober gladness, for finding duty delightful, and the "joy of the Lord" our strength. These are the truths which the one-sided and unquali-

fied expressions of Madame Guyon at once exaggerate and obscure.

During this dark interval M. Guyon died. His widow undertook the formidable task of settling his disordered affairs. Her brother gave her no assistance; her mother-in-law harassed and hindered to her utmost; yet Madame Guyon succeeded in arranging a chaos of papers, and bringing a hopeless imbroglio of business matters into order, with an integrity and a skill which excited universal admiration. She felt it was her duty; she believed that divine assistance was vouchsafed for its discharge. Of business, she says, she knew as little as of Arabic; but she knew not what she could accomplish till she tried. Minds far more visionary than hers have evinced a still greater aptitude for practical affairs. She never imagined, like Ignatius Loyola, that the mystery of the Trinity was unfolded to the immediate gaze of her mortal eyesight, or that time, before her exalted vision, rolled away its accumulated ages, and disclosed the secrets of creation, and the marvels of the six days. She dared not to dream, with Swedenborg, that the franchise of the celestial city was already hers—its topography and its legislature—its manners and its customs, revealed for her inspection—its saints and seraphim, her familiar visitants. Yet both Loyola and Swedenborg were eminent in different ways for expertness and promptitude in action, for accurate mastery of detail, for sagacious management of mankind. Like the Knight of La Mancha, they could display an excellent judgment in every province of life, unoccupied by the illusions of their spiritual knight-errantry.

The twenty-second of July, 1680, is celebrated by Madame Guyon, as the happy era of her deliverance. A letter from La Combe was the instrument of a restoration as wonderful in her eyes, as the bondage. This ecclesiastic had been first introduced by Madame Guyon into the path of mystical perfection. His name is associated with her own in the early history of the Quietist movement. He subsequently became her Director, but was always more her disciple than her guide. His admiration for her amounted to a passion. Incessant persecution and long solitary imprisonment, combined, with devotional extravagance, to cloud with insanity at last an intellect never powerful. This feeble and affectionate soul perished, the victim of Quietism, and perhaps of love. It should not be forgotten, that before the inward condition of Madame Guyon

changed thus remarkably for the better, her outward circumstances had undergone a similar improvement. She lived now in her own house, with her children about her. That Sycorax, her mother-in-law, dropped gall no longer into her daily cup of life. Domestic tormentors, worse than the goblins which buffeted St. Antony, assailed her peace no more. An outer sky grown thus serene, an air thus purified, may well have contributed to chase away the night of the soul, and to give to a few words of kindly counsel from Lacombe the brightness of the day-star. Our simple-hearted enthusiast was not so absolutely indifferent as she thought herself to the changes of this transitory world.

Madame Guyon had now triumphantly sustained the last of those trials, which, like the probation of the ancient mysteries, made the porch of mystical initiation a passage terrible with pain and peril. Henceforward, she is the finished Quietist; henceforward, when she relates her own experience, she describes Quietism. At times, when the children did not require her care, she would walk out into a neighboring wood, and there, under the shade of the trees, amidst the singing of the birds, she now passed as many happy hours as she had known months of sorrow. Her own language will best indicate the thoughts which occupied this peaceful retirement, and exhibit the principle there deepened and matured. She says here in her *Autobiography*—

“When I had lost all created supports, and even divine ones, I then found myself happily necessitated to fall into the pure divine, and to fall into it through all which seemed to remove me farther from it. In losing all the gifts with all their supports, I found the Giver. Oh, poor creatures, who pass along all your time in feeding on the gifts of God, and think therein to be most favored and happy, how I pity you if ye stop here, short of the true rest, and cease to go forward to God, through resignation of the same gifts! How many pass all their lives this way, and think highly of themselves therein! There are others who, being designed of God to die to themselves, yet pass all their time in a dying life, and in inward agonies, without ever entering into God, through death and total loss; because they are always willing to retain something under plausible pretexts, and so never lose *self* to the whole extent of the designs of God. Wherefore, they never enjoy God in his fulness—a loss that will not perfectly be known until another life.”—*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 168.

She describes herself as having ceased from all self-originated action and choice.

To her amazement and unspeakable happiness, it appeared as though all such natural movement existed no longer—a higher power had displaced and occupied its room. “I even perceived no more (she continues) the soul which He had formerly conducted by his rod and his staff, because now He alone appeared to me, my soul having given up its place to Him. It seemed to me as if it was wholly and altogether passed into its God, to make but one and the same thing with Him; even as a little drop of water cast into the sea receives the qualities of the sea.” She speaks of herself as now practising the virtues no longer *as virtues*—that is, not by separate and constrained efforts. It would have required effort *not* to practise them. The soul thus united with God “has immanent in itself the essence of all Christian virtues and duties, which naturally and without effort, as if a man should have them without knowing that he had them, develop themselves on appropriate occasions by their own law of action.”—*Upham*, vol. i. p. 198.

Somewhat later she expresses herself in language rendered by Mr. Upham as follows :

“The soul passing out of itself by dying to it self necessarily passes into its divine object. This is the law of its transition. When it passes out of self, which is limited, and therefore is not God, and consequently is *evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which is God, and therefore is the true good. My own experience seemed to me to be a verification of this. My spirit disenthralled from selfishness, became united with and lost in God, its Sovereign, who attracted it more and more to Himself. And this was so much the case, that I could seem to see and know God only, and not myself. . . . It was thus that my soul was lost in God, who communicated to it his qualities, having drawn it out of all that it had of its own. . . . O happy poverty, happy loss, happy nothing, which gives no less than God himself in his own immensity—no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creation, but always drawing it out of that to plunge it wholly into his divine Essence. Then the soul knows that all the states of self-pleasing visions, of intellectual illuminations, of ecstasies and raptures, of whatever value they might once have been, are now rather obstacles than advancements; and that they are not of service in the state of experience which is far above them; because the state which has props or supports, which is the case with the merely illuminated and ecstatic state, rests in them in some degree and has pain to lose them. But the soul cannot arrive at the state of which I am now speaking, without the loss of all such supports and helps. . . . The soul is then so submissive, and perhaps we may say so passive,—that is to say, is so disposed equally to receive from the hand of God either

good or evil,—as is truly astonishing. It receives both the one and the other without any selfish emotions, letting them flow and be lost as they came.”—Vol. i. pp. 262, 263.

These passages convey the substance of the doctrine which, illustrated and expressed in various ways, pervades all the writings of Madame Guyon. This is the principle, adorned by the fancy of her *Torrents* and inculcated in the practical directions of her *Short Method of Prayer*. Such is the state to which Quietism proposes to conduct its votaries. In some places, she qualifies the strength of her expressions—she admits that we are not at all times equally conscious of this absolute union of the soul with its centre—the lower nature may not be always insensible to distress. But the higher, the inmost element of the soul is all the while profoundly calm, and recollection presently imparts a similar repose to the inferior nature. There is a separation here similar to that described by Richard of St. Victor, and other mystics, as the parting asunder of the soul and spirit. When the soul has thus passed, as she phrases it, out of the Nothing into the All, when its feet are set in “a large room” (nothing less, according to her interpretation, than the compass of Infinity), “a substantial or essential word” is spoken there. It is a continuous word, potent, ineffable, ever uttered without language. It is the immediate unchecked operation of resident Deity. What it speaks, it effects. It is blissful and mysterious as the language of heaven. We border here on the almost pantheistic maxim of Eckart, that God is what he does. With Madame Guyon, the events of Providence are God, and the decisions of the sanctified judgment respecting them are nothing less than the immediate voice of God in the soul. She compares the nature thus at rest in God to a tablet on which the divine hand writes,—it must be held perfectly still, else the characters traced there will be distorted or incomplete. In her very humility she verges on the audacity which arrogates inspiration. If she, passive and helpless, really acts no more, the impulses she feels, her words, her actions, must all bear the impress of an infallible divine sanction. It is easy to see that her speech and action—always well-meant, but frequently ill-judged—were her own after all, though nothing of her own seemed left. She acknowledges that she was sometimes at a loss as to the course of duty. She was guided more than once by random passages

of the Bible and the casual expressions of others, somewhat after the fashion of the *sortes Virgilianæ* and the omens of ancient Rome. Her knowledge of scripture, the native power of her intellect, and the tenderness of her conscience, preserved her from pushing the doctrine of the inward light to its worst extreme. A few steps farther in that course and we meet with the mediæval fanatics who declared themselves a manifestation of the Holy Ghost—and with the prophetic jargon and fantastic outrage of the maddest followers of George Fox.

Quietist as she was, few lives have been more busy than that of Madame Guyon with the activities of an indefatigable benevolence. It was only self-originated action which she strove to annihilate. In her case, Quietism contained a reformatory principle. Genuflexions and crossings were of little value in comparison with inward abasement and crucifixion. The prayers repeated by rote in the oratory were immeasurably inferior to that Prayer of Silence she so strongly commends—that prayer which, unlimited to times and seasons, unhindered by words, is a state rather than an act—a continuous sense of submission, which breathes, moment by moment, from the serene depth of the soul, “Thy will be done.” But we must not suppose that all who embraced Quietism were so far enlightened as its ardent and intrepid apostle. Mysticism was not, in reality, a phenomenon new to the priesthood. They were prepared to turn that, like everything else, to their own advantage. The artful director made the doctrine of passivity very serviceable. It was attractive to feeble minds, and out of it he forged their fetters. Their passivity must be submission to *him*, who was to be to them as God.

As contrasted with the mysticism of St. Theresa, that of Madame Guyon appears to great advantage. She guards her readers against attempting to form any image of God. She aspires to an intellectual elevation—a spiritual intuition, above the sensuous region of theurgy, of visions, and of dreams. She saw no Jesuits in heaven bearing white banners among the heavenly throng of the redeemed. She beheld no devil, “like a little negro,” sitting on her breviary. She did not hear the voice of Christ “like a low whistle.” She did not see the Saviour in an ecstasy drawing the nail out of his hand. She felt no large white dove fluttering above her head.* But she did not spend her days

in founding convents—a slave to the interests of the clergy. So they made a saint of Theresa, and a confessor of Madame Guyon.

In the summer of 1681, Madame Guyon, now thirty-four years of age, quitted Paris for Gex, a town lying at the foot of the Jura about twelve miles from Geneva. It was arranged that she should take some part in the foundation and management of a new religious and charitable institution there. A period of five years was destined to elapse before her return to the capital. During this interval, she resided successively at Gex, Thonon, Turin, and Grenoble. Wherever she went, she was indefatigable in works of charity, and also in the diffusion of her peculiar doctrines concerning self-abandonment and disinterested love. Strong in the persuasion of her divine mission, she could not rest without endeavoring to influence the minds around her. The singular charm of her conversation won a speedy ascendancy over nearly all with whom she came in contact. It is easy to see how a remarkable natural gift in this direction contributed both to the attempt and the success. But the Quietist had buried nature, and to nature she would owe nothing,—these conversational powers could be, in her eyes, only a special gift of utterance from above. This mistake reminds us of the story of certain monks upon whose cloister garden the snow never lay, though all the country round was buried in the rigor of a northern winter. The marvellous exemption, long attributed by superstition to miracle, was discovered to arise simply from certain thermal springs which had their source within the sacred inclosure. It is thus that the warmth and vivacity of natural temperament has been commonly regarded by the mystic as nothing less than a fiery impartation from the altar of the celestial temple.

At Thonon her apartment was visited by a succession of applicants from every class, who laid bare their hearts before her, and sought from her lips spiritual guidance or consolation. She met them separately and in groups, for conference and for prayer. At Grenoble, she says she was for some time engaged from six o'clock in the morning till eight at evening in speaking of God to all sorts of persons,—“friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said.”—(*Upham*, vol. i. p. 357.) Her efforts among the members of the House of the Novitiate in that city were eminently successful, and she appears to have been of real service

* *La Vida de la B. M. Theresa de Jesus*, pp. 300, 302, 310, 227. Ed. 1615.

to many who had sought peace in vain by the austerities and the routine of monastic seclusion. Meanwhile, she was active, both at Thonon and Grenoble, in the establishment of hospitals. She carried on a large and continually increasing correspondence. In the former place, she wrote her *Torrents*, in the latter, she published her *Short Method of Prayer*, and commenced her *Commentaries on the Bible*.

But, alas! all this earnest, tireless toil is unauthorized. Bigotry takes the alarm, and cries, the Church is in danger. Priests who were asleep—priests who were place-hunting—priests who were pleasure-hunting, awoke from their doze, or drew breath in their chase, to observe this woman whose life rebuked them—to observe and to assail her; for rebuke, in their terminology, was scandal. Persecution hemmed her in on every side; no annoyance was too petty, no calumny too gross, for priestly jealousy. The inmates of the religious community she had enriched were taught to insult her—tricks were devised to frighten her by horrible appearances and unearthly noises—her windows were broken—her letters were intercepted.* Thus, before a year had elapsed, she was driven from Gex. Some called her a sorceress; others, more malignant yet, stigmatized her as half a Protestant. She had indeed recommended the reading of the Scriptures to all, and spoken, slightly of mere bowing and bead-counting. Monstrous contumacy—said, with one voice, spiritual slaves and spiritual slave-owners—that a woman desired by her bishop to do one thing, should discover an inward call to do another. At Thonon the priests burnt in the public square all the books they could find treating of the inner life, and went home elated with their performance. One thought may have embittered their triumph—had it only been flesh instead of paper. She inhabited a poor cottage that stood by itself in the fields, at some distance from Thonon. Attached to it was a little garden, in the management of which she took pleasure. One night a rabble from the town were incited to terrify her with their drunken riot—they trampled down and laid waste the garden, hurled stones in at the windows, and shouted their threats, insults, and curses, round the house the whole night. Then

* She appears to have attributed these alarms, in several instances, to demoniacal agency.—*Autobiog.* vol. ii. p. 5. A colloquy of Erasmus, entitled *Virgo panitens*, satirizes, amusingly enough, these hobgoblin devices, so frequently employed by the monks.

came an episcopal order to quit the diocese. When compelled subsequently, by the opposition she encountered, to withdraw secretly from Grenoble, she was advised to take refuge at Marseilles. She arrived in that city at ten o'clock in the morning, but that very afternoon all was in uproar against her, so vigilant and implacable were her enemies.

In the year 1686, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, and entered the head-quarters of persecution. Rumors reached her, doubtless from beyond the Alps, of cruel measures taken against opinions similar to her own which had spread rapidly in Italy. But she knew not that all these severities originated with Louis XIV. and his Jesuit advisers—that her king, while revoking the Edict of Nantes, and dispatching his dragoons to extirpate Protestantism in France, was sending orders to D'Etrees, his ambassador at Rome, to pursue with the utmost rigor Italian Quietism—and that the monarch, who shone and smiled at Marly and Versailles, was crowding with victims the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition.

At Paris, Madame Guyon became the centre of a small but illustrious circle, who listened with delight to her exposition of that Quietism to which the tender earnestness of her language and her manner lent so indescribable a charm. There were the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers, the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duchess of Bethune, and the Countess of Guiche. The daughters of Colbert and of Fouquet forgot the long enmity of their fathers in a religious friendship, whose tie was yet more closely drawn by their common admiration for Madame Guyon. But letters filled with complaints against La Combe and Madame Guyon poured in upon Harlay, Archbishop of Paris. He procured the arrest of La Combe, who spent the remainder of his days in various prisons. A little calumny and a forged letter obtained from the king a *lettre de cachet* confining Madame Guyon to an apartment in the Convent of St. Marie. The sisters were strongly prejudiced against her, but her gentle patience won all hearts, and her fair jailers soon vied with each other in praises of their fascinating prisoner. An examination elicited nothing decidedly unfavorable. Not a stain could be detected in her character; she offered to submit all her papers and her writings to investigation. The intercession of Madame Miramion and other friends with Madame de Maintenon, procured her release after a captivity of eight months.

The most dangerous enemy Madame Guyon had as yet was her own half-brother, Père La Mothe. He had calumniated her in secret while in Switzerland; he was still more active now she was in Paris. He wished to become her Director, but La Combe was in the way. The artifices of La Mothe procured his arrest. He advised Madame Guyon, with hypocritical protestations of friendship, to flee to Montargis from the scandalous reports he himself had circulated, and from adversaries he himself had raised up. Then she would have been at his mercy—he would have pointed to her flight as a proof of guilt, and her own property and the guardianship of her children might have been secured for himself. He injured her as a relation only could. People said her cause must be a bad one since her own brother was constrained, from regard to the credit of religion, to bear witness against her. A woman who had committed sacrilege at Lyons, and had run away from the convent of penitents at Dijon, was employed by him to forge letters which should damage the character of Madame Guyon; to personate one of her maids and go from confessor to confessor throughout Paris, asserting that after living sixteen or seventeen years with her mistress she had quitted her, at last, in disgust at her abominable life.

Released from the convent of St. Marie, Madame Guyon was conducted by her court friends to express her thanks to Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. This institution had been founded, ten years previously, for the education of the daughters of noble but impoverished families. The idea originated with Madame de Maintenon; it was executed with royal speed and magnificence by Louis, and St. Cyr became her favorite resort. In fifteen months two thousand six hundred workmen raised the structure, on a marshy soil, about half a league from Paris—the genius of Mansard presided over the architecture—the style of the ordinances was revised by Boileau and Racine. There three hundred young ladies of rank, dressed in gowns of brown crape, with white quilted caps, tied with ribbons, whose color indicated the class to which they belonged in the school, studied geography and drawing, heard mass, sang in the choir, and listened to preachments from the lips of Madame Brinon—who discoursed, so swore some of the courtiers, as eloquently as Bourdaloue himself. Tired out with the formal splendors of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon

was never so happy as when playing the part of lady-abbess at St. Cyr. Often she would be there by six in the morning, would herself assist at the toilette of the pupils, would take a class throughout the day, would give the novices lessons on spiritual experience; nothing in its routine was dull, nothing in its kitchen was mean. She hated Fontainebleau, for it tore her from her family at St. Cyr. For the private theatricals of St. Cyr, Racine wrote Esther, at the request of Madame de Maintenon. Happy was the courtier who could obtain permission to witness one of these representations, who could tell with triumph to envious groups of the excluded, what an admirable Ahasuerus Madame de Caylus made, what a spirited Mordecai was Mademoiselle de Glapion, how the graceful Mademoiselle de Veillenne charmed the audience in the prayer of Esther—in short, how far the Esther surpassed the Phedra, and the actresses, the Raisins and the Chammelés of the Parisian boards. Louis himself drew up the list of admissions, as though it were for a journey to Marly—he was the first to enter—and stood at the door, with the catalogue of names in one hand, and his cane held across as a barrier in the other, till all the privileged had entered. But the fashion of asceticism which grew with every year of Maintenon's reign threw its gloom over St. Cyr. The absolute vows were introduced, and much of the monotonous austerity of conventual life. Religious excitement was the only resource left to the inmates if they would not die of ennui. This relief was brought them by Madame Guyon.

Madame Maintenon was touched with pity for the misfortunes of Madame Guyon, with admiration for such patience, such forgetfulness of self,—she found in the freshness and fervor of her religious conversation a charm which recalled the warmer feelings of youth, which was welcome, for its elevation, after the fatigue and anxiety of state; for its sweetness, as contrasted with the barren minutiae of rigid formalism: she invited her constantly to her table—she encouraged her visits to St. Cyr—she met with her, and with Fenelon, at the Hôtels de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, where a religious coterie assembled three times a week to discuss the mysteries of inward experience. Thus, during three or four years of favor with Madame de Maintenon, Madame Guyon became in effect the spiritual instructress of St. Cyr, and found herself at Paris surrounded by disciples whose numbers daily increased,

and whom she withdrew from the licentious gaieties of the capital. At St. Cyr the young ladies studied her books, and listened to her as an oracle—the thoughtless grew serious—the religious strained every faculty to imitate the attainments of one in whom they saw the ideal of devotion. In Paris, mystical terminology became the fashionable language—it was caught up and glibly uttered by wits and roués—it melted from the lips of beauties who shot languishing glances at their admirers, while they affected to be weary of the world, and coquetted while they talked significantly of holy indifference or pure love. Libertines, like Treville, professed reform, and wrote about mysticism,—atheists, turned Christians, like Corbinelli, now became Quietists, and might be seen in the salon of Madame le Maigre, where Corbinelli shone, the brilliant expositor of the new religious romanticism.

During this period Madame Guyon became acquainted with Fenelon. At their first interview she was all admiration, he all distrust. 'Her mind,' she says, 'had been taken up with him with much force and sweetness;' it seemed to be revealed to her that he should become one of her spiritual children. Fenelon, on his part, thought she had neglected her duty to her family for an imaginary mission. But he had inquired concerning her life at Montargis, and heard only praise. After a few conversations his doubts vanished—he had proposed objections—requested explanations—pointed out unguarded expressions in her books—she was modest, submissive, irresistible. There was a power in her language, her manner, her surviving beauty, which mysteriously dissipated prejudice, which even Nicole, Bossuet, Boileau, Gaillard, could not withstand when they conversed with her,—which was only overcome when they had ceased to behold her face, when her persuasive accents sounded no longer in their ears. She recalled to the thoughts of Fenelon his youthful studies at St. Sulpice;—there he had perused the mystical divines in dusty tomes, clasped and brazen-cornered,—now he beheld their buried doctrine raised to life in the busy present, animating the untaught eloquence of a woman, whom a noble enthusiasm alone had endowed with all the prerogatives of genius, and all the charms of beauty. This friendship, which events rendered afterwards so disastrous for himself, was beneficial to Madame Guyon. Fenelon taught her to moderate some of her spiritual excesses. Her extravagance reached its cul-

minating point at Thonon. At Paris, influenced doubtless by Fenelon, as well as by more frequent intercourse with the world, she no longer enjoys so many picturesque dreams, no more heals the sick and casts out devils with a word, and no longer—as in her solitude there—suffers inward anguish consequent on the particular religious condition of Father La Combe when he is three hundred miles off. Her Quietism becomes less fantastic, and less, in a word, mesmeric. Mr. Upham appears to us as much to overrate the influence she exercised on Fenelon, as he underrates that which he exerted over her. It is curious to observe, how the acquaintance of Fenelon with Madame Guyon began with suspicion and ripened into friendship, while that of Bossuet, commencing with approval and even admiration, ended in calumny and persecution. Bossuet declared to the Duc de Chevreuse that while examining her writings, for the first time, he was astonished by a light and unction he had never before seen, and, for three days, was made to realize the divine Presence in a manner altogether new. Bossuet had never, like Fenelon, studied the mystics.

The two most influential Directors at St. Cyr were Godet des Marais, Bishop of Chartres, and Fenelon. These two men form a striking contrast. Godet was disgusting in person and in manners—a sour ascetic—a spiritual martinet—devoted to all the petty austerities of the most formal discipline. Fenelon was dignified and gentle, graceful as a courtier, and spotless as a saint—the most pure, the most persuasive, the most accomplished of religious guides. No wonder that most of the young inmates of St. Cyr adored Fenelon, and could not endure Godet. Madame de Maintenon wavered between her two confessors: if Fenelon was the more agreeable, Godet seemed the more safe. Godet was miserably jealous of his rival. He was not sorry to find that the new doctrines had produced a little insubordination within the quiet walls of St. Cyr—that Fenelon would be compromised by the indiscretion of some among his youthful admirers. He brought a lamentable tale to Madame Maintenon. Madame du Peron, the mistress of the novices, had complained that her pupils obeyed her no longer; they neglected regular duties for unseasonable prayers; they had illuminations and ecstasies; one, in the midst of sweeping her room, would stand, leaning on her broom, lost in contemplation; another, instead of hearing lessons, became inspired, and resigned herself

to the operation of the Spirit; the under-mistress of the classes stole away the enlightened from the rest, and they were found in remote corners of the house, feasting in secret on the sweet poison of Madame Guyon's doctrine. The precise and methodical Madame Maintenon was horrified. She had hoped to realize in her institute the ideal of her church, a perfect uniformity of opinion, an unerring mechanism of obedience. We wished, said she, to promote intelligence, we have made orators; devotion, we have made Quietists; modesty, we have made pruders; elevation of sentiment, and we have pride. She commissioned Godet to reclaim the wanderers, to demand that the books of Madame Guyon should be surrendered, setting herself the example by publicly delivering into his hand her own copy of the *Short Method*; she requested Madame Guyon to refrain from visiting St. Cyr; she began to doubt the prudence or the orthodoxy of Fenelon. What would the king say, if he heard of it—he, who had never liked Fenelon—who hated nothing so much as heresy—who had but the other day extinguished the Quietism of Molinos? She had read to him some of Madame Guyon's exposition of the Canticles; and he called it dreamy stuff. Doctrines really dangerous to purity were insinuated by some designing monks, under the name of Quietism. The odium fell on the innocent Madame Guyon; and her friends would necessarily share it. Malicious voices charged her with corrupting the principles of the Parisian ladies. Madame Guyon replied with justice,—when they were patching, and painting, and ruining their families by gambling and by dress, not a word was said against it; now that they have withdrawn from such vanities, the cry is, that I have ruined them. Rumor grew more loud and scandalous every day; the most incredible reports were most credited; the schools, too, had taken up the question of mysticism, and argued it with heat: Nicole and Lami had dissolved an ancient friendship to quarrel about it,—as Fenelon and Bossuet were soon to do,—no controversy threatened to involve so many interests, to fan so many passions, to kindle so many hatreds, as this variance about disinterestedness, about indifference, about love.

The politic Madame Maintenon watched the gathering storm, and became all caution. At all costs, she must free herself from the faintest suspicion of fellowship with heresy. She questioned on the opinions of Madame Guyon, Bossuet and Noailles, Bourdaloue,

Joly, Tiberge, Brisacier, and Tronson; and the replies of these esteemed divines, uniformly unfavorable, decided her. It would be necessary to disown Madame Guyon; her condemnation would become inevitable. Fenelon must be induced to disown her too, or his career was at a close; and Madame de Maintenon could smile on him no longer.

Madame Guyon, alarmed by the growing numbers and vehemence of her adversaries, had recourse to the man who afterwards became her bitterest enemy. She proposed to Bossuet that he should examine her writings. He complied, held several private interviews with her, and expressed himself, on the whole, more favorably than could have been expected. But these conferences, which did not altogether satisfy Bossuet, could do nothing to allay the excitement of the public.

Madame Guyon now requested the appointment of commissioners, who should investigate, and pronounce finally concerning her life and doctrine. Three were chosen—Bossuet; Noailles, Bishop of Chalons; and Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice. Noailles was a sensible, kind-hearted man; Tronson, a worthy creature, in poor health, with little opinion of his own; Bossuet, the accredited champion of the Gallican church, accustomed to move in an atmosphere of flattery—the august dictator of the ecclesiastical world—was absolute in their conferences. They met, from time to time, during some six months, at the little village of Issy, the country residence of the Superior of St. Sulpice. When Madame Guyon appeared before them, Bossuet alone was harsh and rude; he put the worst construction on her words; he interrupted her; now he silenced her replies, now he burlesqued them; now he affected to be unable to comprehend them; now he held up his hands in contemptuous amazement at her ignorance; he would not suffer to be read the justification which had cost her so much pains; he sent away her friend, the Duke of Chevreuse. This ominous severity confused and frightened her. She readily consented to retire to a convent in the town of Meaux, there to be under the surveillance of Bossuet. She undertook this journey in the depth of the most frightful winter which had been known for many years; the coach was buried in the snow, and she narrowly escaped with life. The commissioners remained to draw up, by the fireside, certain propositions, which should determine what was, and what was not, true mysticism. These constitute the celebrated Articles of Issy.

Bossuet repeatedly visited Madame Guyon, at Meaux. The great man did not disdain to approach the sick-bed of his victim, as she lay in the last stage of exhaustion, and there endeavor to overreach and terrify her. He demanded a submission, and promised a favorable certificate; the submission he received, the certificate he withheld. He sought to force her, by threats, to sign that she did not believe in the incarnation. The more timid she appeared, the more boisterous and imperative his tone. One day, he would come with words of kindness, on another, with words of fury; yet, at the very time, this Pilate could say to some of his brethren, that he found no serious fault in her. He declared, on one occasion, that he was actuated by no dislike—he was urged to rigorous measures by others; on another, that the submission of Madame Guyon, and the suppression of Quietism, effected by his skill and energy, would be as good as an archbishopric or a cardinal's hat to him. Justice and ambition contended within him; for a little while the battle wavered, till presently pride and jealousy brought up to the standard of the latter reinforcements so overwhelming, that justice was beaten for ever from the field. After six months' residence at Meaux, Madame Guyon received from Bossuet a certificate, attesting her filial submissiveness to the Catholic faith, his satisfaction with her conduct, authorizing her still to participate in the sacrament of the Church, and acquitting her of all implication in the heresy of Molinos.

Meanwhile Fenelon had been added to the number of the commissioners at Issy. He and Bossuet were still on intimate terms; but Bossuet, like all vain men, was a dangerous friend. He knew how to inspire confidence which he did not scruple to betray. Madame Guyon, conscious of the purity of her life, of the orthodoxy of her intention, persuaded that such a man must be superior to the meaner motives of her persecutors, had placed in the hands of Bossuet her most private papers, not excluding the *Autobiography*, which had not been submitted even to the eye of Fenelon. To Bossuet, Fenelon had, in letters, unfolded his most secret thoughts—the conflicts and aspirations of his spiritual history, so unbounded was his reliance on his honor, so exalted his estimate of the judgment of that powerful mind in matters of religion. The disclosures of both were distorted and abused to crush them; both had to rue the day when they trusted one who could sacrifice truth to glory. At Issy, the defer-

ence and the candor of Fenelon were met by a haughty reserve on the part of Bossuet. The meekness of Fenelon and the timidity of Madame Guyon, only inflamed his arrogance; to bow to him was to be overborne; to confront him was at once to secure respect, if not fairness. The Articles were already drawn up when the signature of Fenelon was requested. He felt that he should have been allowed his fair share in their construction; as they were, he could not sign them; he proposed modifications; they were acceded to; and the thirty-four Articles of Issy appeared in March, 1695, with the name of Fenelon associated with the other three.

To any one who reads these Articles, and the letter written by Fenelon to Madame de la Maisonfort, after signing them, it will be obvious that the Quietism of Fenelon went within a very small compass. When he comes to explain his meaning, the controversy is manifestly but a dispute about words. He did not, like Madame Guyon, profess to conduct devout minds by a certain method to the attainment of perfect disinterestedness. He only maintained the possibility of realizing a love to God, thus purified from self. He was as fully aware as his opponents, that to evince our love to God by willingness to endure perdition, was the same thing as attesting our devotion to Him by our readiness to hate Him for ever. This is the standing objection against the doctrine of disinterested love: our own divine, John Howe, urges it with force; it is embodied in the thirty-second of the Articles in question. But it does not touch Fenelon's position. His assertion is, that we should will our own salvation only because God wills it; that, supposing it possible for us to endure hell torments, retaining the grace of God and our consciousness that such suffering was according to His will, and conducive to His glory, the soul, animated by pure love, would embrace even such a doom. It is but the supposition of an impossible case. The Quietism of Fenelon does not preclude the reflex actions of the mind, or confine the spirit of the adept to the sphere of the immediate. It forbids only the introspection of self-complacency. It does not merge distinct acts in a continuous operation, nor discourage strenuous effort for self-advancement in holiness, or for the benefit of others—it only teaches us to moderate that impatience which has its origin in self, and declares that our own co-operation becomes, in certain cases, unconscious—is, as it were, lost in a "divine facility." The indefatigable benevolence of his life abundantly repudiates the

slandering conclusion of his adversaries, that the doctrine of indifference concerning the future involves indifference likewise to moral good and evil in the present. Bossuet himself is often as mystical as Fenelon. St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal said the very same things, not to mention the unbridled utterances of the earlier and the mediæval mystics canonized by the Church of Rome. Could the controversy have been confined to the real question, no harm would have been done. It would have resembled the duel, in Ben Jonson's play, between Fastidious Brisk and Signor Pantarvalo, where the rapiers cut through taffeta and lace, gold embroidery and satin doublets, but nowhere enter the skin. Certain terms and certain syllogisms, a well-starched theory, or an argument trimmed with the pearls of eloquence—might have been transfixed or rent by a dextrous pen, on this side or on that, but the prize of the conqueror would not have been court favor, or the penalty of the conquered exile. Theologians might have written, for a few, the learned history of a logical campaign, but the eyes of Europe would never have been turned to a conflict for fame and fortune raging in the Vatican and at Versailles, enlisting every religious party throughout Roman-catholic Christendom, and involving the rise or fall of some of the most illustrious names among the churchmen and nobility of France.

The writings of Madame Guyon had now been condemned, though without mention of her name; Bossuet had intimated that he required nothing further from her; she began to hope that the worst might be over, and returned with her friends from Meaux to Paris, to live there as much retired as possible. This flight, which he chose to call dishonorable, irritated Bossuet; she had suffered him to see that she could trust him no longer; he endeavored to recover the certificate he had given; an order was procured for her arrest. The police observed that a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine was always entered by a pass-key. They made their way in, and found Madame Guyon. They brought away their prisoner, ill as she was, and the king was induced, with much difficulty, to sign an order for her incarceration at Vincennes. The despot thought a convent might suffice—not so the persecutor.

Bossuet had been for some time occupied in writing a work which should demolish with a blow the doctrine of Madame Guyon, and hold her up to general odium. It consisted of ten books, and was entitled *In-*

structions on the States of Prayer. He showed the manuscript to Fenelon, desiring him to append a statement, approving all it contained, which should accompany the volume when published. Fenelon refused. Six months ago he had declared that he could be no party to a personal attack on Madame Guyon: the *Instructions* contained little else. That tremendous attack was no mere exposure of unguarded expressions—no mere deduction of dangerous consequences, possibly unforeseen by a half-educated writer; it charged Madame Guyon with having for her sole design the inculcation of a false spirituality, which abandoned, as an imperfection, faith in the divine Persons and the humanity of Christ; which disowned the authority of Scripture, of tradition, of morality; which dispensed with vocal prayer and acts of worship; which established an impious and brutal indifference between vice and virtue—between everlasting hate of God and everlasting love; which forbad resistance to temptation as an interruption to repose; which taught an imaginary perfection extinguishing the nobler desires only to inflame the lower, and clothing the waywardness of self-will and passion with the authority of inspiration and of prophecy. Fenelon knew that this accusation was one mass of falsehood. If Bossuet himself believed it, why had he suffered such a monster still to commune; why had he been so faithless to his high office in the church as to give his testimonials declaring the purity of her purpose and the soundness of her faith, when he had not secured the formal retraction of a single error? To sign his approval of that book, would be not merely a cowardly condemnation of a woman whom he knew to be innocent—it would be the condemnation of himself. His acquaintance with Madame Guyon was matter of notoriety. It would be to say that he—a student of theology, a priest, an archbishop, the preceptor of princes—had not only refrained from denouncing, but had honored with his friendship, the teacher of an abominable spiritualism which abolished the first principle of right and wrong. It would be to declare, in fact, such a prelate far more guilty than such a heretic. And Bossuet pretended to be his friend—Bossuet, who had laid the snare which might have been the triumph of the most malignant enemy. It was not a mere question of persons—Madame Guyon might die in prison—he himself might be defamed and disgraced—he did not mean to become her champion—surely that was enough, knowing what he knew;—

let her enemies be satisfied with his silence—he could not suffer another man to take his pen out of his hand to denounce as an emissary of Satan one whom he believed to be a child of God.

Such was Fenelon's position. He wished to be silent concerning Madame Guyon. To assent to the charges brought against her would not have been even a serviceable lie, if such a man could have desired to escape the wrath of Bossuet at so scandalous a price. Every one would have said that that Archbishop of Cambray had denounced his accomplice out of fear. Neither was he prepared to embrace the opposite extreme and to defend the personal cause of the accused, many of whose expressions he thought questionable, orthodox as might be her explanation, and many of whose extravagancies he disapproved. His enemies wished to force him to speak, and were prepared to damage his reputation whether he appeared for or against the prisoner at Vincennes. At length it became necessary that he should break silence; and when he did, it was not to pronounce judgment concerning the oppressed or her oppressors, it was to investigate the abstract question—the teaching of the Church on the doctrine of pure love. He wrote the *Maxims of the Saints*.

This celebrated book appeared in January, 1697, while Fenelon was at Cambray, amazing the Flemings of his diocese by affording them, in their new archbishop, the spectacle of a church dignitary who really cared for his flock, who consigned the easier duties to his vicars, and reserved the hardest for himself; who entered their cottages like a father, listened with interest to the story of their hardships or their griefs; who consoled, counselled, and relieved them; who partook of their black bread as though he had never shared the banquets of Versailles, and as though Paris were to him, as to themselves, a wonderful place far away, whose streets were paved with gold. Madame Guyon was in confinement at the village of Vaugirard, whither the compassion of Noailles had transferred her from Vincennes, resigned and peaceful, writing poetry and singing hymns with her pious servant-girl, the faithful companion of her misfortunes. Bossuet was visiting St. Cyr—very busy in endeavoring to purify the theology of the young ladies from all taint of Quietism—but quite unsuccessful in reconciling Madame de la Maisonfort to the loss of her beloved Fenelon.

The *Maxims of the Saints* was an exposition and vindication of the doctrines of pure

love, of mystical union, and of perfection, as handed down by some of the most illustrious and authoritative names in the Roman-catholic Church, from Dionysius, Clement, and Augustine, to John of the Cross, and Francis de Sales; it explained their terminology—it placed in juxtaposition with every article of legitimate mysticism its false correlative—the use and the abuse,—and was, in fact, though not expressly, a complete justification (on the principles of his church) of that moderate Quietism held by himself, and in substance by Madame Guyon. The book was approved by Tronson, by Fleury, by Hébert, by Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, by Père le Chaise, the King's Confessor, by the Jesuits of Clermont,—but it was denounced by Bossuet; it was nicknamed the Bible of the Little Church; Pontchartrain, the comptroller-general, and Maurice Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, told the king that it was fit only for knaves or fools. Louis sent for Bossuet. The Bishop of Meaux cast himself theatrically at the feet of majesty, and with pretended tears, implored forgiveness for not earlier revealing the heresy of his unhappy brother. A compromise was yet possible, for Fenelon was ready to explain his explanations, and to suppress whatever might be pronounced dangerous in his pages. But the eagle of Meaux had seen the meek and dove-like Fenelon—once almost more his disciple than his friend—erect the standard of independence and assume the post of a rival; his pride was roused, he was resolved to reign alone on the ecclesiastical Olympus of the court, and he would not hear of a peace that might rob him of a triumph. Did Fenelon pretend to shelter himself by great names—he, Bossuet, would intrench himself within the awful sanctuary of the Church; he represented religion in France; he would resent every attack upon his own opinions as an assault on the Catholic faith; he had the ear of the king, with whom heresy and treason were identical; success was all but assured, and, if so, war was glory. Such tactics are not peculiar to the seventeenth century. In our own day, every one implicated in religious abuses identifies himself with religion—brands every exposure of his misconduct as hostility to the cause of God—invests his miserable personality with the benign grandeur of the Gospel, and stigmatizes as troublers in Israel all who dare to inquire into his procedure, while innumerable dupes or cowards sleepily believe, or cautiously pretend to do so, that those who have management in a good object must themselves be good.

Fenelon now requested the royal permis-

sion to appeal to Rome ; he obtained it, but was forbidden to repair thither to plead in person the cause of his book, and ordered to quit the court and confine himself to his diocese. The king went to St. Cyr, and expelled thence three young ladies, for an offence he could not comprehend,—the sin of Quietism. Intrigue was active, and the Duke de Beauvilliers was nearly losing his place in the royal household because of his attachment to Fenelon. The duke—noble in spirit as in name—and worthy of such a friendship, boldly told *Le Grand Monarque* that he was ready to leave the palace rather than to forsake his friend. Six days before the banishment of Fenelon, Louis had sent to Innocent XII. a letter, drawn up by Bossuet, saying in effect that the *Maxims* had been condemned at Paris, that everything urged in its defence was futile, and that the royal authority would be exerted to the utmost to execute the decision of the pontifical chair. Bossuet naturally calculated that a missive, thus intimating the sentence Infallibility was expected by a great monarch to pronounce,—arriving almost at the same time with the news of a disgrace reserved only for the most grave offences, would secure the speedy condemnation of Fenelon's book.

At Rome commenced a series of deliberations destined to extend over a space of nearly two years. Two successive bodies of adjudicators were impanelled and dissolved, unable to arrive at a decision. A new congregation of cardinals was selected, who held scores of long and wearisome debates, while rumor and intrigue alternately heightened or depressed the hopes of either party. To write the *Maxims of the Saints* was a delicate task. It was not easy to repudiate the mysticism of Molinos without impugning the mysticism of St. Theresa. But the position of these judges was more delicate yet. It was still less easy to censure Fenelon without rendering suspicious, at the least, the orthodoxy of the most shining saints in the Calendar. On the one hand, there might be risk of a schism ; on the other, pressed the urgency and the influence of a powerful party, the impatience, almost the menaces, of a great king.

The real question was simply this—is disinterested love possible ? Can man love God for his own sake alone, with a love, not excluding, but subordinating all other persons and objects, so that they shall be regarded only in God who is All in All ? If so, is it dangerous to assert the possibility, to commend this divine ambition, as Fenelon has

done ? But the discussion was complicated and inflamed by daily slander and recrimination, by treachery and insinuation, and by the honest anger they provoke ; by the schemes of personal ambition, by the rivalry of religious parties, by the political intrigues of the State, and by the political intrigues of the Church ; by the interests of a crew of subaltern agents, who loved to fish in muddy waters ; and by the long cherished animosity between Gallican and Ultramontanist. Couriers pass and repass continually between Rome and Cambray, between Rome and Paris. The Abbé Bossuet writes constantly from Rome to the Bishop of Meaux ; the Abbé de Chantillac from the same city to the Archbishop of Cambray. Chantillac writes like a faithful friend and a good man ; he labors day and night in the cause of Fenelon ; he bids him be of good cheer and put his trust in God. The letters of the Abbé Bossuet to his uncle are worthy of a familiar of the Inquisition. After circulating calumnies against the character of Madame Guyon, after hinting that Fenelon was a partaker of her immoralities as well as of her heresy, and promising, with each coming post, to produce fresh confessions and new discoveries of the most revolting licentiousness, he sits down to urge Bossuet to second his efforts by procuring the banishment of every friend whom Fenelon yet has at court ; and to secure, by a decisive blow in Paris, the ruin of that "wild beast" Fenelon at Rome. Bossuet lost no time in acting on the suggestion of so base an instrument.

At Paris a hot war of letters, pamphlets, and treatises, was maintained by the leaders, whose quarrel everywhere divided the city and the court into two hostile encampments. Fenelon offered a resistance Bossuet had never anticipated, and the veteran polemic was deeply mortified to see public opinion doubtful whether he or a younger rival had won the laurels in argument and eloquence. In an evil hour for his fame he resolved to crush his antagonist at all costs ; he determined that the laws of honorable warfare should be regarded no more, that no confidence should be any longer sacred. In the summer of 1698 the storm burst upon the head of the exile at Cambray. Early in June, Fenelon heard that the Abbé de Beaumont, his nephew, and the Abbé de Langeron, his friend, had been dismissed in disgrace from the office of sub-preceptors to the young Duke of Burgundy ; that Dupuy and de Leschelles had been banished the court because of their attachment to him ; that his brother

had been expelled from the marine, and a son of Madame Guyon from the guards; that the retiring and pacific Fleury had narrowly escaped similar ignominy for a similar cause; that the Dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Guiche, were themselves menaced, and the prospect of their downfall openly discussed; and that to correspond with him was hereafter a crime against the State. Within a month, another Job's messenger brought him tidings that Bossuet had produced a book entitled *An Account of Quietism*—an attack so terrible that the dismay of his remaining friends had almost become despair. Bossuet possessed three formidable weapons—his influence as a courtier, his authority as a priest, his powers as an author. He wielded them all at once, and all of them dishonorably. If he was unfair in the first capacity, when he invoked the thunders of royalty to ruin the cause of a theological opponent—if he was unfair in the second, when he denounced forbearance and silenced intercession as sins against God,—he was yet more so in the third, when he employed all his gifts to weave into a malignant tissue of falsehood and exaggeration the memoirs of Madame Guyon, the correspondence of Fenelon with Madame Maintenon, and his former confidential letters to himself—letters on spiritual matters to a spiritual guide—letters which should have been sacred as the secrecy of the confessional. The sensation created by the *Account of Quietism* was prodigious. Bossuet presented his book to the king, whose approval was for every parasite the authentication of all its slanders. Madame de Maintenon, with her own hand, distributed copies among the courtiers; in the salon of Marly nothing else was talked of; in the beautiful gardens groups of lords and ladies, such as Watteau would have loved to paint, were gathered on the grass, beside the fountains, beneath the trees, to hear it read; it was begged, borrowed, stolen, greedily snatched and delightedly devoured; its anecdotes were so piquant, its style so sparkling, its bursts of indignant eloquence so grand; gay ladies, young and old, dandies, wits, and libertines, found its scandal so delicious—Madame Guyon was so exquisitely ridiculous—Lacombe, so odious a Tartuffe—Fenelon, so pitifully disprized of all his dazzling virtues; and, what was best of all, the insinuations were worse than the charges—the book gave much and promised more—it hinted at disclosures more disgraceful yet, and gave free scope to every malicious invention and every prurient conjecture.

The generous Fenelon, more thoughtful for others than for himself, at first hesitated to reply even to such a provocation, lest he should injure the friends who yet remained to him at Versailles. But he was soon convinced that their position, as much as his, rendered an answer imperative. He received Bossuet's book on the 8th of July, and by the 13th of August his defence had been written, printed, and arrived at Rome, to gladden the heart of poor Chantara, to stop the mouth of the enemy, and to turn the tide once more in behalf of his failing party. This refutation, written with such rapidity, and under such disadvantages, was a masterpiece—it redeemed his character from every calumny—it raised his reputation to its height—it would have decided a fair contest completely in his favor. It was composed when his spirit was oppressed by sorrow for the ruin of his friends, and darkened by the apprehension of new injuries which his justification might provoke,—by a proscribed man at Cambray, remote from the assistance and appliances most needful,—without a friend to guide or to relieve the labor of arranging and transcribing documents, and of verifying dates, where scrupulous accuracy was of vital importance,—when it was difficult to procure correct intelligence from Paris, and hazardous to write thither lest he should compromise his correspondents,—when even his letters to Chantara were not safe from inspection,—when it would be difficult to find a printer for such a book, and yet more so, to secure its circulation in the metropolis. As it was, D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police,—a functionary portrayed by his contemporaries as at once the ugliest and most unprincipled of men,—seized a package of seven hundred copies at the gates of Paris. The *Reply* appeared, however, and was eagerly read. Even the few who were neutral, the many who were envious, the host who were prejudiced, could not withhold their admiration from that lucid and elegant style—that dignified and unaffected eloquence; numbers yielded, in secret, at least, to the force of such facts and such arguments; while all were astonished at the skill and self-command with which the author had justified his whole career without implicating a single friend; and, leaving untouched the shield of every other adversary, had concentrated all his force on exposing the contradictions, the treachery, and the falsehood of Bossuet's accusation.

The controversy now draws to a close. Bossuet published *Remarks on the Reply* of

Fenelon, and Fenelon rejoined with *Remarks* on the *Remarks* of Bossuet. Sixty loyal doctors of the Sorbonne censured twelve propositions in the *Maxims*, while Rome was yet undecided. Towards the close of the same year (1698) Louis wrote a letter to the Pope, yet more indecently urgent than his former one, demanding a thorough condemnation of so dangerous a book; and this epistle he seconded by depriving Fenelon, a few weeks afterwards, of the title and pension of preceptor—that pension which Fenelon had once nobly offered to return to a treasury exhausted by ambitious wars.

Innocent XII. had heard, with indignant sorrow, of the arbitrary measures adopted against Fenelon and his friends. He was mortified by the arrogance of Louis, by the attempts so openly made to forestall his judgment. He was accustomed to say that Cambray had erred through excess of love to God, Meaux, by want of love to his neighbor. But Louis was evidently roused, and it was not safe to provoke him too far. After a last effort at a compromise, the Pope yielded, and the cardinals pronounced a condemnation, far less complete, however, than the vehemence of the accusers had hoped to secure. Twenty-three propositions extracted from the *Maxims* were censured, but the pontiff openly declared that such censure did not extend to the explanations which the Archbishop of Cambray had given of his book. This sentence was delivered on the 12th of March, 1699. The submission of Fenelon is famous in history. He received the intelligence as he was about to ascend the pulpit; he changed his subject, and preached a sermon on the duty of submission to superiors. Bossuet endeavored, in vain, to represent the obedience which was

the first to pronounce the sentence of self-condemnation as a profound hypocrisy.

Madame Guyon lingered for four years a solitary prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastille. In the same tower was confined the Man of the Iron Mask, and she may have heard, in her cell, the melancholy notes of the guitar with which her fellow-prisoner beguiled a captivity whose horrors had then lasted seven and thirty years. There, a constitution never strong, was broken down by the stony chill of rigorous winters, and by the noxious vapors which steamed from the stagnant moat in summer. She was liberated in 1702, and sent to Blois—a picturesque old city, whose steep and narrow streets, cut into innumerable steps, overlook the Loire; crowned on the one side by its fine church, and on the other by the royal chateau, memorable for the murder of the Guises; its massive proportions adorned by the varying tastes of successive generations, then newly beautified after the designs of Mansard, and now a ruin, the delight of every artist. There she lived in quiet, sought out from time to time by visitors from distant provinces and other lands,—as patient under the infirmity of declining age as beneath the persecutions of her earlier years—finding, as she had always done, some sweet in every bitter cup, and a theme for praise in every trial, purified by her long afflictions, elevated by her hope of glory, full of charity and full of peace, resigned and happy to the last. Her latest letter is dated in 1717,—Bossuet had departed, and Fenelon,—and before the close of that year, she also, the subject of such long and bitter strife, had been removed beyond all the tempests of this lower world.

THE SCOTTS OF ABBOTSFORD.—Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, of Abbotsford, the only son of Mr. Lockhart, and grandson of Sir Walter Scott, died, unmarried, on the 10th inst., at the early age of twenty-seven. When Sir Walter died he left two sons and a grandson to perpetuate the lineage of his house; and it is difficult to conceive that even a chance thought could have crossed his mind that all three should die childless and abroad in the short space of twenty years. The only grandchild of the great novelist

now alive is Mr. Lockhart's only surviving child, Mrs. Hope. It was but a month ago that we were called on to chronicle the death, at thirty-seven, of the closest link in blood to Scott's great contemporary—Byron; and here are we now recording the death, at twenty-seven, of the closest link in blood to Byron's great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. It seems as if it were ordained that the children of the brain shall be the sole creations of great authors destined to endure.—*Athenæum*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARADISE IN THE, PACIFIC.

"It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had, by nature's cunning hand,
Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best."—*Færie Queen*.*

WHERE IS IT?

THIS is the glorious FIRST OF JUNE!—and it is set like a gem in the centre of the London season. Oh, mighty, multitudinous London, how thou art enjoying thyself! All thy bravery is on, all thy misery is hidden; and here are youth, beauty, age, wisdom, valor, genius, loyalty, all surrounding Queen Victoria, giving them enchanting reception, dispensing regal hospitalities—ay, not to her own loving subjects alone, but to the representatives of all the great potentates and people of the earth; for vast as is her empire, she is at peace with all the world. 'Tis often said, and it has become splendidly stereotyped in English phraseology, that the sun never sets on her empire; and the Queen, much as her anxieties are occupied with north, south, east, and west, had recent reason to muse, not unpleasingly, on a certain little speck in the Southern Pacific Ocean, where she is specially loved, and where, after their humble fashion, they celebrate her natal day with flag fluttering gaily, and bell-ringing and singing and dancing—the only day, it seems, in the year, in which Terpsichore can find time from her other engagements to show her merry face and foot, with feathery touch, for a moment—and, hark! the boom of a gun, forsooth, all on the same day, and to glorify the same occasion! But what a gun! In the language of the inhabitants of this little paradise of which we are about to speak, that gun, "for fifty-five years had been deposited at the bottom of the sea, on a bed of coral, guiltless of blood, during the time so many thousands of mankind became in Europe food for cannon!" Her Majesty, amidst all the splendors which surround her, may hear with pleasure how her royal name was used at a certain

tiny speck in the Pacific Ocean, with all the aforesaid accompaniments, on Tuesday the 24th of May, 1853:—

"The Queen! the Queen! our gracious Queen!
Come raise on high your voices,
And let it by your smile be seen
That every heart rejoices!
Her natal day we'll celebrate
With ardor and devotion,
And Britain's festal emulate
In the Pacific Ocean!

"Now let Old England's flag be spread—
That flag long-famed in story;
And as it waves above our head,
We'll think upon its glory!
Then fire THE GUN—the Bounty's Gun—
And set the bell a-ringing,
And then with hearts and voices one,
We'll all unite in singing—

"The Queen! the Queen! God bless the Queen!
And all her royal kindred;
Prolonged and happy be her reign—
By faction never hindered!
May high and low, the rich and poor,
The happy or distressed,
O'er her wide realm, from shore to shore,
Arise and call her blessed!"

These are words that come echoing cheerily from the Pacific, and may fitly find their way to the regal solitudes of Osborne and Balmoral. Both Queen and Prince know who wrote these lines of simple loyalty and love; nay, they have seen and spoken with him, and that within these last few months, and at Osborne aforesaid. But he has since travelled from the royal presence, exhilarated with its cheering brightness, ten thousand miles and more, and doubtless joined in singing these same verses at that speck in the Pacific, on the 24th of May, now immediately last past. The news has come rather quickly, to be sure; but there is the fact—and it has also come without the aid of the submerged electric wire!

* This quotation is taken from the motto of a little volume which will be mentioned in due time.

Well! *where is it?* 'Tis Queen Victoria's—but somewhat out of the reach of her gay little *Fairy*, and, therefore, the Queen may never take a trip to see it! Four years ago, a French military gentleman made his appearance there with a party of friends, all in military uniform, and politely asked, through our poet, of whom more anon in broken English, “Veder de people had heard of Prince Louis Napoleon and de French Republique? and would dey enlist demselves under it?” And then he took out a paper for their signatures; but our poet aforesaid quietly pointed to the little English flag waving over their heads at that moment, assured the complaisant visitor that they knew all about Louis Napoleon and the French Republic, but that all the people there were faithful subjects of VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND; on which the polite Frenchman bowed, begged pardon, returned the paper to his pocket, and said, that “he did not know it was a colony!” Nor is it; but its inhabitants are entirely English; and, says their recent historian, “such a loyal and united community, as a whole, cannot be found in any of the colonies or dependencies of the British empire! The English union-jack is hoisted on all grand occasions, and to England the people would look for protection, should any attempt be made to disturb their position.” Ay, and as fast as steam or sail could bring their protectors, they would go! And one of them—as brave and good an admiral as ever strode quarter-deck—has recently been to this mysterious place, and speaks of it as we do. “I stayed,” says he, “four days upon that speck on the ocean, but rising like a paradise on its bosom!”

“Away! away!” says one who accompanied him, “we are off to the world again, truly sorry to leave this island; their happiness in this life consists solely in virtue, and their virtue is their truest pleasure!” Ay, admiral! as you stood on the quarter-deck, while your noble ship fired twenty-one guns in honor of her Majesty’s flag, they said, in thundering tones, “Queen Victoria *will* protect you,” as far as she can; but, dear Islanders, you are safe under the protection of a higher Power, who listens well-pleased to the voice of prayer and praise ever ascending the heavens from your swelling wilderness of waters.

But where is it? If we had an eight thousand mile boring iron, after it had passed through heaven only knows how many miles, as Humboldt would tell us, of boiling granite,

and vacant space, or water, or whatever else constitutes the globe which is favored with the existence of London (at which point the boring iron would enter), it would come poking out at the antipodes, not so *very* far from our little paradise. We say, not so very far—but, in operations on so grand a scale, we must be allowed literally a little *latitude*—and longitude. But our island (for island it is) is to be found in the waters which contain the island-home of immortal Robinson Crusoe! No gold has been found there, but a much more remarkable article. Yet it will tempt none of our venturesome Californian and Australian emigrants to go in quest of it—it is VIRTUE grown out of VICE!—INNOCENCE out of GUILT! Ah! what a thrilling page of man’s history chronicles that same little spot! Let us read it off in our way, and take our own time in doing it. We ought all to take pains with our task; for—shall we say it?—MAGA is no stranger to that little paradise! And well we knew, from that same poet of whom we have been speaking, and whom we ourselves saw shortly before he was seen by Majesty, that they have read—and perhaps they are at this moment reading—what has been given to the world from these pages. And patient confiding reader, rarely have they contained anything to compare, in interest and instructiveness, with the events which we shall try now to present to you as some of them have recently come under our own notice; and we shall, for a reason of our own, reserve, till somewhat advanced in our story, all indication of the source from which we have taken it. Those events are of a nature to arrest the attention, and occasionally to agitate and excite the hearts and imaginations of all classes of readers. Some of them are old, others new, and both thoroughly authentic; but the former acquire a vivid and charming air of novelty from their connection with the latter.

THE MUTINY.

Lieutenant Bligh had been for several years sailing-master in the *Resolution* of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook; and in the year 1787 was intrusted with the command of his majesty King George the Third’s armed ship the *Bounty*, on an interesting expedition to the South Sea Islands—namely, acting on the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, who had visited Otaheite with Captain Cook in 1769—to try the experiment of introducing plants of the bread-fruit tree, which supplied their food to

the Otaheitans, into the West Indies. The *Bounty* set sail from Spithead on the 23d December, 1787. Mr. Bligh was then in the very prime of life—about thirty-three years of age. He returned to England and landed at Portsmouth on the 14th of March, 1790; having experienced, during that brief interval, such a disastrous adventure as will, with its incidents, always associate his name with one of the most painfully interesting passages in our naval history. How little he thought of it as he issued in buoyant spirits from Spithead! The *Bounty* was of 215 tons burden, and, including Bligh, a botanist, and a gardener, carried forty-six persons. On the 26th of the ensuing October, they reached Otaheite (now called Tahiti), and met with a very friendly reception from the natives, who supplied them in abundance with roasted pig and bread-fruit during a delightful stay of six months, during which Mr. Bligh succeeded in collecting upwards of a thousand plants of the bread-fruit tree. With these they quit-
ted Tahiti in the spring of 1789, on their way to the West Indies. Mr. Bligh, though an able commander, seems to have been of a somewhat hasty temper; and it is possible that he and the master's mate, Mr. Fletcher Christian, lived not on the best terms together. The latter was a young man, only twenty-four years old, of respectable family, of talent in his profession, and possessed of a daring and adventurous spirit.

On the evening of the 27th of April 1789, the commander invited him to supper, but he declined; having, doubtless, by that time conceived the audacious purpose which he afterwards so quickly carried into effect. This memorable night was one distinguished even in the tropical regions for its tranquil loveliness; and we may conceive the commander of the *Bounty*, as his vessel softly claved the sparkling waters, and his sails glistened in the silver moonlight, pacing the deck, and enjoying the beauty of the hour. But who can tell what an hour may bring forth? He was woke out of sleep at break of day by a startling vision—his cabin full of men armed with pistols and cutlasses, headed by Mr. Christian! On his calling out to know what they meant, a voice sternly exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!" With oaths and great violence they tied his hands behind his back, without giving him time to dress; and then, hurrying him on deck, forced him, with eighteen persons, chiefly officers, superior and petty, into the ship's launch, flinging to them about 32 lb. of pork, 150 lb. of bread, 28 gallons of water,

6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, 4 cutlasses, a quadrant, a compass, and a small quantity of canvas, twine, and cordage. The heartless mutineers then sailed away, leaving their unfortunate commander, and almost all his officers—nineteen persons—in a boat on the Pacific Ocean only 23 feet long, and 6 feet 9 inches broad, heavily laden, and without any awning! Could the mutineers have foreseen what was in store for them, they would not have dared a retributive Providence, and might have reflected a little on an old English maxim—"Begin nothing of which you have not well considered *the end*." Which fared worse, the mutineers or their victims, remains to be seen. We shall rapidly follow the course of each.

THE BOAT ADRIFT.

Here is scope for the imagination, and for sympathy. What will be thought of a slight open boat, thus crammed with human beings, performing a voyage across the ocean of nearly four thousand miles? Well indeed, and often, might they have exclaimed, on their lonely and perilous voyage,

"Ye gentlemen of England, that dwell at home
at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the
seas!"

The ship left the hapless boat's crew at about thirty miles distance from Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, and the first thing the latter attempted was to land at the island, to procure bread-fruit and water. The savages, however, received them barbarously, attacking them with stones, and beat them off the island, where they left dead one of their number, who had gallantly remained last on shore to push the boat off. The savages surrounded and killed him on the spot, and others pushed off in canoes to attack the unfortunate boat's crew, who, it must be remembered, had not been vouchsafed a single piece of firearms for their protection. Some cloths thrown into the water to amuse their pursuers, however, diverted their attention; and Mr. Bligh and his friends escaped massacre. But what was now to be done? Whither were they to direct their course?

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide!"

After much consideration, Mr. Bligh obtained his companions' concurrence in a proposal to make for a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor (of which they knew nothing but

the name), a distance of 3618 miles! The gunwales of the boat were only six inches above the water, and it is easy to imagine the misery to which eighteen people were to be so long consigned, even regarding only their cabined, cribbed, confined condition: they were to traverse the ocean by day, by night, in all weathers, over a space of comparatively unexplored ocean, equal to nearly a sixth of the entire circumference of the globe. They started upon their voyage on the 2d of May; all Mr. Bligh's company having solemnly promised him to be content with one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water *per day* a-piece. One half of them were to be on the look-out, while the others lay down in the boat's bottom: and not having room to stretch their limbs, and being exposed to constant wet and colds, they suffered, poor souls! quickly and severely from cramps, which almost disabled them from moving a limb. What a look-out by day and by night! One can imagine them often gazing down into the depth beneath them—within a few inches from its surface, and watching the dark shadows of the sharks flitting around them, waiting for a banquet, which any sudden caprice or accident might bring them! After five days' sail, they were startled to find two large canoes, filled with cannibals, making toward them at top speed from the Feejee islands. The canoes continued the chase till within two miles' distance, when they gave it up. Sharks beneath, cannibals behind, storms above and below!—what sources of fear and misery! what long hours of loneliness and terror must have been theirs? They encountered tremendous thunder-storms—by one of them, shortly after starting on their voyage, they were very nearly swamped; yet these brave and good souls placed their hopes in God, to whom they often addressed a devout prayer, composed for them by their commander, partly from his recollection of the Prayer-book. He wrote it in a small blank signal-book, now extant; and it contains a humble confession of sins on the part of those suffering under the divine chastisement, invokes the protection of the Almighty in their misery and danger, and returns thanks to Him who spared their lives from day to day. Poor Bligh tried as long as he could to note a few observations, chiefly of places he passed, in this book; and this blotted and weather-stained document, an affecting relic, is now in the possession of his daughters. "It is with the utmost difficulty," he says, "that I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point

out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." It was fortunate, indeed, that no quarrels or dissensions seem to have broken out among the little crew. Had it been so, what might not have been the consequence? As early as the 8th of May, the allowance of food to each was necessarily reduced to one and a half ounce of pork, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, an ounce of bread, and a tea-spoonful of rum, Bligh measuring out the allowance very accurately, by means of a pair of scales which he made out of two cocoa-nut shells, while a pistol-bullet (of twenty-five to the pound) served as a weight to fix the allowance of bread to each. The half pint of cocoa-nut milk, however, was soon further reduced to a quarter; and as for the bread, wetted and decayed as it was, and doled out thus by bullet-weight, it was eaten with the utmost relish. A fearful storm of thunder and lightning drenched them to the skin, yet proved a timely godsend, for it produced them twenty gallons of water. This was dealt out three times a day, in a small horn cup two inches deep and two in diameter, and round it was written by Bligh, "Allowance of water three times a-day." He took his own meals out of a small gourd, round which he also wrote, "The cup I eat my miserable allowance out of." The bullet was afterwards set in a metal plate, on which Bligh inscribed, "This bullet, 1-25th of a lb., was the allowance of bread which supported eighteen men for forty-eight days, served to each person three times a-day, under the command of Captain William Bligh, from the 28th April 1789 to the 14th June following." All these deeply-interesting relics are now in the hands of his daughters. From the 10th of May they encountered a succession of storms, with frequent thunder and lightning, the sea constantly breaking over the boat, and nearly filling it with water, which they had to bale out as quickly as possible to prevent being swamped; yet most of them were seriously weakened and ill, from cramps and spasms. They gained some slight relief by adopting a suggestion of their thoughtful commander,—viz., they all took off their clothes, steeped in rain-wet, and wrung them in the salt water, which produced some little warmth to their shivering limbs. What a sight these unfortunate beings, thus engaged on the lonely ocean, must have presented to a pitying beholder! To aggravate their disastrous condition, their little store of bread had become soaked in the salt water, which had broken over them incessantly; and even of their sorry fare, their pittance, by the 24th May, was

reduced to 1-25th of a lb. for breakfast, and the like quantity for dinner, omitting supper! On the 25th, they succeeded in capturing one or two sea-fowl that came so near the boat (which must have been indeed a novel sight to them) as enabled the mariners to catch them with the hand! They were of the size of a pigeon, and each was cut into eighteen pieces, and eaten, of course, uncooked. About this time the heat of the sun became so intense that it caused a languor and faintness which made them weary of life. On the morning of the 29th they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of rocks on which the sea was breaking furiously, but they contrived to haul off, and so escape instant destruction. They were able to steer through an opening in the reef, and found a small island within it, which Bligh named "Island of Direction." "We had," says he, "returned God thanks for His gracious protection; and with much content took our miserable allowance of a 25th of a lb. of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water (with which they had been furnished, it will be remembered, by the thunder-storm). At length they began to near New Holland, and landed on a fine sandy bay in an island near the main, where they luxuriated on oysters, water, and berries, and slept comfortably all night; but as they were preparing in the morning to leave, they found a large party of natives armed with spears, running and hallooing towards them—whether friendly or not, Mr. Bligh and his companions did not pause to ascertain, but put off safely to sea. On the 31st they landed at another little island, where they again found oysters; and it may be said, in a sad way, that they indeed "astonished the natives," on whom they supped heartily. On the evening of the 3d June they succeeded in threading their way through a most difficult and dangerous passage (the Endeavor Straits), and were again in the open ocean; but here again they had to encounter long-continued wet and stormy weather, from which their exhausted frames suffered very severely. Incessant fatigue, and exposure to cold and wet, overpowered the strongest among them, and several seemed at the point of death. During all these terrible trials, the noble-spirited commander contrived to support their sinking spirits by every exertion to distract and amuse their attention, he himself all the while as exhausted as themselves. At length, however, his fortitude and constancy were rewarded; for, behold! at 3 A.M. of the 12th June, their eyes were ravished with a sight of their long-sighed-for point of destination! Timor! Timor!—the

island of Timor was in sight! Ah, who shall tell the thrill of ecstasy that shot through the hearts of the weather-beaten and all but prostrate boat's crew, as they first saw the island, and found themselves nearing it! What pious gratitude filled them towards their good God, in whose hands are all the waters of the earth, and who had conducted them through such unexampled perils!

On the 14th June they landed at the Dutch settlement of Coupang, after having been forty-eight long days and nights in this open boat on the ocean, and received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the governor and all the other residents. On the 30th of August Mr. Bligh sailed with his surviving crew (for one died of fever at Timor), taking with him the launch in which they had crossed the ocean, for Batavia; and afterwards homeward with eleven out of the original eighteen, the others having died or preferred remaining in Batavia. He landed safe at Portsmouth on the 14th March 1790. His cruel case was instantly made known, and attracted universal sympathy. He was quickly promoted, served with great distinction at the battles of Camperdown and Copenhagen, at the latter of which he commanded a ship under Lord Nelson; and was afterwards appointed governor of New South Wales, and ultimately became a vice-admiral. Thenceforth he lived happily in the bosom of his family, and died in London, in the year 1817, aged sixty-three.

RETRIBUTION.

The atrocious act of mutiny and piracy excited, as may well be imagined, universal indignation in England; and a frigate (the *Pandora*), under the command of Captain Edwards, was forthwith despatched to the site of it, with orders to visit the Society and Friendly Islands, and seize and bring home all the mutineers they might discover. The *Pandora* arrived at Matavai Bay, off Otaheite, on the 23d March 1791; and three of the offenders immediately came on board, surrendered themselves, and were instantly put in irons. Eleven more were seized at Otaheite, and also put in irons. Two of the original mutineers, who had landed at Otaheite, were dead—after one of them had become a king, and been shortly afterwards murdered by the other, who was himself instantly stoned to death by the natives. No tidings could be gained of the remaining nine mutineers, nor of the *Bounty*; and after making all possible efforts to discover them, the frigate, with her fourteen mutineers lying in irons in

a cage on the after part of the quarter-deck, only eleven feet in length, called "Pandora's Box," set off homeward. She was wrecked, however, on a coral reef off New Holland, on the 29th August, 1791, and the crew had to navigate a thousand miles in open boats. Four of the mutineers went down, in their irons, with the *Pandora*; others of their companions succeeded, with desperate efforts, in disengaging themselves from their irons. Thirty of the crew also perished. Captain Edwards, and his surviving men and prisoners, succeeded in reaching a sandy quay, only ninety yards long by sixty wide,—a miserable spot, where they all were nearly consumed, under a vertical sun, from the insupportable heat of which the wretched prisoners had no other defence but to bury themselves up to their necks in the burning sands! The captain and his men had tents made of boats' sails; but he deemed it consistent with duty to refuse the slightest shelter or protection to his wretched prisoners! One of them was a young gentleman, named Peter Heywood, not sixteen years old at the time of the mutiny, in which he had taken no voluntary part. The only article he saved from the wreck was a Common-Prayer Book, which he held between his teeth as he swam to shore for his life. He, with his guilty surviving companions, reached England, heavily chained and almost in rags, on the 19th June, 1792. On the 12th September, he and his nine fellow-mutineers were brought to a court-martial at Portsmouth, on board the *Duke*, the president being Lord Hood. On the sixth day the court acquitted four of the ten, and found the remaining six guilty of the capital offence of running away with the ship, and deserting His Majesty's service. Among these latter was poor Peter Heywood. They were sentenced to be hanged by the neck on board one of His Majesty's ships of war; but two of them, Peter Heywood and another, were recommended to His Majesty's mercy. Two days afterwards, the unfortunate young gentleman wrote a letter to a clergyman, a friend of his family, containing the following remarkable and affecting passages:

"On Tuesday morning, the 18th instant, the dreadful sentence of DEATH was pronounced upon me, to which (being the just decree of that Divine Providence who first gave me breath) I bow my devoted head with that fortitude, cheerfulness, and resignation, which is the duty of every member of the church of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus. To him alone I now look for succor, in full hope that perhaps a few days

more will open to the view of my astonished and fearful soul His kingdom of eternal and incomprehensible bliss, prepared only for the righteous of heart. I have not been found guilty of the slightest act of the detestable crime of mutiny, but am doomed to die for not being active in my endeavor to suppress it. Could the evidences who appeared in the court-martial be tried, they would also suffer for the same and only crime of which I have been guilty. But I am to be the victim. Alas! my youthful inexperience, and no depravity of will, is the sole cause to which I can attribute my misfortunes. But, so far from repining at my fate, I receive it with a dreadful kind of joy, composure, and serenity of mind, well assured that it has pleased God to point me out as a subject, through whom some useful, though at present unsearchable intention of the divine attributes may be carried into execution for the future benefit of my country. Then why should I repine at being made a sacrifice for the good of perhaps thousands of my fellow-creatures? Forbid it, Heaven!"

On the 24th October, 1792, he and another received a free, unconditional pardon; another was respited, and ultimately pardoned; and three were hanged at the yard-arm, a miserable spectacle, in Portsmouth harbor, on board the *Brunswick*. When Captain Montague, two days before the execution, read young Peter Heywood His Majesty's gracious pardon, the youth addressed him in the following noble strain:

"Sir, when the sentence of the law was passed upon me, I received it, I trust, as became a man; and if it had been carried into execution, I should have met my fate, I hope, in a manner becoming a Christian. Your admonition cannot fail to make a lasting impression upon my mind. I receive with gratitude my sovereign's mercy, for which my future life shall be faithfully devoted to his service."

And faithfully his future life redeemed his pledge. He immediately re-entered His Majesty's service, rose in it rapidly to high station, greatly distinguished himself, and died in honorable retirement in the year 1831, in his 58th year. His considerate and discriminating judges, after weighing all the facts of the case, regarded him as having been more unfortunate than criminal, from his youth, the coercion under which he had labored, and the absence of any proof that he had taken part in the outrage inflicted on his commander, or his fellow-victims. His early misfortunes saddened and sobered him for life; he became the idol of those who were placed either over or under him; and it stands recorded of him by one of our naval annalists, "that his king and country never

had a more faithful servant, nor the naval service a more worthy and respectable member."

THE MISSING MUTINEERS.

It seems difficult to assign adequate motives for the mutiny of the *Bounty*, or at least to imagine the ulterior objects of its perpetrators. Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, was a gentleman by birth and education, brother of Professor Christian, the annotator of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and Chief-Justice of Ely; while Mr. Young, one of the midshipmen who shared his desperate venture, was the nephew of a baronet. What could such men have imagined would be their destiny? What, for instance, could they do with their king's ship? What pleasure could they have in spending the rest of their lives among savages?

It was twenty years before the slightest trace of them could be detected, but then their deplorable fate became known. It seems that as soon as they had turned adrift their commander, Christian sailed for an island 500 miles south of Otaheite, intending to land there; but the inhabitants refusing to allow them, they returned to Otaheite. Once more they went to the island in question, were again repulsed by the natives, and once more repaired to Otaheite. It was now necessary for them to consider seriously how they were to dispose of themselves. All but nine resolved to settle at Otaheite, Christian and his eight companions resolving to try their fortunes elsewhere. It so happened that he had found in the *Bounty*, among its commander's books, a copy of Commander Cartaret's *Voyage Round the World*; and among his other discoveries, the author mentions a very little island which he first saw on the 2nd July, 1767, in the South Pacific Ocean; "it appeared," he said, "like a great rock rising out of the sea," and was so high as to be visible at more than fifteen leagues distance. . . . Its highest point rose 1008 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather could be seen at forty miles' distance. As it was first seen by a young gentleman named Pitcairn, they gave it his name, "Pitcairn's Island," and tried to land on it; but the surf was raging so violently round it as to render near approach impossible. It is at a distance of 1200 miles from Otaheite, and is in latitude 25° 4' south, and in longitude 180° 8' west. It is only four miles and a half in circumference, a mile and a half being its greatest length. It is of volcanic origin, having been elevated from

the bed of the ocean by some tremendous convulsion caused by the action of fire, which has given a vertical character and a jagged outline to the stony mountains, and rendered the scenery wildly picturesque. It is covered with trees—the cocoa-nut, plantain, bread-fruit, and banyan—and its climate is favorable to the growth of vegetables. There are no venomous reptiles. There is only one point, called Bounty Bay, where access is possible, and that only in calm weather; and even then great care is requisite to avoid the breakers. There is scarcely any beach; and almost instantly on landing the visitor commences a precipitous ascent. This was the desolate spot selected by the mutineer and his companions for their future residence! They sailed in the *Bounty*; and when it arrived, there landed from it twenty-eight souls; viz., Christian, Mr. Young, a midshipman, and seven seamen; and all these nine Englishmen had married Otaheitan women! who accompanied them. There were also six Otaheitan men, three of them with wives; and a child ten months old. Let the reader realize for a moment the feelings of a gentleman—of two gentlemen, married to savages, doomed to spend the rest of their days on that forlorn spot, ten thousand miles away from home, where were their anxious families and friends, and where also resided those who doubtless were sending forth scouts to scour the ocean in quest of the guilty occupants of that island, and bring them home to suffer a just and ignominious death!

Christian and his friends were not, however, the first occupants of the island, for they found indubitable traces of ancient predecessors, savage and idolatrous; hatchets; spear-heads of hard stone; a large stone bowl; carvings of the sun, moon, and stars; four images six feet in height; and a number of skulls buried, each having a pearl under it. The new-comers found no other traces of man on the island; they were the only living human occupants.

MURDERS.

Fearful times awaited the mutineers and their companions. Christian retained for a while the position and authority of head of the community; and his mind seems to have been occupied with efforts to preserve order and peace, which were hourly interrupted by his turbulent and savage companions. Much of his time, however, was spent on a spot on the top of a high rock, which he called his "look-out," whence he would anxiously

survey the ocean, to see whether it bore along its bosom the coming avenger! What thoughts must have been his on these occasions of mournful solitude! What would he then have given to undo all that he had done!

Shortly after their landing they broke up the *Bounty*, and so condemned themselves to perpetual imprisonment in the island. There were sanguinary frays incessantly arising between the Europeans and the savages; and at length the Otaheitan men entered into a plot to destroy their European companions. The wives of the latter, however, disclosed it to their husbands on the eve of the projected massacre. The result, however, may be anticipated. Within a year's time, Christian and four of his companions were murdered by their Otaheitan companions, all of whom were in turn slain the same year! One of them was killed with an axe by *Mrs. Young*, the midshipman's Otaheitan wife! As soon as she had done this, she signalled her husband, and he immediately shot the sole surviving Otaheitan! In the year 1794, there were only four of the Englishmen alive, one of whom was Mr. Young; and the five skulls of the murdered Englishmen, including Christian, were kept by the women of the place as trophies; and they were afterwards, only with much difficulty, prevailed on to give them up to be buried. One of the survivors was unhappily acquainted with the art of distilling; and having converted a copper boiler from the *Bounty* into a still, he made ardent spirits from the root of a plant in the island. How strongly this cause operated in promoting turbulence and bloodshed may be imagined. He himself, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, committed suicide, throwing himself from a rock into the sea; another was killed by Mr. Young, and one John Adams, in self-defence; and of all the fifteen unhappy men who had landed from the *Bounty*, only two died a natural death—Young, of asthma in 1800; and Adams, in the year 1829. The last survivor of those who had come in the *Bounty* was Mrs. Young, who died at an advanced age in the year 1850. From all this it may appear that the mutineers must have found the barren rock to which they partook themselves, become a very hell upon earth.

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.

The last male survivor was the John Adams above mentioned, a seaman; and marvellous, indeed, was the change which reflection and merciful experience contributed to effect in

his mind and character. He had lived not only among scenes of violence and blood, but in constant terror of being discovered by some ship approaching the island, and taken home to be hanged. As a sample of his sufferings on this score, in the year 1795 a ship was seen coming near the island, on which he and his brother mutineers hid themselves in the bushes in great terror. When at length they dared to venture out, they stole cautiously to the landing-place, and found that the ship had disappeared; but as a knife and some cocoa-nuts were lying near the water's edge, it was clear that some one had landed, but doubtless, not having seen any traces of occupation, had left, and the ship had proceeded on its voyage.

In the year 1800, Adams, then only thirty-six years old, found himself the only man in the island—his companions being twenty of the children of his deceased comrades; but they had come to regard him as their common father, with reverence and affection. He was providentially possessed of one solitary copy of the Bible, and of a prayer-book, which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and of these he made unceasing use. Two remarkable dreams occurred to him in the year 1810, which he always regarded as having been designed to awake in him reflection and repentance; and he became a very devout man—training up in Christianity the young semi-pagans who surrounded him. He had constant morning and evening prayers, and was never tired of reading to them the Scriptures, in which they took such a delight, that on one occasion, two of the lads having earned a little present of gunpowder—a very precious commodity there—as a reward for their labor in preparing the ground for planting yams, proposed that, instead of the present, he should read them some extra lessons from the Bible! He became, in truth, as he has since been called, an island patriarch.

In the year 1808, an American captain landed at the island, not a little to Adams' alarm, and on quitting took with him a chronometer and compass which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and forwarded them to the Admiralty—being, of course, acquainted with the story of the mutiny. No steps, however, were taken by the British government; but six years afterwards, Adams beheld with dismay two men-of-war approaching the island, and he reasonably apprehended that at length his hour was come, for the two captains, with some officers and men, were seen descending the ships' sides, and imme-

diately landed. Adams made no attempt to conceal himself—resigned to his destiny; but was quickly comforted by the tidings that he was not to be arrested; that a quarter of a century had passed away, and his presence was considered useful to the young islanders. Then, indeed, a mill-stone fell from his neck. How the weight of it had worn him may be guessed from the fact, that Sir Thomas Staines, one of the captains, styled him, in his dispatch, “a venerable old man”—whereas he was then only *fifty* years old! Sir Thomas added, “His exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole little colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared—the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them—who look up to him as the father of the whole, and one family. When Sir Thomas and his companions saw the island they did not suppose it inhabited, and were greatly surprised to observe, as they approached, plantations laid out, and very neatly-constructed huts and houses! When within two miles from the landing-place some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, in which they dashed through a heavy surf, and pulled off to the ships. What was the astonishment of the sailors to hear one of the two savages exclaim, on approaching the ship, “Won’t you heave us a rope now?” And who should these prove to be, but a son of Christian, twenty-five years old, and of Young, eighteen years old! “They were fine handsome fellows, tall and well-proportioned, and their features were those of an honest English face. Their only dress was a piece of cloth round their loins, and a straw hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. When they had got on board, Sir Thomas Staines took them down into his cabin to give them lunch, and was moved with sudden tenderness on seeing one of them rise up, place his hands in a posture of devotion, and distinctly and solemnly say, “For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!” On accompanying them back to the island, and accomplishing the landing with no little difficulty, Sir Thomas was charmed with the scene and the reception which awaited him. Poor old Adams and his wife, who was blind and infirm, conducted their great guests to his snug and neat house, and spread out for them a little repast of yams, cocoa-nuts, and fine fresh eggs. They found the settlement to

consist of forty-six grown-up young people, with a number of infants. The young men were all fine athletic fellows, their faces full of frankness; but the young women excited great admiration. They were tall and finely formed; their faces beaming with smiles, but wearing an air of modesty and bashfulness that would do honor to the most virtuous nation on earth. “Their teeth like ivory, even, regular, and beautiful, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features.” Their little houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, and the grounds all round were carefully cultivated. They were very systematic in conducting their little affairs. Old Adams, for instance, kept a careful register, containing the times and account of their work, and what each had acquired by it; and they had a regular system of barter—as of salt for fresh provisions; vegetables and fruit for poultry, and fish, &c. All were engaged in the cultivation of the ground (growing chiefly yams) and fishing; and when one had cleared a sufficient quantity of ground, and had stock enough to maintain a family, he was allowed to marry—but always with the consent of Adams. The utmost harmony prevailed in their little society. They were simple, sincere, affectionate, and pious, and most exemplary in discharging their religious duties.

These matters continued till the year 1825, when Captain Beechy visited the island, in the *Blossom*, and has left on record an affecting picture of their primitive simplicity and happiness. They were still under the care of their old patriarch Adams. “These excellent people,” said Captain Beechy, “appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious; cheerful and hospitable even beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection; and to have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed.” Their reverence for the Sabbath would shame many a highly-civilized Christian community. It was, indeed, “kept holy”—a day of rest, in truth, and of cheerful reverence towards the Most High. Their services were conducted in strict conformity with the usages of the Church of England, the prayers being read by old Adams, and the lessons by one appointed by him for that purpose.

Their only intercourse with the great

world was on the occasion, few and far between, of ships of war, whalers, or others, touching at the island. "These seas," says a traveller on them during the last year (1852), "are but little frequented. To give an idea of their vast extent, notwithstanding the thousands of ships that are trading on them, we have seen only one ship at sea, and our track measures some 4500 miles! What a little spot this island appears in the vast Pacific! apparently incapable of resisting the mighty waves of so vast an ocean. The mutineers might well deem themselves secure on so small an island!"

At length,

"Declining gently to the last, this good old man he died."

Old John Adams expired on the 5th March, 1829, in the sixty-fifth year of his age—a sad day for the little community which he had trained into one so exemplary; thereby offering the best atonement in his power for the guilt which had stained his early years.

THE PASTOR OF PITCAIRN.

Not quite four months—viz. on the 15th November 1828—before the death of the island patriarch, there arrived at Pitcairn a remarkable man, destined to be his successor in the confidence, affection, and government of that little community. He seemed really to have been marked out for the post by Providence. The person here spoken of bears the by no means aristocratic name of **GEORGE HUNN NOBBS**. He was born in this country in 1799; went to sea at the early age of eleven years, when he became a midshipman in the British navy. He afterwards held a commission in the Chilian navy, under the present Earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane), and in consequence of his services, became lieutenant. He was at length, after a gallant and desperate conflict with a Spanish gun-brig, taken prisoner by the troops of the Spanish piratical general Benevedeis, who was a very fiend incarnate of cruelty. He shot all his prisoners, except Lieutenant Nobbs and three English seamen, all four of whom lay under sentence of death, and in hourly expectation of being shot, for three weeks; during which Lieutenant Nobbs daily saw his fellow-prisoners led out to death, and heard the reports of the muskets from which they suffered. This monster Benevedeis would invite the

captive officers to an elegant entertainment; immediately after which he would have them marched into the courtyard, and shot—their host standing at the window to enjoy the spectacle! Such was the man at whose mercy poor Lieutenant Nobbs lay for three weeks; at the end of which he was suddenly and unaccountably exchanged for a prisoner; Benevedeis himself being soon after taken prisoner, sentenced to death, tied to the tail of a mule, so dragged to the Palace Square, and there hanged. After many adventures and much dangerous service, Mr. Nobbs quitted Chili, and returned to England in 1822, in a vessel which had touched at Pitcairn. The captain gave such a description of the happiness of the little community, that Mr. Nobbs became irresistibly impelled to go and settle there, anxious only to pass the remainder of his days in peace and usefulness among his fellow-creatures. Early in 1826, having then been four times round the world, he quitted England, with the intention of going to Pitcairn. He went by way of the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia, and at length reached Callao, in Peru, where he met the owner of a launch, who agreed to accompany him in it to Pitcairn, provided Mr. Nobbs would fit her out. This was done; and these two persons—as if emulous of the feat of Bligh and his companions—went alone in this frail launch to Pitcairn, a voyage of three thousand five hundred miles, which they accomplished in forty-two days—arriving in November, 1828. Soon after their arrival the owner died; the launch was hauled ashore, and her materials were used to build a house for Mr. Nobbs. Old Adams, on hearing his errand and his motives, and doubtless beginning to be apprehensive for those from whom death must soon release himself, received him with kindness, and he became a sort of schoolmaster in the island. On the death of Adams in the March of the ensuing year, Mr. Nobbs continued at his post, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in the affections of the people, then only sixty-eight in number, serving them in the three-fold capacity of pastor, surgeon and schoolmaster. Three years after his arrival, however, there occurred a sufficiently ridiculous but vexatious affair. A person named Hill came to the island, professing himself authorized by the British Government to reside there as its representative! He soon sowed dissensions among the simple-minded inhabitants, whom he also terrified into obedience by the fear of giving offence to the Government. Honest

Mr. Nobbs soon saw through the swaggering stranger, by whose intrigues, however, he was compelled to quit the island, leaving the new-comer boasting from time to time of his splendid rank and station at home. He said he was "a very near relative to the Duke of Bedford, and that the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him!" Whilst the people were listening with awe to these magnificent statements, who should arrive at the island—positively as if for the purpose of discomfiting imposture—but Captain Lord Edward Russell, a veritable son of the Duke of Bedford! Mr. Hill was thunderstruck. Lord Edward would have made short work of it, and removed him *instantly* from the scene of his impudent and mischievous intrusion and imposture. Lord Edward, however, would not do so without orders. But in the ensuing year another ship of war arrived, her captain armed with the requisite authority, and removed Mr. (or as he seems to have called himself, *Lord*) Hill to Valparaiso. He never made his appearance again in the island; and Mr. Nobbs having received a pressing and unanimous entreaty from the inhabitants to resume his old station and duties, complied with it, having been absent for the period of nine months, occupying himself as a teacher at the Gambier Islands, which were about three hundred miles' distance from Pitcairn.

It may be remembered that a child, ten months old, accompanied the mutineers from Otaheite to Pitcairn. She afterwards married a son of the unhappy Christian, by whom she had a daughter, and that daughter became the wife of Mr. Nobbs, by whom she has now eleven children. Since his return, on the occasion last referred to, this excellent man has never been interfered with in pursuing "the even tenor of his way," but has evidently conciliated the ardent affection of all classes. He acted from the first as their chaplain (as far as, being a layman, he could,) their schoolmaster, their physician, and, in fact, did everything that could be expected from a man of kindly feeling, of no little experience of varied life, of sound education, and devoted piety. His duties were constant and laborious, for all his arrangements were very systematic, and he adhered to them with punctilious exactness. Thus every hour of his time was devoted to the service of the islanders and of his own large family. But how was he himself supported all the while? it may be asked. Indeed, his remuneration was for years of the scantiest possible character, for the Pitcairn

Islanders were, as he knew when he first went, very poor. In 1844, he thus explained, in a letter to a clergyman at Valparaiso, some of the straits to which he was driven: "My stock of clothing which I brought from England is, as you may suppose, very nearly exhausted, and I have no friends there to whom I can with propriety apply for more. Until the last three years, it was my custom to wear a black coat on the Sabbath; but since that period I have been obliged to substitute a nankeen jacket of my own making. My only remaining coat, which is quite threadbare, is reserved for marriages and burials; so that it is customary to say, when a wedding is going to take place, 'Teacher, you will have to put on your black coat next Sunday,' which is equivalent to informing me that a couple are going to be married!"

Some little time afterwards, however, this grateful people placed him on a level with themselves, by assigning him sufficient land for his support.

A PITCAIRN DAY.

It may be pleasing to have an idea of a Pitcairn day. Let it be borne in mind that there is a difference of nine hours between their time and ours;—when, for instance, it is our four o'clock in the afternoon, it is their seven o'clock in the morning. They rise with the light; and the first duty in each house is to read prayers, including two chapters in the Bible. After a slight refreshment, the business of the day begins. Children are forthwith despatched to the school, during play-hours amusing themselves with kites and ball; but limited space—less in extent than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put together—necessarily curtails the diversions of young and old. The men's employment consists in cultivating their land, looking after their gardens, building and improving their little houses, fencing-in their plantations, and making hats out of palm-leaves, and fancy boxes for barter with the crews of such ships as may call there. At twelve o'clock they have a plain substantial meal of yams and potatoes made into bread, saying grace before and after meals with scrupulous reverence. Both by day and by night they fish in the deep waters for a kind of cod, gray mullet, and red snapper, which, however, are scanty, and obtained with some little hazard. The second meal of the day (they have but two) occurs at seven o'clock in the evening, consisting of yams, sweet potatoes, and such humble fare as may have been prepared by the females of the family. Once

or twice only in the week can they afford the luxury of fish, meat, or poultry. The occupations of the women are their household duties, including especially making and mending clothes; and when they have leisure, they manufacture a sort of cloth out of the bark of the paper mulberry. There are no servants in the island, therefore the wives and daughters do all that is necessary for the family. They do not cook in the house, which, being of wood, might be often endangered, but in ovens at a little distance, let into the ground, big enough to contain a good-sized pig, an animal of which they have but few. They have no candles, but use oil, and torches made with nuts of the dodo tree. They have no glass for the windows, but only shutters, which are closed in bad weather. They occasionally have a modicum of tea as a luxury, but their ordinary drink is pure water, neither wines nor spirits being allowed in the island, except for strictly medicinal purposes. On high days and holidays they treat themselves with cocoa-nut milk, and watersweetened with syrup extracted from the bruised sugar-cane. They retire early to rest, after having performed their family devotions. They sleep secure without the protection of locks, bolts, or bars: there is not such a thing in the island! Think, then, of a moonlight night at peaceful Pitcairn, Londoner, jaded with the uproar and dissipation of a London day or night! See the moon walking in her brightness, and stars shining, vividly as *you* never saw them, and both reflected on the illimitable ocean, all calm and beautiful! Not a soul is slumbering there that has not closed his eyes—her eyes—after offering the heart's incense to their almighty Guardian!

The Pitcairn people are all well educated, and very fond of reading; but only books of sterling interest, and moral and religious character, chiefly supplied to them by one of the noblest societies which England can boast—that for Promoting Christian Knowledge. And now has arrived the time for explaining that our readers are indebted for all the interesting facts which may appear in this paper, as well those which have gone before as those which are yet to follow, to a little volume only just issued by that Society. Its pious and accomplished author* is the Secretary of that Society, and, as we learn

from its pages, has personal cognizance of many highly interesting facts narrated in it, pledging himself to the authenticity of all, as far as careful inquiry has enabled him to do so. To us it has proved a delightful little volume, and we heartily express our obligations to the Rev. author. It breathes throughout a pure spirit of manly sympathy and piety. We should like to be at Pitcairn when its simple and affectionate inhabitants get their first copy—let us hope as many copies as there are islanders—of the volume which has presented so endearing a picture of that distant but *really* happy little family! How they will hang over its pages, by day and by night! But we must proceed. The great events in the Pitcairners' day is the arrival of a ship, for which they are always—not as were those before them, with terror, but with eager hope—on the look-out; and the volume before us contains numerous touching little episodes connected with these few-and-far-between ocean-island visitings. The crews are received with affectionate greetings, and the utmost hospitality which very limited means admit of; and not only has there never been an instance of Jack for an instant misbehaving himself in this sweet scene of peace and innocence, but he has himself often shed tears of sympathy and respect on receiving the civilities of this lonely but confiding little community, and returned their humble hospitalities with such liberality as his captain felt authorized to admit. It is, however, on the arrival of a Queen's ship that the enthusiasm of the islanders is naturally most excited: and who can think unmoved of the twenty-one guns' salute from the stately structure on the bosom of the ocean, returned by the single solitary gun in the island? If anything could raise in our estimation the character of British naval officers, it is the accounts of their doings in these distant regions, to be found in this little volume. The tears have several times quivered in our own eyes, when reading the extracts here given from the journals and despatches of captains and admirals, all of whom have exhibited a noble spirit of tenderness and dignity in dealing with this little community. We would have every young officer in Her Majesty's navy read this record of manly sympathy and piety on the part of those intrusted with high and distant commands by the Queen of Great Britain—symboling at once of the

* *Pitcairn: The Island, the People, and the Pastor; with a Short Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty.* By the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, M.A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature

and Education, appointed by the Society. London: 1858. Pp. 280.

authority and power of the sceptre which she wields, and the gentle spirit of benignity and piety which animates her heart. But we shall let our admiral speak for himself.

THE ADMIRAL ON THE ISLAND.

Before, however, we come to this great event, we must return for a minute to the pastor of Pitcairn. On the 20th July, 1847, a memorial was addressed to the chaplain of H.M.S. *Phalia*, signed by seven of the islanders, including the *chief magistrate!* and the *two councillors!* (for such they have,) explanatory of their position and their wants. Their prominent want they shall themselves explain.

"One thing more, before we conclude, we earnestly present to your consideration; and as it comes in an especial manner within the province of your holy office, we would indulge the hope that our application will be attended with success. The case in question is this: Our teacher, who has been with us for nineteen years in that capacity, and whose services to us are invaluable, has never received the license or sanction of the proper authority in that Church of which we are a component part. This circumstance is a source of much anxiety, both to him and us; and as our numbers amount to 138 (71 males and 67 females), and are rapidly increasing, we do most urgently, but most respectfully, solicit your application to the proper quarter for a pastoral letter, inducting or sanctioning our teacher into the holy office he has for so long a space of time unceasingly, untiringly, and worthily filled on this island. That he is deserving such a mark of ecclesiastical approbation and favor, is justly and cheerfully acknowledged by the whole community; and of the great benefit which will accrue to us therefrom, no one can be more competent to judge than yourself."

Rear-admiral Fairfax Moresby, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, had long felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Pitcairn islanders, and in the month of July, 1851, received the following beautiful and affecting invitation to visit the island, signed by thirteen female inhabitants, in the name of all their sex on the island:—

"PITCAIRN, July 28th, 1851.

"HONORABLE SIR,—From the kind interest you have evinced for our little community in the letter which you have sent our excellent and worthy pastor, Mr. Nobbs, we are emboldened to send you the following request, which is, that you will visit us before you leave this station; or if it is impossible for you to do so, certainly we, as loyal subjects of our gracious Queen, ought to be visited annually, if not more, by one of her ships of war.

VOL. XXIX. NO. IV.

"We have never had the pleasure of welcoming an English admiral to our little island, and we therefore earnestly solicit a visit from you. How inexpressibly happy shall we be, if you should think fit to grant this our warmest wish! We trust that our very secluded and isolated position, and the very few visits we have of late had from British ships of war, will be sufficient apology for addressing the above request to you. With fervent prayers for your present and future happiness, and for that of our Queen and nation,—We remain, Honored Sir, your sincere and affectionate well-wishers."

Signed by thirteen females, "in the name and on behalf of all the rest of the female sex on the island."

Who could resist this? Not an admiral in the service of the Queen of England—least of all good Admiral Moresby; and a year afterwards—viz., on the 7th August 1852—at noon, a ship was descried in the far distance, which at sunset was suspected to be a ship of war. The brief night passed in feverish excitement. Before sunrise the people were on the look-out from the precipice in front of the town, waiting for the report of a gun to confirm their hopes. By and by, hark! the booming of a cannon electrified the little town! And as the stately ship drew near, behold—an admiral's flag waving proudly in the wind! Would we had room for the description of this signal event, given by Mr. Nobbs, and the official despatch of the admiral containing an account of his landing, and three days' stay. It was Sunday morning, and he took his chaplain and several officers with him, all attending divine service, the chaplain preaching in the afternoon. We will, however, give the good admiral's own account of it, in a subsequent letter to a friend, describing the impressions produced by his visit.

"The Portland,
At Sea, August, 1852.

"Of all the eventful periods which have checked my life, none have surpassed in interest, and, I trust, in hope of future good, the last—our visit to Pitcairn; and surely the hand of God has been in all this, for by chances the most unexpected, and by favorable winds out of the usual course of the Trades, we were carried in eleven days to Pitcairn's from Borobora. It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them under the providence of God. The hour and the occasion served, and I have brought away their pastor and teacher for the purpose of sending him to England to be ordained, and one of his daughters, who will be placed at the English clergyman's at Valparaiso until her father's return. The islanders depend principally for their necessary supplies on the whaling ships;—they are generally American. Greatly to their

credit, they behave in the most exemplary manner, very different from what I expected. One rough seaman, whom I spoke to in praise of such conduct, said, 'Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive.' They are guiltless and unsophisticated beyond conception. But the time had arrived when preparation for partial removal was necessary, and especially for the ordination of their pastor, or the appointment of a clergyman of the Established Church. They are thoroughly versed in Bible history, which has hitherto kept them from listening to the advances of some overheated imaginations. I stayed four days upon that speck in the ocean, but rising like a paradise from its bosom. I believe there was scarce a dry eye in the ship when the islanders took their leave. We ran within hail of the settlement, hoisted the royal standard, fired a salute, and cheered them."

Here is Mr. Nobbs'* own vivid picture of the noble old admiral's departure from the island :

"And now comes the leave-taking. The venerable and benevolent commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces in the Pacific, standing on the rocky beach at Bounty Bay (the very spot where the mutineers had landed sixty years before)—himself the oldest person there, by fifteen years, surrounded by stalwart men and matronly women; youths, maidens, and little children—every one in tears, and most deeply affected, formed a truly impressive scene. The boat was some time in readiness before the admiral availed himself of an opportunity to embark. Some held him by the hand, the elder women hanging on his neck, and the younger ones endeavoring to obtain a promise that he would revisit them. As a number of our men went on board with the admiral, a similar scene occurred there; and as the last boat pushed off from the ship, some of the hardy tars, standing in the gangway, were detected hastily brushing away a tear. The frigate now stood in for the last time; and, hoisting the royal standard, fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The tars manned the rigging, and gave three hearty cheers, and one cheer more. The islanders responded; the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' and the stately *Portland* started on her track."

We said that this is a picture, as vivid as words can paint it, and worthy of the richest pencil at the command of the Royal Academy.

The islanders could only be induced, with extreme difficulty, to part with their pastor for a while, when it came to the point, ardently as they had desired that he should be invested with the character of a clergyman of the church of England. On the admiral's pro-

misg, however, to leave his own chaplain at the island till their pastor's return, they allowed him to go. Listen to the testimony of the admiral's chaplain as to the people among whom he had been placed for a while.

"September 5th, 1852.

"The accounts of the virtue and piety of these people are by no means exaggerated. I have no doubt they are the most religious and virtuous community in the world; and during the months I have been here, I have seen nothing approaching a quarrel, but perfect peace and good-will among all." He also found Pitcairn, as did his admiral, a "paradise!"

THE PITCAIRN PASTOR IN ENGLAND.

Poor Mr. Nobbs had not fitting clothes in which to face the great world, when he quitted the island, except those with which the admiral furnished him. Having carried him to Valparaiso, the admiral then supplied him generously with the means of obtaining a passage thence to London, and presented him with £100 towards his expenses in England; and also gave him very strong letters to the Bishop of London (urging the propriety of his ordaining so exemplary a person), and to various other persons, among whom was Mr. Murray, the author of the little volume before us, in which it appears; and a very interesting document it is. All honor to Admiral Fairfax Moresby! We have seldom seen more moving traits of unaffected and unassuming goodness than this volume contains, on his part. He cannot yet know that the public is thus made acquainted with them.

On Saturday the 16th October, 1852, after an absence of twenty-six years, spent at Pitcairn's Island, this excellent person arrived in London. What a Babylon it must have seemed to one so long accustomed to the profound silence and solitude of Pitcairn! We ourselves saw him, and sate beside him for some time in the month of November. He was indeed an interesting stranger—very modest, and with a sort of sad and stern simplicity (with a dash of rough quaintness) in his manner, which comported well with the life he had led, and to which it was evident he was pining to return. He looked the age he was, viz. fifty-three. His features were characterized by a quiet decision; and he spoke with gravity and deliberation. Nothing seemed to *surprise* him—the result of a long life of anxiety, suffering, and labor. None of the attractions, says a friend, or absorbing topics of interest—not even the great Duke's funeral, which he witnessed—seemed

* Pp. 106-8.

to excite him. So sustained, and built up, and built round by previous experience of wonders and escapes amidst the battle of life, was this wonderful man, that he had literally reached the point of *Nil admirari*!

IS ORDAINED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London, yielding cheerfully to the strong concurrent testimony of Admiral Moresby, and many others who had enjoyed ample opportunities of learning the character and claims of Mr. Nobbs, during a long career of twenty-six years at Pitcairn's Island, acceded to his request to be admitted to holy orders. On the 24th October, 1852, he was ordained deacon in the parish church of Islington, by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, under a commission from the Bishop of London, who himself ordained him priest at Fulham church on the 30th November; his description, in the letter of orders, being "Chaplain of Pitcairn's Island." He was warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the greatest and best in the land; and a number of them subscribed towards raising a little fund for defraying the expense of his return to Pitcairn, and his outfit—a service of communion-plate, and also various useful articles for the inhabitants, a bell for the church, two or three clocks, medicines, clothing, laborers' and carpenters' tools, simple articles of furniture, cooking utensils, and stores of provisions.* These benefactors of the distant little community wisely determined to send them such articles only as shall contribute to their comfort, without communicating a taste for luxury; than which last, nothing could be more absurd or cruel. Since he left this country, we may mention that an excellent little church-organ has been despatched to the pastor—we must now call him the chaplain—of Pitcairn, set to such of our plain and hallowed old English chants and psalm tunes, as he appeared, when in this country, best to like. By this time, it may be that our noble evening hymn, which is one of them, has ascended from that little rock to heaven's gate, a grateful offering!

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge granted £100 towards the fund for the purpose above mentioned, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel

* "H. M. S. *Virago*," says Mr. Murray (p. 85, note,) "left, calling for Pitcairn, in January, 1853, having on board singing-birds, rose trees, myrtles, &c. for the islanders." A touching circumstance.

placed him on its list of missionaries, with a salary of £50 a year. In short, all parties who became acquainted with him during his two months' stay, and with his story, seemed to vie with each other in paying attention to him, and exhibiting their interest by their liberality. At the Admiralty he experienced, through the Duke of Northumberland, and other eminent functionaries, the utmost kindness, and assurances of the watchful interest with which the small settlement should ever be regarded there; and the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company provided him with a free passage in the *La Plata* to Navy Bay.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

It was a matter of reasonable ambition to the Pitcairn chaplain, before quitting England for ever, to be admitted to the presence, though for but a moment, of his Queen; and as Her Majesty's interest in her distant subjects, especially as connected with the spread of Christianity, is well known, and the humble chaplain of Pitcairn had made many friends in high quarters, his wish was gratified. On the 15th December, 1852, two days before he quitted England, the *Royal Fairy* conveyed him by appointment to Osborne. He was first introduced into the presence of the Prince, who took an evident interest in him, asking a great many questions concerning Pitcairn and its people, and appearing greatly pleased with his answers. In a letter dated the next day, to the Rev. Mr. Murray (the most hospitable and zealous of his friends), through whose kindness it is now lying before us, he speaks of this as the "eventful day! . . . Prince Albert was very urbane, and asked me many questions about our island, and appeared much pleased with the answers I gave him. He then inquired what he could do for the community? I said Her Majesty's community had supplied us with all we had need of at present; but that, if he would present us with Her Majesty's picture, including himself and the royal children, we should consider it a great favor.* He smiled, and said I should have it. After a little more conversation, I saw he

* "This highly-valued gift," says Mr. Murray, "was taken out in February, 1853, in H. M. sloop *Rattlesnake*, Captain Trollope, the commander being instructed to leave it in the charge of the commander-in-chief in the Pacific, for conveyance to Pitcairn."—Pp. 219, 220.

was designing to withdraw, and not a word had been said about seeing Her Majesty! No time was to be lost; so I screwed up my courage, and said, 'Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my duty to the Queen?' He replied, 'I am just going to inquire if Her Majesty will see you.' After a few minutes, I went into the room where Her Majesty was;" and worthy Mr. Nobbs proceeds to say, that he was instantly set at ease by the affable condescension of Her Majesty. We regret that he has not left any written account of this interesting interview, for the worthy chaplain of Pitcairn had a little world of matters to attend to during the few remaining days of his stay in England. We have reason, however, to believe that the Queen exhibited a lively interest in his account of this distant family of her subjects, who, by this time, no doubt, have heard from their chaplain's own lips what Her Majesty asked and said of them. He received pleasing little mementoes from the ladies-in-waiting, and other distinguished persons in attendance, and so took his departure from the residence and presence of Her Majesty of England, to commence his ten thousand miles journey.

RETURN TO PITCAIRN.

He sailed from Southampton in the *La Plata* on the 17th December, and reached Valparaiso in safety on the 12th February. A letter from him is lying before us dated Valparaiso, 6th March, where he was waiting for the *Portland* to convey him to Pitcairn. "Oh, how I wish," says he, "to be at home!" He was then dividing clerical duty with the chaplain of Admiral Moresby at the church on shore, and also on board the man-of-war stationed there. He says that he had a sufficiency of money to meet his expenses, and a trifle to spare, without trenching on my salary (£50 a-year), which I shall endeavor to preserve intact for the benefit of my dear wife and children, whom God preserve!" He complains sadly, however, of the expenses of passing the formidable Isthmus of Panama. It cost him £50. There a dismal mischance befell him; he lost the box containing his communion-plate. "Oh, what anxiety of mind its absence cost me! and I believe this was the exciting cause of the fever by which I was attacked." Fortunately, however, after a week's suspense, the precious box was recovered, thanks to the inde-

fatigable exertions of Mr. Perry, the British Consul at Panama. After many fervent expressions of piety and gratitude towards his friends and well-wishers in England, he concludes by hoping that his next letter will be dated Pitcairn's Island, when the thanks of the community will be appended to his own.

"From Valparaiso," says Mr. Murray, towards the close of his little history, "should all go on prosperously with Mr. Nobbs, Admiral Moresby will convey him to Pitcairn in the *Portland*, and the islanders will probably welcome him home before the end of March. May it please God to guide him in health and safety to his distant flock! Who can adequately imagine the scene which will be presented on his landing among his friends in the island, to be parted from them no more on this side the grave?"* We can picture to ourselves, on reading this passage, the scene to which we formerly alluded of their reluctant parting with their pastor to come to England—to encounter the dangers of twenty thousand miles' travelling—perhaps never to return—following him down to the water's edge, embracing and sobbing over him; and it may be that he said to them in faltering tones, and in the moving language of the Apostle Paul on a similar occasion—"What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?"†

THE PASTOR'S PEOPLE—WITH A GLIMPSE OF PITCAIRN STATISTICS.

The number of persons now living on this little island is one hundred and seventy—viz., eighty-eight males and eighty-two females. When the nine mutineers established themselves there, they divided the island into as many parts, which are now subdivided into twenty-two, that being the number of families. Misunderstandings now and then arise on the subject of boundaries, as was the case in patriarchal times; but those misunderstandings engender no animosity, and are soon settled by the chief magistrate and the two councillors; for, as we have seen, such august functionaries have for several years existed in this little community. The chief magistrate is elected on the first day of the new year by a general vote of all males and females eighteen years old; but if any of either sex be mar-

* P. 221.

† Acts xxi. 13.

ried under that age, they are entitled to the suffrage. On the same day the two councillors are chosen, one by the magistrate, the other by the people. The present chief magistrate is a son-in-law of Mr. Nobbs. His office is rather shunned than coveted; and sometimes exemption is purchased by killing a hog for the public good. Should any dispute arise which neither the magistrate nor he and the two councillors can settle, a jury of seven is called to decide it; and if it be so surpassing knotty as to defy the efforts of the seven sages, it stands over till the arrival of a British man-of-war, against whose decision there is no appeal—a fact not very pleasing to the gentlemen of the long robe practising in the privy council, to whom, doubtless, a crumb from Pitcairn would in these times be far from unacceptable. During the interval—that is, till the arrival of the Naval Court of Appeal—"the matter drops, and no ill feeling remains; for it is a principle with them not to *let the sun go down upon their wrath*."* Happy Pitcairners! would your border was enlarged, and one could come and cast in one's lot with you!

The powers of the magistrate are pretty fairly defined, but of a very simple nature. So are the public laws, the principal of which are as follow:—As to *landmarks*, the first duty of the new magistrate, and that on the day of his election, is, with a competent number of the heads of houses, "to visit all landmarks on the island, and replace those that are lost." As to *spirits* or *intoxicating liquors* of any kind, their purchase from ships is peremptorily forbidden, except under a very strict condition—i. e., for medicinal purposes alone. No female is to go on board any foreign vessel of any description, without the magistrate's permission, who must either accompany her on board or appoint four men to do so. In the matter of "The Public Anvil," &c., the law is as follows: "Any person taking the public anvil and public sledge-hammer from the blacksmith's shop, is to take it back after he has done with it; and in case either should get lost through neglect to do so, the loser is to get another, and pay a fine of four shillings." And as to *money*, its equivalents are these:—

	s.	d.
One barrel of yams, - - -	8	0
" " sweet potatoes, - - -	8	0
" " Irish ditto, - - -	12	0
Three good bunches of plantains, - - -	4	0
One day's labor, - - -	2	0

* P. 133.

A shilling, or its equivalent as above, is to be paid for each child per month, between the ages of six and sixteen years; if Mr. Nobbs' assistant attend instead of Mr. Nobbs, the former receives the salary; and be it observed, that as Mr. Nobbs is godfather to many of the children, all of *them* he instructs gratuitously. In respect of CATS—if ours knew the store set by them in Pitcairn, few ships bound for the Pacific would quit our ports without more on board than had been bargained for, or the captain was aware of! Thus stands the law: "If a CAT be killed without being *positively detected* in killing fowls, however strong the *suspicion* may be, the person killing such cat is obliged, as a penalty, to destroy THREE HUNDRED RATS! whose tails must be submitted for the inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid."* The stringency of this law is referable to the great number of rats in the island, which do much damage to the sugar-canes.† FOWLS are toe-marked; and if one be discovered destroying yams or potatoes, the owner of the plantation may shoot the fowl, and retain it for his own use; and may also demand of the owner of such fowl the amount of powder and shot so expended, as well as the fowl. As for a PIG, if he get loose and commit depredation, his case may be submitted to the magistrate; taken from him to a jury of seven; and finally to the captain of the next man-of-war coming to the island!

In features, dress, manners, and appearance, the Pitcairners seem to resemble the inhabitants of one of the better order of our own villages; but some are rather darker than Europeans, partaking of their half Otaheitan descent. As for dress, the men wear short trousers, coming down to within two or three inches of the knee, a shirt, and a cap or hat; shoes and stockings being reserved for Sundays. They are, however, badly off for clothes, depending on the precarious supply afforded by ships touching at the island. The women wear a petticoat, from the waist downwards; and over that a loose gown, with a handkerchief sometimes thrown over their shoulders. A wreath of small white fragrant flowers, with others of a bright red, is often worn round the head; the hair being worn in bands, and twisted in a very becoming manner into a knot behind. "Though," says Captain Piper, of H.M.S. *Tagus*, "they have had the instruction of only their Otahei-

* P. 227.

† P. 85.

tan mothers, our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females." As we have seen that these young creatures are finely formed and handsome, their appearance must be both engaging and picturesque.

In the year 1850, the inhabitants of Pitcairn realized the truth of the old adage, that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Five gentlemen—one of them was Mr. Brodie, who afterwards published a very interesting account of his stay in the island—landed on the island, whose ship was blown off during the night, leaving them prisoners for a period of three weeks! They had nothing but the clothes they wore—with the exception of one, the Baron de Thierry, who, being of a musical turn, had a tuning-fork with him. He proposed to teach his hospitable hosts music, noticing how imperfectly they got through the vocal parts of divine service. They made remarkably rapid progress, being passionately fond of music; soon learning, as a visitor in August last testified, "to sing in parts, beautifully." He adds, that he accompanied the chaplain of the ship to the island on Sunday the 8th August; "the hymns were sung in regular parts by the whole congregation. I doubt much whether any church in England, excepting cathedrals, can boast of such a good choir." Imagine them, good reader, on Sunday next, the 5th instant, perhaps singing to the accompaniment of their organ, and with their beloved chaplain in the reading-desk and pulpit!

Fearing a dearth of water (which would now appear to have been chimerical), the British Government, in the year 1831, removed the whole community, then only eighty-seven in number, to Otaheite, when Queen Pomare, since become a historical character, received them with great kindness, though herself harassed, at the time, by civil war. The licentious manners of the place disgusted almost all the virtuous visitors from Pitcairn; but some few were overcome by the temptations to intemperance. The unhealthiness of the climate then carried off twelve by sickness, and five more died almost immediately after their return. It is to be regretted that humanity should have been so hasty on this occasion, and to be hoped that such a step will not be taken again without grave consideration. They have ever since expressed their deep sorrow at having been removed, and their passionate love of home, from which they will never again be willingly severed. One of their *Records*

states that, within three months after their removal to Tahiti, on one or two of their number returning to Pitcairn, "During our absence our hogs have gone wild, and destroyed our crops; and after our return we employed ourselves in destroying the hogs."*

Though the climate is generally charming, the island is subject to be visited by terrible storms. One is recorded as having burst over it on the 16th April 1845, occasioning extreme terror to the inhabitants, and devastation. What a scene! Thunder and lightning bellowing and flashing incessantly over the desolate little rock—a deluge of rain falling—the hurricane howling around, and tearing down the precious earth from the rocks into the sea—tearing up by the roots, and casting into the roaring and foaming ocean, three hundred cocoa-trees. A yam ground, with a thousand yams, entirely disappeared. Several fishing-boats were destroyed—all the plantain patches were levelled, four thousand plantain-trees being destroyed, the one-half in full bearing, the other designed for the year 1846: "So that," continues the *Record*, "this very valuable article of food we shall be without for a long time. The fact is, that from this date until August,"—i. e., four long wearisome months,—“we shall be pinched for food!” How bore the terrified little community this dispensation? Let us hear, for the *Record* thus proceeds: "But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb: and we humbly trust that the late monitions of Providence—namely, drought, sickness, and storm, which severally have afflicted us this year—may be sanctified to us, and be the means of bringing us, one and all, into a closer communion with our God. May we remember the rod, and who hath appointed it; always bearing in mind, that our heavenly Father doth not willingly afflict the children of men." We envy not him or her who can read this without sympathy and admiration.

Here is a letter from one of the Pitcairn women, which, in our opinion, cannot be surpassed in the solemn simplicity and beauty of its piety and gratitude. It is from *Miriam Christian*, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, chaplain of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, who had been very kind to them all:—

"PITCAIRN'S ISLAND,
"SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
"Lat. 25° 4' S., Long. 130° 8' W.
"Sept. 26, 1844.

"REV. AND HONORED SIR,—Please to accept my humble thanks for the interest you are pleased

to take in our welfare, and also for the presents you and our other friends in Valparaiso have sent us; and may they and you be rewarded a thousand-fold both in a temporal and spiritual sense. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your grateful servant,

"MIRIAM CHRISTIAN."

The community, as we learn from Admiral Moresby, * "are strictly brought up in the Protestant faith, according to the Established Church of England;" and Mr. Nobbs stated, in a sermon which he preached in London shortly before his return, that "there is but one form of church government, that of the Church of England. The Holy Bible and the Church Prayer-Book are their chief rules of guidance; their motto—'One Faith, one Lord, one Baptism.'"[†]

Divine service is performed in the school-house, a substantial building, fifty-six feet long by twenty wide, with a pulpit at one end. It is amply supplied with desks, forms, slates, books, and maps.

These worthy people, happy in so many other respects, are by no means exempt from the ordinary ills of humanity, and suffer occasionally very severely from prevalent illness, chiefly the influenza, and also the more formidable diseases. There is a painfully interesting account given of the death—perfectly resigned, and even happy—of one of the women, from cancer. On all these occasions, for now a quarter of a century, this exemplary man has acted both as physician and chaplain.

How long this singular and interesting community may be able to remain at Pitcairn, is problematical; for Admiral Moresby tells us, in August, 1852, that "the crops on the tillage-ground begin to deteriorate; landslips occur with each succeeding storm; and the declivities of the hills, when denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains."[†] Symptoms in reality appear of an evil sometimes chimerically apprehended at home—population pressing on the means of subsistence. It will thus become the duty of the British Government to deal prudently and tenderly with the little community; not tearing them all, with bleeding hearts, from the land of their birth, and the seat of their sweets, and sympathies, and associations, but assisting them from time to time, as they themselves perceive the inevitable necessity for so doing,

to migrate to the numerous islands in that remote locality—each family, and each member of it, becoming a radiating centre of Christian civilization. At present, they themselves fondly declare—but it must be often with a heavy sigh, as they behold their steadily diminishing resources—that "they will not remove elsewhere whilst a sweet potato remains to them;" and as for their chaplain and pastor, he is rooted to the spot. As he told Mr. Murray, "as long as two families shall remain at Pitcairn, I will remain also."

We know not how our readers may have been while perusing the foregoing pages, but we ourselves, in writing them, have felt as though freshened and cheered in spirit, by a brief sojourn in this little paradise in the far Pacific; as though we had glided for a while out of the glare and hubbub of the great world—its fierce rivalries, ambitions, covetousness, and ostentation—and been at peace in Pitcairn. It is a small type of a state, having its laws and constitution appropriate to its position and exigencies; but, at present, almost necessarily free from those subtler and fiercer temptations which so incessantly, and only too successfully, assail highly civilized communities. Both, however, have had the pure light of Revelation to guide them—with what different results, while man conjectures, God *knows*. But no thinking person can read the history of Pitcairn, without being profoundly affected by contemplating the results flowing directly and indubitably from the presence of the Holy Volume in which is enshrined the Revelation of God to man. It sufficed, indeed, to make the rough places smooth, and made the wilderness blossom as the rose.

We cannot part with the little volume,* to which we have been exclusively indebted for so much instruction and gratification, without again expressing our thanks to its excellent author. We feel as if we had been suddenly led by him out of a thick cloud into the blessed sunshine, and walked hand in hand with him through a sort of happy valley. It is a book written without pretence of any kind, but breathing throughout, as we have already said, a spirit of manly piety and benevolence. The style is plain and vigorous—admirably adapted for its writer's purpose. It is calculated to do great good among all

* It contains several plates, including an excellent daguerreotype likeness of Mr. Nobbs, and another of John Adams, the last of the mutineers, and finally the patriarch of Pitcairn. There are also several views of the island, and of the houses, school-houses, &c., &c.

* P. 261.

† P. 199.

classes ; and as for sailors, had we our wish, half-a-dozen copies should be presented to every ship in Her Majesty's service, that Jack might see what comes of mutiny, and that captains and admirals may see how their brethren manage matters in the Pacific.

Mr. Murray truly states, in his preface, that "the eventful history connected with Pitcairn, proves that real life may be as ro-

mantic as fiction." We have, in these few pages, the romance of reality, and many shadowings, in the annals of this distant speck amidst the waters of the Pacific, of the grandest truths which can concern nations or individuals, as relating to the sources of vice and virtue, with their attendant misery or happiness.

And thus we say, in a kindly spirit, adieu to the *Paradise in the Pacific*!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

PROSE.

THERE are not many modern authors whose works are more likely to endure and become standard reading in future generations, than the *Imaginary Conversations* and other prose productions of Mr. Landor. In subtilty of thought, sagacious criticism, precision and perspicuity of style, these writings are of first-rate excellence, and must ultimately place the author in a position of great prominence in the literary history of this century. It is true, his popularity among his contemporaries has not been very considerable ; but that may be readily accounted for, inasmuch as his works are not addressed to current tastes, nor are of a kind to be appreciated by the common-place intelligence of the age ; they are works rather for the scholar and student—for that rare but most important class of readers who require something higher than a temporary stimulant to their curiosity, or a more or less refined amusement for the occupation of a vacant hour. They are, strictly speaking, works of literary art, and require an artistic feeling and discernment for their comprehension and appreciation. They have few attractions for the young, the curious, or the matter-of-fact philosopher ; they demand a certain maturity of mind, a liberal cultivation, and a more than ordinary acquaintance with remote and peculiar stores of knowledge ; and they seem also to require a fair possession of leisure, and a habit of deliberation, such as the great majority of modern readers are not able to command. For immediate or extensive popularity, therefore,

they do not appear to be adapted ; yet for the select class of studiously disposed persons who have time and culture sufficient to master and enjoy them, they will be found to have manifold fascinations, and will yield a fair measure of wholesome and refined instruction. To such persons among our readers, whose attention may not have been drawn to them, a few remarks on the subject-matter and characteristics of these performances may possibly be acceptable.

They are all contained in two substantial volumes, and consist of the *Imaginary Conversations* before alluded to ; the *Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare before Sir Thomas Lucy* ; the *Pentameron*, a series of imaginary dialogues between Petrarch and Boccaccio ; a collection of letters, constituting a sort of classic romance on the story of *Pericles and Aspasia* ; and a few short apologues and essays. The *Imaginary Conversations* occupy the whole of the first volume, and about a third part of the second ; so that it will be seen they form, in point of bulk, the principal proportion. It will be convenient for us here to refer to the smaller productions first, and we accordingly begin with the *Pentameron*.

This purports to be the composition of a certain Italian priest, who being in want of a bell for his church, brought the manuscript to England, and getting it translated by the best hand he could engage, the work was introduced to the English public. As already hinted, it professes to be the report of conversations, at five successive interviews, between 'Messer Francesco Petrarca and Messer Gio-

vanni Boccaccio,' while the latter lay in an infirm state of health at his villetta in the neighborhood of Certaldo; 'after which,' we are informed, 'they saw not each other on our side of Paradise.' They discourse, in the first instance, on Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and then diverge into a discussion on the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, 'and sundry other matters.' Petrarch advises his friend respecting the revision and improvement of his *Decameron*, and advances some objections against it on the ground of its occasional licentiousness; urging him, moreover, to substitute the simple for the extravagant, the true and characteristic for the indefinite and diffuse.' Boccaccio, in reply, observes that he has no wish to defend himself under the bad example of another, but he, nevertheless, believes that the example of the illustrious Dante Alighieri, whose genius he pretends not to approach, had some misleading influence over him. 'I may, perhaps,' says he, 'have been formerly less cautious of offending by my levity, after seeing him display as much or more of it in hell itself.' This leads to a discussion of Dante's genius, natural temperament, personal history, and the characteristics of his poetry; in the course of which the friends are not sparing in their strictures, though always acknowledging the immense ability of their author, and dwelling with much emphasis on the finer passages of his poem.

Much excellent criticism is thus incidentally delivered—not at all times restricted to the subject before the speakers, but often having reference to general and comprehensive principles. Hear this admirable conception of the poetic nature: 'The great poet, like the original man of the Platonists, is double, possessing the further advantage of being able to drop one-half at his option, and to resume it. Some of the tenderest on paper have no sympathies beyond; and some of the austere in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures have deluged the world with tears. It is not from the rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and bitter leaves and petals.' Other passages of great subtilty and beauty, having reference to a variety of topics, might be collected from the *Pentameron*. Here is a sentence, expressing an old sentiment, with the purest simplicity of diction:—'The heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain, retains the pulse of youth for ever.' This also is worth pondering: 'Death can only take the sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands; the color-

less film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.' The quiet impressiveness of the following is better than any didactic homily:—'The very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings past away; and so is the noble mind. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music is over, and the clapping of hands (so lately linked) hath ceased; when youth, and comeliness, and pleasantry are departed—

Who would desire to spend the following day
Among the extinguished lamps, the faded wreaths,
The dust and desolation left behind?

But whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days, hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality.' Abundant thoughts and images, equally beautiful and striking, might be gathered; but we have room for only one passage, about which there is a dignified drollery truly captivating. Petrarch having suggested that some noise which had interrupted the conversation might have been occasioned by Boccaccio's cat, he is answered by his friend in this wise:—'No such thing. I order him over to Certaldo, while the birds are laying and sitting; and he knows by experience, favorite as he is, that it is of no use to come back before he is sent for. Since the first impetuosities of youth, he has rarely been refractory or disobliging. We have lived together now these five years, unless I miscalculate; and he seems to have learned something of my manners, wherein violence and enterprise by no means predominate. . . He enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* at Certaldo: there he is my castellan, and his chase is unlimited in those domains. After the doom of relegation is expired, he comes hither at midsummer. And then, if you could see his joy! His eyes are as deep as a well, and as clear as a fountain: he jerks his tail into the air like a royal sceptre, and waves it like the wand of a magician. You would fancy that, as Horace with his head, he was about to smite the stars with it. There is ne'er such another cat in the parish; and he knows it, a rogue! We have rare repasts together, in the bean-

and-bacon time, although in regard to the bean he sides with the philosopher of Samos ; but after due examination.'

We shall not dwell on the 'Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare,' as the title sufficiently suggests the subject-matter. It is a work of humor, professing to be a report of the proceedings at the great hall of Charlecote, when Shakspeare was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy touching the matter of deer-stealing. The piece is exceedingly ingenious and amusing ; and as a pleasant bit of retrospective satire, if not as a dramatically-conceived representation of an historical event, it is well deserving of perusal, and may long maintain a place among the rest of the author's works.

The story of *Pericles and Aspasia* is more or less known to all readers of Grecian history. Mr. Landor's work, under that title, is an attempt to depict their private and domestic life, and generally to illustrate the characteristics of Greek manners, politics, and literature. In the shape of an imaginary correspondence between Aspasia and her friend Cleone, it gives us an account of Aspasia's introduction to Pericles at Athens, and shadows forth the story of their wedded intercourse, along with the relations in which they lived with the philosophers, historians, and artists of the age. The earlier letters contain numerous fragments and short poems of various Greek poets, accompanied by the comments of the writers, and such general remarks on poetry, history, and the occurrences of the hour, as may be supposed to have formed the substance of a correspondence between two gifted and learned ladies of antiquity. As we advance, the statesman, Pericles, comes more distinctly upon the scene ; partly through descriptions of him in Aspasia's letters to her friend, and partly through epistles which pass between the former and Pericles himself, at times when they are separated by state or domestic exigencies. Incidentally we obtain glimpses of old Socrates, the young man Alcibiades, the philosopher Anaxagoras, the historian Thucydides, and several other persons of ability and renown. Some of the speeches of Pericles are interspersed ; and, one way or another, the principal features of his genius and his manifold accomplishments, are pretty thoroughly delineated or suggested. The whole presents a discursive review of Greek society, and of the chief historical incidents which belong to the period commonly known as the 'Age of Pericles.'

To attempt to convey any sufficient notion of such a work by quotations, would be inef-

fectual ; yet as many passages have an independent meaning, and a beauty of their own, some of them may be not unsuitably extracted, by way of showing something of the cast of style and thought. Here is a charming sentence from one of the letters of Cleone to Aspasia. She is speaking of the Ionians, and remarks that they are 'more silent, and contemplative, and recluse,' than the Athenians :—'Knowing that nature will not deliver her oracles in the crowd, nor by sound of trumpet, they open their breasts to her in solitude with the simplicity of children, and look earnestly in her face for a reply.' A few others of equal pith and gracefulness may be appended : 'Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.' 'There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water : there is a silence in it which suspends the foot ; and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface : the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and timid step, and with a low, and tremulous, and melancholy song.' On refinement in pride we have this pertinent remark :—'There are proud men of so much delicacy, that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.'

The *Imaginary Conversations*, which form the bulk of Mr. Landor's writings, treat of a great variety of subjects, and illustrate an immense variety of character. The persons brought before us, and represented in discourse, are of all conceivable orders and degrees of men, and belong to almost every age and country. We have Richard I. and the Abbot of Boxley conversing about Saladin and the Crusades, the perfidy of European politics, and the uses of the rite of baptism ; Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Brooke expatiate on happiness and the charms of country life ; Horne Tooke and Dr. Johnson discuss questions of philology ; Southey and Porson interchange remarks on the state of criticism and the poetry of Wordsworth ; Milton and Andrew Marvell discourse on comedy ; Sir Robert Inglis and the Duke of Wellington deliver their opinions on the idolatry of the Hindoos and the illustrious gates of Somanauth—but it were endless to run over all the names of the interlocutors, or to indicate the multitude of subjects brought into discussion : suffice it to say, that every conversation relates to something of literary, political, or scientific interest, and that the speakers generally express opinions such, as from

what is known of them historically, they would be likely to utter in regard to the matter whereon they are represented to be discoursing. That the dramatic personation of every character should be in all cases accurate and complete, is more than could fairly be expected from the author, considering the number of individuals brought before us, and the wide differences in their respective personalities. Generally speaking, however, it is not impossible to accept the character under the name attached to it, and in many instances the language and opinions imputed to the speaker are thoroughly consistent, and appropriate to his individuality. With the mass of positive thought and sentiment enunciated, we suppose Mr. Landor must be more or less identified, though he warns his reader against 'attributing to the writer any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name.' This is a permissible precaution, but it is nevertheless apparent what characters have most of his admiration, and also what are the opinions with which he most distinctly sympathizes. For instance, a tyrant or a bigot he renders hateful by the words which he makes him utter; and on the other hand, every wise and truthful person is involuntarily made to have the best of every argument. At the bottom, it is the body of thought and just opinion contained in the *Conversations*, which constitute their real excellency as literary productions; and Mr. Landor's chief peculiarity as a writer may be said to lie in his ability to represent the truths which he himself has apprehended from various and innumerable points of contemplation. As any truth imperfectly set forth, or wrenched aside from its relations to other truths and circumstances, becomes in practical effect a mere half-truth, or little better than a falsehood, it is the recognition and uniform observance of this fact which distinguishes the thinker from the pedant or the empiric, and stamps his utterance with a comprehensiveness of meaning that puts to shame their partial and contracted statements. This is one of the highest services that can be performed by literature; and we claim for Mr. Landor the distinction of having performed it more completely than any other writer of the age.

The special characteristics of his genius are somewhat difficult to specify; but he may be said to unite within himself the leading attributes of the philosopher and the poet. He has a philosopher's discernment, and the poet's pictorial expression. No keener understanding perhaps could be found

anywhere in Europe at this hour, and assuredly he ranks foremost among English writers as a pure and admirable stylist. In solidity of substance, in beauty and gracefulness of form, his works are among the finest specimens of our modern literature. There is no shallowness of thought, no unprofitable exuberances of expression: everything is clear, compact, wisely proportioned and beautifully polished. In proof of his originality, it is to be said that Mr. Landor's writings are totally unlike those of any of his contemporaries; and though mere originality is no evidence of greatness, there is evidence enough of this to be observed in the immense amount of wise reflection which he has condensed into his volumes. In reading them you do not find a continual iteration of the same thoughts and images, but you perceive everywhere the signs of a rich and inexhaustible fecundity. Yet it is not until after a long acquaintance with these writings, that you discern how affluent is the mind from which they sprung—how fertile and exquisitely cultivated the soil wherein all this forest of strength and splendor has its roots. On the whole, we pronounce Mr. Landor's works to be eminently calculated to advance the intellectual and moral cultivation of his countrymen; and, as intelligence and purity of taste make progress, we doubt not that they will more and more attract and retain attention, and that eventually they will even enjoy an extensive and lasting popularity. Luckily, Mr. Landor can afford to await the issue, and would seem to have no forebodings in regard to it. As he says in one of the imaginary letters of Cleone:—'There are writings which must lie long upon the straw before they mellow to the taste; and there are summer-fruits which cannot abide the keeping.' His own unquestionably belong to the sound and enduring class, and like the wine of a precious vintage, may yield delight to remote generations.

POETRY.

We suspect that the poetry of Mr. Landor is very little known to general readers; and that, even among the studious and most cultivated classes of his countrymen, there are few who can be said to be thoroughly acquainted with it. We remember De Quincey saying, that for many years he believed he was the only man in England who had read *Gebir*; and that, after some inquiry among his friends, he found Southey to be the only other person who had accomplished the same feat. To say the truth, it is not an easy

matter to get through *Gebir*; and perhaps it is still more difficult, even after a deliberate perusal, to give an intelligible account of its meaning and intention. A dim and misty fable, wherein the supernatural is incongruously mingled with the natural, and brief glimmerings of poetry alternate with heavy passages of vague description and turgidity—the work presents next to no attractions on the surface, and, with the most laborious efforts to understand it, yields at the utmost but inadequate results. We cannot recommend *Gebir* to anybody as a pleasant entertainment, but we are still prepared to say, that none but a man of genius could have written it. It has an undoubted originality, which, while it gives no attraction to the poem, proves the author to be at least a man of power. The great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject-matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. *Gebir* possesses some interest as a poetical curiosity, but, except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful. Such passages as we speak of can never convey any accurate notion of a poem, but, as illustrations of the poetic faculty of the writer, they may, in such a case as Mr. Landor's, be easily detached and cited, without occasioning either misapprehension of his genius, or injury to his reputation. One or two we shall here accordingly present, by way of showing the kind of gems which, at wide intervals, are imbedded in the otherwise dark and dreary caves of *Gebir*. Let us begin with some lines containing an image which Wordsworth afterwards expanded, in a famous passage of the *Excursion*. A river-nymph is described as saying to a shepherd:

"I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Readers of Wordsworth will remember the lines beginning—"I have seen a curious child," &c., and notice their resemblance to the above. Among other striking and extractable passages, the following has seemed to us deserving of quotation. It will be seen

that it expresses a pagan sentiment on the holiness and efficacy of prayer:—

For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails,
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods,
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Though different, glows with beauty; at the
throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand.

Stray lines of pithy sense and wisdom are frequently occurring in the poem. Thus, of brave men it is said:—

The brave,
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear.

Again, in regard to the lessons of experience, we have this—

From our own wisdom less is to be reaped
Than from the barest folly of our friend.

In the way of description, in which Mr. Landor is sometimes, but not always happy, the following representation of an Eastern morning displays a rich and pleasing fancy:

Now to Aurora, borne by dappled steeds,
The sacred gate of Orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
The waves beneath, in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleepy lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams.
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate,
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

Gebir is a sort of epic, in seven books, and is luckily the only long poem which Mr. Landor seems to have attempted. Without offence to him, or to any body else, we think it may be said, that there is no description of poetry for which his talent is so unsuited. In dramatic writing, he has succeeded better, though he has given us nothing that can be properly styled a drama; indeed, he calls his pieces of this sort simply "acts and scenes;" and informs us, that although in a dramatic form, they "were never offered to the stage, being no better than *Imaginary Conversations* in metre." As such they are

not by any means uninteresting, though they mostly refer to scenes and circumstances so remote from the studies of the general reader as to offer few attractions to him; and, except here and there in pointed thoughts and fine expressions, they manifest no extraordinary ability. It is chiefly in his collection of *Miscellaneous Pieces*—short occasional poems, written to express some fitting thought or pensive fancy—that Mr. Landor is likely to find any considerable body of readers. Many of these pieces are purely personal, but are not on that account deficient either in grace or sterling excellence. As it is the vocation of the poet to reflect the mental states of other men, and be the interpreter of their aspirations and emotions, whatsoever affects, interests, or perplexes him, will serve in the representation to excite the sympathies, and more perfectly express the sense of all who anyway partake of kindred thoughts and feelings. So considered, these brief and unpretending poems of Mr. Landor seem to be calculated to impart a fine intellectual pleasure, and yield matter for meditation in moments when the heart is inclined to be still and commune with itself. The merit of this poetry lies mainly in its tone of calm reflectiveness, in a certain suggestive power which sets the mind of the reader thinking, and engages him for the time in the serious contemplation of some striking and peculiar view of human life. Such pieces as we have selected for quotation may be not unsuitably introduced by the following lines on the outlooks of middle-age:—

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy:

"Of all our fields, how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between

Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy."

It will be seen that, in this little poem, there is nothing gorgeous or particularly felicitous in the language—not a word of imagery or sentimental softness—yet the thought is eminently poetical, and simply as it is set forth, suggests a great deal more than is expressed—the whole throng of cares and pent-up sadness which the tried and weary soul conceals, even while they press on him as the inner burden of his life. Our next extract is of a more imaginative aspect, and shows how admirable a picture the author can delineate in words. One seems to see the majestically-attired Evening moving slowly over the landscape, and covering all things

as she advances with the folds of her misty drapery:—

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:
First through the deep and warm and secret glens,
Through the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And through those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollowed out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides,
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone
(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

We quote next a somewhat longer poem, wherein the influences of wrath and gentleness are very beautifully contrasted:—

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
Thou whose passion swells so high;
See those ruins that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.
'Twas a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
Till he came who, deaf to pity,
Tost the imploring arm away.
Spoiled and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought:
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?
Strong are cities; Rage o'erthrows 'em;
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?
All that shields us, all that charms us,
Brow of ivory, tower of store,
Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,
But we perish by our own.
Night may send to rave and ravage
Panther and hyæna fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
Little suit the mild gazelle.
When the waves of life surround thee,
Quenching oft the light of love—
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
Drive not from thy breast the dove.

The following, as the reader will perceive, contains a consoling and excellent suggestion in regard to the transitoriness of earthly sorrows:—

The wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what is must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, although
We will not think it can be so,

Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power,
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

From another point of view, it is shown how the most brilliant spirits are the most susceptible of suffering and depression:—

The brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
Becomes the gloomiest; so the stream, that ran
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend,
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

In the next quotation, the reader will get a glimpse of Mr. Landor's views concerning the poetic art:—

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much, unless 'tis mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed;
While the broad chump leans back against the
stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

Some further ideas on this subject are presented to us in some lines addressed to Southey, between whom and Mr. Landor, notwithstanding the widest difference in their political and social views, there existed a close and uninterrupted friendship. A good deal of sound criticism is here condensed into a small compass. Pope's celebrated Essay contains nothing of equal merit, either in point of judgment or in the graces of expression:—

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulf the poet; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey, mount
Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his steadfast, stately course,
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineherd; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous's cypresses;
He covers with his aged, black-veined band,
The plumed crest that frightened and made cling
To its fond mother the ill-fated child;
He walks along Olympus with the gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simois glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms soon
tire.

The glorious Theban then?

The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paused, deserves more praise,
Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak.
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up,
And with the dust and straws are swept away;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft,
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy—Fancy, plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs,
Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.
Great is that poet—great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

From these extracts, the character of Mr. Landor's minor poems will be partially perceived; readers hitherto unacquainted with them must now consider for themselves, whether they possess attractions of a kind likely to be acceptable to their particular tastes and temperaments. It will be seen that the poetry is mostly of a centemplicative cast; not remarkably imaginative, nor imbued to any great degree with the graces or charms of fancy; nowise stately or magnificent in diction, or particularly polished or exquisite in style; but, in modest and simple guise, wisely thoughtful and reflective; full of hints and intimations of a peculiar experience, and rich in that quiet wisdom which a man of fine gifts and extensive knowledge has constantly in store, and the utterance of which is to him as natural and easy as is the delivery of common-places to ordinary persons. No one can read these poems without observing their unelaborate and simple structure. They have all the air of spontaneous effusions. They seem to be the little sparks of light which the revolving mind casts off in token of a latent heat which cannot be contained, or all concentrated in that subtle and vast activity, whose product in other forms of literature has been so admirable and magnificent. They have taken shape, without premeditation and without labor, and have the appearance of being almost involuntary utterances. Indeed, they might have been in some instances improved by a little more care and manual painstaking in the versification; but for this mechanical excellence, Mr. Landor appears to have no re-

gard. He says once, in addressing Wordsworth :

That other men should work for me
In the rich minds of Poesie,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened hand
With attic emery and oil
The shining point for wisdom's wand.

Accordingly, what poetry he is in the habit of writing, he throws off from him with an easy carelessness, satisfied if the words and images he uses be such as will just serve as a body to the thought which it is his purpose to express. It is always rather the substance than the form which constitutes the merit of these productions; and though they cannot be said to present any very lofty views of human life and destiny, any grand conceptions of man's relations and vocation in the universe, they yet contain many excellent and consolatory reflections, many just and pure sentiments, much of that solemn and pensive beauty which, like the rays of moonlight about ruins and lonely places, gives a charm and a quiet glory to the sobered sadness that haunts the chambers of a soul deeply learned

in manifold experiences. One suggestion may be given as to what seems the proper way of reading them: they yield most pleasure when perused deliberately, one at a time, following out the thought with its various suggestiveness, until its full meaning is gathered up and taken in. They will, most of them, be found to have a wonderful completeness, and each of them a separate and definite signification. They are not endless repetitions of a few fixed ideas and feelings, but they express a multitude of intellectual and emotional conditions: they are records of all the moods and phases which the author's mind has undergone, in the course of a life now considerably advanced, and bear witness to his large devotion to the interests of truth and beauty. For all men anyway like-minded, they cannot fail to prove pleasant and congenial reading; and to such of these as may not yet have been attracted to them, we here take the opportunity of recommending them. We hold them to be worthy of careful and deliberate study, and can testify that a prolonged acquaintance with them increases the gratification which they are calculated to afford.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TRIAL OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM AN ORIGINAL MS.

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH, Duchess of Kingston, was born in 1720, and was of a very old Devonshire family. Her father, who was a colonel in the army, died while she was young, and left her mother and herself totally unprovided, so that their sole subsistence was a small pension allowed them by Government. Mrs. Chudleigh was exceedingly fond of society, and though her means were limited, she still kept up her connection with those persons of distinction with whom, on account of her husband's rank, she had formerly been intimate. Her daughter, who was welcomed everywhere because of her beauty and the sprightliness of her wit, happened to meet with Mr. Pulteney, who was one of the heads of the Opposition, and much about the person of the Prince of Wales; through his exertions she was made one of

the maids of honor to the Princess. Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Lord Bath, rendered her a still greater service; he assisted her in cultivating her mind, and directed all her studies; when he was away he corresponded with her with the same view also; but in spite of all his care, her extreme volatility and caprice prevented her from deriving much benefit from his advice; she was often in the habit of saying "that she should actually hate herself were she ever to remain two hours in the same mood;" she declared that all the books in the world did not teach her anything; that the conversations of men did not teach her much better; in the same spirit she would observe laughingly, "that in looking at an Englishman and a Frenchman, one would say 'that one was seeking for enjoyment and the other felt it.'"

Miss Chudleigh's position, as well as her personal attractions, drew around her a great number of adorers; the Duke of Hamilton became the favored one, and it was settled between the two lovers that their marriage should take place on the young Duke's return from a voyage which he was on the point of making, meantime the misery of absence was to be alleviated by constant correspondence.

But all these plans fell to the ground in consequence of the manoeuvres of Mrs. Hammer, Miss Chudleigh's aunt, who was anxious to encourage the addresses of Captain Hervey, the son of Lord Bristol. She intercepted all their letters, and after making her niece believe that the Duke of Hamilton was unfaithful to her, succeeded also in inducing her to marry his rival, the 4th of August, 1744. After the first day of their marriage, Mrs. Hervey took a great dislike to her husband, and resolved never to live with him; but by some strange inconsistency, at the very moment she was persuading her husband to agree to an amicable separation, she changed her opinion, and the result of the interview was very different to what might have been anticipated. She became a mother, but her child died shortly after its birth. The Duke of Hamilton, who had partly discovered Mrs. Hammer's double-dealing on his return to England, again offered his hand to her, of whose marriage he was ignorant, and was perfectly in despair at the unaccountable refusal which she gave him. This refusal did not less astonish the public, and Miss Chudleigh's mother was extremely indignant at her conduct, for she did not know her daughter's secret engagement.

In order to escape the reproaches with which she was loaded, and the importunity of the Duke of Ancaster and other noblemen who eagerly sought her favor, she set out for the Continent with a military man, who became the companion of her journey in the most singular way. She caused the following advertisement to be inserted in all the papers:—

"A young lady, mistress of her own person, and in possession of a tolerable fortune, who believes herself by no means disagreeable, and flatters herself that she is not so to other people, has resolved to go abroad; she would be glad if some young man of a respectable family and pleasing manners, would consent to be her travelling companion. She has no ties, and she hopes that he who meets her wishes will be as free as her-

self, so that there should be nothing to interfere with a more intimate connection after their first intimacy. An answer will be expected in the newspapers before the expiration of a fortnight. It is required that the secret should be kept till all the arrangements are made; any indiscretion will not be committed with impunity."

Two days after the following reply was seen in the papers:—

"A middle-aged man, tolerably good looking, and of sound constitution, offers his services to the lady by whom the advertisement was inserted the other day. He has travelled and is perfectly independent. If the lady in question thinks that he is likely to suit her, he is ready to start whenever she wishes, if she will only inform him of her intentions, &c."

An interview took place, and they set out together, but they soon grew bored with each other, and separated at Berlin. Miss Chudleigh was here warmly welcomed by the great Frederick, who was quite charmed with her frank manners, with her impetuosity, and with her vivacious and witty repartees. He absolved her from all etiquette, upon her merely requesting one day "to be allowed to study at her ease the character of a Prince who set an example to Europe, and who might openly boast of having an admirer in every individual of the British nation." Frederick paid her marked attention, and treated her with the greatest distinction. Not only did he take pleasure in her conversation, but he afterwards kept up a regular correspondence with her.

A short time after she visited Dresden, and there she gained the Electress's friendship. This princess was very pious and sensible, and loaded her with presents and kindness, which proved the interest which she took in her welfare. On her return to England, she hastened to pay all due homage to her illustrious protectress, the Princess of Wales. The Princess was enchanted with her lively pictures and dazzling descriptions of all she had seen. She was the delight of the brilliant circles in which she moved, but her union with Captain Hervey was a continual source of misery to her. With the view of destroying all traces of it, she visited Lainston, where the marriage was celebrated, and while the chaplain was conversing with her travelling companions, she tore out the much-hated proofs of her union from the parish registers, which she had wished to see. But when, a short time afterwards, Captain Hervey became Lord Bristol,

on the death of his father, she bitterly repented what she had done, especially when she learnt that her husband was attacked by a dangerous malady, and that she might very soon become a rich dowager. So now she attempted to replace the proofs of her marriage, which she had herself destroyed in the Lainston registers. She succeeded in accomplishing her purpose, by bribing the clergyman, with whom they were deposited, but the effects of this contemptible artifice turned upon herself, and she was caught in her own trap; for after she had restored the proofs of her first marriage, Lord Bristol recovered his health, and the Duke of Kingston, one of the richest noblemen in the land, a peer of the realm, solicited the honor of being her husband. Then, indeed, Miss Chudleigh experienced the bitterest regret. In vain did she attempt to get a divorce, though Lord Bristol had not a spark of attachment for her; he opposed her desire for a long time, and said to those persons who spoke to him on the subject, that he would go to the devil before he allowed his wife's vanity to be gratified in becoming a duchess. But when, at length, he fell passionately in love with another lady, whom he was anxious to make his wife, he placed no farther obstacle in the way of a divorce, which was soon after pronounced, by their mutual consent.

Mrs. Hervey, now at the height of her wishes, was publicly united, the 8th of March, 1769, to Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The king and queen loaded her with presents; but this new marriage was not more fortunate than the former. The duke had very delicate health, which gave his manners too much gentleness to please the restless spirit of the dissipated duchess; so that Lord Kingston was not long before he regretted the loss of his liberty. It is even said that he helped to shorten his days. He died in 1773, leaving the whole of his fortune to his wife, on condition that she did not marry again. This condition exceedingly displeased the duchess, who vainly tried to get it erased from the will. Left to herself, the Duchess of Kingston plunged more than ever into dissipation, and went to such lengths, that the people of London were even quite scandalized at her conduct. Having met with several mortifications, she determined on going to Italy. She went in a yacht, which she had had constructed at an enormous expense, and entered Rome almost in triumph. The Pope Ganganelli received our heroine as a princess,

and the cardinals followed the example of the Sovereign Pontiff. Here she fitted up a palace in the most extravagant style, and lived with the greatest prodigality.

During her sojourn in Italy, she met with an adventurer, who was as handsome as he was witty and amusing. He passed with her as the Prince d'Albanie, and succeeded in making her desperately in love with him. She was on the point of bestowing her hand and fortune on this adventurer, whose origin was never thoroughly known, when he was suddenly arrested as a swindler, and he soon after committed suicide in prison.

A more real danger, however, soon effaced this unfortunate circumstance from her mind, for she learnt that the Duke of Kingston's heirs were endeavoring to bring an action against her for bigamy. They insisted that the late duke's will, as well as the proofs of her marriage, should be cancelled. At this news she was extremely alarmed, and was anxious to set out immediately for London. But her banker, who was bribed by her adversaries, hid himself, in order not to be obliged to give her the money for her journey. She did not hesitate a moment how she should act, but proceeded to his door, with a pistol in her hand, and remained there till he had supplied her with the necessary means for travelling to England. Inquiries had already been set on foot; the validity of her first marriage was recognized, and it was asserted that the Ecclesiastical Court, which granted the divorce, could have had no power to do so.

The duchess had always despised public opinion, but now it might be of the utmost importance to her. It was with considerable annoyance, therefore, that she learnt that the celebrated comedian, Foote, well known for his satirical writings, was on the point of bringing out a piece at the Haymarket called "A Trip to Calais," of which she was the heroine, under the name of Lady Crocodile. She succeeded in suppressing the piece. A great many bitter pamphlets were published also, and never did any trial make a greater sensation. Westminster Hall was crowded to excess; the royal family, the foreign ministers, the members of the House of Commons, were all present on the occasion. According to M. d'Archenholz's account, who was a spectator, the duchess was dressed in black, and had a lady's maid on each side of her, as well as her physician and apothecary; a secretary and six advocates. She also adopted a singular method

to avoid showing emotion. After the interrogation which she had to undergo, she caused herself to be bled as soon as her examination was over. The firm and noble expression of her countenance, which she maintained throughout the trial, won all hearts. At the close of the trial she shortly, but in the most dignified manner, addressed the court, but was found guilty by a majority of two hundred peers.

The punishment then awarded to bigamy, was the application of a hot iron to the right hand, but the duchess' counsel prevented this sentence being executed on her, pleading her privileges of the Peerage, and she escaped with a reprimand from the Lord High Steward. The most extraordinary feature of this trial was that while her adversaries succeeded in proving the Duchess of Kingston's second marriage invalid, the duke's will was confirmed as being totally independent of this marriage, and she thus retained the whole of the immense fortune which he left her.

When the affair was settled, her ladyship's opponents (she was again Lady Bristol) began to form a plan of attack for confining her to the kingdom, and to despoil her of her possessions; but she contrived to elude their vigilance, and embarked for Calais. There she remained some time, and afterwards set out on her travels again. In the first instance she went to Rome to settle some matters of interest, and afterwards returned to Calais, where she took a magnificent hotel, and furnished it at the greatest expense, and with the greatest elegance. But this place did not altogether suit her, so she fitted out a vessel in a new style, and with the utmost magnificence, where every luxury of life was to be found; in it she went to St. Petersburg, and was received by Catherine the Second with the most marked distinction. From St. Petersburg she proceeded to Poland, and here the Prince of Badzjuvil gave the most brilliant *fêtes* in her honor, and one which was especially remarkable, a boar hunt by torchlight. It appears that the Prince was so captivated with her, that he sued for her hand as a favor; he was, however, refused. On her return to France, her fortune, wit, and sparkling conversation, as well as her charming way of telling anecdotes, and even her follies, caused her to be generally well received, and assured her a brilliant existence. She held her little court of artists and men of letters, for a long while in this country. It was just after she had purchased

the magnificent château of Saint Assise, a few miles from Fontainebleau, that she was seized with an illness which, in a few days, occasioned her death. She died on the 20th of August, 1788, being rather more than sixty-eight years of age. She summoned two English lawyers to France to draw up her will; the Duchess' possessions, including her diamonds and furniture, as well as her estates, amounted to 200,000*l.* sterling; she had, moreover, other property in Russia.

Monday morning, 7 o'clock, April 15, 1776.—No chaos ever equalled my head at present, and I will venture to pronounce, the heads of half the people in this great town. This day the Duchess of Kingston is to be tried for bigamy—the whole town has talked of nothing else for this week past. We are particularly fortunate, for without any application we have two tickets for every day whilst it may last in the gallery belonging to the Board of Works, and to-day I go with Lady Bathurst in the Lord High Steward's box, which can hold thirty-six persons. My father and brother go this day with the Board of Works' tickets; and George to-morrow has the supreme felicity of going as one of the Lord High Steward's twenty gentlemen-attendants, who go through the whole day's ceremony with him, and hear the debates in the House of Lords. I have been up since five o'clock attending my hairdresser, though we do not leave this house this half-hour. I will give you a most ample history of the whole trial as it proceeds every day.

Wednesday morning.—Soon after I closed my letter on Monday the summons to depart arrived. I was to meet Lady Bathurst at a coffee-house adjoining the House of Lords, where she has taken a room whilst the trial lasts. Here her company (those who had tickets for her box) assembled; and here a breakfast was prepared. I amused myself in observing the Peers and Peeresses as they came into the Hall from their carriages, which were generally elegant, and the horses full harnessed and ornamented. Everything was orderly and quiet in Palace Yard, and the guards were very diligent, and drawn up under arms. The whole effect was pleasing. About ten o'clock we all went into the Hall, and took our places in the High Steward's box. The first *coup d'œil* of the Hall, filled with well-dressed people, was extremely striking; the Peers were scattered about, and we had to wait an hour before the procession came in. But you must wait much longer, for I am obliged to conclude, so adieu!

Thursday, noon.—You must suppose yourself with me in Westminster Hall. At about eleven on Monday the procession entered in the following order:—1st. The Lord High Steward's attendants, consisting of twenty gentlemen walking two and two; nor was it an unpleasing sight to see a number of these handsome, genteel, well-dressed young men, walking round, stopping opposite the throne, to which each made his bow as he passed. After them came a still handsomer set, Peers' eldest sons, and Peers' minors unrobed. These were generally lads, some of them charming boys. Then came the Clerks of the Council; after them came the Masters in Chancery, two and two, in their gowns and bands; then the Judges in their scarlet robes and caps. Next came the Bishops in their very ungraceful robes. Being generally old men, I was not particularly charmed by any of their lordships. The two Archbishops closed the spiritual tribe, with their trains borne. After paying obeisance to the throne, they took their places on the side benches; the Peers followed, commencing with the junior Baron. The Barons are distinguished by having only two rows of ermine on the right arm of their robes; the Earls who followed them have three; the Dukes four. When all had passed the throne, they were marshalled out according to their seniority, and so took their seats, commencing with the youngest Baron. After the Dukes came the Duke of Cumberland, who, as prince of the blood, walked alone, with his train borne. Then came two heralds, in their dresses of ceremony, on which are quartered the arms of England, &c. These were followed by four Serjeants-at-arms, only distinguished by their collars and the maces they carry. Garter King-at-arms came next, in his strange dress, much like the heralds, only still more on it. The Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Francis Molyneux, *très bien poudrée, très bien habillé*, marched after him. The Secretary of the Briefs, and I think the Purse-bearer, preceded the Lord High Steward, who walked in his robes, with his train borne. He was only distinguishable by a large black hat like that of a quaker. This closed the procession. The attendants and Peers' sons ranged themselves on each side of the throne, under the canopy and within the throne; the Bishops and Peers took their seats; the Masters in Chancery theirs; as also the Judges. The Lord High Steward sat on the woosack nearest the throne; the clerks of the King's Bench and counsel were already seated at the table; the Heralds, Garter King-at-arms,

and the Black Rod stood behind the Lord High Steward till the ceremony began: the counsel for the two sides had taken their places before the procession entered.

The procession having entered, and the Peers seated, silence was proclaimed by the Herald. One of the Clerks of the Council then read the King's commission to the Lord High Steward, the cause and reason of it, &c. Then Garter King-at-arms introduced the Usher of the Black Rod, who, with three reverences, on his knee delivered to the Lord High Steward a long white wand, as the badge of his office; upon which he rose from the woosack, and walked to a seat on the last step of the throne. The Herald then called the prisoner into the court. Thereupon entered the renowned Duchess within the bar attended by two ladies, handed in by her bail, Mr. La Roche, by her second bail, Lord Mountstuart, her two chaplains, and Dr. Warren; and her train borne. Her dress was suitable to the occasion, entirely black, a black silk negligée, over not a large hoop, with black crape ruffles, not a speck of white was discernible. Her hair was dressed, and a long black hood, most becomingly put on, reached down in a point before to her forehead, being wired out, and falling on her shoulders, exactly the head-dress of Mary Queen of Scots, such as we see in the old pictures; with black gloves and fan. I have described the outward appearance: dwell on that till I can resume the pen.

Tuesday, the 23d.—Now, my dear Gertrude, that I can write without interruption, I will continue my account. I described the Duchess's outward appearance; her aspect was unconcerned—seemingly unaffectedly so; she really looked handsome. The ladies who attended her were in black, and she had three chambermaids in white, very neatly dressed. That day she read an answer to her indictment. The Attorney-General opened the cause; her counsel pleaded the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court. The proceedings were tedious and were delivered in a dull manner. The Court then adjourned to the following day. The next day (Tuesday) the Attorney and Solicitor-general, Mr. Dunning and Dr. Harris (counsel for the prosecution) were to reply. After the procession had entered, and the Lord High Steward, and the Lords had taken their places, everything passed as before as to forms, but a most entertaining reply occupied us for some time. The Lords then adjourned to their House to debate on the whole. On their return, the Duchess's counsel desiring time to

reply, the Court adjourned to Friday. On that day Wallace, her counsel, replied. Mr. Thurloe drew up the evidence in a most masterly manner. One witness to prove the marriage was examined. Saturday I did not attend; but witnesses were examined for the prosecution. Monday I attended; witnesses were examined. The Lords afterwards debated in their House; and on their return each Lord gave his opinion in the following manner; the Lord High Steward sitting on the throne. Garter King-at-arms, with the list of the Peerage, on one side, the Usher of the Black Rod on the other, beginning with the minor Baron, said,—“John, Lord Sundridge, what says your Lordship? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the felony whereof she stands indicted?” He answered, standing up uncovered,—“Guilty, upon my honor,” laying his hand upon his breast. Thus did every Lord deliver his opinion, being called upon by name; the Lord High Steward gave his last. Every one pronounced her guilty excepting the Duke of Newcastle, who, in consideration of his friendship for the late Duke, said he believed her to be erroneously, not intentionally, guilty. Then the Lord High Steward directed the prisoner to be called to the bar, and told her that she was found guilty. She received the sentence with composure. I suppose that she heard her fate before; but she was unable to speak. She, however, wrote on a scrap of paper that she pleaded the privilege of peerage, according to the statutes; upon that the Attorney-general rose to prove the invalidity of her plea, by quoting divers statutes. Her second counsel (Mansfield) answered him. The Lords then retired to their House to debate. On their return, the Lord High Steward, on the throne, spoke nearly to the following effect:—

“Madam,—the Lords have considered your plea, and admit it; but should you ever be guilty of felony again, it will be deemed capital. At present I discharge you with no other punishment than the stings of your own conscience, and that is punishment sufficient on such crimes. You are to be discharged on paying your fees.” These, by the by, they say will be immense.

This sentence, delivered in a most solemn manner, made an impression on every one: the unhappy woman who received it seemed sensibly touched. After that Sir J. Molyneux, on his knee, delivered the rod to the

Lord High Steward. Then proclamation was made for dissolving the Court. The High Steward said,—“Thus I dissolve my commission,” and he broke his wand. Thus ended this trial, of which I have here given a sketch; but as I was particularly attentive to the whole, I shall draw up an account of the law-proceedings, which I will send you, though I make no doubt that the trial will be published; the narrative of a female pen, however, may be most pleasing to a female reader.

I should have told you that the Duchess had a most horrid fit the last day, which made a sad hubbub in the hall. I never saw anything more shocking. She was carried out, and the proceedings were stopped for half an hour.

Yours ever.

P. S. A month ago I raved about *chapeaux plumés* and fine men; I now am in love with nothing but long wigs, gowns, and bands: as to Mr. Thurloe, the Attorney-general, I think or dream of nothing else. A jump from finikin beaux to grave lawyers! but I do not call the change a bad one. I think Madame la Presidente, or Madame la Conseillière, will sound *très folie*.

Do you know Thurloe? he has such a tongue! and such sensible eyes! that he may plead any cause even to a lady. But I am a mere rattle just now. Adieu.

Oh, I must tell you! Madame Abingdon was in our box the first day, little taken notice of, and very disagreeable, giving herself a thousand airs. She was not the least acquainted with me, and I did not think it worth while to be so with her. She was asleep, tired, asked Lady R—— to go away, who gave her a short answer, to say she should not, which made her look very foolish. She made her observations on Mr. Wallace in such an impertinent manner to the Speaker, with whom she was acquainted, that he at last as civilly as he could told her to hold her tongue, for Mrs. Wallace was behind her, and he could bear it no longer. I believe, the good lady wished herself away. I wished her so, heartily; her sister-in-law intended to be present, but fell down and sprained her ankle. Adieu again!

The husband was there the second day, looking as cross as a demon, and discontented à l'ordinaire.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

MR. HAWTHORNE'S reputation has advanced, is increasing, and ought still to be progressive. He is now read, in their own consonant-crazy tongue, by borderers on the Black Sea, and exiles of Siberia. There is an individual charm about his writings, not perhaps, to the minds most influenced by it, of a wholly unexceptionable kind; for it may be true that "il fait que chacun, après l'avoir lu, est plus mécontent de son être." Indeed it is impossible, we should think, to read him without becoming sadder if not wiser—in spite of an assumed air of *gaillardise*, and a cheery moral tacked now and then to a sorrowful parable, he is essentially sad-hearted, and confirms any similar tendency in his readers. We expect a hue-and-cry to be raised against him in this matter by the sanatory commissioners of criticism and guardians of the literary board of health. In his choice of subjects, he has already been indicted by them as himself a *mauvais sujet*. He is charged with a fondness for the delineation of abnormal character; and it is a true bill. If guilt be involved in the indictment, guilty he will plead. Individuality, idiosyncrasy, *propria persona*—liability, he must have at any price. Into the recesses and darker sub-surface nooks of human character he will penetrate at all hazards. "This long while past," says Zenobia to the Blithedale romancer, "you have been following up your game, groping for human emotions in the dark corners of the heart." The romancer himself records his fear, that a certain cold tendency, between instinct and intellect, which made him "pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses," had gone far towards unhumanizing his heart. Elsewhere he expresses his apprehension that it is no healthy employ, devoting ourselves too exclusively to the study of individual men and women; for, if the person under examination be one's self, the result is pretty certain to be diseased action of the heart, almost before we can snatch a second glance; or, if we put another under

our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and, of course, patch him very clumsily together again—the quotient being a very monster—which, though we can point to every feature of his deformity in the real personage—may be said to have been created mainly by ourselves. In harmony with this tendency—this "making my prey of people's individualities, as my custom was"—is a fondness for merging *ME* (as the Germans have it) in *NOT ME*: as where one of Mr. Hawthorne's characters, in the wantonness of youth, strength, and comfortable condition, meeting with a forlorn, dejected, used-up old man, tries to identify his own mind with the old fellow's, and take his view of the world, as if looking through a smoke-blackened glass at the sun. In a curious disposition of mind, of which these habits are exponents, lies much of the author's power and weakness both. With special ability to depict exceptional modes of human nature, is conjoined special temptation to linger amid what is morbid, and to court intimacy with whatever deviates from the dull standard of conventionalism, and give to distortion and oddity the preference over "harmonic union." He has been described as walking abroad always at night, so that it is but a moonlight glimmering which you catch of reality.† Applying to him what has been

* "Blithedale Romance," *enf.* vol. i., pp. 187, 152; and vol. ii., pp. 84, 214.

† "He lives in the region and shadow of death, and never sees the glow of moral health anywhere. . . . And it is only because he can see beauty in everything, and will look at nothing but beauty in anything, that he can either endure the picture himself, or win for it the admiration of others. He clears out for himself a new path in art, by developing the beauty of deformity!" The same reviewer charges Mr. Hawthorne with ever hunting out the anomalous, discovering more points of repulsion than of attraction, and peopling his creations with morbid beings, "wandering stars," plunging (in the "Blithedale Romance") orbitless

said of a countryman of his, we may pronounce his delight to lie in treading the border-land between the material and spiritual worlds—the debateable country of dreams, sleep-walking, and clairvoyance. The impression he leaves on the mind is usually one of despondency and sadness; a depressing, enervating presence not to be put by. He puts on paper, in palpable letters, which the dejected, doubting heart, in moody moments, knows too well how to spell into “words that burn” into its own core—the floating, timid, but ever-recurring fears and fancies with which that heart, knowing its own bitterness, and *not* knowing its own whence and whither and why, is tremblingly familiar. No wonder that Mr. Hawthorne should be so richly endowed, as some of his observers assure us he is,* with the divine faculty of silence, when

into the abyss of despair. See *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1852.

* When occupying the Old Manse, Mr. Hawthorne is said to have been, to his neighbors, as much a phantom and a fable as the old parson of the parish, dead half a century before, whose faded portrait in the attic was gradually rejoining its original in native dust. “The gate, fallen from its hinges in a remote antiquity, was never re-hung. The wheel-track leading to the door remained still overgrown with grass. No bold villager ever invaded the sleep of the glimmering shadows in the avenue. At evening, no lights gleamed in the windows. Scarce once in many months did the single old nobby-faced coachman at the railroad bring a fare to Mr. Hawthorne’s.” If ever his “darkly-clad figure” was to be seen in the garden, it was as a “brief apparition”—and passing farmers would think they had but dreamed of it, till again they caught a glimpse of the solitary. One of his *vis-à-vis* observers, however, thus describes him:—“During Hawthorne’s first year’s residence in Concord, I have driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson’s. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed on the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for sometime scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the hedge (!) of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his bright eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood quietly there for a long time, watching the dead white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him, the conversation flowed steadily on as if everybody understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence, that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this

mixing in social life. Small-talk, tea-table prattle, tripping gossip, versatile chit-chat—these are not for one whose cherished habit is to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and to sit in the shade to ruminate, while others traverse the gay meadow to graze. Nor is he to be appreciated but by those who, whatever their loquacity, are, *au fond*, pensive and given to speculative broodings. The art with which he can lend a superstitious awe to his stories, and subtilize their grosser common-places into ghostly significance, will indeed always secure him a good company of readers. But to enter into his mood as well as meaning, and to gather from his sentences and suggestions all that was fermenting in his soul when he wrote them, is for an inner circle of disciples. Not that we arrogate a place there; but at least we can recognize this esoteric initiation.

The “Twice-told Tales” have been criticised by the author himself (and, he intimates, “with perfect sincerity and unreserve”), and compared by him to pale-tinted flowers that have blossomed in too retired a shade—marked by the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, he observes, there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader’s mind without a shiver. “Whether from lack of power,” he continues, “or an unconquerable reserve, the author’s touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos.” And he asks us, if we would see anything in the book, to read

silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the ‘slow, wise smile’ that breaks over his face, like day over the sky, said: ‘Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.’” The same authority informs us, that during his three years’ occupancy of the Old Manse, Mr. Hawthorne was not seen, probably, by more than a dozen villagers—choosing the river-side, where he was sure of solitude, for his walks—and loving to bathe every evening in the river after nightfall;—and other illustrations are added, in a “very American” tone, of the romancer’s manner of manhood. See that gaily-equipped gift-book, *Homes of American Authors*, published last year by Messrs. Putnam.

it in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; confessing that if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

All prizes, no blanks, the pages are not, whether read, as Jack Falstaff says, "by day or night, or any kind of light." But whenever read, at vespers or matins, on grass or in garret, by youth or by age, the pages are studded, *haud longis intervallis*, with passages that pay their way. Amid so miscellaneous a "store," we can select for passing mention one or two only, which appear most characteristic of the narrator's manner of spirit. Such is "The Minister's Black Veil," which *could* have been written by none other than the hand that traced in burning furrows the "Scarlet Letter:" there is truly, as Parson Hooper feels, a preternatural horror interwoven with the threads of the black crape covering his face—an ambiguity of sin or sorrow so enveloping the poor minister, that love or sympathy can no longer reach him—so that, with self-shudderings and outward terrors, his earthly fate is to be ever groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddens the whole world. Such is also "The Wedding Knell"—with that grotesquely repulsive rendezvous at the church-altar; the aged bride, an insatiate woman of the world, clad in brightest splendor of youthful attire, and suddenly startled, as she awaits the bridegroom, by the dreadful anachronism of a tolling bell, the only flourish to announce her affianced one, who arrives in the midst of a slow funeral procession, his vestment a shroud! Such, again, is "Wakefield"—with its warning monition, that amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world individuals are so nicely adjudged to a system, and systems to one another, and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place for ever, and becoming the Outcast of the Universe. It is a capital touch in this story of an eccentric man's twenty years' desertion of his wife and home, without assignable cause, even to himself, while dwelling all the while in the next street,—that of his venturing out for the first time from his secret lodging, partly resolving to cross the head of the street, and send one hasty glance towards his forsaken domicile, when "habit—for he is a man of habits—takes him by the hand, and guides him, wholly unaware, to his own door, where, just at the critical moment, he is aroused by the scraping of his foot upon the step"—and, in affright, little dreaming of the

doom to which his first backward step devotes him, he hurries away, breathless with agitation, and afraid to look back. Not always, as in this case, is Mr. Hawthorne careful to furnish his tales or vagaries with a "pervading spirit or moral," either implicit and implied, or "done up neatly, and condensed into the final sentence." What, for instance, is the moral, what the spirit, what the meaning of "The Great Carbuncle?"* Thought may, as he alleges, always have its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral; but interpreted as some, and they not purblind, critics apprehend, that allegory of the crystal mountains is efficacious only as a premium to skepticism, and a *dampener* to all imagination that would with the lofty sanctify the low, and sublimiate the human with the divine. No such intention may the allegorist have had; but at least he might have guarded against so justifiable a gloss by using a more intelligible cypher.

In his best style is that brief fantasy of the mid-day slumberer beside the tuft of maples, "David Swan"—during whose hour's sleep there successively visit him, as stray passengers on the highway, a pair of opulent elders, who half resolve to adopt him; and a heart-free maiden, who becomes a half lover at first sight; and a couple of scampish reprobates, who more than half determine to rob, and, if need be, dirk the dreaming lad. When the coach wheels awaken him, and he mounts and rides away, David casts not one parting glance at the place of his hour's repose beside the maple-shaded fountain—unconscious of the three unrealized Acts of that hour's unacted Drama—ignorant that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon that fountain's waters, and that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, and that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood: so true is it that, sleeping or waking, we hear the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Very significant of the author's meditative habit is his description of the interruption of the two rascals' felonious design: "They left the spot with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as

* The idea itself may have been suggested by an allusion to Scott's "Pirate." See chap. xix., and note 2.

durable as eternity." This thought is illustrated more at length in the "morality" called "Fancy's Show-Box"—which discusses, as a point of vast interest, the question whether the soul may contract stains of guilt in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence—whether the fleshy hand, and visible frame of man, must set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner. Casuistry of this sort is "nuts" to Mr. Hawthorne.

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," too, has the real Hawthorne odor. The quartette of withered worldlings, who, by the doctor's magic art, enjoy a temporary rejuvenescence—with what cruel truth their weak points are exposed! First laughing tremulously at the ridiculous idea that, were youth restored them, they, with their experience of life, would, or should, or could, ever go astray again—gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, without warmth enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of recovering their spring days. And then, when the spell began to work, lost in a delirium of levity, maddened with exuberant frolic, and disporting themselves in follies to be equalled only by their own absurdities half a century before. An apologue, styled "The Lily's Quest," relates the rambles of two lovers in search of a site for their Temple of Happiness—they, the representatives of Hope and Joy, while there dogs them a darksome figure, type of all the woeful influences which life can conjure up, and interposing a gloomy forbiddal whenever they think the site is found: a site is at last found, which he forbids not; but it is—a grave. Touchingly beautiful, however, is the inference drawn by the bridegroom, despite the taunting words of the Dark Shadow over his bride's grave; for then he knew, we are told, what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him; and he could throw his arms towards heaven and cry, "Joy, joy! on a grave be the site of our temple; and now our happiness is for eternity!" Nor must we omit allusion to "Edward Fane's Rosebud," that retrospect of a mumbling crone's girlhood, when wrinkled Nurse Toothaker (now cowering in rheumatic crabbedness over her fire, and warming her old bones too by an infusion of Geneva) was a fresh and fair young maiden—so fresh and fair, that instead of Rose, which seemed too mature a name for

her half-opened beauty, her lover called her Rosebud;—nor again, and lastly, to the legend of the mantle of Lady Eleanore—fatal handiwork of a dying woman, which, perchance, owed the fantastic grace of its design to the delirium of approaching death, and with whose golden threads the last toil of stiffening fingers had interwoven plague and anguish, a spell of dreadful potency; itself a symbol of Eleanore's withdrawal from the sympathies of our common nature, and the instrument of her signal and utter humiliation. The subtlety and power of this legend are of the rarest.

"The Blithedale Romance" we esteem, in spite of its coming last, the highest and best of Mr. Hawthorne's works. The tale is narrated with more ingenuity and ease; the characters are at least equal to their predecessors, and the style is at once richer and more robust—more mellowed, and yet more pointed and distinct. A true artist has planned and has filled up the plot, ordering each conjunction of incidents, and interweaving the cross threads of design and destiny with masterly tact; skilled in the by-play of suggestion, hint, and pregnant passing intimation—in the provocative spell of suspense—in the harmonious development of once scattered and seemingly unrelated forces. His humor is fresher in quality, and his tragic power is exercised with almost oppressive effect—at times making the boldest, oldest romance reader

Hold his breath
For a while;

at others making all *but* him lose the dimmed line in blinding tears. There are scenes that rivet themselves on the memory—such as Coverdale's interview with Westervelt in the woodland solitude, followed by his observation of another rencontre from his leafy hermitage in the vine-entangled pine-tree; and the dramatic recital of Zenobia's Legend; and the rendezvous at Eliot's Pulpit; and above all, the dreadful errand by midnight in quest of the Dead—intensified in its grim horror by the contrasted temperaments of the three searchers, especially Silas Foster's rude matter-of-fact hardness, probing with coarse unconscious finger the wounds of a proud and sensitive soul. There are touches of exquisite pathos in the evolution of the tale of sorrow, mingled with shrewd "interludes" of irony and humor which only deepen the distress. Antiperistasis, Sir Thomas Browne would call it.

Upon the bearing of the romance on So-

cialism we need not descant, the author explicitly disclaiming all intent of pronouncing *pro* or *con* on the theories in question. As to the characters, too, he as explicitly repudiates the idea, which in the teeth of such disclaimer, and of internal evidence also, has been attributed to him, of portraying in the Blithedale actors the actual companions of his Brook Farm career—or other American celebrities (as though Margaret Fuller were Zenobia, because both living on “Rights of Woman” excitement, and both dying by drowning!). The characters are few; but each forms a study. The gorgeous Zenobia—from out whose imposing nature was felt to breathe an influence “such as we might suppose to come from Eve, when she was just made, and her Creator brought her to Adam, saying, ‘Behold, here is a Woman!’”—not an influence merely fraught with especial gentleness, grace, modesty, and shyness, but a “certain warm and rich characteristic, which seems, for the most part, to have been refined away out of the feminine system.”* Hollingsworth—by nature deeply and warmly benevolent, but restricting his benevolence exclusively to one channel, and having nothing to spare for other great manifestations of love to man, nor scarcely for the nutriment of individual attachments, unless they minister, in some way, to the terrible egotism which he mistakes for an angel of God:—with something of the woman moulded into his great stalwart frame, and a spirit of prayer abiding and working in his heart;—but himself grown to be the bond-slave of his philanthropic theory, which has become to him in effect a cold spectral monster of his own conjuring; persuading himself that the importance of his

public ends renders it allowable to throw aside his private conscience; embodying himself in a project, which the disenchanted Zenobia reprobates with hissing defiance as “self, self, self!” Priscilla, again: a weakly bud that blossoms into health and hope under the fostering clime of Blithedale, where she seems a butterfly at play in a flickering bit of sunshine, and mistaking it for a broad and eternal summer—though her gaiety reveals at times how delicate an instrument she is, and what fragile harp-strings are her nerves—a being of slender and shadowy grace, whose mysterious qualities make her seem diaphanous with spiritual light. Silas Foster, too: “lank, stalwart, uncouth, and grisly-bearded;” the prose element, and very dense prose, too, in the poetry of the Communists, with his palm of sole-leather and his joints of rusty iron, and his brain (as Zenobia pronounces it) of Savoy cabbage. And old Moodie, or Fauntleroy—that finished picture of a skulking outcast—shy and serpentine—with a queer appearance of hiding himself behind the patch on his left eye—a deplorable gray shadow—mysterious, but not mad; his mind only needing to be screwed up like an instrument long out of tune, the strings of which have ceased to vibrate smartly and sharply—“a subdued, undemonstrative old man, who would doubtless drink a glass of liquor, now and then, and probably more than was good for him; not, however, with a purpose of undue exhilaration, but in the hope of bringing his spirits up to the ordinary level of the world’s cheerfulness.”* Miles Coverdale himself is no lay figure in the group of actors. His character is replete with interest, whether as a partial presentment of the author’s own person, or as a type of no uncommon individuality, in this

* What accuracy amid the hot passion of Zenobia’s self-portraiture, just before the tragedy curtain drops:—“At least, I am a woman, with every fault, it may be, that a woman ever had—weak, vain, unprincipled (like most of my sex; for our virtues, when we have any, are merely impulsive and intuitive), passionate, too, and pursuing my foolish and unattainable ends by indirect and cunning, though absurdly chosen means, as an hereditary bond-slave must; false, moreover, to the whole circle of good, in my reckless truth to the little good I saw before me—but still a woman!” And oh the bitter, almost blasphemous, yet overwhelming pathos of her following words—the sobbing protest of a broken, bankrupt heart—“A creature whom only a little change of earthly fortune, a little kinder smile of Him who sent me hither, and one true heart to encourage and direct me, might have made me all that a woman can be!” Words worthy of *thee*, Zenobia, queenly struggler against the bars of thy prison-house!—words spoken not wisely, but too well.

* It is fine to see how the old man *does* “come out” under the spell of claret, when Coverdale beguiles him into telling the story of his blighted life—to recognize the connoisseur in the seedy gray-beard’s way of handling the glass, in his preliminary snuff at the aroma, in his curious glance at the label of the bottle, as if to learn the brand, in the gustatory skill with which he prolonged the first cautious sip of the wine, to give his palate the full advantage of it. And the transforming efficacy of the flavor and perfume, recalling old associations; so that “instead of the mean, slouching, furtive, painfully depressed air of the old city-vagabond, more like a gray kennel-rat than any other living thing, he began to take the aspect of a decayed gentleman.” Even his garments began to look less shabby to his entertainer—but then Coverdale himself had quaffed a glass or two when *this* phase of the transfiguration opened.

age of "yeast." We have in him a strange but most true "coincidence" of warm feeling and freezing reflection, of the kind deep heart and the vexed and vacillating brain, of a natural tendency to faith, and a constitutional taint of skepticism, of the sensuous, indolent epicurean and the habitual cynic, of the idealist—all hope, and the realist—all disappointment. It is this fusion of opposite, not contradictory qualities, which gives so much piquancy and flavor to Coverdale's character, and his author's writings in general.

To become a member of the Blithedale socialistic institute, at which the world laughed as it *will* laugh at castles in the air—and all the while, evidently all the while, to be convinced at heart that the scheme is impracticable—this is quite *au naturel* with the Blithedale romancer. When he retires, and former acquaintance show themselves inclined to ridicule his heroic devotion to the cause of human welfare, he sanctions the jest, and explains that really he had but been experimentalizing, and with no valuable amount of hope or fear at stake, and that the thing had enabled him to pass the summer in a novel and agreeable way, had afforded him some grotesque specimens of artificial simplicity, and could not, therefore, *quoad* himself, be reckoned a failure. Miles gives us the best insight into his mind in its distinctive features, by such a passing reflection as this—where he is recording the invigorating tone of Blithedale air to the new converts from faded conventional life: "We had thrown off that sweet, bewitching, enervating indolence, which is better, after all, than most of the enjoyments within mortal grasp." His deficiency in the *excelsior* aspiration of the sanguine temperament stands revealed in every chapter. A little exaggerated, but that not much, in his language to Priscilla: "My past life has been a tiresome one enough; yet I would rather look backward ten times than forward once. For, little as we know of our life to come, we may be very sure, for one thing, that the good we aim at will not be attained. People never do get just the good they seek. If it come at all, it is something else, which they never dreamed of, and did not particularly want." And the conflicting influences of which we have spoken are notably illustrated when he describes his antipathy to, heightened by his very sympathy with, the odious Westervelt: "The professor's tone represented that of worldly society at large, where a cold skepticism smothers what it can of our spiritual aspirations, and

makes the rest ridiculous. I detested this kind of man; and all the more because a part of my own nature showed itself responsive to him." An admirable bit of psychology, and eminently *like* Nathaniel Hawthorne.

But for our restricted limits, fain would we string together a few of those pithy reflections with which the romance abounds—many of them, indeed, questionable, but nearly all worth transcription, and stamped with the quaint die of the romancer's *esprit*. Differ from him as you may, you are all along interested in him, and are apt to find more in his crotchets than in a dullard's "exquisite reasons."

Of "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," the "Mosses from an Old Manse," &c., we have entered our verdict, such as it is, in a previous "fly-leaf." The "Life of Franklin Pierce," a confessedly time-serving palaver, is in no way worthy of that "statue of night and silence"* which Mr. Hawthorne has been called. It is meagre, hasty, and without distinctive merit of any kind. Prejudiced in his favor, we read it with full purpose of heart to like it exceedingly, and to find an immense deal in it; but it baffled us outright; and we could only conclude that, like *bonus Homerus*, this our *bonus Albaspinus* may be caught *quandoque dormitans*.

A word or two, however, ere we leave him, upon his more genial and satisfactory contributions to the Literature of Childhood. The "Wonder-Book," like most true books for children, has a charm for their grave and reverend seniors. These old-world myths of Pandora and Midas, and Baucis and Philemon, are related with the poetical simplicity and good faith which is their due, and the due of all child-auditors. Mr. Hawthorne loves and understands, and is loved and understood by, what Wordsworth calls

—Real children: not too wise,
Too learned, or too good.†

* An American visitor at Emerson's Monday *soirées*, at which a "Congress of Oracles" held *stances* to the admiration of "curious listeners," and all ate russet apples in perfect good fellowship, describes Miles Coverdale as sitting, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante—"a statue of night and silence," gazing imperceptibly upon the parliamentary group; "and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories." Such was his contribution to the *conversations*. But a Liverpool consulate will surely test his taciturnity.

† "Prelude." Book V.

Do you remember "Little Annie's Ramble" in "Twice-told Tales?"—where he tells us that if he prides himself on anything it is because he has a smile that children love—and that few are the grown ladies that could entice him from the side of such as little Annie, so deep is his delight in letting his mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. For he wisely holds and sweetly teaches that, as the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. And he maintains, with a fervor and an *experto crede* decision that would have won him Jean Paul's benison, that the influence of these little ones upon us is at least reciprocal with ours on them—and that when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler women, and spend an hour or two with children. Here is the genuine man for inditing a "Wonder-Book" for small people. Woe worth the "once upon a time" when, says the collector of "Yule-Tide Stories," there were no Popular Tales—adding, "and a sad time it was for children."* And a sad time it promised to be for children some few years since, when the present reaction in favor of such literary purveyors as the

* See the "Birth of the Popular Tale," forming the introduction to Mr. Thorpe's "Yule-Tide Stories," a collection of tales and traditions of the north of Europe (Bohn, 1853). In which story we are pleasantly taught how two royal children, representing human beings in general, while inhabiting a magnificent domain, are ill at ease, with a vague sense of longing; which is at length relieved by their mother's inwardly wishing for some miraculous antidote to their complaint. This comes in the shape of a beautiful bird, from whose "golden green and golden blue" egg is hatched "the particolored, winged, glittering delight of childhood, itself a child, the wondrous bird *Imagination*, the *Popular Tale*." And now the mother (Nature) saw her children no longer sad. They contracted an ardent love for the tale. And the result was, that it "sweetened their early days, delighted them with its thousand varying forms and metamorphoses, and flew over every house and hut, over every castle and palace." But furthermore, the tale was not limited, in its mission, to the children. "Its nature was such, that even those of maturer age found pleasure in it, provided only that in their riper years they possessed something which they had brought with them from the garden of childhood—a child-like simplicity of heart." Without which, we recommend no one to read Messrs. Hawthorne and Benjamin Thorpe.

Brothers Grimm had not yet set in, and childhood seemed in post-haste to be turned into a Useful Knowledge Society—a corporation without imagination, fancy, poetry, faith, soul, or spirit—a joint-stock company of old heads on young shoulders, and tiny bosoms without hearts in them. Then it was that Charles Lamb piteously said, in one of his nonpareil letters, "Goody Two Shoes is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's* hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them.† Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child." And there follows Lamb's *argumentum ad hominem* S. T. C., which, remembering *what* manner of man S. T. C. was, we read very feelingly: "Think of what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!" *Ach Himmel!* what had then become of the "Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," and all the others, best reliques of the noticeable man with large gray eyes!

Why, sir, it may be retorted, he might then have become a cosy, comfortable, substantial, practical man; and S. T. C. might have been as well known and respected on 'Change as £ s. d. itself. That pampered imagination was the ruin of him.

Yes, comfortable and well-to-do man of business! in your sense it was. But in another sense,‡ for which he is dear, and by

* Whither Charles and "Bridget" had just wended their way, to buy some nursery classics for little Hartley Coleridge. He, we hope, retained, as he certainly prized and loved them, to the last.

† Had Charles asked for them, we presume this shopman would have construed his stutter into an inability, for very shame, to make inquiries for anything so frivolous and out of date.

‡ Says Wordsworth to Coleridge (just as Lamb said, *ut supra*).

"Where had we been, we two, beloved friend!" &c., if reared on the modern mannikin system! Wordsworth "pours out thanks with uplifted

which only he is known, to his familiars, it went far towards the making of him.

A wonderful digression, by the way ; but one for which the "Wonder-Book" is radically responsible, and into which we should not have been ensnared, but that the Goody-books, and encyclopædia horn-books, and pantechnic primers, have still their advocates in the midst of us. Well :

They may talk as they will, but the fairy times
Were the pleasantest times of all ;
When up from their dwellings, a few dark rhymes
The genii of earth could call.

Oh, from our heart, how we'd pray and vow,
If rhymes had but half such virtue now !

And therefore grateful and glad is our welcome of one who revivifies dormant feelings, and freshens sere hearts with the dew of the morning, and to whom we can say, with full assurance of faith, "Historian of our infancy ! bide with us—do not yet depart—dead times revive in thee :"—

We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young ;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TABLE-TALK ABOUT THOMAS MOORE.

We do not approach the name of Thomas Moore with any critical intentions. Whatever we shall have to say about his genius in the various and opposite forms of literature he enriched, must be accepted in the sense of a tribute rather than an estimate. The panegyric he applied to Sheridan might be applied with equal truth to himself, that

— "he ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
of all."

But it is too late to sit in judgment on Moore. The verdict has long since been pronounced, and remotest posterity will ratify its justice. The delight he bestowed upon his own age will transmit its sweetness to all time ; and, although the fragrance may become fainter with the lapse of years, it will never die. Whatever changes may pass over our language or our literature, or whatever destiny may await his works as a whole, he will always survive through some of his melodious utterances,—his spirit will

heart, that *he* was reared safe from an evil which these days have laid upon the children of the land, *a pest that might have dried him up, body and soul !*" See, in *extenso*, the noble Fifth Book of the "Prelude"—on the text :

"Oh ! give us once again the wishing cap
Of Fortunatus, and the inviolable coat
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
And Sabra in the forest with St. George !
The child whose love is here, at least doth reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself."

always be felt in the influence it exercised over the intellectual development of the eighteenth century.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still !"

Of the many phases in which he is presented to us, poet, musician, historian, biographer, there is none that appears to us so endearing as that of his personal character, apart from authorship. There were little drawbacks in it, as there are specks in the sun ; but the soundness of his heart, the beauty of his domestic life, the practical integrity and independence he exhibited in his political and social relations, and the noble example of self-reliance he set to all men who adopt literature as a profession, make up the elements of a character which, in its sphere, was as worthy of honor and admiration as that of the most virtuous and inflexible public character. Perhaps a great deal more so, for the temptations to indulgence in his case were unusually strong, and there was no éclat to be gained by a strict observance of those duties, which, like violets, "court the shade." Removed, as we are now, at a distance from the associations in which he passed his life, the little vanities that entered into his daily intercourse with his contemporaries become massed in broader features. We no longer care to remem-

ber them, or if we remember them at all, it is only for the sake of remembering also how superior he was to them. No man is great before his valet-de-chambre. No man can stand the test of the club-window, the gossiping coterie, the supercilious sneer. Yet out of all these risks of fashion and convention, to which more than most men he was exposed, and from which few escape without damage, Moore, who had everything against him in his origin, and in a figure so small as not only not to command attention, but to suggest a thousand playful images of singing birds, and roses steeped in wine, miniature Anacreons and musical Cupids, soared into the highest circles, and literally nestled there all his life, without compromising the respect due to his own claims, or to the claims of the literature that took him there. If there was homage at his side, there was also homage at the other. If he lifted himself up to them, they stooped to him. And as his fame spread, and his society came to be sought more and more, till at last it was a matter of rivalry and competition to get possession of him, he turned the tables on nobility itself, and might be said to have finally condescended to them, as they in the beginning had condescended to him. His career was, in this respect, a proud vindication of the supremacy of intellect over mere rank. If he followed great people at first, he raised himself above them in the end. He, about whom so many brilliant reputations and eager coronets clustered, had more favors to dispense in the world of excitement in which he moved than cabinet ministers or court parasites. It was said of him, as it has been said of men of less genial natures, that he "dearly loved a lord;" but it could not be said that he showed his passion for lords by sycophancy or meanness. It betrayed itself rather in that uneasy sort of false pride which, by hastily resenting such imputations, to some extent justified them. But it never took the shape of fawning, servility, or base flattery.

The wonder was, not that he should have been so completely absorbed by aristocratic society, but that he was so little dazzled by it. In estimating correctly the position he occupied, and the gay *insouciance* with which he filled it, we must look at the circumstances under which it was originally won. Here was a young man, scarcely twenty years of age, born in obscurity, without connections or resources, cast upon the great world of London to eat his terms at the bar,

with scarcely the means of paying his fees. He is furnished with a few introductions; has a translation, hardly finished, of Anacreon in his pocket, for which he is endeavoring to obtain a list of subscribers, and is chiefly recommended to the people at whose houses he visits by a small but very agreeable talent for music. The union of the poetical with the musical faculty raises him above the mere character of a dilettanti performer in the drawing room, and the sparkle of his conversation, rendered piquant by Hibernian wit and animal spirits, makes him a sort of little lion all at once. He is asked out every where, writes songs that hurry him into a bewildering maze of social popularity, and before he has had time to form a single plan for the future, is fairly lost in the maelstrom of dinners and evening parties. He has been only a few months in London when he writes to his mother, "I am just going out to dinner, and then to two parties in the evening. This is the way we live in London, no less than three every evening. *Vive la Bagatelle!* 'Away with melancholy.'" And this goes on day after day and night after night incessantly. His reputation pours upon him in a flood; the Prince of Wales has promised to accept the dedication of his book, and he is already in advance of many an established fame before he has legitimately appeared before the public as an author. There is no doubt that he owed all this brilliant success, in the first instance, to his songs. There is no accomplishment so attractive in the fashionable world as this happy combination of music and poetry, and no accomplishment half so dangerous to the possessor. It is quite as seductive to the singer as to the listener. It holds out the most tempting inducements to him to "give up to *parties* what was meant for mankind," as a living wit said of one who yielded up his fine talents too easily to the pleasures of society. The steadiness with which Moore pursued his course, at that early age, through this intoxicating round of delights, could hardly have been anticipated from his family or national antecedents, and still less from the complexion of his genius, as it developed itself at that time. The domestic letters written to his friends at home, in which he describes his London dissipation, confessing frankly to the minutest foibles of his enjoyments, show how little his real nature was warped or perverted by them. There are frivolous and puerile things in these letters, but there is also a steadfast faith in them. He never forgot the associa-

tions of his youth—his mother—his father—his eccentric old uncle—his sister—the companions and friends of his boyhood ; and a hundred times, in the midst of dinners, balls, and operas, he wishes himself back again amongst them. His thoughts are always there. This true love of home-ties, with all its softening and chastening influences, lay like sunshine on his heart throughout his whole life ; and, remembering that, unlike other popular authors, he did not make his way to high places by a slow and gradual ascent, gathering strength and experience as he mounted, but that he sprang at a bound into the exclusive circles, and was caressed and petted into notoriety, it is matter for surprise that he was not spoiled for nobler uses at the outset.

Many years have elapsed, many more than we care to recall, since we first saw Thomas Moore. He had already become the "poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." His songs had been wafted, like perfume on the winds, into every homestead in the kingdom, and he enjoyed that special kind of popularity which had even more love in it than admiration. He had the aspect of one who lived quite as much in the affections of the world, as in its homage. The expression of his face was gay, bright, and roguish. It was radiant with fun, singularly refined and restrained by an air of high breeding, almost aristocratic in its tone. Bon-mots seemed to be always sparkling in his eyes ; while the mobility of his mouth, the brilliant tinge on his cheek, the laughing dimples and circles that were in incessant play as he spoke, and the clear expanse of a highly intellectual forehead, gave you at once the idea of a wit brimming over with cordiality and animal spirits. His head was the finest study in the world for a young Bacchus, with its thick clustering curls and ringlets, realizing, at a glance, the poetical ideal of hilarity and joyousness ; and you could hardly help thinking that it was not quite perfect without its wreath. Yet it never suggested the notion of a *bon vivant*, but that of a lively table-companion, an animated epigram, a capital story-teller, an accomplished retailer of *ana*, who brought into society an inexhaustible fund of the choicest good things, and the happiest spirit of enjoyment.

When we last saw him, a sad and painful change had passed over him. It was not the exhaustion of time, or the constant excitement of society, that had wrought this change, for time seemed to pass over him lightly enough, and he had always carried himself through the turmoil of the great world with prudence

and self-control. In the interval, domestic sorrows had fallen heavily upon him ; some of his dear ones, in whom he had garnered up his hearthstone affections, had been taken from him, and he never recovered from the gloom of these afflicting bereavements. Other misfortunes, that would have been more terrible to some men, had left him unscathed. His cheerfulness had never deserted him through the pecuniary troubles in which he had been involved ; and he was never more gay or hopeful than when he was leaving England, for an indefinite period, to escape a debtor's prison. It was this very constitution, so indifferent to mere personal anxieties, and so exquisitely tender where his affections were concerned, that had made him so loveable and beloved all through his life. The change was apparent in a moment, and had borne down his whole frame like a stroke of illness. The clustering hair had become iron-gray and scanty ; the brightness of his features was clouded over by a settled look of nervous melancholy ; his figure had become attenuated and feeble, and had lost all its roundness and elasticity ; his eyes were dull and wandering ; and it was evident that he spoke and smiled with an effort, and that it was a labor to him to try to kindle up now and then some pleasant memory, or to throw out some of those sparks of wit that once flew off in rapid succession from him at the slightest collision. He was no longer the same being ; his strength was shattered, his gaiety extinguished, and his zest in social enjoyments no longer able to sustain him through the fatigue of conversation. The contrast with that image of glee and triumph, which he had impressed upon us so vividly when we were first introduced to him many years before by his early friend Captain Atkinson, can never be effaced from our recollection.

Captain Joseph Atkinson, who is only occasionally and slightly alluded to in the letters and diaries, was a speciality in his day, and deserves a more conspicuous place in the biography of the poet than he has received. This Captain Atkinson, who was familiarly called Joe Atkinson in his own circle, held the appointment of treasurer to the Irish ordnance and resided in a tolerably spacious country-house, a few miles distant from Dublin, where he dispensed, with great good-nature and liberality, the hospitalities and the patronage of a *Mecænas* in a small way. Early in life he had served in America with Lord Moira, and been one of the convives of Carlton House, where his passion for theatricals, and his invincible *bonhomie*, rendered him a

distinguished favorite with the prince. The tradition of his intimacy with royalty, invested him with no little importance in the society of the Irish capital, where the merciless wags used to relate preposterous anecdotes of that palmy period of his life; and, amongst other jokes that were current about the favors he received from His Royal Highness, it was said that the curious privilege had been conferred on him of sitting with his hat on in the prince's box at the opera. Atkinson himself enjoyed these pleasant jests quite as much as their inventors, and his social qualities, and the real gentleness and goodness of his nature, surrounded him with attached friends in spite of them. No man was more pampered with indulgence; his foibles were all on the side of kindliness; and his worst foible was that of believing himself to be a critic, and of seeking to advance the fortunes of young authors, in whom he imagined he had discovered the germs of future greatness, but whom a stricter judgment would have recommended at once to some less ambitious pursuit. But he did not always commit flagrant mistakes of this kind. Amongst the numerous aspirants he took under his protection, it would have gone hard with him if some of them did not do credit to his patronage; and the one remarkable instance in which it was his good fortune to give the first direction to a career with which his own name must always be incidentally associated, is sufficient to redeem him from oblivion.

Captain Atkinson became acquainted with Thomas Moore while the latter was a student in Trinity College, and being attracted by the freshness and promise of his poetry, which had as yet ventured upon no higher flights than a few love verses in ladies' albums, and a lyric or two in the "Anthologia Hibernica," he gave a practical proof of the interest he took in him by introducing him to his friend Lord Moira, by whom Moore was afterwards introduced to the Prince of Wales. From this auspicious beginning—this little pebble, flung by the hand of the good-natured Joe Atkinson into the waters, the circles of an increasing reputation spread till they embraced the whole circumference of the whig aristocracy, and Atkinson was merged, although not forgotten, in the more powerful influences he had himself set in motion. Moore always retained the most affectionate feelings for him. One of his poems from Bermuda, addressed to Atkinson, commences with a tribute of the warmest regard:—

"The daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
The kindest, the dearest,—oh! judge by the tear
I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear."

To that early friend, also, he dedicated the second edition of Little's poems; and when poor Atkinson died at Cheltenham, in 1818, whither he had gone in the hope of repairing a broken constitution, Moore wrote a touching inscription for the monument to his memory in Cheadle church-yard, Staffordshire. The guilelessness and amiability of his character are happily portrayed in the opening lines:—

"If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthened flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his who, mourned by many, sleeps below."

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles."

Certainly no trait in the character of Joseph Atkinson was more prominent than simplicity. It committed him to a thousand blunders, the most conspicuous being the mistakes he made in the way of literature. He wrote several trivial pieces for the theatre, and one of them called "Love in a Blaze," interspersed with songs, exposed him to a storm of bantering squibs which he bore with indomitable good humor. The model he seems to have taken for these dramatic exercises of his literary leisure was O'Keefe's farces, imitating here and there with most diluted tenderness the 'sentimental' comedy of Kelly. His comic characters played off all the exhausted jokes of the stage which, even at that time, were worn threadbare, while his lovers swam in an ambient sea of fantastic feeling which had no more reality in it than the unseel fripperies of the property man. It would have demanded a superstitious faith in the traditional virtues and humors of that imaginary humanity to which Morton and Reynolds latterly acted as the High Priests, to enable an audience to sit through one of Atkinson's productions. Yet the genial nature of the writer contrived to vindicate itself, somehow, in these trifles. The songs, dealing in all the established images of roses and dew, tears, and caprices, were full of homage to beauty and love, and showed so much confidence in that sort of surface gallantry as fairly to disarm criticism.

You could not be angry with a poet who took your sensibility on such points for granted, and supplied you with forms of expression for it to which a preceding age had given its assent, and which he had now disinterred from the grave of commonplace for your delectation. You felt that he was carrying you back to a golden epoch of pastoral existence, and that it would be ungrateful not to accept the pains he had taken for your amusement as a compliment to the innocence of your heart. The comical side of his dialogue was cast in much the same mould. There was not a tinge of worldliness in it. It supposed a state of existence that was clearly impossible in the conventional condition of mankind. The jokes were antediluvian. They were equally free from coarseness and point. They fell flat into honest platitudes. You wondered why they made the people in the play laugh; and when some very broad absurdity was brought bodily on the scene, such as a clown dressed out like a wolf to frighten a group of villagers, or an old man, who would not let his daughter marry the youth of her choice, locked up in a cupboard, while the lovers made their escape to get married, you accorded to the palpable humor of the device the same license you would extend to a pantomime or a burlesque at Christmas or Easter, out of consideration for the uproarious delight of the children, who, at these holiday seasons, have an immemorial right to the lion's share of the entertainment. Then there was an invariable poetical fiction in the winding-up of the story—as far as there was any story to wind up—which could not be denied. If the bad were not punished as they deserved, they were dismissed with a toleration that inspired the firmest hope in their future good conduct. You felt quite assured from the manner in which they were forgiven, and in which they made off with their pardon, that they would never do anything wrong again; while the good characters—and generally speaking, they were nearly all as good as they could be—were rewarded, after the excellent old fashion, with fiddles and a dance. The last scene, which crowned the felicity of everybody concerned, usually closed with an ensemble in which the *dramatis personæ* stood in a row, hand in hand, singing a chorus of frantic merriment suggestive of a jovial supper, which the younger portion of the audience might suppose was to follow on the stage immediately after the fall of the curtain to

consummate the treaty of universal love and concord.

Amongst the persons casually alluded to in the reminiscences of Moore's boyhood is Wesley Doyle—an individual who is entitled to a marginal note *en passant*. Wesley Doyle was the son of a dancing-master, or music professor, in Dublin, which functions were frequently united in those days. Doyle was gifted with a sweet voice, and some taste, and was a favorite at the convivial supper-parties which were in vogue formerly in Ireland. Doyle was a grown man when Moore was a boy, and frequently sang duets with him. He lived upon the poet to the end of his life. Like some famous characters who owe their celebrity to a single incident, Wesley Doyle acquired whatever social reputation he enjoyed from the glory of having sung duets with Moore; and in subsequent years, when the incidents of their early intercourse had faded into generalities, he used to boast that he had taught Moore to sing. There is a story told of an Irishman who plunged into the water when George IV. was landing at Kingstown to shake hands with his Majesty, and who was ever after so proud of the circumstance that no earthly inducement could prevail upon him to wash the hand his Majesty had pressed. Wesley Doyle held his recollection of his musical intimacy with Moore in much the same sort of veneration. It was his *cheval de bataille*, and it unquestionably exercised a very considerable influence over his character. What manner of man he was originally we know not; but in his latter years he had something about him of the studied ease of a beau of the olden times. He dressed carefully, took infinite pains with his carriage as well as his toilet, and had altogether that kind of quiet gentlemanlike air which indicates the habits of a man who had either descended from an ancient family, and had always mixed with exclusive society, or who wished to impress that belief upon others. He never lapsed into an ordinary person. He appeared to be constantly engrossed with the consideration of appearances, and after some little knowledge of him, you could not avoid suspecting that there was a mystery of some kind connected with his life. You could detect in his manner a certain consciousness of something special in his claims or experiences; he seemed, in the blindest way possible, to look for deference, and to be treated with attention. It was all because he had sung duets with Moore; and although he never,

or very rarely, for it was too great a matter to make common property of, introduced the subject himself, yet by some means the fact was sure to ooze out in whatever company he appeared, and to attract towards him the curiosity which it was his delight to provoke and pique. His great pleasure was to sing Moore's songs, and he continued to sing them long after his voice had subsided into a very faint echo of what it had been. Moore tells us that Wesley Doyle and others attempted to teach him to play, but that he resisted all attempts to be taught, and finally taught himself. Whether Doyle really taught him to sing is more than doubtful, although he could hardly have failed to have gathered some hints from Doyle's manner, which closely resembled that of Moore. There was a similar feeling in both to give effect to the sentiment of a song, the same subdued pathos, and the same skilful reading, with more force and execution, however, in Doyle, and less poetical coloring. In the circles in which Doyle moved the charm he brought with him was the tradition of this dim and remote association with Moore. It preceded him wherever he went—it drew all eyes upon him, the eyes of people who were never likely to have an opportunity of seeing or hearing Moore himself, and were obliged to be content with getting him at second hand. Strange enough it is to think of the innumerable reflected reputations that float about us in this way in society, which nobody takes the trouble to sift, and price at their legitimate value. People seem to consent to them out of sheer laziness, and that which began in a mere bubble gathers at last into a substance. It must be said of Wesley Doyle, however, that he bore his laurels meekly. He never forgot that he was a crowned man, but the dignity did not make him ostentatious. Vain, of course, he was, but it was a very excusable and harmless vanity, and who had a right to interfere with it?

Moore's singing has been so often described and is so well known in its leading characteristics, that it will probably go down to posterity as an essential feature in all accounts of him. It was as peculiar as his songs, and its sweetness and expressiveness were indispensable to the full development of their beauties. It might be said of him with more truth than it has been said of many others, that there were tears in his voice; but the phrase does not accurately convey the pathos of his tones. His voice was small and weak; it was hardly equal to

the conventional demands of a song, and some of his own songs were quite beyond his reach—such, for instance, as the *Savourneen Dheelish*, which requires considerable power and compass. It was in the reading of his songs he excelled. The tone was silvery, and the feeling he threw into it, with a low and mournful warble, went straight to the heart, and filled the eyes of his hearers with tears. The spell was in the profoundness of the emotion he exhibited and awakened. In the playful passages, where the sunlight falls in upon the shower and suddenly brightens it, he was equally marvellous in his effects. Master of that peculiar transition from gay to sad which enters into the temperament of all Irish music, and thoroughly alive to the still more singular perplexity so frequently scattered over the national airs, in which both sad and gay are blended, and make their contradictory appeal together, he could draw out from the recesses of a song all those subtleties which escape, if they do not confound, the most accomplished musicians who are not to the manner born. These subtleties can never be conquered by study. They defy science; they are purely a matter of constitution. Irishmen penetrate them by instinct, and Moore added a refinement and purity to that instinct which heightened the results with an indescribable charm.

The same spirit of refinement pervades the songs themselves, and hence they are defective in one quality which is an indigenous attribute of the national character. There is no humor in them. No doubt if he had endeavored to infuse into these charming lyrics some of the broad coloring of the popular imagination, they never could have exercised that influence, which has secured to them a world-wide reception. But it may be fairly doubted whether it was not in some measure a matter of necessity with him to avoid the hazards of an element which his genius was hardly prepared to subjugate to his purpose. His own taste was fastidious on such points, and wherever he leaves the track of the graceful or the beautiful to indulge in wit or satire—as in *Captain Rock* or the *Fudge Family*—he bestows an amount of care and finish upon it that completely takes it out of the region of nationality.

In this point of view Burns is a greater national poet. He is more close and faithful to his original. His songs embody not only the heart of the country, but its eccentricities and peculiarities, even to its phraseology. The dialect was obviously a considerable help

to him ; it enabled him to give an appropriate and effective costume to words and forms, and to bring out the distinctive life of the people. There is no such resource in Ireland to assist the national poet in imparting the *couleur locale* to his lyrics ; and he is compelled to convey popular characteristics, which are very often mainly dependent for their force on the turn of expression, through a medium that sensibly abates their native hue. Burns, therefore, had that one signal advantage over Moore in embodying the traits and exploring to its depths the wild genius of his countrymen. His elastic means were adaptive to all aspects of their nature, and enabled him to seize with equal success upon the gay and the serious, the sarcastic and the humorous, the heroic and the tender. But if Moore has not exhibited this versatility of treatment, he has transcended Burns in the higher achievement of embodying in a universal language, with a felicity which no other writer has approached, the peculiar temperament of the Irish, blending with consummate skill its passionate ardor and its constitutional sadness, its strange interflow of gaiety and sorrow, and its undercurrent of imagination that runs ever freshly and brightly beneath the vicissitudes of clouds and sunshine that flicker over the surface. No national poetry ever found so enthusiastic a response in the sympathies and emotions of the race whose elemental qualities it portrayed—which is, perhaps, after all, the surest test of its truthfulness.

The Melodies literally run over with images. Their prodigality in this respect imparts an oriental character to them, which is in perfect keeping with the ordinary character of the people. It is very gravely stated by an Irish antiquary, that Irish is the language spoken by the angels in Paradise, a curious fact, which Mr. Lilly, the astrologer, attested out of his own experience long before ; but without venturing exactly to adopt that theory, it may be conceded to the Irish that there is strong evidence of an Eastern origin in their common use of a remarkably picturesque and imaginal style. The profusion of figures and the happy choice and employment of them, by which the Melodies are distinguished may, therefore, be regarded as one of the many agencies by which they found their way at once to the hearts of the whole population. Even the ornate manner in which these figures are wrought into shape, does not diminish their popular force. This high finish gives a refined expression to a prominent characteristic, which will al-

ways be recognized as the natural product of a soil teeming with the riches of an exuberant imagination.

Moore's prose was as happy as his verse. In Lalla Rookh alone he sacrificed his judgment to the seductions of his fancy. The prose of Lalla Rookh is spun sugar, and cloyes the palate. Lord Byron, who gloried in the poem, could not endure the interstitial links of narrative, and there are few readers, whose opinions in such matters are worth recording, that do not heartily agree with him. But in the lives of Sheridan and Byron, in the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, and in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, sparkling with trenchant wit and presenting an infinitely more complete bird's-eye view of Irish history than the elaborate work under that name which appears unfinished in the *Cyclopædia*, Moore has left behind him passages of power and eloquence that will long endure amongst the noblest specimens of English prose. "Considered merely as a composition," says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the *Life of Byron*, "it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation." This is high praise for a writer whose most conspicuous excellence lay in another and totally different direction, but it is not the highest praise these works deserve. The varied erudition they exhibit, the extensive range of reading and inquiry drawn upon to enforce and illustrate their statements, and the calm and thoughtful judgment, the critical acumen and earnest spirit which everywhere pervade them, bear testimony to a severe mental training, which poets rarely submit to, and which, even when they do, they still more rarely get credit for.

His correspondence was as delightful as his Rhymes on the Road, or the most playful of his terse and pointed satires, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very handwriting, neat, close, and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far handwriting may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that

may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of caligraphy ; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gaiety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after the manner in which the gipsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seem very sorry to lose me ; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the air treats the arrow, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse, he communicates the fact to his mother in this way : "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too ! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely ; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season, "That racketing old harridan, Mother Town, is at last dead. She expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gaiety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade on Friday morning at 8 o'clock ; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately." A fling, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent in a letter to Lady Donegal : "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he

says, "the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these : "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss —, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses ! Mix my poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots ! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild the pill* a little ; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal Volatile or Sall —." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch in my side* !" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lacemaker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I can be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gaiety of his letters even from these particles.

Like almost all poets whose works have a particular stamp or tendency, Moore was popularly identified with the practice of the festive and amatory doctrines he sang so genially. But his practice was in reality the very reverse of his precepts. It was taken for granted, because he threw such intensity into his bacchanalian songs, that he led the life of a bacchanal ; and a very literal gentleman who met him one morning in the quiet seclusion of St. Patrick's library in Dublin, consumed by an irrepressible desire to have his curiosity on that point set at rest, actually ventured to ask him whether he really was as fond of wine as his gushing songs led the world to believe. Moore was, of course, infinitely amused, and assured the gentleman (who was a perfect stranger to him) that he held the theory to be very pleasant and harmless in a song, but did not consider it quite so safe in practice. In fact, with a

most enjoyable temperament, he was very careful in the way of indulgence; and although not so ascetic in the matter of wine as Ned Waller, who would sit up all night over a glass of water with the Rochesters and Sedleys, his animal spirits mounting higher than theirs all the time, he invariably kept a prudential guard over his table pleasures, and, we believe, never in his life was guilty of an excess. But it must be acknowledged that, if he did not indulge to any undue extent himself, he was the cause of much undue indulgence in others. Never yet were there songs, even Burns's scarcely excepted, that threw the convivial circles into such ecstasies, or detained the gravest and discreetest people from their beds at such unseasonable hours of the morning. The lyrical arguments against breaking up the joyous gathering were irresistible, and exercised a magical influence over the feelings of the enthusiastic listeners. Groups already departing were always sure to be called back again for another round of hilarity by "One bumper at parting;" and when the ball was over, and daylight was streaming in through the windows on flushed cheeks and disordered tresses, which do not always appear to the greatest advantage under such circumstances, how often have the dispersing dancers been spell-bound by a voice in some corner of the room opening with the well-known appeal, "Fly Not Yet!" The sweet persuasiveness and bounding animal spirits that mantle up through these songs can never lose their power over the young.

The same thing may be said, with, perhaps, even a wider application, of his love songs. The inspiring beauty of these compositions, the poetical veil they fling over passion, and the purity of the homage they offer up to the sex, has entranced more lovers, and made the human heart more susceptible of impressions, than all the French stimulants and German romanticism that has ever permeated through society. Moore had a profound and real sense of beauty, refined and elevated by a most suggestive imagination. In looking back upon these productions as a whole, the delicacy and chastity of feeling by which they are pervaded, cannot fail to strike the reader. He will at once perceive that their warmth is the play of a luxurious fancy; that no songs of their class were ever more free from pruriency; and that even when they hover on the verge of the voluptuous, it is only to awaken an emotion which it is the purpose of the poet to spiritualize. We do not, of course, include

Little's poems amongst the true love-songs of Moore. Reprehensible, however, as they are in the eyes of rigid criticism, there is some palliation for them in their youthfulness. Joe Atkinson, who was famous for lambent images that had a phosphoric way of blazing without burning, said the very best thing that ever was said of them. "I'll tell you what it is," said he, "I always consider my friend Thomas Moore as an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." And Little's poems have very much that sort of dangerously innocent character in them. They were the first outburst of his boyhood, and belong to a different category from his more mature productions. But they form, nevertheless, the starting ground of a long line of lyrics that have found their way into all the living languages, and are not without some interest in the history of his poetical development as the point of departure from whence he set out to invigorate his genius in purer air and healthier climates.

His love-songs produced a sort of revolution in society. Schiller's "Robbers," or Goethe's "Werter," had not a more marked or decisive influence in inflaming the hearts whose pulses they stirred with novel sensations. Love, to be sure, is as old as Eden, and as universal as the earth's atmosphere; and after all that has been said about it in tragedies, comedies, pastorals, and lyrics, it might seem to be impossible to invest it with a new charm. Yet this impossible feat was accomplished by these delectable ballads, in which all the phases of the passion found a tongue of ineffable sweetness, and its most profound mysteries were interpreted into language. They were found to suit all imaginable cases of that trance in which the reason of the gravest men, at one time or another in the course of their lives, is certain to be caught swooning. They expressed every shade and variety of devotion—the gay and the melancholy—the bold and the timid—the doubtful and the impetuous—the happy and the wretched—the faint dawn, the glowing meridian, and the feverish setting of love. They sounded every depth and shallow of the passion, and supplied a medium of expression for every lover under the sun, no matter under what star of hope or despair his horoscope was cast. It was a natural corollary from the predominant characteristics of these fervid songs that the author of them must have led a life of universal gallantry. Such a reputation was, perhaps, inevitable. Yet it may be fairly doubted whether the common clay which enters into the composition of most prosaic people is less chargeable,

throughout its infinitesimal manifestations of susceptibility, with vagrant inspirations, than this most amorous of poets. He married young, and his domestic life, in the midst of the whirl and excitement of society, was not merely exemplary in the ordinary sense, but was distinguished by a tenderness and constancy of affection to his home ties, of which the examples amongst men basking, as he did all his life long, in the admiration and temptations of the world, are sufficiently rare. "You have contrived, God knows how!" says Miss Godfrey in 1806, "amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home, fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all." The prediction was verified to the letter, if we may accept the lady's definition of one, who, in his family and social relations, left no duty undischarged, no obligations of love unfulfilled. To his mother he always wrote twice a week, except during his absence in Bermuda, when the uncertainty of the mails interrupted his correspondence. Canning's devotion to his mother, curiously enough, was subjected to a similar check; his weekly communications with her, which he carried on to the end of her life, having never been suspended except during the interval of his residence in Portugal. Moore showed the same warm attachment to his father, his sister, and even to his eccentric uncle, throughout all those vicissitudes of fortune which lifted him to so great a height above their sphere. He is never weary of telling them in his letters how ardently and anxiously he thinks of them, and how freshly he still retains the first affections of his youth. "His expressions of tenderness," says Lord John Russell with excellent taste, "however simple, and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age *the accents and obedient spirit of infancy*." His devotion to his wife is recorded by the same hand in terms upon which no panegyric can improve. "In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchangeable affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confi-

dence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire."

The diary Moore left behind him for publication, which already extends to four volumes, although it carries us down only to the autumn of 1825, so that it promises to be of greater length than any diary on record, does not fully exhibit his character in its best phases, nor, indeed, satisfy us upon any of them. It is unlike all other diaries. It is not so rich as the *ana* of Spence or Selden in the way of anecdote and criticism, nor so characteristic of manners and persons as the diaries of Pepys or Evelyn, nor so full of the literary flavor as Boswell. It is in some sort a reunion of all these qualities, more casually brought out, and more lightly touched. It exhibits rather the social side of the picture than the political or literary, and throws very little light on the mental history of a writer whose progress from the pianoforte in the drawing-room to the shelves of the library, must have been crowded with interesting details. But in its social aspect it is replete with amusing varieties of all kinds; and, although, from the evidently hasty manner in which the incidents of the day were jotted down, Moore seldom allowed himself time to sketch in a portrait or note an opinion, the diary abounds in ephemeral memorabilia, that will be read with fugitive avidity. He never failed in his journal; but he was so absorbed by engagements, and seems to have been so perpetually called away from his task, that he limited his entries, for the most part, to the scantiest particulars. Yet it abounds in pleasantries, brief and sunny, and running the round of the celebrities of the day. He had a great zest for fun, and was an industrious picker-up of unconsidered trifles, dipped in the rainbows of fancy, wit, and mirth. Such bagatelles assimilated with the playfulness of his nature, and if he threw them, just as they came, into the heap of evanescent things he accumulated in his daily repository, it was not because he attached any value to them, but because they amused him. Take, for example, such scraps as the following: Dr. Currie being once bored by a foolish Blue to explain to her the meaning of the word *idea*, which she had met with in some metaphysical treatise, but did not understand, at last said to her angrily, "*Idea*, madam, is the feminine of *Idiot*, and means a female fool." There is a better thing about ideas attributed to Hazlitt. Having been knocked down by John Lamb (the brother of Charles) in some dispute, and being pressed by those who were present to

shake hands with him and forgive him, Hazlitt said, "Well, I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and don't mind 'a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts *me*." It is told of Mr. Robinson (we suppose Crabbe Robinson) that upon his receiving his first brief at the bar, he immediately went to Charles Lamb to tell him of it, when Lamb observed, "I suppose you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first*, great *cause*, least understood.'" This is a little irreverent; but there is another still worse, an anecdote of a Bishop saying after his fourth bottle, striking his head in a fit of mandlin piety, "I have been a great sinner; but I love my Redeemer!" which (if it were not too hackneyed to repeat) might be coupled with the well-known joke of poor Hook's on the pawnbroker's dinner. To these may be added a villanous jest of pretty much the same order. Lord Kenyon was said to have died of eating apple-pie crust at breakfast, and Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded him as Chief Justice, always bowed with great reverence to apple-pie, "which," said Jekyl, "we used to call apple pie-ty." Of a different order is a *bon mot* of Rogers on hearing that Payne Knight, who was a very bad listener, had got very deaf. "'Tis from want of practice," said Rogers. Amongst many reminiscences of Curran is a passage from his speech in an action brought by the Theatre Royal in Dublin against Astley of the Amphitheatre for acting the "Lock and Key." "My Lord," said Curran, "the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind." A still happier hit of Curran's is his witicism on Mr. Phillips' oratory, in which all manner of tropes were mixed up in execrable taste and inextricable confusion. "My dear Tom," said Curran, "it will never do for a man to turn painter merely upon the strength of having a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Poole, who was always dropping pearls in this way, appears two or three times in the diary. Here are a couple of specimens. Somebody said, after hearing Moore sing one of his own melodies, "Everything that's national is delightful." "Except the national debt, ma'am," said Poole. Talking of the organs in Spurzheim and Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ. Out of the abundance of Irish anecdotes (which, strangely enough, lose much of their point in the telling) this is perhaps the best, or at all events the least known: an Irish country squire, who used to

give extravagant entertainments, was remonstrated with for treating the militia in his neighborhood to claret, when whiskey-punch would do just as well for them: "You are right, my dear friend," he answered, "but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons*?" Of mistakes made by the French in the use of English we have the following sample: a young French lady was asked, by way of compliment, in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well, when she replied, "I began by *traducing*;" and this is balanced by a blunder on the other side, related by Wordsworth of some acquaintance of his who, being told, amongst other things, to go and see the Chapeau de Paille, at Antwerp, said on his return, "I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Nothing is too trivial for a corner in this repository of whimsicalities. Here is a typographical mistake picked out of an Irish paper. In giving Mr. Grant's speech on the Catholic question, instead of "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages," the reporter made him say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth, &c." A page or two further on we have a still more ludicrous misprint taken from an American edition of Giffard's Juvenal, where the Editor, drawing a parallel in the preface between Horace and Juvenal, says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, and inclined to indolence"—the printer turns it into "inclined to insolence." An absurdity produced by the transposition of words is related of an actor, who thus delivered the well-known lines in "King Lear":

"How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,
To have a *toothless* child."

Even conundrums and charades are not despised in the poet's memorabilia. These snatches, collected out of the recollections of the idle amusements of the evening, bring us back to the follies of Whitehall, in the days of Charles II., when the whole court used to sit round in a circle playing at "Hunt the Slipper," and "I love my love with an A." Here are some of the conundrums. "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." "Why is a man that bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a

man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting another? Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." This very far-fetched conundrum is attributed to Beresford, the author of "The Miseries of Human Life." The charades are indifferent enough. The following is given as Fox's: "I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third. Answer, Scotland." The next, which is more in the way of a riddle, and is very neatly expressed, owes its paternity to one of the Smiths: "Use me well, I'm *everybody*; scratch my back, I'm *no-body*.—A looking-glass."

Innumerable facetiæ, neither much better nor much worse than these specimens, bubble up incessantly to the surface of the aerated Journal. They were blown about in the literary and fashionable circles, in which Moore mixed, by graver, no less than by shallower, people than himself; and helped to relax his mind after the hard work of the morning, which usually consisted in writing verses or—visiting, the harder work, we suspect, of the two. The mental recreations in which he ordinarily took refuge from the labors of the day, were scarcely of a more elevated character. At home in the evenings he constantly amused himself by reading aloud some Minerva press novel, or such volatile comedies as "A Cure for the Heart-Ache," or "The Way to Get Married." We look in vain for any records of the sustained study out of which he must have built up his knowledge, which, if it was not accurate or systematic, was, at least, diversified and extensive. But in this point of view he was like Sheridan, and got at his information by random through all sorts of out-of-the way channels; or, like the bee, that gathers honey from weeds. Industrious he unquestionably was, although there

are few traces of industry in his daily memoranda. If he did not work with regularity and diligence like Southey, he produced a vast quantity of work, all admirable and highly finished of its kind, under circumstances that would have unfitted most other men for such exertions. He generally contrived to accomplish seventy or eighty lines a week, sometimes more, while he kept up a constant round of visiting and dining out, balls, plays, and soirées. Late convivialities had not then gone out of fashion, and the exhaustion of the day and evening was frequently repaired by a supper which, terminating at two or three o'clock in the morning, must have worn out any constitution except one so carefully preserved in its own animal spirits. Through all these scenes and exertions Moore passed unscathed, and when at last he broke down, it was under the infliction of domestic calamities, to the poignancy of which his affectionate nature rendered him peculiarly sensitive. Nor is it the least of his merits that he maintained his personal independence proudly through life, and bequeathed to the literary world an example which it would be well for all literary men to emulate. "Mingling careful economy," observes Lord John Russell, "with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him." This is a rare epitaph for a poet, and one which ought to be appreciated in a country where the maxims of prudential integrity are held even in higher esteem than the loftiest flights of genius.

MILTON'S RIB-BONE.—Mention is made of Cromwell's skull; so it may not be out of place to tell you that I have handled one of Milton's ribs. Cowper speaks indignantly of the desecration of our divine poet's grave, on which shameful occurrence some of the bones were clandestinely distributed. One fell to the lot of an old and esteemed friend, and between forty-five and fifty years ago, at his house, not many miles from London, I have often examined the said rib-bone. That friend is long since dead; but his son, now in the vale

of years, lives, and I doubt not, from the reverence felt to the great author of *Paradise Lost*, that he has religiously preserved the precious relic. It might not be agreeable to him to have his name published; but from his tastes, he—being a person of some distinction in literary pursuits—is likely to be a reader of *Notes and Queries*, and if this should catch his eye, he may be induced to send you some particulars. I know he is able to place the matter beyond a doubt.—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Eclectic Review.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.*

THE Eastern theory of the transmigration of souls may be illustrated by the principle of liberty. It is that immortal spirit which the heroic poets describe it to be; but it appears to every age in a new shape. In the ancient republics it harmonized in beauty with the works of that genius which it made sublime. It was a ghastly and unnatural phantom among the ruins of the Bourbon monarchy in France. Its means of development are, like its aspect, varied into a new fashion for every time and every country. The ostracism of statesmen at Athens and the stabbing of Cæsar at Rome, the execution of Charles and the assassination of Marat, arose from one feeling deeply rooted in human nature. It suspected Aristides and trusted Monk. It was defended by the pious eloquence of Milton; by the subtle logic of Dumarsais; by the daring sophistry of Volney and Voltaire; by the blasphemy of Helvetius; and by the fantastic, but beautiful declamation of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

For this reason the defenders of liberty have ignorantly been supposed to be necessarily hostile to religion. Such an error would be less surprising had piety been a characteristic of the writers who have propagated despotic opinions. Clarendon possessed faith, but Gibbon scoffed; Hume was a cold-blooded infidel, and Hobbes was a blasphemer. If Paine eulogized free governments, Collins libelled them. Diderot and Dalember, ~~the~~ enemies of Christianity, were the friends of republican institutions; but Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, the friends of despotism, were the enemies of Christianity also. Therefore it is not only unphilosophical, but malicious, to identify the political principles of these men with their religious ideas. We have no more right to say that the democratic spirit is an emanation from impiety because Condorcet, who denied the divine right of kings, denied also the divinity of Christ, than to declare that monarchy and

blasphemy are synonymous terms because the sophist of Malmesbury was the apologist of both. The truth is, that as advocates cannot select their clients, clients are often unable to secure the advocates they would choose to plead in their behalf. It is a general misfortune of society, and has been the great obstacle to the progress of every righteous cause. More injury has been done to liberty by dangerous friends—Jesuits at one time, and infidels at another—than by all the persecutions which tyrants and oligarchies have devised since the establishment of laws.

Among the men who, during the eighteenth century, aided in the terrific revolution of opinion in France, Rousseau was the most extraordinary. His moral character, his religious theories, even his political principles, were problems which he bequeathed to posterity. Unlike all other human beings, as he was, he only perplexed the world more hopelessly by endeavoring to describe himself. Before his "Confessions" were published, there was a cloud about him; but when these appeared, though part of the old mystery was dispelled, a new one, far more impenetrable, was created. Accordingly, many as the writers are who have investigated the idiosyncrasies of Rousseau, not one has secured the concurrence of mankind with his views. There is still confusion; there are still contradictory ideas. To some the Genevese sophist is even now an inspired idiot; to others an impostor, mad with vanity;—a philosopher to the remnants of the Academy, a maniac to the relics of the Sorbonne. A whole cabinet of literature is divided, therefore, between the apologists, the panegyrists, the detractors, the libellers, and the temperate critics of Rousseau. Burke paints him as a wild conspirator, with a rainbow fancy, a pen bewitching by its eloquence, and a mind plunged into delirium by the study of phantasies. Lord John Russell commemorates him as the false oracle of Geneva pursuing an ideal of social virtue, losing himself in searching it; but converting and deluding an entire people. Baruel points him out as a bewildered

* *Essai sur la Vie et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau.* Par S. H. Morin. Paris: Ledoyer. 1852.

dreamer, a criminal with redeeming qualities, one of the most dangerous that ever lived, because his sophisms were so persuasive; but not one of the worst, because none could approach in audacity the powerful but repulsive genius of Voltaire. The French drink in his doctrines, and venerate his ashes in the Pantheon; the Germans reject his theories as too aerial to be in unison with theirs; the English read his "Confessions," admire his sentimental reveries, neglect his political works, and vituperate or ridicule his name. In this manner the discussion has gone on through more than half a century, and new apologists or detractors appear at intervals to assist in elucidating or obscuring the truth.

Rousseau's latest critic in our language is Mr. Bancroft; in his own, M. Morin. The American historian places himself between libel and panegyric, to draw a fair character of this "self-torturing sophist," but assumes a tone somewhat too conventional for the discussion of a subject on which it is essentially necessary to avoid consulting the catalogue of registered opinions. The French writer, on the other hand, comes like a Red-Cross knight, assailing every antagonist of Rousseau; defending all the acts of his life, and all the motives of his acts, denying every hostile charge; and scathing with every contemptuous invective all who find a blemish in the conduct or morals of Madame de Warens' lover. His analysis does not pretend to be a picture of Jean Jacques' whole career. It eliminates, though not entirely, the episodes of his earlier life; but finds abundant opportunity to prove its own boldness and determination, by defending all the most equivocal passages of the philosopher's career after he retired to the Hermitage, in 1757. According to this defence, he was honest in his intrigue with Madame D'Houdetot; he was excusable in his submission to the younger Levasseur; he was pardonable in abandoning his children to the suspicious mercies of a Foundling Hospital. This is the fault of all apologies. They convert crimes into virtues; error into wisdom; weakness into elevation of mind.

In touching on the subject which M. Morin has so laboriously laid open, we shall not be expected to describe the life or to analyze the character of Rousseau. There are conspicuous points in both, however, which may be entered upon briefly, that we may express a general opinion of the whole. Few are found, with the flippancy of Gray,

to express contempt for his genius, or to deny the power and sweetness of his pen. But he is so little understood that a criticism on his life and opinions can never be without its interest.

The only misfortune, according to Chateaubriand, which is greater than that of giving birth to another, is that of being born yourself. This affectation he probably derived from Rousseau, who describes the day of his birth as the most unfortunate of his life. So, perhaps, it was, though not in the sense he intended; for his mother died on that day, leaving him, on the 28th of June, 1712, half an orphan, to the care of his father, a humble watchmaker of Geneva. His education, with its results, justifies the fears of those who dread the influence on their children's minds of an unchecked habit of reading romances. Before he learned one maxim of virtue; before he was on his guard against a single temptation; before a solitary moral feeling, or one religious perception had been introduced into his breast, he was accustomed to pore over exciting fictions, wild stories, appealing to the most dangerous passions of his nature. The emotions which thus became early familiar to him, the ideas he acquired of life, the brooding dreams in which he indulged, all tended to form a character originally susceptible to any powerful impression. The groundwork, therefore, of his disposition was the agitation of the feelings, and the pleasing of the senses. From this state he passed into a new stage of intellectual existence. He threw aside tales, and read history,—the narratives of the heroic age, the lives of illustrious Romans and Greeks, the epic of ancient liberty, which inspired him with the free, republican spirit he afterwards communicated to the whole race speaking a language in common with him. He also derived from early teaching a taste for music, exemplified in his later years by many beautiful compositions. When sent to school he learned, not quickly, but well, though all the while his imagination was far more active than his reasoning faculties. He felt far more and far deeper than he thought. It was this which was at once a sign and a cause of those habits of mind which rendered him so miserable to himself, and so unintelligible to others.

The moral education of Rousseau, though he is not willing to reveal the truth, was of a very equivocal character. At home, the code of French romances instilled into him his first and very false ideas of honor; at school, he was initiated into the practice of

concealment, of disobedience, and of falsehood; under his father's roof, again, he was a licensed idler, and then, when apprenticed to an engraver, the cruelty and selfishness of his master, interpreted by the dangerous sophistry of youth, formed a justification for positive offences as well as neglect of duty. His pleas to himself are singularly characteristic of his state of mind. He was watched at his work, therefore he cunningly eluded it. He was not permitted to share in all the delicacies of the table, therefore he stole what would compensate for the things thus withheld. By such a process his mind became hardened against virtuous impressions. He grew selfish, sensual, and greedy.

The cruelty of his master at length caused him to run away. He escaped to Compignon, met with the Curé, who persuaded him to apostatize from the Reformers' faith, and was by him directed to the mansion of Madame de Warens, at Annecy. That woman, at his first sight of her, appears to have exercised an extraordinary influence upon him. He could little have foreseen then that he was to become her lover, the master of her heart, the depository of her secrets; nor she that he would be her jealous tyrant, that he would expose to the world all the acts of her life, that he would reveal every scandalous episode of their intercourse, and fix her name forever, as a less vulgar Theodora, among the female characters disreputable in history. She then, however, by the aid of some ecclesiastics, sent him to Turin to be instructed in the Catholic religion, which he soon afterwards embraced, though confessing it was the act of a bandit to yield up his creed for the sake of easier means of life. In two months he left the college, with twenty francs as the purchase-money of his apostasy, and entered the service of the Comtesse de Vercellis. In her house occurred that famous incident which fixes a deep moral stain on the early life of Rousseau. There was a piece of ribbon, rose-colored, with silver flowers, old and faded, but handsome, nevertheless. He desired to possess it. He was dishonest, and he stole it. That, however, was not all. There was in the house a poor country maid, an innocent, pretty girl, never known to have committed an unworthy action. When the ribbon was inquired for, it was found in the possession of Rousseau, who was base enough to accuse this girl of having stolen and given it to him. He was confronted with her, but persisted in the charge; and she implored him, with tears,

as she had never wronged him, not so bitterly to wrong her, and when he continued his assertions, said,—“Well, Rousseau, I would not be in your place.” She was dismissed, ruined, and was never more heard of. All the atonement he ever made for this crime was to reveal it in his “Confessions.” It appears frivolous to search by any subtle analysis of his character for an explanation of this event. A theft and a lie were committed by him, without scruple; the only singular fact being that, afterwards, without any necessity, he made them known to the world.

It is only just, however, to remember that he was then but a youth, and that this was his last offence of a similar character. His morals, however, considered from another point of view, were impure and disgraceful. Not to touch upon his earlier confessions, it is enough to know that while he was exacting the most scrupulous fidelity from Léonore de Warens, he was intriguing with other women; that his connection with Madame D'Houdetot was far from reputable; that he only married Therese de La-vasseur when he was approaching old age; and that when she had become his wife, he absolutely connived at her infringements of the first moral law. There is no apology for these episodes of his life, unless that be virtue in a man of genius which in a common man is vice—a theory not only dangerous in itself, but so absurd that it cannot for a single instant be defended.

The explanation of Rousseau's other faults, however, is to be found in his excessive vanity. He sighed for admiration, especially the admiration of women. But there was this peculiarity in his conceit: he did not desire the applause of all alike, but only of such as he could himself conceive an attachment for. He would, without regret, be indifferent to those who were indifferent to him. An amusing incident in illustration of this occurred when he was valet in the service of Count Gouvion, in Turin. There was in the house of Mademoiselle de Briel a young lady of extreme beauty, but proud and cold to all beneath her. From her Rousseau sought, and long in vain, to win a single look of regard. At length, one day a dinner-party took place, and Jean Jacques waited at table. The conversation turned on the etymology of some idiomatic French phrase. Various were the learned theories set forth, but the real explanation baffled them all, for a scholar of no ordinary acquirements was needed to solve the point. Rous-

seau was observed to smile, as he heard diplomatists and ecclesiastics by turns taking up the dispute and abandoning it in despair. His master noticed this, and asked him if he had anything to observe. Then quietly, but confidently, he decomposed the sentence under analysis into its original parts, traced each word back to its origin, and made the whole so luminous that no possibility of misunderstanding it could remain. Every one gazed in astonishment upon him. But Jean Jacques cared not a whit for their applause, for he was furtively looking to see whether Mademoiselle de Breiel took any notice of him; and when he saw that she too was smiling, his whole frame trembled with mixed emotions, partly of pride, but partly also with a tenderness towards her which he hardly dared to confess even to himself.

From Turin Rousseau returned to Annecy, and there, or at Charmette, lived for a long while with Madame de Warens. His intercourse with her, with the exception of some interruptions caused by an excursion in Switzerland and a visit to Paris, was constant. With her he studied Locke, Malebranche, Montaigne, Descartes, and other authors, training his mind up to the comprehension of political theories, and directing many of his inquiries to religion. She, however, was not the faithful friend he had believed her to be, and though he was lax to excess in his own conduct, her desertion grieved him bitterly. However, his energy soon directed him to the capital, and thence, in the position of secretary, to Venice, where his taste for Italian music was cultivated, and he conceived the design of his first opera. Returning to France, he commenced that splendid literary career which speedily gave him universal fame; but his works offended the crown, the church, the powerful ranks of society, and he was, in consequence, compelled to fly from Paris to Geneva, and thence to a rural seclusion in the dominions of the king of Prussia. Even there he could not remain in quietness. The clergy, by the aid of the populace, drove him from point to point until he sought refuge in England.

This leads to the consideration of one of the most conspicuous characteristics of Rousseau's mind, and one which exerted a powerful influence on his works. His *monomania* was, to believe that all the world persecuted him. Some have affirmed and some have denied this, while others again declare that he was justified in the idea.

We will admit that he was pursued by malignity to every place he visited, but had he been a good man, had he not persecuted himself, he need not have felt the persecutions of the world. In youth he destroyed his constitution by excesses; he made every misfortune worse by his manner of enduring it. When he was humiliated by being forbidden to eat his master's asparagus or apples, he degraded himself infinitely more by stealing them. When he was reduced to the condition of a valet, he went a thousand degrees lower, and became a thief. When Madame de Warens deserted him, he was unable to console himself with the reflection that he had acted with fidelity towards her. When he was an outcast from society, he made his children aliens from their father. When his wife wronged him, he was an accomplice in her offences. And, finally, when he summed up the record of his life, he blackened his own fame, destroyed the fame of others, and left a confession which is of value as a lesson, but, in our opinion, has been far more prolific of evil than of good.

Therefore, though Rousseau might justly complain that many others were false to him, he could never boast that he had been true to himself. This, while it lessens our commiseration for the pitiable victim of his own caprices, does not, however, diminish in any degree the opprobrium which attaches to his persecutors. They were not all, it is true, equally reprehensible, because they acted under different conditions, and from motives the most various. When the French government attacked him, it was upon their traditional principle that a political reformer should be rooted out from society. He assailed them and they assailed him. He endeavored to show that they ruled by the right of power alone, and that the people were only bound to obey as long as they were themselves weak. He showed them to be corrupt, fraudulent, tyrannical. Therefore it is not surprising that they turned his weapons against himself, and sought to exclude him from every opportunity to propagate his ideas. It is even intelligible how they were animated to employ slander and vituperation to defame him. When men are charged with great crimes, which they cannot deny, they usually malign their accusers, in the hope of turning against them the obloquy intended for themselves.

This, we say, we can understand. We can understand, too, why the clergy of France, and, indeed, of all Europe, persecuted Rousseau. Whatever his apologists

may say, he was a blasphemer against the Christian religion, and, consequently, against all religion, although he did not employ the vile and coarse invectives made use of by Voltaire. His system undoubtedly tended to the subversion of the national faith. Even the belief in a divinity was not fixed in his mind. His creed was a caprice. One day we find him saying, "I am certain that God exists of himself;" but shortly after we find, "Frankly I confess that neither the *pro* nor *con* (on the existence of God) appears to me demonstrated." The same variableness characterized many of his other opinions. He loved the sciences, yet received a crown from those who reviled them. He wrote against dramatic performances, yet composed several operas. He extolled the amenities of friendship, and sought friends, yet broke faith with many of them. He not only praised, but explained the nature of virtue, yet daily committed an infringement of its laws. He confesses a hundred base and humiliating actions, yet vaunts himself as a paragon of men. He writes the most beautiful advice for mothers, yet abandons his own children; spends years in elaborating a theory of education—pernicious though it was—yet allows his offspring to sink among the nameless swarms of the Foundling Hospital. It cannot, therefore, excite wonder that this man fluctuated in his religious belief. At one time he apostatized for the sake, he confesses, of gain, that he might live as a pensioner on the bounty of his friends. At another, rather than receive any one's bounty, he condemned himself to copy music at three-half pence a page, when he might have been writing works, every line of which an after generation would have prized more than gold.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Rousseau was not a Christian. He assailed religion, and in an ignorant country like France, he assailed it with the more effect because a venal church had become the reproach of Europe through its cupidity and corruption. Corrupt as it was, however, the clergy were interested in upholding it, and, therefore, when Jean Jacques assaulted it, they naturally directed their persecutions against him. We may, indeed, in the spirit of our own age, believe that the wise reply to his declamation would have been to have reformed their church and defended their religion, and not to have pelted him with stones at Motier, or forged libels on his person and character at Paris. Christianity conquers without perse-

cution, which only exalts to martyrdom the miserable creatures that suffer it. But in the eighteenth century this was not understood. It was thought right to strangle every one who spoke as an enemy; and, accordingly, Rousseau saw his books burned, and was compelled to become an exile in search of an asylum.

This, also, we can understand. But what we cannot understand is the baseness, the virulence, the duplicity, with which men who shared his opinions, who joined in his labors, who shook him by the hand, and called themselves his friends, slandered, reviled, and persecuted him. Horace Walpole forged a letter in the name of Frederic the Second, in which Rousseau's monomania was confessed and put in a ridiculous light, in order to excite obloquy and contempt against him in England. Such an act, committed by such a man, it is not difficult to comprehend. There was very little that was respectable in Horace Walpole. There was very little that was remarkable, except his vanity, his stupidity, and his want of principle. He, consequently, might have been expected to play a little part. But why David Hume, the obsolete historian, should court Rousseau, and flatter him, and give him hospitality, while he was intriguing with his enemies, circulating calumnies against him, and ridiculing his character, is not so easily explained. Nor is there any intelligible reason assigned, that Diderot, Voltaire, d'Alembert, Helvetius, and Grimm should pursue him with such inveterate malignity, and conspire his ruin, while they propagated his works and applauded them, unless we believe they were jealous of his fame, or, which is still more probable, that they were irritated by his refusal to become their tool.

This concurrence of men, remarkable for their talent, but odious for their hostility to the Christian truth, forms one of the most remarkable features in the modern history of Europe. What phenomenon in literature was ever so extraordinary as the *Encyclopédie*? What machine was ever so cunningly devised? Had it been impregnated simply by the spirit of freedom, had it been designed only to overthrow the government, and had it not been filled with impiety and impurity, humanity would have blessed its labors. Had the Puritan spirit given its vitality to all this genius, what a revolution would that of France have been! But, instead of this, the corruption of politics produced the scandal of Christianity; atheism, and not religion, was offered as the cure of

superstition, just as servitude, and not freedom, has been proposed as the cure for anarchy. In reality, however, the Romish church opened its gates to infidelity. The Encyclopædists were natural successors to the four and twenty fathers of Escobar; the monasteries produced the academies, and the sophists triumphed for awhile, because the Jesuits—the pope's life-guards, as Frederic the Second called them—had been triumphant a century before.

From this school of writers, however, it is necessary, in some degree, to separate Rousseau. He was a man of strong passions and weak principles, whose power of imagining was equal to his power of feeling, and this seduced him into every folly and every crime that held out an enticing reward. Being long without a moral dictator in that conscience which he himself describes as a law anterior to opinion, he seldom resisted an impulse, of whatever kind, provided it offered to secure him some pleasure. In the same manner, being without religious conviction, he made up his faith of fancies, and was little scrupulous in the dissemination of impious notions. Yet he was not guilty of that gratuitous wickedness which prompted the abominable blasphemies of Diderot, Helvetius, and Voltaire. If he was an intellectual Robespierre, they were the Dantons of literature,—eloquent indeed, but cold blooded, repulsive, and deformed.

The social theories of Rousseau were blotted by the prevailing sin of his life. Of the relations between man and woman, though he could expound the noblest law, he generally propagated a lax idea. His example also was vicious in the extreme. He spent in dissoluteness his best years, and then marrying the very woman who had least claim to be his wife, deserted her children and his own. Nevertheless he was to some friends very faithful, and, in his system for the reconstruction of society, he recognized occasionally the purest principles.

It is as a politician that we can most respect Rousseau. In many passages he is violent, in many vague, in many fantastical. Yet, in the "Discourse on the Inequality of Man," and in the "Social Contract," he displays a perfect knowledge of the object of government, and of the relations between people and rulers. So completely was he master of the political condition of Christendom that he predicted, with singular accuracy, many events which afterwards happened. Some of his forebodings referred to a period remoter than that at which we have arrived,

and more than one of them seems likely to be fulfilled. Perhaps there are those who will not be disinclined to attach some faith to the following:—"The empire of Russia will endeavor to subjugate Europe; but in the struggle will herself be conquered. Her Tartar subjects, or her neighbors, will become her masters."

It is not, however, in these points that the value of Rousseau's political writings consist. It is in the fine analysis of the principles upon which despotism is founded, in the exposure of the truths by the diffusion of which it is undermined; in the description of the true nature and duties of governments, and the true rights and duties of nations. In this the philosopher is unrivalled. He came with his fiery inspiration, and quickened in France the principles of a liberty which she will assuredly one day enjoy, in spite of the burlesque of empire enacting in her capital.

A writer in the "Biographical Magazine" has said that it was well that Hume, the panegyrist of Monk, should be the maligner of Rousseau. Mr. Passmore Edwards' contributor is of this opinion, and, we think, rightly; but there have been others, and lately, who have remarked that this was not the only instance in which the Tory historian falsified the character of a public man. For ourselves, had he in his correspondence done justice to Rousseau, we should almost say that Rousseau's character was the only one which he had not falsified. But he was a consistent libeller. Narrative and letters harmonize with their calumnies on the virtues, and their apologies of profligacy. In fact, the only pity is that Hume did not choose from France a better man to slander than Rousseau. But, we doubt whether Rousseau lost more in the estimation of mankind through the unscrupulous detraction of one who had all the ferocity of a bigot, without a bigot's sincerity, or through the uncompromising eulogiums of his admirers. Unfortunately, the critics are few, and a man must either be pilloried as a criminal or consecrated as a martyr.

The author of the work before us is an apologist for Rousseau. What he concedes to his detractors is what a friend would be most readily inclined to grant, and what they are not by any means most solicitous to prove. But in the main characteristics of his nature; in the great episodes of his career; in all that decides the reputation of a man, Jean Jacques was, according to M. Morin, noble, and pure, though his fame has been clouded by half a century of posthu-

mous persecution. We have gone through the vindication with much interest, and are prepared to accredit it as a work of considerable historical value. The writer, though he tries to prove too much, does not declaim, but analyzes all the materials from which a life of Rousseau can be written. He passes over indeed the equivocal passages of his life, up to 1757, but after that date succeeds in clearing his name from much of the obloquy attaching to it. Above all he triumphantly convicts the band of hypocrites who labored with such industrious malice to distort every circumstance connected with him from his retreat to the hermitage, which they imputed to meanness, to his death, which they

ascribed to poison. From the guilt of suicide, we think that history may now fairly exonerate Rousseau. He died naturally, in 1778, in the arms of his wife, who, in his latter days, behaved with great affection to him.

Some have been of opinion that it would have been well to lose all the beauty of Rousseau's works, if the world could have been spared the vice he propagated. Whatever we may think of this, certainly we must grieve that so much eloquence, so much learning, and so much wisdom, were not bequeathed by a more pious and less irreligious man.

From the Biographical Magazine.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THERE are times in the histories of all nations which are strangely productive of great minds. After a long dark winter of sluggish inactivity, a spring time comes upon the mind of the world as well as upon the earth. The sun of knowledge and the dews of faith soften the clods and warm them into life, and then the seeds which have been dropped on the soil of humanity begin to germinate and prepare to put forth their harvest. Such a period in the history of England was that which preceded the Commonwealth. Up to the reign of the eighth Henry, superstition had dominated over art, set limits to science, confined intellect within a narrow circle, and banned free thought. The world's heart and brain were as though they were dead, so faint was the action of one, under the shadow of the hood of the monk—so faint the pulsation of the other beneath its ecclesiastical shroud. Philosophers were fain to hide their lore within the recesses of their studies, for fear that it might offend the dogmas of the Church—and men spake of the thoughts which began to beam in upon their souls as though truth were a crime. But there were men who, like Galileo, spake with the voices which echoed to them out of the recesses of nature, and braved the dungeon—there were martyrs who like the Lollards,

proclaimed the faith which was in them, and dared the stake and the flame. The first blow at a system thoroughly rotten, seals its fate. Its end may be delayed or put off—but from that moment it is written on the page of the future, for

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Human thought often errs, but it has this godlike quality, that in the end it always tends to the right. Keep it still, silent, immovable—shut it in an exhausted receiver from which the air of knowledge is thoroughly excluded, it will remain latent—let but a breath enter its prison-house, and it begins to wake—it ceases to be compressible—it grows, and puts a firm grasp on power. It is a beautiful story, that in the Arabian Nights' Tales where the fisherman draws up in his net the vessel sealed with the magic signet of Solomon. When he opened it there arose from it a cloud—that cloud became a giant threatening him with destruction. That is how thought was imprisoned; but when once the seal was off its prison-house, it grew so rapidly that it was beyond the power of man to force it back into the narrow cell from which it had emerged.

It has been said that great men make great times. Invert the sentence and it is still true—great times make great men. Those who recognize the providential government of the world, note its workings in this, that a crisis brings the men fitted to meet it; close upon the heels of the danger ever follows the means of safety. If it were our task to trace the progress of humanity, we might show how, with the spirit of inquiry which marked the era of the Reformation, came intellectual power from which rose Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and how the two blended to produce the pure, earnest, unwavering, stern faith of the puritans. But that is not our purpose. We may only so far touch history as to observe the general circumstances which preceded and accompanied a particular life—only so far indulge in speculation as to trace the connection of the wide-spread cause with the one effect which forms our subject. That we have attempted to do as briefly as may be; and now to the matter in hand.

At the town of Kingston-on-Hull, where the broad Humber floats between verdant banks to the sea, stands a monument bearing the following inscription: "Near this place lyeth the body of Andrew Marvell, Esq., a man so endowed by nature, so improved by education, study, and travel, so consummated by experience, that joining the peculiar graces of wit and learning with a singular penetration and strength of judgment; and exercising all these in the whole course of his life with an unutterable steadiness in the ways of virtue, he became the ornament and example of his age, beloved by good men, feared by bad, admired by all, though imitated by few, and scarce paralleled by any. But a tombstone can neither contain his character, nor is marble necessary to transmit it to posterity; it is engraved in the minds of this generation, and will always be legible in his inimitable writings, nevertheless. He having served twenty years in Parliament, and that with such wisdom, dexterity, and courage, as becomes a true patriot, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, from whence he was deputed to that assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss, have erected this monument of their grief and their gratitude, 1688."

It has been observed by a satirist, that if the testimony of tombstones is to be taken, the living have sadly degenerated from the virtues of the dead. Monuments are so infected with the vice of flattery, that monumental inscriptions are not often to be depended upon; but this tombstone is as much

a verity as the man whom it commemorates. Andrew Marvell was one of the worthiest of the old English worthies. The friend of Oliver Cromwell and of John Milton, he shared the firm adherence to a settled purpose of the one, and the stern truthfulness of the other, to which he added those lighter qualities which make men as loveable in private life as high virtue makes them estimable in public.

It is worth while to try to look into the heart of such a man; to know what he thought and how he lived—to distinguish from the broad stream of life the current of his existence, and to trace in the great web of history the threads which he wove into it. To begin at the beginning, then, ANDREW MARVELL was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in the year 1620. His parents were in good circumstances, and his boyhood passed off without distinction. Quick, versatile, and playful, he passed through the earlier stages of education with credit, but without exciting suspicion of coming greatness. The first stage of learning passed, Andrew Marvell, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity College. At this time the clergy of the Romish Church had somewhat revived from the stunning-blow they received at their overthrow. They looked for brighter times, when kings should bow their heads beneath the pastoral crook, and princes walk bare-headed in their processions. With that startling vitality which has ever marked the propagandists of that faith, abrogated by our forefathers, they had risen from their defeat like a cork, for a moment submerged by the whelming waves. With that persevering, self-devoting energy which has ever characterized their efforts, they were seeking to weave their meshes round the young minds of the age. Moving stealthily, under one disguise or another, the Jesuits were in the universities spreading their snares around. The agents of this society fastened on Andrew Marvell; and, in youth, his was a nature fitted for them to act upon. Joined to a clear intellect he had a sensitive temperament and an impulsive nature. His devotional feelings were strong, and his poetic instincts led him to love that which was venerable. Young, ardent, and inexperienced, they infused doubts into his mind before which his soul trembled. They pointed to erring wisdom in order to elevate infallible authority. They worked on the modest sense of his own weakness, to induce him to repose upon the bosom of the Church, which had endured for ages. They painted the new form of worship as a dark

cloud which would pass away from the sky of faith and leave it bright and serene as ever; and they appealed to the chivalrous feeling of which he was full, coloring the sacrifice which would attend a change of religion, with the tinge of noble self-devotedness to right. It was probably this last consideration which proved most effective. Not that Andrew Marvell had not doubts as to the paths in which he was treading. Every earnest, inquiring spirit has had them. Few, who have thought on such subjects, but have propounded questions to their own hearts to which they could give no satisfactory answer. Few but have shrunk before the mysteries hidden among Revelation, and longed for some oracle which could not err, to interpret their hidden meaning. But, in his case, we refer the success of the followers of Loyola rather to that charm which self-sacrifice has for the impulsive and generous; for it was certain that Marvell's change was one resting upon sentiment rather than upon reason.

The conversion of the young proselyte was not made public. It was the policy of the Jesuits to work in the dark, and to keep the results of their efforts secret till they had gathered power enough to brave the Protestant spirit of England. Young Marvell silently left the college, abandoned his studies, and entered upon the discipline of the order. Upon how fine a thread hang the destinies of individuals and of the world. When Cromwell had embarked on board a ship in the Thames to join the pilgrim fathers of America, if Charles had suffered that then obscure man to depart in peace, he might never have bared his neck to the axe at Whitehall. If Marvell's father had not sought him out and found him among the neophytes of Rome, instead of standing in the front of freedom's battle, he would have wasted his energies in the ineffectual attempt to rechain the liberated souls of men. Thus it is that small circumstances are to great events, what the rudder is to the ship—they serve to guide the bark of time over the ocean of progress.

Great was the grief of old Marvell, at Hull, over the loss of his son, and earnest were the efforts made to track him out. At last a clue was discovered and the father proceeded to the place of his concealment. It does not seem that any stern exercise of parental authority was necessary to reclaim the youth. Andrew had already learned a lesson which told upon his future life. He had been taught that in his new vocation,

he must smother those deep sentiments which bound him to his kind, and make the human bond of sympathy, which binds man to man, an instrument to serve a coldly-calculated end. He had found too that to be rid of doubt he must give up freedom; that when he exchanged half-darkened reason for blind faith, he must cease to think. The safety that was offered to him was in a dungeon without light, and his was a mind to prefer danger beneath the open sky. In fact, he was disenchanted of the romance which prompted his change. He was like the traveller who looks from a distance upon the mountains bounding the horizon. They are tinged with the blue of the firmament. The setting sun casting on them his slanting rays bathes them in liquid gold. They seem an earthly paradise. He reaches them, and instead of verdant dells and embowered groves, vast chasms yawn and jagged peaks raise up their barren heads. He learns that imagination clothes the remote with unreal attractiveness.

So young Marvell had seen both aspects. He had been drawn through distance and repelled by closeness. He left the Jesuits without a pang, and, like a man who wakes from a benumbing dream, returned to his old studies with an added zest. His college course ended, young Marvell went upon the Continent to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners. It is believed that it was in Italy he first met Milton, and began that friendship which lasted throughout his life. The first literary event of Marvell's life took place in Rome, and it serves to show that he had become more than indifferent to the Jesuits; that he was inimical to them. His first effort was a satire upon Richard Flecknoe, an English Jesuit of some notoriety. It is a critique full of pungent humor and biting sarcasm, and at once gained for him the undying enmity of those from whose toils he had escaped. This satire was followed by another, also upon an ecclesiastic. The pursuits of the graphiologists of our day only illustrate the adage, that, "there is nothing new under the sun." The Abbot de Maniban, of Paris, like the gentlemen and ladies of to-day, who discover firmness in a down-stroke, instability in an up-stroke, and levity in a long-tailed letter, pretended to prognosticate people's dispositions from their hand-writings, and Marvell lashed him much as the satirical writers of *Punch* do the impostors of our own day.

At this period there is a dark space in the life of Marvell. For some years we know

nothing certain of him. An uncertain rumor fills up the blank by saying, that he accompanied a mission to the Turks, as secretary, but reliable evidence is wanting. What is known is that he re-appeared in 1653, when he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, and in 1657 was advanced to the post of Latin secretary to the pretender. Shortly after this Andrew Marvell may be said to have commenced his public life. In 1658, when he was thirty-eight years old, he was elected to represent his native town in Parliament, and now having fairly got him upon the open stage of life, let us try to realize what manner of man he was, both physically and intellectually. Nature had written her letter of recommendation upon his person. His appearance was altogether in his favor. With a thin, graceful figure, he had a handsome face. The brow was open. The nose and chin classic and finely cut. The mouth softly sensuous, rather than firm; the dark eyes bright and full of vivacity; the dark hair, in keeping with a clear brown complexion, curled gracefully down to his shoulders. In him there was perceived none of those tokens of stern determination which sits on the rugged features of Cromwell; none of that rigid self-command which marks the intellectually beautiful face of Milton. He had not

That vast girth of chest and limb, assigned
So oft to those who subjugate their kind.

The body was, as it often is, the correct indicator of the nature of the mind it enshrined. He gained much of the harder portions of his character from the circumstances in which he was placed. His was no hand to lift itself first against a monarchy. His was a mind which sought for gradual reform rather than violent revolution. He looked to gentle means rather than to force, and had it not been that there was at the bottom of his kindly nature a fixed regard for right, he would have been more likely to have clung to the fallen fortunes of the monarchy, than the rising hopes of the republic. That which stronger men regarded as capable of being prevented, he sometimes regarded with the eye of the fatalist as inevitable, and thought, to quote his own words,—

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame.

But though he could not have emulated Cromwell's deeds, and would not have imi-

tated them if he could, he looked with that admiration which most men accord to the powerful, as one who

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

He evidently views strength as the arbiter, when he says,

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

And looks upon its successes as a consequence of incurring natural law—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

Apart from this, however, he regarded the triumph of Republican principles as the triumph of right, and while he looked upon the death of the First Charles as necessary, accorded to the fallen monarch his pity and respect.

He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

If we may take Marvell's ode on Cromwell's return from Ireland, from which we have quoted, as an authority, we may presume that in some minds there was an expectation that Cromwell would carry "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" into other countries, in defence of the persecuted Protestants.

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy as Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.

And there are some other lines which seem to settle a disputed point in history, about which rival writers are even now contending. When Charles escaped to Carisbrooke Castle, and these fell into the hands of an adherent of the Protector's, it is asserted on one hand that Cromwell so in-

trigued as to give the King an opportunity of apparently escaping, and so planned as that he should be led to direct his flight to Carisbrooke, where preparations were already made for his capture. The motive assigned is that he wished to irritate the army and the nation against Charles. On the other side the tale is regarded as a fabrication, not to be charged against Cromwell's memory. Whichever may be true, Marvell, who was in the secret of the time, gives ground for inferring the truth of the accusation. In the same poem (referring to Cromwell) he says—

And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He *wove a net* of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case.

That hence the royal actor borne,
The *tragic scaffold might adorn*,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

Here then we have an avowal, in poetry it is true—but still an *express* avowal by a republican, who was at once Cromwell's Latin Secretary, admirer, and friend, that he prompted Charles to escape so that he might come to the block. That one would think would almost suffice to settle the controversy. The admirers of Cromwell will regret to see this dark stain of treachery fixed upon his character, but regard for historic truth is of more consequence than partiality for an individual, however great he may be.

We have already said that Marvell was sent to parliament in 1658, and with the exception of three years, when he was Secretary to the Embassy to Russia, he continued to represent Hull till 1675, when the parliament was prorogued. It was not until after the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the monarchy, that Marvell's true character fully shone out. Then, when so many of the adherents of the Protector paid their court to the restored Prince, his consistency would not allow him to change, nor his integrity to deny, the principles he conscientiously held. He was as he had been a republican, and despite the danger of persecution and a threatened assassination, he gloried in and avowed the fact, and stood boldly forth for the people's rights. Macaulay speaks bitterly of that time as "a day of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts

and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the *Anathema Maranatha* of every fawning dean." In bright relief against the dark background of this pandemonium stands the figure of Andrew Marvell in bright relief; looking at the darkness of the period, he seems like one of a few, very few, glorious stars gemming a sky of murky blackness. His adherence to his principles rebuked the political corruption which festered around him, and the blameless purity of his life cast added shame upon the hideous profligacy which, nurtured in the court, spread downward, demoralizing all ranks. He fully deserved the name he won, of the "British Aristides." The boldness with which he reprov'd wrong in the highest quarter, and incurred no small danger, may be inferred from the fact that the finest of his satirical writings is a parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which he exposed, with no sparing hand, and in no measured terms, the private vices of the king, and his gross violation of public pledges. Most other men would have suffered for this, but Marvell had a personal as well as political interest. The elegance of his manners, the amiability of his demeanor, his polished wit, and his finished education, procured for him consideration and respect even from a debauched king and a profligate court, and though Charles deeply felt the sting of his pen, he could do nothing but join in the laugh against himself.

Marvell was not, however, suffered to pursue his honest course unmolested. What those whom he opposed dare not compass by persecution was attempted by temptation. Many efforts were made to win him over. The king complimented him, Rochester praised him, the frail beauties of the courts offered him their blandest smiles and their most honied flatteries, but "Aristides" was proof against all. Little money as Charles's extravagant expenditure left him to spare, £1,000 was found to bribe Marvell. The Treasurer went with it where he lodged at the top of a house down a court in the Strand, and placed it before him. Marvell was poor, he had that very morning been compelled to borrow a guinea of a friend to satisfy present necessities. What comforts and luxuries there were in that heap of gold. But no, his virtue was not to be shaken—he went on as he had begun, claiming religious liberty for all, denouncing the excise, which he alleged was fettering industry and enterprise,

and demanding that parliaments should be held frequently and the people fairly represented. In the reaction of that period, when the strictness of puritanism had given way to the gross demoralization of an age without faith, it is owing mainly to Andrew Marvell that any traces of public or private morality were preserved. And his example was all the more effectual as he was devoid of that overstraining pretension to sanctity and affectation of austerity of life, which had done so much to bring discredit upon puritanism.

As a controversialist, Marvell was perhaps in his day held in higher estimation than Milton himself. It is possible that, while he never neglected principle, he dealt in a spirit of biting satire with the men he opposed. The satirist seldom lives much beyond his own age, because the persons whom he satirizes are forgotten, and his gibes lose the application which gives them point. The game of the controversialist is often equally short lived, but the pamphlets of Milton have, apart from their immediate objects, so much dignity of style and depth of argument, bearing upon the highest principles, that the world is not likely to let them die. One of Marvell's works of that kind is still, however, much admired. Dr. Parker, the high churchman, who led the persecution of the non-conformists, supported the power of Government to stereotype a faith, and impose it upon a people on the ground that "princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." Marvell answered this with a cutting satire. The Dr. replied, and the reply drew forth a rejoinder in which, while the argument was completely disposed of, the poor Doctor was handled with such savage wit, that he was glad to retire from town to escape the ridicule which was showered upon him from all sides. This brought upon Marvell a threat of assassination from one of Dr. Parker's adherents. So great was the rage of the party that there is little doubt Marvell's life was in danger; but he heeded the threat as little as he had the blandishments of the Court. He was as much above fear, as he was above prudence. He went on his way ever ready to defend the right, and as his monument tells us—"beloved by good men, feared by bad."

The end of Andrew Marvell did not disgrace his life. Up to the last he was in the performance of his public duties. He died "with harness on his back." In 1768, being then forty-eight years of age, he attended a popular meeting of his constituents at Hull.

At that meeting he died. His health had been remarkably good, and there appeared nothing to account for his sudden decease. Suspicion pointed to poison as the cause of his death. There is no proof that it was brought about by that means; but the character of the age, his own prominence and ability as a champion of the people, the fear and hatred of his enemies, and the suddenness of the event, all lend a color of truth to the supposition. We have omitted to touch upon the character of Marvell as a poet. His poems were rather an amusement than an occupation, and written in hurried moments snatched from the bustle of his busy political life. Nevertheless some of them have considerable merit, and are full of beautiful thoughts and quaint images enough to set up a whole tribe of small modern poetasters. From a poem entitled "Eyes and Tears" we take the following stanzas, which are characteristic of the tender, thoughtful nature of the man.

How wisely nature did agree,
With the same eyes to weep and see,
That having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain,
And since the self-deluding sight
In a false angle takes each height;
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and planets fall.

Happy are they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew;
So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolved those captivating eyes
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in those tears doth lose its fire.

Yea, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And there his hissing lightning slakes.
The incense is to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear;
And stars shine lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope then mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise to your noblest use;
For others, too, can see and sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.

Such were the works of Andrew Marvell—such was his life—such was his sudden, early death, before the prime of manhood was passed. Fearless of danger—not to be tempted or bought—keen of perception, and strong in argument, pure in life, and ever ready to stand nobly for the right, he is one

of England's noblest worthies—a man whose works and acts are wedded,

Like perfect music unto noblest words.

If there have been greater men, there have not been many better; and he does what few do—he justifies the eulogy which his tomb-stone records.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

EDWARD QUILLINAN is a name not much known out of literary circles. Even within them, it is not a name known and read of all men. The son-in-law of Sir Egerton Brydges, and afterwards of Wordsworth—the assailant of Mr. Savage Landor, in retaliation of the Southey and Porson dialogue—the occasional contributor to quarterly and monthly periodicals—and the accomplished Portuguese scholar—all this Mr. Quillinan was known to be, and this was about all. Nor has his biographer, in the sketch prefixed to the present edition of his Poems,* added much to this sum total of knowledge. Mr. Johnston has been cautiously mindful of his friend's opinion, that there is on the part of candid biographers a danger that they may tell the public more than the public have a right to know. The memoir, however, so far as it goes, is interesting and in good taste—so much so, that it stimulates the reader's appetite to grow by what it feeds on.

Wordsworth, avowedly slow to admire, and, as Mr. Johnston says, “by no means forward to express approbation even when he felt it,” and “scarcely condescending to the language of mere compliment,” many years ago affirmed his conviction that Mr. Quillinan had it in his power to attain a permanent place among the poets of England; that his thoughts, feelings, knowledge, and judgment in style, and skill in metre, entitled him to it; and that if he had not then (1827) succeeded in gaining it, the cause apparently lay in the choice of subjects. We fear that the ensuing quarter of a century closed without the success in question being realized. Feeling, contemplative ease, and what himself

somewhere calls the “bland pressure of judicious thought, and chaste constraint of language,” mark Mr. Quillinan's verse; but we nowhere recognize, positively (as Wordsworth hoped) or potentially* (as Wordsworth asserted), the hand of the MAKER—the *poietes*, whose *poiesis* guarantees a permanent place among the poets of England. His brightest passages shine with a reflected light upon Rydal's bright particular star—for Wordsworth had been, from his youth upwards, and under circumstances ill adapted to foster any such predilection, the venerated object of his poetical studies and musing sympathies.

Mr. Quillinan was a soldier by profession, but literature was his life-long pursuit. He was born at Oporto in 1791, of Irish parents, from whom he was parted in his seventh year, in order to receive an English school education. At fourteen he returned to Opor-

* Wordsworth's criticism, however encouraging to the subject of it, was, we should suppose, infinitely less flattering than that of the aspirant's first father-in-law was likely to be, if we may judge from extant specimens. Mr. Gillies, for instance, however valuable to literature as a translator and magazine sketcher, is nowhere, to our knowledge, accepted as an original bard. Yet to this gentleman's quite forgotten effusions in verse, could Sir Egerton Brydges apply (and doubtless with entire sincerity) such panegyric as the following, in letters addressed to the amiable verse-maker: “It is perfect inspiration! It is as far superior to any the best composition of any living poet [N.B. This was in 1813], as Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser are to the dead. . . . All the compositions of other living poets will appear comparatively as nothing to me. If I could attend to any minor delight in the delirium of pleasure which this fragment gives me,” &c., &c. And again: “You have fixed yourself on my mind, beyond all competition, the greatest genius of the age. . . . Do not accuse me of fulsome compliment. I am incapable of saying what I do not think.” This “Curiosity of Literature” is to be found in R. P. Gillies' “Memoirs of a Literary Veteran,” vol. ii.

* Poems by Edward Quillinan. With a Memoir by Wm. Johnston. Moxon. 1853.
The Lusiad of Luis de Camoens. Books I. to V. Translated by Edward Quillinan. With Notes by John Adamson. Moxon. 1853.

to; but everything was changed—his mother dead—his father married again—and the counting-house to which he was introduced so heartily sickened him ("for my passion," he says, "was for books very unlike ledgers"), that he speedily left for England, settled awhile in London, and in 1808, purchased a cornetcy in the "Heavy Dragoons." With some brother officers he engaged in certain satirical *brochure* writing, which "brought him in" a dividend of three duels at once. The latter part of the Peninsular campaign he passed with his regiment in Spain. After the peace, he published a poem called "The Sacrifice of Isabel" (1816), which he described as an endeavor to portray with energy and simplicity, natural feelings in trying situations. It was dedicated to Sir Egerton Brydges, whose daughter, Jemima, he married in the following year. In 1821, being quartered at Penrith, he went over to Rydal with a letter of introduction to Wordsworth; but, Mr. Johnston tells us, "singularly enough,* as Mr. Quillinan approached Rydal Mount, he became ashamed of presenting himself with a letter which he was aware spoke of him in rather flattering terms, and he rode back again to Penrith with the specific object of his journey unaccomplished." He soon, however, retraced his steps, and made a friend for life. About the same time he quitted the army, and took a cottage on the banks of the Rotha—a stream whose name he gave to his second daughter, just as Coleridge gave that of the Derwent

to his second son. He lost his wife in the following year, and went abroad in bitter anguish, "endeavoring to dissipate by change of scene the burden of sorrow which it had pleased Heaven to lay upon him." It is, perhaps, to the "shock and passion of grief" by which his spirit was then rent, and afterwards again when bereaved of his second wife (Dora Wordsworth), that we owe the most impressive and affecting of Mr. Quillinan's verse. His lines, beginning "Madness, if thou wilt let me dwell with thee," exhale the hot fierce breath of despair itself. Society at Berne moved him to exclaim—

It is a melancholy art
To take the theme the gay impart
With a complacent smile;
They little think the secret heart
Is aching all the while.

The sight of her favorite field-flowers, or of a "soft blue eye," wrung from him a wail that faintly echoes that of him who dwelt alone upon Helvellyn's side, and made his moan for the pretty Barbara. Wherever the bereaved man wandered, there arose some symbol to associate his thoughts with the quiet churchyard of Grasmere—some torturing memory to deepen the affliction of those

Who, with a vain compunction, burn
To expiate faults that grieved
A breast they never more can pain,
A heart they cannot please again—
The living, the bereaved.

O vain complaint of selfishness!
Weak wish to paralyze distress!
The tear, the pang, the groan,
Are justly mine, who once possess'd,
Yet sometimes pain'd, the fondest breast
Where love was ever known.

Returning to England, he resided either with his late wife's relatives in Kent, or at his own house in town—with occasional visits to the Wordsworths and other friends. Twice he subsequently visited Portugal. In 1841, "the long attachment between him and Dora Wordsworth, which first sprang out of the root of grief, was crowned by their marriage." They passed two happy summers at "The Island" in Windermere (lent them by their friend Mr. Curwen, *more suo*—whence Wordsworth's name for the place, *Borrow-me-an Island*), enjoying the company of Professor Wilson* and other choice spirits. With

* Not absolutely without precedent, however. Twice seven years before this date, a far more profound and impassioned admirer of William Wordsworth undertook on two occasions, a long journey expressly for the purpose of paying his respects to that great poet; and on each occasion he tells us, "I came as far as the little rustic inn at Church Coniston—and on neither occasion could I summon confidence enough to present myself before him. . . . I was not deficient [he adds] in a reasonable self-confidence towards the world generally. But the very image of Wordsworth, as I prefigured it to my own planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or St. Paul. . . . Once I absolutely went forward to the very gorge of Hammerscar," within sight of the poet's cottage, and, "catching one hasty glimpse of this loveliest of landscapes, I retreated like a guilty thing, for fear I might be surprised by Wordsworth, and then returned faint-heartedly to Coniston, and so to Oxford, *re infectâ*. . . . And thus far, from mere excess of nervous distrust in my own powers for sustaining a conversation with Wordsworth, I had, for nearly five years, shrunk from a meeting for which, beyond all things under heaven, I longed."—*Lake Reminiscences: by the English Opium-eater*.

* With whom Mr. Quillinan's friendship began, we believe, in a literary feud, tending in rise and progress to the same character as that of Moore and Jeffrey.

the next year came anxieties about Mrs. Quillinan's health, and, a voyage to the south of Europe being recommended, they both undertook a tour in Spain and Portugal—an account of which the invalid lady published in 1846.* The ensuing summer was her last. "It would be an improper disclosure of domestic privacy," Mr. Johnston observes, "to quote the letters written by her husband during that time of misery: let it suffice to say that nowhere, either in works of fiction or records of actual life, has the writer of this memoir ever seen letters more distinctly marked by manly sense, combined with almost feminine tenderness." The "Suspiria," and other poems in this collection, testify to the mourner's sacred sorrow. Thus:

Oh for a glance into the world above !
 Enfranchised trembler, thou art surely there !
 Not mine the gloom fanatic to despair
 Of grace for thee : but, rest of thy pure love,
 So dread a conflict in my soul I prove,
 So lost I feel in solitary care,
 So frail, forlorn, and worthless, that I dare
 Aspire to no such height, unless the dove
 Of peace, descending, teach my hope to soar.
 Fond heart ! thy wounds were heal'd, thy sins
 forgiven ;
 I saw thee die ; I know that thou art blest.
 Thou, dying sufferer, wert wing'd for heaven ;
 And when thy spirit mounted to its rest
 My guardian angel fled, to come no more.

"Two graves in Grasmere Vale, yew-shaded both, his all of life, if life be love, comprised ;" and to a space remaining for himself between them, the sorrower's thoughts were now habitually directed. He continued to live with his daughters in the same cottage, Loughrigg Holme. "He walked about more than ever with Mr. Wordsworth. They had now a new sympathy, but a sad one. It pointed to a grave in Grasmere churchyard." Yet a little while, and the elder poet† was carried

* In *Tait's Magazine* for that year, Mr. Quillinan published a minute description of "The Fox," or marine suburb of Oporto, under the title of "The Belle"—of the incidents in which sketch "there are probably few," he says, "which are not true," though characters and events are intermingled and transposed, to avoid offensive personality. It "is neither a novel nor a romance," and he thought it proper to add, "least of all a satire."

† In a letter to Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, Mr. Quillinan thus announces the decease of William Wordsworth: "We had known for two or three days at least that there was no hope; but we were led to believe that the end was not yet. At twelve o'clock this day [April 23—said to be Shakspeare's birthday and deathday too], however, he passed away, very, very quietly. Mrs. Wordsworth is quite resigned. There is always some sweetening of the

to the same peaceful God's-acre. Nor was the end of the other far off. Mr. Quillinan died in the following year (1851)—talking of literature, his ruling passion, in the delirium of approaching dissolution; and even after he had ceased to recognize his children, one hour before he died, endeavoring, pen and ink in hand, to pursue his translation of the "History of Portugal," that it might "be of use" to the daughters who stood by his bed-side, though he knew them not. On the 12th of July, 1851, the green sods of Grasmere church-yard covered another shrouded denizen, there to sleep beside the darlings of his heart, beneath the shadow of the yew-trees near at hand, and the everlasting hills not afar off. Restless hath been the greed, within the last few years, of that Churchyard among the Mountains.

Mr. Quillinan was by education and profession a Roman Catholic, but he practically conformed to the Church of England. In politics he was Conservative. As a man, he was generally respected and beloved. One of his friends, who affirms his belief that "a more noble, generous, and high-minded creature never breathed," remarks that "probably his failing was an excitability and restlessness which indicated that Irish blood was in his veins." This excitability carried him in 1819 to Edinburgh, to retort gravely upon the banter of his *Blackwood* critic; and to the same spirit we may trace his caricature of Mr. Landor's Porson and Southey, in 1842.* As the "son-in-law of the calum-

briestest cup; it was expected that he would linger perhaps for some weeks, and that his sufferings would be extreme; but the mercy of God has shortened the agony, and we fondly hope that he did not suffer much pain—that he had not reached that stage of suffering which the medical men apprehended. Last night I was with him for about half an hour up to ten o'clock; he lay quite still and never spoke, except to call for water, which he often did. 'Drink, drink,' was all he said. William (his younger son) sat up with him till past five o'clock, and was then relieved by John (his elder son), who had only returned from Brigham (his parish) at nine last evening. He remained to the last in the same quiet state, never moving; yet as this had been the case so long, and he had always been most unwilling to move, or to have his position altered, it was by no means supposed that the last hour was so near. He is gone! You know well the distress at Rydal Mount."

* Mr. Landor's only reply seems to have been a pun on his adversary's *Quillinanities*,—not an original one, however, for Quill-inane was a bit of apelling and sarcasm of thirty years' standing, with the genesis of which, the lieutenant of dragoons had himself made Mr. Landor acquainted at the time. See "Memoir," p. xxxiii.

nated poet," he felt called on to resent, with no slight "appearance of contempt," the "odious misapplication" of the author of Gebir's powers in "his gross attack on Wordsworth." With such a temperament, it was happy for Mr. Quillinan that his poetical sympathies were with the Wordsworth school, rather than with Byron and other *Kraftmänner*. He never attained the sublime repose which consecrates the philosophy of his great exemplar, but unquestionably that philosophy must have had a profound and soothing influence of restraint upon his inner life, as well as upon his verses. How carefully he modelled his manner upon that of Wordsworth—unless, indeed, the imitation was an unconscious habit—may be seen in his lines, "Wild Flowers of Westmoreland," "The Birch of Silver How," some of the sonnets, &c. The following illustrates his more independent manner:

To Miss ——.

Thou wert to me a mystery of not unpleasing dread;
Thou art to me a history that I have quickly read!
There is a spell upon thee which I would not read aloud
To any but thy secret ear within an arbor's shroud.
For though it might be quickly said, thy cheek would change its hue
If 'twere express'd by more than one, or heard by more than two.
It is not guilt, it is not shame; though leading oft to both
In breasts where sensibility is prodigal of growth.
Thou art not happy, though thy smile would fain the truth deny;
I know too much of sorrow's guile to trust a laughing eye:
Thine is a genuine woman's heart; all woman to the core;
Beware; be warn'd before we part! for we shall meet no more.
(Though not perchance without a sigh shall memory oft retrace
That fine pale air of intellect and melancholy grace.)
Farewell, forget me if thou wilt, while pleasures round thee bloom,
Remember me when thou art left in solitude and gloom.

By way of relief to this minor key, we quote

FROM AN ALBUM.

Lady, are you dark or fair,
Owner of this pretty book?
What's the color of your hair?
Are you blithe and debonnaire,
Or demure of look?

If your eyes are black as sloes,
And your locks of ebon hue;
O'er your cheeks if nature throws
Only just enough of rose,
Why, I think you'll do.

If with pretty mouth you sing,
Void of all extravaganza,
Tender melodies that bring
Hearts around you fluttering,
You are worth a stanza.

If you be in soul a child
Lively as a meteor,
Yet with a discretion mild,
Tempering the spirit wild,
You're a charming creature.

Nearly all the poets have sung of a Margaret (and in this they have all done well, though they have not all sung well)—here is Mr. Quillinan's contribution

IN THE ALBUM OF MARGARET ——.

Both meanings of *La Marguerite*,
The daisy or the pearl,
For once in perfect concord meet,
And suit the very girl!

Some prophet surely gave that name
At the baptismal hour
Of one who sparkles like a gem,
Though modest as the flower.*

We conclude our quotations with a fragment descriptive of Wordsworth, from some lines on the visit of Queen Adelaide to the aged bard:

Him, the High Druid of the oak-clad fells
And aqueous vales of our romantic North,
The breasts of thousands, yea of millions, own
To be the Seer, whose power hath o'er them most
A sway like that of conscience

He, in his sunny childhood, sported wild
Among the wild flowers and the pensile ferns
That fringe the craggy banks of waterfalls,
Whose pools were arched, with irises enwoven
Of spray and sunbeams: these into his mind
Pass'd, and were blent with fancies of his own;

* If ever we execute our project of an *Anthology* of what the poets ("blessings be with them, and eternal praise!") have said of the names of ladies (on whom be the same benediction invoked), in some six or eight volumes octavo, *La Marguerite* bids fair to monopolize one volume to herself. Nor shall we grudge it. Meanwhile, we wish certain other names of significant sweetness had a richer literature of their own. *Florence*, for example—a name which (at least we have met with one to warrant the belief) might inspire stanzas fit to draw three souls out of one weaver. It might make, whom the gods have not made, poetical. But how unpardonable ever to bestow it on a creature with a beard!

And in that interfusion of bright hues
His soul grew up and brighten'd. On the peaks
Of mighty hills he learnt the mysteries
That float 'twixt heaven and earth. The strenu-
ous key
Of cloud-born torrents harmonized his verse
To strength and sweetness : but the voice that
brake
The cedars upon Lebanon—none else—
Taught him to rend more stubborn stocks than
they,
The obdurate hearts of men.

It is right to add, that the few extracts we have given afford but a narrow glimpse of the merit of a volume of poems which every Lake Schoolman (conventionally, however incorrectly, speaking) will wish to put on his shelf.

We have just grace enough left to confess that our knowledge of the Portuguese language is simply *nil* ; and therefore our incompetency to "tackle" Mr. Quillinan's translation of the "*Lusiad*" stands out in hideous distinctness. The *ergo* may be called a *non sequitur*, according to the practice and precedents of the Art of Criticism ; but let that pass. Shortly before his death, Mr. Quillinan was spoken of in the *Quarterly Review* as "probably the first Portuguese scholar in the kingdom." In undertaking a translation of Camoens, he engaged in a labor of love, uncheered by any confident hope of popularizing a minstrel whom foreigners are content to admire at a distance, and whom translators have commonly found it difficult to acclimatize as an exotic—as M. de Souza* and others learnt to their cost. Camoens is, as Sismondi says, the sole poet of Portugal, whose celebrity has extended beyond the Peninsula, and who had the honor of writing the earliest epic in any of the modern tongues;† yet people are wont to accept the

celebrity as a tradition, finding it less convenient in such cases to prove all things than to hold fast that which is, by courtesy, good. So Camoens, like the hero of the drinking-song, is chorused as a "good fellow," whose goodness "nobody can deny"—under penalty of reading his epic. In translations of such a kind, therefore,

'Tis not for mortals to command success :

but Mr. Quillinan has done more—deserved it. If spirit, elegance, and finish,* can render the "*Lusiad*" acceptable to an English public, his version ought to be in request. It comprises the first five books, which include the most admired sections of the epic,—viz., the story of Ignez de Castro, she who

— with eyes whose beauty charmed the air,
Meek as a lamb devoted from the fold,
Gazed on her parent frantic with the woe,
And unresisting took the fatal blow ;

and also the vision at the Cape of Good Hope, which, in the vigorous interpretation of Mr. Quillinan, shows quite another front from the comparatively dull presentment of William Julius Mickle. Fain would we quote the vision entire ; but 'tis not for mortals to command space any more than success, and therefore be it our consolation (*pace tanti editor*) to deserve it.

year after the death of Camoens. Trissino had essayed an epic on the liberation of Italy from the Gauls, but broke down.

* A rough line here and there remains to show that he had not, as his editor, Mr. Adamson remarks, "given his last supervision to the versification." For instance, not at all in Mr. Quillinan's style is the second line in the couplet

Until his rabid fangs enfix his throat,
And down at last tumbles the exhausted brute.

C. iii., st. 47.

Or the scansion of the third line following :

The startled mother, feigning then to sue
On my behalf, address'd her. The divine
Enchantress said, as half compliant,
"How shall a Nereid learn to love a giant?"

C. v., st. 53.

But such instances are too rare not to be remarkable.

* "Called upon Madame de Souza, and saw her husband's Camoens. This book has cost him near 4000*l.*, and he has never sold a copy."—*Diary of Thomas Moore*, 1820. (*Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 105.) This is "the splendid edition" described by Sismondi. By poet Phillips's philosophy in the "Splendid Shilling," M. de Souza was a happy man, as *re-tainer* extraordinary.

† Neither Ariosto nor his fellow-romancers aspired to the character of epic writers. Nor did Tasso publish his "*Jerusalem Delivered*" until the

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE VILLIERS, the first Duke of Buckingham, was born on the 28th of August, 1592. His mother, a person of great ability and knowledge of the world, afforded him the first rudiments of education. He was afterwards sent to school till he was thirteen years of age. At this period his attention was chiefly directed to music and the French language. At eighteen he was sent to France, but displayed little ability, and even less desire for improvement. On his return he again was domesticated with his mother. She probably never omitted the inculcation of those lessons of worldly prudence in which his extraordinary and rapid elevation may have had their chief origin. He himself soon perceived that his future advancement was more likely to be obtained by the grace and beauty of his person than the cultivation of his mind. For this reason it has been quaintly said of him, "He did not addict himself to morose and sullen bookishness, but his chief exercises were dancing, fencing; and vaulting."* He was early brought under the notice of James I., at a theatrical exhibition at Apthorpe, near Cambridge. The king was perfectly fascinated by him, and instructed his friend, Sir John Graham, to adopt several plans to render as attractive as possible the graces with which nature had endowed him. It has been observed, "that no reason for the king's choice appeared, but handsomeness; for the love the king showed was as amorously conveyed as if he had mistaken the sex and thought him a lady."† Indeed, all authorities written at the time, and subsequently, agree, that to his personal beauty alone he was indebted for the impression he made upon the king, and which ultimately, but with great rapidity, led to the surprising position he was permitted to attain.‡

The Queen had perceived the favorable impression that Buckingham had made upon the King. She well knew that, under any

circumstances, his mind and habits required a close connection with some favored subject. She had long disliked the Earl of Somerset, who had hitherto swayed the monarch's acts. Under the guidance of Archbishop Abbot, she adopted the means that were deemed necessary to supply the place of one favorite by the attractions of another. No representation of the power that Buckingham rapidly exercised over the King, could sufficiently display the debasing acts which one party practised, or the humiliating childishness of the other. The correspondence that passed between them can alone reveal the prostration of position and mind to which James humbled himself. And, except for the indulgence of the most debasing propensities, it is hard to understand that any mind, however mean, could grovel so low as Buckingham to attain advancement, even the highest which kings could profligately bestow.

This correspondence is full of the most obscene language; and surely there cannot be conceived any inconsistency more disgusting than between such compositions and those devotional tracts which the King published for national edification—indeed, for the improvement of Europe, for, by the order of James, they were translated into Latin and French. We cannot defile these pages with any extracts.

Dr. Welwood has well described these letters. He says, the King, for the most part, called Buckingham his "dear child and gossip," and his "dear child and gossip Steiny," and subscribing himself his "dear dad and gossip;" sometimes his "dear dad and Stuart;" and once, when he sends him partridges, his "dear dad and purveyor;" and when Buckingham replies, the termination of his letter is, "Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog, Steiny." In one of James' letters he tells the favorite that he wears Steiny's picture under his waistcoat, next his heart; and in another he bids him, his only sweet and dear child, hasten to him that night, *that his white teeth might shine upon him*. It may not be useless to copy one entire letter. It is as curious as melancholy to read it:—

* Sir A. Wotton's Court of James I.

† Osborne's Memoirs of James I., p. 534.

‡ Birch's View of the Negotiations, p. 384, and Clarendon's Hist. vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

"MY ONLY SWEET AND DEAR CHILD,—Blessing, blessing, blessing on thy heart's roots, and all thine, this Thursday morning. Here is great store of game, as they say, partridges and stone-coleours; I know who shall get their part of them; and here is the finest company of young hounds that ever was seen. God bless the sweet master of my harriers, that made them to be so well kept all summer—I mean *Tom Badger*. I assure myself thou wilt punctually observe the dyet and journey, I set thee down in my first letter from Theobald's. God bless thee, and my sweet Kate, and Mall, to the comfort of thy

"Dear Dad,

"JAMES R.

"P.S.—Let my last compliment settle to thy heart, till we have a sweet and comfortable meeting, which God send, and give thee grace to bid the drogues adieu this day."

To show the awful mixture of religion and corrupt sentimentality that prevailed in the mind of James, it is well to mention the origin of the name of Steiny, which he gave to Buckingham. It was on account of his personal attractions. Steiny was the diminutive of St. Stephen, who is always painted with a glory about his face. And the authority or the foundation of this designation has been assigned to be derived from Acts vi. 15, where it is said of St. Stephen—"All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face, as it had been the face of an angel."

Buckingham, though deficient in ability and knowledge, had the good fortune to have a mother who abounded in both. She was a member of the Church of Rome. And the celebrated Gondamor, a Jesuit, who managed the affairs of Spain in England, recounted to his government the position of his Church in the country in which he was resident, with his usual pointed and witty observations. In observing upon the court and homage paid to Buckingham's mother on account of her influence on the son, he says—"There never was more hope of England's conversion to Rome than now, for there are more prayers offered here to the mother than to the son."

His titles multiplied so rapidly upon him, that he must have found it difficult to remember the last. It may amuse or even instruct our readers to repeat them. The Right High and Right Mighty Prince George Villiers, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham, Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Wadden, Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and the Principality of Wales; Governor of all the Castles and Seaports, and of the Royal Navy;

Master of the Horse to His Majesty; Lord Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and the Members thereof; Constable to the Castle of Dover; Justice in the Eyre of all His Majesty's Forces, Parks, and Chaces on this side of the River Trent; Constable of the Royal Castle of Windsor, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber; Counsellor of Estate of the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; Lord President of the Council of War; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Steward of the City and College of Westminster, and Lord General of His Majesty's Force in the Isle of Rhee.

His various titles, to that of Marquis, and many of his other honors, were conferred upon him between the age of twenty-four and twenty-six, and all were given and taken in the space of twelve years. He was, given, besides the salaries of his numerous places, one thousand a-year from the Court of Wards, a great manor in Buckinghamshire, which had belonged to Lord Grey, attainted of high treason along with Sir Walter Raleigh. To support the vast expenses attendant upon his elevation, the most distinguished of the nobility were removed from their high places, as the Earl of Nottingham and the Earl of Worcester. Sir Henry Wotton well describes these honors thus:—"Here I must breathe awhile, to satisfy some that, perhaps, might otherwise wonder at such an accumulation of benefits, like a kind of embroiderying of one favor upon another."*

The King procured him the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland in marriage. But even this great distinction he did not become possessed of, till he had stained the reputation of that high family. The old earl, her father, compelled Buckingham to respect what he knew not how to prize. He told him, if he did not marry his daughter, and repair her honor, that no greatness should protect him from his justice. The celebrated Archbishop Williams was chiefly instrumental, not only in bringing this match to completion, but converted Lady Catherine Manners to the Church of England. Bishop Hacket, in his quaint language, says, "that Williams told him that this negotiation of this match was the last keystone that made the arch in his preferment."† But lest the

* Sir H. Wotton's *Life and Death of the Duke of Buckingham. Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 211. 1685.

† *Life of Archbishop Williams*, p. 43.

lady should again become a member of the Church of Rome, Dr. Williams, by order of the King, "drew up the Elements of Orthodox Religion," and twenty copies only were printed, with no name, but only "by an old prebend of Windsor." Williams sent one of these copies to Buckingham, with a letter, which is still preserved. After describing the different parts and objects of the work, Williams says, in language common in those days—"Of the rest, I received my best grounds from his Majesty, and such as, I protest faithfully, I never could read the like in any author, for my own satisfaction."*

It may not be here uninteresting to give some account of another conversion, in which Buckingham was deeply concerned. It was not a conversion from the Church of Rome, but to it. His mother was the convert. It was by Bishop Williams' advice that public means were resorted to, in the attempt to recall the Duchess of Buckingham to the right path. He feared that his own patron, the Duke, and even the King, might deeply suffer; and therefore he advised a public discussion on the question at issue. Fisher, the Jesuit, was the lady's champion, and White, the Dean of Carlisle, but especially Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Williams. The whole of this discussion is well known, and has been often reprinted, but never by the Roman Catholic Church, but always by members of the Church of England. Yet, at the time, no impression was made upon the mother of Buckingham; she remained a convert to the Church of her adoption.

It was not only by titles and estates, by power and place, that the King pandered to the ambition, and pride, and passions of his favorite; he sought, in the most ignominious manner, to gratify all his vicious propensities; he did so on many occasions, by being personally instrumental in enabling him to gratify them; nay, he even suggested the mode of accomplishing the most abandoned schemes, and was the minister in securing their success. Sir Edward Peyton† states more instances than one, in which the King carried Buckingham to the houses of the noblest of England's peers, and facilitated the corruption of beautiful women. On one occasion, the sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon conveyed a lady out of the window, into a private chamber, over the roof of the house, to escape the conspiracy that had

been planned by the monarch and the peer for the invasion of the lady's honor.

So favored by a weak and wicked king with the possession of unbounded power, his riches, and thereby the means of indulgence, were increased to an unlimited degree. He now lived in greater pomp than any nobleman of his time. He used always to appear with six horses to his carriage, which so exasperated Henry, Earl of Northumberland, that he drove through the city of London with eight, to the wonder and amusement of the people.

Buckingham now introduced the practice of being carried on men's shoulders. This so shocked the people that he was hooted in the streets; yet, like other vices or silly habits, so corrupting is evil example, that soon the displeasure ceased to be manifested, so common had the practice become.

There is an amusing description given in an old chronicle of these times of the sumptuousness and extravagance of his dress, which was beyond all precedent or example:—

"It was common with him, at any ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings, to be yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; inso-much that, at his going once to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes, made the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs."*

We shall gather up into the shortest space we are able, the character of this wanton favorite of fortune, and comment in general terms upon it, rather than attempt any accurate history of his life, unsuitable alike to this publication, and the design we have in view in writing this sketch.

The Duke of Buckingham, thus raised suddenly to the highest dignities in the state, had neither abilities to sustain him in his giddy exaltation, nor prudence to conceal his want of them. He loved and hated with reckless inconsistency. The friends whom he honored with attachment to-day, he persecuted with fierce antipathy to-morrow; nay, even the homage which is the inheritance of genius, he scrupled not to discard or disown, if the degradation of its possessor could facilitate

* Hacket's Life of Williams, p. 48.

† Divine Catastrophe, p. 17.

* In the Harleian Library, B. H. 90, c. vii. fol. 642.

the indulgence of his extravagant caprice, retard for a due season his own disgrace, or hide his shame from public condemnation. Whether it were the illustrious Bacon, whom his own genius and learning, without his patron's magic influence, could not, in that age, have elevated to be Lord Chancellor—or Middlesex, who, from being an humble tradesman, he had made a peer, and appointed Lord Treasurer, and afterwards impeached—or Archbishop Williams, who, through his interest, had attained the loftiest dignity in the state, and an equally elevated position in the Church—Buckingham hurled them all from their fortunes, degraded them from their rank, and tarnished their fame with the same blind and senseless impetuosity, as he would dismiss a menial, or accuse him of an ordinary omission of duty. He dandled the reputation and fortunes of his country with the reckless vivacity with which he prosecuted an amorous enterprise. In both cases he was regardless of the means by which he attained his purpose, and utterly thoughtless of the consequences which resulted from them. When his unrestrained passion provoked him to insult the Queen of France, he revenged the dignified virtue* which blushed and shrank from his proposal, by seeking to embroil his own country in a war with hers. He revealed this passion for the Queen to Henrietta Maria, when escorting her to England to her husband, Charles I.; and Madame de Motteville states, that the Queen of England told her that the Duke excited unpleasant feelings between herself and Charles, and also, that the object he had in view in making a division between the two crowns, was, that there would be a necessity of his returning to France, to effect a treaty of peace, and thus enjoy the opportunity of once more seeing the Queen of France, and prosecuting his insane attachment. At one time Buckingham pledged James to relax the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, and then united with their direst foes, the Puritans, to insult the King. Whilst he ruined James by his frowardness, abandoned vices, and immoderate expenditure, he devised and arranged the project of his future despotism over his son and successor, by tutoring the child to disobey his father, not only in his character of parent, but of king. Against the interest and commanding position of England, as well as the feeling and wish of James, he seduced Charles to Spain; doubtless, the King was aware of

their departure, but not until the design had been so far matured, that it appeared, at least to the vacillating sovereign, easier to advance to its fulfilment, than to retire from it. Buckingham was convinced that if Charles were removed from his father, vain and weak though he knew him to be, but more especially if separated from the casual intercourse with noble minds that cherished attachment to the religion and constitution of England, he would have full scope, "and verge enough for more," to work out his selfish and disastrous speculations. The entire design of this hazardous experiment of the heir of one crown, without solicitation, or even previous arrangement, visiting the kingdom of a neighboring sovereign, was for the sole purpose of ingratiating himself with the future King of England by ties and engagements that would continue to operate in his favor, so long as a woman's power can influence a man's decisions. Buckingham fondly hoped that, by this propitious exploit, if carried to successful issue, he would enjoy an inheritance of honors, which, if not the rewards of his ability and care, would in future be, as at least hitherto they had been, the unexampled attendants upon his selfishness and cunning.

The account of the arrangements of their departure, and the vacillating conduct of James—at one time joyously adopting the plan, and at another irresolutely rejecting it—is not suited to so brief an account of historical transactions. They passed through France to Spain. They were in disguise as to dress, occupation, and name. They wore periwigs to overshadow their foreheads, their beards were disguised, and they, Charles and Buckingham, assumed the humble names of Thomas and James Smith. In passing through France, Charles saw his future consort. She appears to have impressed him most advantageously, though his intercourse was but momentary.

When the parties arrived in Spain, it is still difficult to ascertain whether the charges made by the Earl of Bristol against the Duke of Buckingham are true. Hume* rather boldly states that Bristol had never said that Buckingham had professed himself a Papist. Why, it is with all order and precision alleged by the Earl of Bristol, that Buckingham plotted with the Jesuit Gondemar to bring the Prince into Spain to change his religion—that in Spain he absented himself habitually for eight months from the service of the Church of Eng-

* De Retz Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 186, 290. Rohan's Memoirs, p. 181. London, 1660.

* History of England, vol. vi. note to p. 217.

land in the Earl's house, and frequented the Popish service, adored their sacraments, and conformed to their rites—that the Duke prevailed upon King James to write to the Pope for a dispensation to the marriage, and to style him “*Sanctissime Pater*”—and that the Pope sent to the Duke a letter to encourage him in the perversion of the Prince.*

These accusations and these terms are alleged by Bristol against Buckingham, and reported by Mr. Whitlocke.† And how did the fickle favorite carry out his designs? Why, when the honor of James as king, and Charles himself, as well as that of England, by her now accredited minister, had been pledged for the consummation of the marriage with the Infanta of Spain, he precipitately abandoned the contract. It is supposed, indeed, that his visit to Spain had not been opportune in amorous enterprise. Even disgraceful misfortunes attended his meditated intrigue with the wife of Olivares. And, besides this, he began to fear that his popularity might be endangered by the future revelation of his political manoeuvres, to which he anticipated a possible failure, and, therefore, certain disgrace. Yet, so skilled had he become in turning crooked devices into prosperous plans, that he made the hour of his discomfiture the period of his success and triumph. He now ingratiated himself with the nation, by showing that the interest and religion of England would be damaged by such a connection. So great was his success in this tortuous diplomacy, that Sir Edward Coke called him the saviour of his country. Thus his enemies became his advocates; and they were now his panegyrists who had been loudest in condemnation. So intoxicated had he become with the fever of popular approbation, by which his previous career had never once been influenced or excited, that he entered into disreputable intrigues with the Puritanical members of Parliament, who, to this time, had been the decided foes of regal supremacy. To promote the designs of his new companions, the adoption of conduct that involved a departure from principle, was no difficult experiment for one so well practised in all the arts and sophistry of deceit.

To prosecute his selfish and insane designs, and avenge his disappointed hopes, he threatened to invade the property of the Church, to abolish her hierarchy, and to sell the chap-

ter lands of per cathedrals for the benefit of the King. This was his part of the promised bribe. To accomplish his nefarious projects, he had actually entered into treaty with Dr. John Preston, the reputed chief of the party.* And what were the real objects of this wicked craft? To provide the means of levying war on Spain, not because she had injured or dishonored England, but because for his own personal ends he had first insulted, then betrayed, and at last maligned and persecuted the nation that refused to administer to national degradation by the sacrifice of the virtue of the highest born among her female aristocracy. Of one crime we must admit the Duke of Buckingham was not guilty. He was unalloyed by the vice of dissimulation, because he would not even pretend to have any respect for virtue. Therefore he had the undisguised effrontery to publish his private vices, which might have remained in obscurity but for his strange passion for proclaiming his abandoned profligacy. He dared to brave the hatred of his country, and the scorn of all the virtuous on earth for his public wrongs. These had not even the common apology of ambition or patriotism for their perpetration. They originated in the hateful passion of doing and inflicting insult.

For these reasons it may be alleged, that so far as the destiny of a nation, even for ages, can be influenced by a single man, to the Duke of Buckingham adhere the shame and guilt of being the author, not alone of his country's dishonor in the time of one king, but of the immeasurable catalogue of calamities that throng the page of the Stuart dynasty. For it was he established the precedent of ruling without parliaments; it was he that filled the treasury with the price of the new honors of baronetage; he gathered golden harvests for the King by the sale of patents, monopolies, and vexatious grants, and then enticed him to squander them with remorseless extravagance. It was he revived the use of impeachment, unpractised, except for the indulgence of royal vengeance, for nearly two centuries. It is strange that James I. should have cherished and loved the man that dishonored his name and ruined his reputation.

* *Memoirs of George Villiers*, p. 35.

† *Memorials*, p. 5. Edit. 1682. See also his *Mem. of English Affairs*, 1709, p. 300–303.

* See Coke's *Detection*, vol. i. p. 139. Hacket states, in his *Life of Williams*, that he deserves the credit of preventing the sale of crowns, by Buckingham, on a previous occasion, p. 202. He tried afterwards to do the same respecting the Church lands, but lost forever the patronage of his great friend.

But it is a greater source of wonder that Lord Clarendon, the accurate anatomist, more than all other historians, except Tacitus, of the mind and dispositions of men, should have praised and even admired him.

Death now summoned James to the final retribution of all men. Suspicion, and to some well-founded, has fixed on the character of Buckingham, some circumstances that do not leave his name quite free from the charge of having been instrumental in the death of his too generous and profligate patron. Even the public rumor, though without justifiable foundation, that so enormous ingratitude, and accompanied by a deed of blood, could exist, is sufficient to testify to posterity the odiousness that attached itself to his guilty character.

A new reign begins, and Charles ascends the throne. The greatest events, the noblest results, the glorious fame of ages of glorious men have arisen out of his grave. Overshadowed as his life with some transgressions most doubtless was, who can say that his destiny was not too terrible a punishment for his many imputed crimes? But we cannot dwell on these points. One man, however, had forecast his destiny, under the new king, with cunning and success. New honors awaited the companion of the royal traveller to France and Spain, and disgrace soon assailed those whom Buckingham could not succeed in ruining in the opinion of the late king. The Lord Keeper Williams was displaced. He had attended the death-bed of James, and administered great consolation to the suffering monarch; but he had been, at this period, a determined opponent to all the machinations of the Romish Church. Bishop Hacket thus describes the activity of the priests:—

"Upon Friday, his Majesty grew sensibly weaker, so that now the Keeper stirred very little out of the chamber, and that not only to comfort the departing King, but likewise to keep off some of the Romish Church that crept much about the chamber-door, who as a privy councillor, he commanded to keep at a greater distance."

Buckingham feared that Williams had completely discovered the opinion that James had formed of him. He, therefore, as soon as possible procured his removal from intercourse with Charles. For the late King had exhibited such partiality for the Lord Keeper, that the Duke was well aware that he had

revealed all his mind to him, for the King had, without solicitation, caused an unusual act of council to be entered, that the archbishopric of York should be conferred upon him at the *next* vacancy. It was, therefore, when he saw that the Lord Keeper was not indebted for all his distinctions to him, that he put in practice that memorable sentence which he had employed to Lord Bacon at the time of his advancement, "That if he did not owe his preferment to his favor, he should owe his fall to his frown." *

The Duke did succeed in removing Williams from his great office, and in producing a disinclination in the new king towards him. But the Earl of Bristol pertinaciously proceeded in his accusation against Buckingham, and among other charges one was the poisoning of the late King. But all weapons used against him seemed of no avail but that of the assassin. It was at the moment of new honors, which ingenuity appeared to have been exhausted in devising, being heaped upon him, that the fatal blow was struck. An unexpected war had arisen between France and England. Divisions had taken place in the King's family as well as in the Government. The Queen had insisted upon the appointment of her own servants; this the King refused, by Buckingham's advice. As a punishment for her not succeeding, her priests had compelled her to walk to Tyburn. This so provoked Charles that he dismissed all the foreign retinue.

It may be remembered that the Duke had threatened once more to return to France. He believed that the Queen was not insensible to his passion for her. And this was his plan of carrying out his design. The first act was a war with France; the next, a reconciliation with the enemy; and that he, as an ambassador of peace from England, would plead his own cause under most exciting chances of victory. But before this imagined drama was enacted, the assassin Felton had struck the fatal blow. Seldom have persons, with the blood of others on their hands, been, in their former life, so free from the imputation even of an abandoned life—upon the contrary, he was considered of a religious habit of mind. And it is related by Osborn,† that he heard the Earl of Pembroke aver, that he never saw piety and valor more temperately mixed in one person.

* This sentence is, perhaps, as happy an illustration of the effect of alliteration, in sense and sound, as any that could be repeated.

† Works, p. 224. 1673.

* Hacket's Life of Williams, p. 228

Charles paid all honor to his memory by the erection of a monument to him in King Henry VII.'s chapel. It is of the finest marble; at the four angles are Mars, Neptune, Pallas and Bounty, at full length, all of brass, and numerous other strange devices.

The following lines were written under the body of Felton, while hanging in chains, and are a suitable conclusion to the present sketch:—

"There uninter'd suspends (though not to save
Surviving friends the expenses of a grave)
Felton's dead earth, which to itself must be

His own sad monument, his elegy;
As large as fame, but whether bad or good
I say not—by himself 'twas wrought in blood;
For which his body is entomb'd in air,
Arch'd o'er with heaven, and ten thousand fair
And glorious diamond stars, a sepulchre
Which time can never ruin, and where
Th' impartial worms (not being brib'd to spare
Princes wrapp'd up in marble) do not share
His dust, which oft the charitable skies
Embalm with tears, doing those obsequies
Belonging unto men, while pitying fowl
Contend to reach his body to his soul." *

*Harleian Miscellany, vol. x. p. 324.

From the Eclectic Review.

LORENZO BENONI:

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ITALIAN.*

WE can, without hesitation, pronounce this elegant volume as the fit clothing of a work of rare, unquestionable, literary merit and interest. As a specimen of English, the style is so uniformly pure, terse, and idiomatic, that it is difficult to keep in mind, even with the help of the foreign manners, and other indications of south Europe, which are never absent, that it is the writing not of an Anglo-Saxon, British or American, but of an Italian. The work certainly shows wonderful mastery of a foreign speech.

It is difficult to say to what class of writings the volume belongs. It is neither altogether a political memoir, nor an autobiography, nor a work of fiction; yet in part it is all these. The substance is personal narrative, running, in its earlier part, through a region with which we are so little familiar, as school and college life in Italy; and in its later periods through one of those political eras, in which we have the budding, the slow growth, and the sudden extinction of an attempted revolution, depicted with all the interest of personal adventure, and all the truth of the most faithful history. At

such a time as the present, when we are looking towards Italy with painful regrets and inextinguishable hopes for one of the richest, in intellectual gifts and cultivation of all modern people, any work which exhibits in detail the difficulties and dangers attendant on all those violent efforts, which are at once provoked and defeated by an intolerable tyranny, will meet with more than ordinary attention.

Besides his personal history, which we shall notice presently, the author finds and uses well the opportunity of giving very graphic sketches of the political, educational, and religious aspects of the society in which it was his lot to move; and there are about these an unmistakable clear honesty and regard to the modesty of truth which give them both force and consistency.

Then, incidentally, he introduces with great skill, such characters as his uncle the Canon, to whose care, according to an established domestic rule, he was sent when seven years old, who appears in the first sentence of the work.

"Every day, as surely as the day came, when the clock struck eleven, my uncle the Canon invariably said mass, at which I invariably officiated as his assistant. This ceremony had long lost the attraction of novelty, having been repeated daily for two whole years; and as, besides, my uncle's mass was very long, it is needless to say

**Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian.* Edited by a Friend. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 505.

that I went through it with a feeling of intense *ennui*. So, when, at a certain moment, after having helped the priest to the wine and water, it was my duty to replace the sacred phials behind a curtain on the left of the altar, I never failed, by way of relief, to take, under cover of that same curtain, a long pull at the phial of wine. This was only for the fun, as wine was not with me a favorite beverage."

The Canon was a weak-minded, rather good than bad sort of man, about sixty, who "had only one distinct idea in his brain—olives; only one interest in life—olives; only one topic of discussion either at home or abroad—olives. Olives of every size and description—salted olives, dried olives, pickled olives—encumbered the table at dinner and supper, and no dish was served without the seasoning of olives." Thus steeped in olives, or their produce, the worthy man was possessed with the notion that his presence would put everything to rights; and in a latter part of the narrative he suddenly appears on the occasion of a great family emergency, saying according to his wont, "I'll go myself;" when we have him "swearing by all the gods that he would disinherit us all, and reduce us to beggary." Even the Canon's houskeeper, Margherita, deserves notice.

It was while staying with this uncle, that one of Lorenzo's first trials in life occurred, having its origin, as he philosophically remarks, in the circumstance of an old widower, a friend of the Canon's, taking it into his head to marry again. On such occasions, "it was and still is a custom in these parts, that the widower should gratuitously enjoy a serenade of marrow bones and cleavers." The irresistible desire to take part in proceedings so congenial to a base taste, and contributing towards the noise by zealously shaking a heavy chain, brought serious consequences to Lorenzo, of which the first was imprisonment in a lone dark cell, prolonged day after day, the young victim being only removed by night to his bed; and the more tantalizing, that the cell, which had been intended for a pantry, adjoined the dining-room, and he could hear his uncle and Margherita's conversation about the viands which he was not allowed to share. So early had Lorenzo become familiar, by experience, with the terrors of imprisonment in solitude and darkness, and the more intolerable *ennui* by which it was attended. Resolved at last to fly from bondage, the boy remains dressed all night, and with the first gleam of daylight starts on his flight. After a long day's

journey, with no food except the grapes which the kind villagers gave him, and a night spent between two stones in an unfinished church, his second day's journey with sore and swollen feet was cut short by his recapture; the Canon and Margherita having passed him, and being in wait at a little roadside inn. Soon after this exploit, and in consequence of it, Lorenzo was recalled home, to be sent to school in Genoa, where his parents lived.

Uncle John, his mother's only surviving brother, is well worth knowing. At the time of Lorenzo's first visit to him after leaving school (or college as it is called) in his quiet, cool, dark, unfurnished house near the Exchange, though a man of "sixty years of age, his hair, which he wore very short, was still black, slightly sprinkled with gray, which produced a bluish tint, very singular, but soft and agreeable to the eye. I found my uncle reading, and as he bent over his book, I could not help being struck by the noble regularity of his profile, and the pensive expression of his countenance. As I found afterwards, he was a living picture of Leonardo da Vinci." One piece of advice Lorenzo got on this occasion, from which he seems to have wisely profited. "You must learn to condense. To condense, my dear fellow, is the great secret of art." In the volume to which our remarks apply there is hardly a superfluous word; so thoroughly finished and artistic is the work.

Uncle John "had left his country when very young, travelled over the world, and realized a considerable fortune in commerce. At forty he returned, and never left home since; his turn of mind was very original, and his tone often caustic; he was very kind to individuals, and very harsh towards mankind at large, upon whom he looked with mingled feelings of pity and distrust." (p.147.) He proved a true friend to Lorenzo, and although he railed at him and his brothers, and at enthusiastic young men in general, who would not follow the advice of older heads, yet he was kind, and ready to help them out of the scrapes into which he could not prevent them falling. At that era of his experience, when Lorenzo was fanatical and bent on a monastic life, having a special longing for the hood of a capuchin, Uncle John, wisely deferring to the mood of the hour, only expressed his regret that of all orders that one should have his choice, being so dirty. "It is a fact, my boy, be it from humility, or carelessness, be it owing to their woollen dress, or to their having their clothes

in common, or to their wearing no linen at all, or to all these causes combined, capuchins are a sadly filthy set." Again, when Lorenzo, thus deterred from the capuchins, had a sudden romantic desire to become a missionary among the Chinese, his uncle humorously, yet sensibly, allayed his enthusiasm by telling him that "a man cannot become qualified for an apostle in four and twenty hours. You must be pretty well grounded in theology to convert Mandarins, and you cannot preach to them in Italian. Theology and Chinese are then indispensable requisites. But you cannot be admitted to the study of theology until you have gone through your class of philosophy. So this is the course I advise: finish quietly your philosophy, and attend especially to logic, for you will have great need of it. After your philosophy, if you still persist in your ardor for martyrdom, why, you may begin your theology here, or if you prefer setting to theology and Chinese at the same time, we may send you to Rome, where there is the *College de propaganda fide*, established precisely for such studies. Chinese I am told is a tolerably complicated language, so you must not be in a hurry, my boy. Let me see; you are now not quite fifteen; if you receive martyrdom at twenty it will not be too late, I think." (pp. 153, 154.)

It was a favorite maxim with Uncle John, by which to meet the urgent denunciations either of college grievances or more public wrongs, that these are but the fruits of the tree; that the evil lies at the root. 'Analyze society and tell me where you see those manly virtues, that spirit of self-sacrifice, which regenerate nations.' In consistency, he adds, 'one must take present evil with patience, and give Time leisure to do its work. Let each in his humble sphere try to become better, and render better those around him. There and there only lies the corner-stone of our future regeneration. As for me, my dear friend, when, in the first shop into which I may happen to go, I am only asked the fair price or thereabouts of the article I go to buy, I shall consider my country to have made a more important conquest than if it had given itself all the institutions of Sparta and of Athens into the bargain.' (p. 226.)

In Vadoni, again, we have an instructive example of the flattering allurements presented by the exterior of monastic life to an orphan youth, whose only relative is an old bigoted, miserly uncle, the moving springs of whose life were 'an immoderate love of

money, and an intense fear of hell;' and who proposed to reconcile the two by leaving his fortune to the monastery to which he had destined his feeble, unhappy nephew. The vain, hopeless efforts of the poor novice to free himself from the entanglements which were soon to drag him under the irrevocable vow, are very touching.

Before adverting to the characters of Lorenzo's associates in his dangerous political adventure, we must say a few words on two episodes, which lead us into another region—his loves. These are both sufficiently romantic.

One fine moonlight evening, his elder brother Cæsar, in a confidential moment, disclosed to Lorenzo that it was his practice to go to a friend's house opposite, in which lived a certain young lady, 'beautiful as the sun;' and persuaded Lorenzo to accompany him. But he could not persuade him to look at her; some mysterious fear kept his face averted at the auspicious moment when the fair vision appeared, and he saw her for the first time thirty years later. That was no reason why he should not be enamored, and to his brother's great contentment Lorenzo became a partner in the boyish affection; and after his example tattooed on his left arm the initial of the adored name—'Emily.' As became them, they entertained her with serenades (which the family discipline made no easy matter); the first and second time with little success, but the third evening with more memorable results; the desired appearance of a white drapery at the window being promptly followed by a shower of water, 'every drop of which, as it fell upon a new hat, pierced' Lorenzo 'to the heart.' 'So ended my first love; and truly, if ever there was a platonic passion, it was this of mine, the object of which I had never beheld. I saw her for the first time thirty years later, when the fair and slender girl of seventeen had grown into a plump, pleasant-faced lady, with gray hair, who little suspected that the bald-headed, middle-aged gentleman who then addressed her still bore on his left arm the half-effaced initial of her name!'

We shall not by an abridgment lessen the interest of the second tale of love, which is undoubtedly striking enough, and will afford abundant opportunities for admiration or censure. It is no breach of confidence, however, to whisper the name of Lilla; of which our readers may make what they can. Nor are we precluded from hinting that there wants not all the complication to be desired

—love, jealousy, hatred, revenge, repentance, reconciliation, a rival, a duel. While we have not the author's own word for it, we incline to the belief that this part of the story cannot be held as a transcript of pure fact and experience, but has been artfully introduced into the narrative as the fitting complement of a personal history which would not consent to reveal itself in reference to such sacred relations. However that be, the story of Lilla is full of life and thrilling interest.

Before speaking of his elder brother Cæsar, who exerted so great an influence on Lorenzo as to determine his vocation in life, in a few words we must describe their parents. Their father is represented as stiff, cold, and distant towards his children, discouraging or repelling any approaches to familiarity or confidence, and when anything went wrong breaking out into violent fits of passion, the consequences of which were often serious and lasting. Abroad he had the character of being a pleasant, cheerful, intelligent companion; but at home seems to have been most unamiable. As was to be expected, the world's reading of the riddle was, that the worthy man was cursed with very undutiful children, and was therefore much to be pitied. Their mother, on the other hand, exhibited amid many trials, all that is most beautiful, kind and womanly; she was ever patient, meek, gentle, and loving, doing what she could to allay the storms which she was unable to avert. 'Let me say it with filial pride, my mother's character was no common one. Its distinguishing feature was a piety so true, so real, so humble, that she scarcely knew herself to be pious. Hers was a spirit that never flinched before daily self-sacrifice. Such a woman, after the first outburst of agony, would know how to control the evidences of the emotions of a heart as tender as ever beat in woman's breast; and so indeed she did.' (p. 422.)

Like Lorenzo, Cæsar was adventurous, romantic, and deeply passionate, and when Lorenzo returned home from school, a very close and earnest friendship sprang up between them. They read, they talked, they lived in fairy-land together, making actual quest of the wonderful hidden treasures disclosed in the 'Arabian Nights.' Nay, the 'Adventures of a Flying Man' suggested to Cæsar the bright idea of making wings; but the timely loss of the hoarded coins, which were the only means of purchasing the oiled silk which was found absolutely necessary to the success of the adventure, enabled them

to retire out of this scheme without any great loss of honor. 'So for want of money we were obliged to go without wings.'

But the leading spirit of the little society was Fantasio.

"He was certainly the most fascinating little fellow I ever knew. Fantasio was my elder by one year. He had a finely shaped head, the forehead spacious and prominent, and eyes black as jet, at times darting lightning. His complexion was a pale olive, and his features, remarkably striking altogether, were set, so to speak, in a profusion of flowing black hair, which he wore rather long. The expression of his countenance, grave and almost severe, was softened by a smile of great sweetness, mingled with a certain shrewdness, betraying a rich comic vein. He spoke well and fluently, and when warmed upon a subject, there was a fascinating power in his eyes, his gestures, his voice, his whole bearing, that was quite irresistible. His life was one of retirement and study; the amusements common with young men of his age had no attraction for him. His library, his cigar, his coffee; some occasional walks, rarely in the day-time, and always in solitary places, more frequently in the evening and by moonlight,—such were his only pleasures. His morals were irreproachable; his conversation was always chaste. If any of the young companions he gathered round him occasionally indulged in some wanton jest, or expression of double meaning, Fantasio—God bless him!—would put an immediate stop to it by some one word, which never failed of its effect. Such was the influence that the purity of his life and his incontestable superiority gave to him.

"Fantasio was well versed in history, and in the literature not only of his own but of foreign countries. Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, were as familiar to him as Dante and Alfieri. Spare and thin in body, he had an indefatigably active mind; he wrote much and well, both in prose and verse, and there was hardly a subject he had not attempted—historical essays, literary criticisms, tragedies, &c., &c. A passionate lover of liberty under every shape, there breathed in his fiery soul an indomitable spirit of revolt against tyranny and oppression of every sort. Kind, feeling, generous, never did he refuse advice or service, and his library, amply furnished, as well as his well-filled purse, were always at the command of his friends. Perhaps he was rather fond of displaying the brilliancy of his dialectic powers at the expense of good sense, by maintaining occasionally strange paradoxes. Perhaps there was a slight touch of affectation in his invariably black dress; and his horror of apparent shirt-collars was certainly somewhat exaggerated; but, take him all in all, he was a noble lad."—pp. 189-90.

Gifted with intense feeling, cultivation, refinement, intelligence, activity, political aptness, or ready practical power of putting into shape and effective action the machinery

at his command; bold, true, generous, noble-minded—such are the sort of qualities here ascribed to Fantasio. If they lead any of our readers to think of Mazzini, perhaps they will not be far from the truth; for in such terms do his friends speak of that remarkable man, here suffering exile, with so many of the best of his countrymen, for the good cause of freedom, and regarded on all hands as the head of the republican movement in Italy, now, with their long experience of constitutions abandoned with shameless perjury, the only hope of the liberal party. It is curious to observe, that it was one of those licensed military insults, committed, in this instance, against one of Lorenzo's fellow students, which have been lately extended to some of our own countrymen in Italy, which first brought Lorenzo and his brother into acquaintance with Fantasio, whose cordial reception, and ready co-operation with a view to redress, was the beginning of a deep, enduring friendship. On the same occasion, Lorenzo first became known to the police as a man suspected of love of justice and independence, when he appeared as one of a deputation to the authorities to complain of the wrong which he had witnessed. It is needless to add, that they got no redress; but were told by the director of police, "that they might thank his moderation first, and, secondly, the respectability of their families, that he had had us summoned before him, instead of sending us straight to prison," a threat with which he put down all attempts at remonstrance. "Four and twenty years later, when things had fortunately changed for the better in Piedmont, one of my friends employed at the police communicated to me a secret note, entered upon their official books, and bearing the date of the day on which I had thus appeared before the director. The note runs thus:—'Lorenzo Benoni, hot-headed, talented, romantic, *reserved*, to be looked after.' I suppose that my two colleagues each got a little memorandum of the same kind for their share."

One other of the conspirators may be just named; Vittorio, a young artillery officer "of two and twenty, strikingly handsome. No man ever realized in my eyes as he did the type of a hero, both in body and in mind."

Such were the principal associates with Lorenzo Benoni, in the well-devised, perhaps, yet futile, and, in its results, to most of the conspirators, disastrous revolution. We shall now revert for a little to his early

history, and show what sort of preparation had, during his younger years, laid the foundations of the character which afterwards appears in its maturity.

We have already had one glimpse of his boyhood, disclosing premature familiarity with unkindness and wrong, during his residence with his uncle the Canon. During his last year at school, which is narrated in most interesting detail, we find his life made miserable (like that of many a sensitive and noble youth) by the heartless tyranny of Anastasius, who, with the support of a couple of "tall, strong, and stupid" executioners, domineered ruthlessly over the boys of his division; robbing them with one hand, and with the other repressing all attempts at resistance, and thus well illustrating the manner of a government of brute force, with which they were, later in life, to become more familiar. Tyranny, like every other evil thing, can only live by being associated with some influence better than itself. So here, the wicked courses of Anastasius unhappily had the sanction and support of the handsome, rich, and generous Prince d'Urbino, "whose naturally good disposition had been spoiled by the cringing partiality of the superiors and the insinuations of flatterers, who are no less plentiful at school than in the world."

The opposition to this well-established despotism was at first represented only by Lorenzo and his dear young friend Alfred. Thus he writes of himself:—

"At thirteen, I was already more grave and thoughtful than most boys of that age. This disposition, scarcely natural to one so young, arose from an extreme and somewhat morbid sensitiveness, which early brought me acquainted with suffering. The slightest thing affected me deeply—a failure in my class, a harsh word from a professor, a quarrel with a schoolfellow, would cause me a passionate flood of tears and violent palpitations of the heart, and deprive me of sleep and appetite. The consciousness of this morbidly sensitive disposition rendered me a peaceful being, rather indolent, carefully avoiding noise and bustle, and loving quiet above all things."

Thus unwilling to encounter the anxiety and efforts implied in a struggle with this system of wrong, to which efforts he was yet continually impelled by the voice of his better genius, an incident so insignificant as the violent death of a sparrow determined Lorenzo's course, and set in motion the energies which achieved the utter overthrow and severe chastisement of the tyrant, and established a fully appointed republic, which was

inaugurated with great solemnity. In the forethought, preparation, anxious search for trustworthy associates, gradual disclosure of the purpose, impatient waiting for the right opportunity of striking the final blow, and in the result of all these, which is recorded in these pages, we have among boys the elements and mode of a more serious revolution among men. The same intense hatred of injustice and love of liberty as the springs, reluctance to enter into the quarrel, but, being in it, a firm resolve so to conduct himself that the offender may beware of him; wise foresight of the requisite means, power of attaching important allies (for, after a double combat, first in poetry, then in personal prowess, even the Prince was brought over to the side of the patriots), of biding the time, of snatching the opportunity by well-considered sudden effective action. The manner in which the whole plot is conceived, disclosed, and put in execution, is told with great art; and one becomes quite absorbed in the interest of the struggle.

It suggests how important a part in political education may be contributed by the free, manly system of our public schools; what lessons of practical wisdom and of the necessity and means of combination may be there acquired, of which valuable fruits are reaped in manhood. If, even in such a school as the Royal College of Genoa, the whole plan of which was devised to repress independence, and promote obsequiousness in the pupils, Lorenzo was able to get such lessons in political life, how much more must these be learned at Eton, Rugby, or Harrow!

"The Royal College was under the direction of the Reverend Somaschi Fathers, one of the monastic orders devoted by their institution to the education of youth, and was governed according to the following hierarchy:—

"A Father Rettore, sovereign power, without control or appeal, Czar and Pope in one. A father Vice-Rettore—*locum tenens* of the first in case of absence or illness.

"A Father Ministro—the real executive power, everywhere present, and meddling with everything.

"Last of all, the Prefetti, or Superintendents. A prefetto was placed over each division, and never left it night or day. At table, in the school-room, at church, in the playground, the inevitable prefetto was ever there, ever everywhere. During the night, from his bed, placed at the upper end of the dormitory, he commanded the whole room at a glance, and watched that silence and order should not be broken.

"I must add, that the irksome and enslaving duties of prefetto were so ill remunerated, that

none but a starveling of the lowest order of priesthood would have accepted the position. They were generally men without cultivation or instruction of any kind, and pretty well justified our school expression, that their tonsure was taken as a ticket of exemption from the plough or the conscription.

"In this establishment I was an inmate for five long years, of which God forbid that it should be my intention to give any detailed account. The two first may be thus summed up,—much misery of body and mind, chilblains, blows, an angry, ugly face, requiring some impossible task, and frowning and scolding to my infinite terror, and a lovely, sweet face smiling on me every Thursday (the day for visitors), and, to my infinite comfort, whispering words of tenderness and of encouragement.

"As easily and summarily may the next two years be disposed of, by saying that matters went on mending slowly but steadily; that the tasks given me became by degrees less impossible, then easy enough, then very easy; then I made a friend, and grew, in course of time, into a person of some consequence in our little community. The fifth and last year alone remains, on which I beg leave to expatiate a little more at length."—pp. 16, 17.

It was during this last year that the occurrences took place which we have already noticed. Nor must we omit to mention the occasion of Lorenzo's *second* imprisonment. Mysteriously summoned one day before the Father Rettore, a book was produced, which had been found in Lorenzo's desk, and very solemnly shown to him, with a copy of the "Index Expurgatorius," the old priest's trembling finger pointing to the title—Milton's "Paradise Lost." To prison, therefore, Lorenzo was sent.

Leaving the Royal College triply crowned with laurels, and burdened with praises and more substantial prizes, Lorenzo, destined to the study of the law, entered the Seminary (the name given to an establishment for the education more particularly of young people destined to the Church) to complete the requisite two years' attendance on the class of Philosophy.

After the insurrection which broke out in the Sardinian States, in 1821, and the proclamation of a constitution, Austria had intervened, as usual, and had restored pure and entire despotism. The youth in the university had been among the foremost in this revolution, and in consequence the Universities of Turin and Genoa were closed. When they were re-opened, so numerous were the applications for admission, that the government in its fright (and in order to prevent the students meeting freely) appointed the Lectures to be given, not in the University,

but in the respective houses of the professors. When the extreme smallness of some of these is added to the more obvious considerations, the absurdity of such an arrangement is apparent. Farther, the admission of students was clogged with such conditions as to form an insuperable bar to large classes of citizens, who were thus necessarily excluded from the liberal professions. While our own government are anxiously considering what they can do to facilitate education, both in primary schools and in the universities, it is not a little instructive to observe a paternal government working in the contrary direction, and studying how much can be done to discourage the attendance of pupils at the universities. The details on this subject contained in the volume under consideration cannot be here repeated; but, as an indication of their extent and nature, it may be mentioned that every applicant for admission had to produce not fewer than *nine* certificates, four of them from his parish priest, attesting that the bearer had regularly attended at church, at confession, and particularly on all festivals. Last of all was required, from the acting commissioner of public instruction, his *admittatur*, which was good for three months only; when an application for its renewal was necessary, and further certificates must be obtained. "Students must be kept down," was the consecrated phrase, which justified all kinds of indignity.

In the clever picture of M. Merlini, who somehow was always the acting commissioner when Lorenzo had to apply in that quarter, we have an apt illustration of the sort of annoyances to which students were exposed. The tendency and purpose of the system may be stated in the author's words. "The aim was to form machines, not men. The University was like a huge press, destined to squeeze out of the rising generation all independence of spirit, all dignity, all self-respect; and when I pass in review the noble characters, which, nevertheless, have escaped from this bed of Procrustes, I cannot help thinking with pride what strong moral elements our much-slighted Italian nature must possess, to come forth pure and vigorous from such a deleterious atmosphere." (p. 180.)

Notwithstanding a year's rustication, to which Lorenzo was unjustly subjected on the ground of disorderly behavior, and even insubordination at the church service, which, after the university had been opened, was compulsory on all students, although on that

particular day he had been playing truant; by the help of a very ingenious mode of flattery the professors, which he tells us none of them could resist, but which we shall not tempt any of our readers to copy by transferring his account of it into our pages, Lorenzo obtained all the necessary certificates and completed his courses with credit; becoming a lawyer, while his brother Cæsar became a doctor; but, so far as we hear, the lawyer had never any clients, nor the doctor any patients. For, alas! their career was to be suddenly and prematurely closed. One day Fantasio disclosed to the brothers that he had at last discovered the means of their country's deliverance, which had been the constant theme of their confidential and familiar conversation, ever since injustice and oppression had begotten in them the spirit of revolt. The history of the Greek Revolution told of the beginnings and successful establishment of a secret association called *Hetaireia*; which, founded by three obscure young men, had spread rapidly to all points of the territory, and made its way to all classes. Such an association it was resolved to found for Italy. Already there had been a secret society which originated in the Neapolitan States, the members of which were known as *Carbonari*; and this institution to some extent interfered with their project. Into all the complications of the conspiracy we cannot enter. Its history is well told, and full of interest. Suffice it to say, that among its members, had come to be numbers in all parts of the country, of all classes, and of every age. Once and again it was thought the time had come when the final blow was to be struck at tyranny, and a republic established. It was not yet to be. Accident and the faithlessness of a prisoner disclosed a little; false promises, tortures, forged depositions—the ordinary means employed in such cases by the government—disclosed more; and one night, towards twelve o'clock, there was a violent ringing at the door, a body of carabinieri entered, and Cæsar was arrested and committed to prison; from which he never came out alive, or only came out to die; for a mystery hangs over his fate. Fantasio had been out of the country some time before, although still in constant correspondence with his friends in Genoa. Preliminary investigations took place, resulting in the conclusion that there were not sufficient grounds for a trial; and without any trial he was sentenced to banishment. Many others had been arrested, especially in the army, where the conspiracy had widely extended. For a

while the association held together; but, distrust, discouragement, terror, destroyed its efficiency.

"Alas! we had done to the best of our powers to guide the vessel into a safe port; but it was otherwise ordained, the vessel was sinking fast. What more could we do than sink along with it? This we conceived to be our duty, and we stuck to it. Oh! what days of intense agony were those! I cannot think of them without shuddering, even now. How often did I envy the fate of Cæsar! How often at night when I laid me down, weary and despairing, did I hope, earnestly hope, that the carabineers would come for me, and end my misery!

"I have said above, that the rumors of revelations made by some of the prisoners were well founded. Alas! it was but too true; some of our friends had not been proof against the tortures inflicted upon them. Honor to those who were enabled to resist! but let us not be too severe on those who yielded.

"I shall borrow some details illustrative of this subject from a work already cited.*

"The unhappy prisoners were systematically weakened by insufficient and unhealthy food. They were startled from their sleep at night by appalling and lugubrious sounds, voices called out under their windows, 'One of your companions has been shot to-day, and to-morrow it will be your turn'. . . . Sometimes two friends were placed in contiguous cells, and permitted to communicate with one another. Several days would elapse, during which certain ill-boding hints would be dropped to the one whom it was wished to impress, concerning the impending fate of his friend and fellow-prisoner. Shortly afterwards, the door of the neighboring cell would be noisily pined, a sound of steps would be heard, followed by a death-like silence, and presently a discharge of musketry in the court of the prison! By such means was it that avowals or revelations, often false, were extorted."—pp. 415, 16.

What a picture does this volume present of the political state of the country. What Piedmont then was, all the rest of Italy is now. Personal liberty disregarded, correspondence violated, justice corrupted, the press silenced, falsehood established, the base accounted honorable, animosities encouraged; in the pregnant words of Mr. Gladstone, "the government had set up as a system the negation of God."

We know that judgment awaits it; and while we cannot, without deepest pain, reflect

on all the noble lives that have fallen in the struggle, and the bitter sorrows poured out for survivors, let us never cease to cheer on those to whose hands the good work may be committed of cleansing the Augean stable, and setting up a new, better, because righteous, order in Italy.

Lorenzo escaped. By a fortunate accident the name of a brother (also a lawyer) was substituted in the warrant of committal for that of Lorenzo; and not being involved in the conspiracy he quietly went to prison, while the other left the country. After terrible sufferings and strange escapes, told with much power and truth, he reached France, and found himself an exile, but in Fantasio's arms!

There we must leave him; having no right to lift the veil with which he has seen fit to cover an honored name. The historical veracity of the book is quite unimpeachable; and the interest of the narrative is admirably sustained. It is very seldom one meets with a volume to be so cordially recommended to the perusal of old and young. Wise, virtuous, noble; cultivated, refined, matured by sorrows, is the mind which gave it birth. Let it go forth to amuse, to teach, to warn, to encourage, to comfort; in all ways to do good!

If it help any of the young whom it interests to enter with sympathy into the boyhood of another people, differing greatly in habits, education, subjection to the power of impulse and passion, yet showing everywhere the oneness of our humanity; if it teach rulers that their unfaithfulness, injustice, selfish disregard of the true generous longings of better men, are the prolific roots of revolution, or, on the other hand, warn any of those impetuous, but too often rash, undisciplined spirits, who look more to such fiery tempests than to the constant force of truth, patience, goodness, to achieve the desired deliverance for themselves and their country; if it encourage any faithful, devoted laborers to persevere in a work which demands so much time, constancy, wisdom; if it have a word of comfort for any of the sufferers who are even now draining the bitter cup—whispering to them that it may be over these many bodies of the fallen that freedom is ere long to march to victory and possession; if it have a lesson for any of these, the story of Lorenzo Benoni will not have been written in vain.

* *Storia del Piemonte*, di A. Brofferio.

From the British Quarterly Review.

OLD GERMAN STORY BOOKS.*

WHY there should ever have been any prose in Germany after the halcyon days of chivalry, of the courtly and minne-poetry, is a question best solved by looking briefly at the character of that poetry. If we oblige the chronological reader with a definite date, and take the twelfth century, with the early part of the thirteenth as its era, we find its productions consisting chiefly in epic or narrative poems, embracing every variety of legend, and displaying equal diversity in the mode of treatment.

The different character and acquirements of each poet are clearly traceable. No one could attribute the poem of *Tristan* and *Isolt* to the author of *Parzival*, nor Lamprecht's *Alexander* to Walther von der Vogelweide. In Gottfried's *Tristan* there is no wearisome entanglement of tournaments and adventures, no crowd of mushroom knights intruding themselves into every conceivable corner of the story without exciting our smallest interest; there is little to distract the attention from the hero and heroine of the old Celtic legend. We have the history of their love in graceful and passionate language, with fresh, pleasant images, and feel it to be the very soul of the gay life-loving poet infused into the tale of other days. As a thorough man of the world, ever eager after the pleasure it affords, Gottfried von Strasburg presents a most striking contrast to his great contemporary Wolfram, whom he somewhat compassionately designates an "inventor of strange wild tales." Wolfram also put a new life into the old Celtic and Asiatic legends; but it was a life more lofty, more vigorous; his grave contemplative mind found a spring of action deeper than the feelings, a standard of the evil and the good, higher than the selfish one of present pain or pleasure, and a nobility and vigor of soul arising from a well-fought battle against the enticements of present gratification, which then, as now, seduced many weak and many accounted

strong. It is with the hand of a master that Gottfried represents the terrible force of passion in *Tristan*, the all-absorbing, self-forgetting love of *Isolt*—beneath the clear limpid style, bearing you along with such unconscious grace, that you feel the strength and magic of rare genius. And with no inferior skill does Wolfram draw his busy pictures of the day, and rouse your interest for hero and for heroine, but his great power lies in the masterly presentation and working out of thought, rather than of feeling. Throughout his poem of *Parzival*, we are often suddenly surprised by thoughts of great depth and beauty, dropped by the way, and apart from the one great idea of the poem, which indeed almost places it above comparison with any contemporary work. It is rather a puzzling question what Gottfried would have made of *Parzival*, and Wolfram have made of *Tristan*. The school of Gottfried in course of time exchanged their luxurious and secular character for a didactic one, and chose sacred legends as their subjects; the imitators of Wolfram directed their labors to historic poems.

One more of these narrative poems, which we may just notice, is the *Irec* and *Iwein* of Hartmann von der Aue, belonging to the same Celtic cycle of tradition. The *Irec* was a youthful production, containing a very plain unvarnished heap of adventures; the *Iwein* was composed ten years later, at least before the year 1204, and here again it is the individuality of the poet, discernible in the mode of description, in the lively dialogue, and the grave warning which arrests our attention, and charms us beyond the story itself. This subjectivity of the poet, at once so characteristic of this period, and so fatal to its poetry, is yet more striking in such productions as Lamprecht's *Alexander*, and the *Trojan War*, or the *Eneas* of Conrad von Wurzburg. The former of these poems dates about the year 1170, and relates to a legend often remodelled, as by Ulrich von Eschenbach, Rudolph von Ems, and others. It is throughout the poet who speaks, who fights the marvellous battles,

* *Der fabelhafte Geschichte von Hug Schapler*. Printed 1614, &c.

and finds, or rather loses, his way into enchanted forests. He does not realize for himself, or for his readers, the age and country of his hero, but appears to put himself in his place; and with great truth and feeling shows us what would have happened to Clerc Lambert, had he been Alexander the Great! The same remarks will apply to all the productions of the same period, even to the *Eneas* of Heinrich von Veldekin, though he of course was a man of far higher talent, and one whom the Germans are proud to rank as the father of their early poetry.

As poetry of this sort became less and less favored in the courts, the poets having no other masters to please, naturally pleased themselves. But in thus writing after their own taste, they fell into an artificial contemplative style, abounding in quotations and learned allusions. All poets belonging to a later date than 1240 or 1250, begin to complain of the want of sympathy in the nobles, the absence of all poetic spirit and appreciation of their works, so that some fell into a bitter misanthropical mood, while others, wrapping themselves with sublime dignity in their own self-respect, and what then passed for impenetrable learning, still wrote for those who would read them, and for themselves. By this time, too, the famous minne-poetry, with its many votaries, had fairly run itself out. Everybody copied everybody. Walther von der Vogelweide, Reimar von Zweter, Wolfram, and Ulrich von Lichtenstein, were plagiarized without mercy. The case with their ideas was just as Jean Paul declares it ever will be in Germany—that no author can light a new torch, and hold it out to the world till he throws away the end in weariness, but all the lesser ones fall upon it and run about for years with the fragments of light. The chivalry of Germany died away; the knights became robbers, who cared nothing for the poets, and the poets became philosophical, learned, in a word, unreadable. The narrators were not careful to select the best material for their labors, and, further, became so increasingly wedded to their national failing of subjectivity, that it is no wonder they should have gradually dwindled away; while the minne-singer was, from an equally dire necessity, driven out of his last resource of borrowed plumes, and thus the German nation, poetically speaking, was in a fair way of being reduced to a very satisfactory state of subjective imbecility.

In the fourteenth century, a change, equally marked, came over the political con-

dition of Germany. The nations which had been united against their common enemy, the Saracen, discovered, that in default of better occupation, they must fight against one another; so they set to work in good earnest—England and Scotland, England and France, Denmark and Sweden, France and Aragon, Aragon and Castile, besides the perplexing differences in Austria, Bohemia, and Poland. All the effects of such dissensions were felt to their fullest extent in Germany, not as touching the state only, but also the church, and the progress of the people. Such poems as we have above alluded to, were now almost ignored. Wolfram, indeed, was read a little, early in the fifteenth century, but with far less pleasure than the old didactic poem of *Freidank*. The people had no taste, and probably no time for revelling, as the nobles had done, in the pleasant images, or the interminable paragraphs of the courtly poets; they required something short, pithy, and instructive, as well as amusing. The stories of the old heroes, before the days of chivalry, were the subjects with which they felt most ready sympathy, and we find numbers of them now re-written in prose. At the same time, also, religious prose legends were introduced, in great numbers and short secular tales, with jests and anecdotes. After the invention of printing, in 1430, these were very widely circulated. Barren and cheerless as was the aspect of the fourteenth century in Germany, the humbler classes still retained the healthy germs of a vigorous and manly poetry, very different from the minne-lays which had preceded it. A *Volkslied*, popular as the old Hildebrand, Niebelungen, and Roland songs, but having less of the martial, more of the impassioned caste about it. These circumstances made what the Germans call the second classic era in their history of the poetry possible. And to this we owe that era, as it appeared in the eighteenth century.

But these prose stories, at the end of the fifteenth and throughout great part of the sixteenth centuries, were then the only popular literature. The art epics, with their learning and elaboration, had lorded it so long over the poetry of the people, that when these unfortunate authors, like the owl, twisted their own necks in studying the reflection of themselves, the popular feeling rejoiced in their downfall, and consigned them to oblivion with somewhat spiteful haste. There was, however, no poetry to put in its place, save the same heroic songs which the nation had sung in its childhood.

Now that it was nearing manhood, it gave to these the maturer form of prose. But when we speak of these *Volksbücher* as popular literature, it must not be supposed that they were exactly to the sixteenth century what three-volume novels have been to the nineteenth. In our day, it is a rare thing to meet with a philosopher at all times so adstruse, or a geologist imprisoned beneath so many scientific strata, that he has never, since his youth, been fascinated by any fiction — never opened with pleasure, and closed with something like regret, a volume of Bulwer or of Thackeray. In proportion to the enlightenment of that age, the rude, healthy charm of the *Volksbücher* might have entitled them to a similar welcome in their day. But this remark we cannot make without considerable trepidation. It is treasonable enough so to provoke the shades of certain educated Germans of the sixteenth century. They seem even now crowding in over our threshold, and disappearing in indignant and misty confusion, like the soap-bubbles over the edge of a boy's pipe, till one more zealous and less evanescent than the rest, solemnly compassionating our ignorance, deigns to tell us how learning, in their day, knew better what was due to its own dignity, and carefully kept aloof from the masses; how their magnificent classical attainments, their unwearied studies, which so gloriously resulted in writing Latin, and in ignoring their native tongue, raised them above any fellow-feeling for the common German herd, and that we do them unparalleled injustice to imagine the *Volksbücher*, things hawked about the country and sold at fairs, could ever have influenced the sixteenth century otherwise than mere play-bills or advertisements may influence our own. Granted, Master Scholar, that was, assuredly, about the level to which you and your fellow-shades would fain have reduced them, and, moreover, wherein you were not altogether unsuccessful. Nevertheless, in support of our opinion, we have the fact, that certain individuals, dignified (no doubt by a degenerate century) with the name of scholars, as one Goethe, and others named Tieck, Grimm, and Musæus, have bestowed no small labor on the collecting, and on the recomposition of these contemptible productions—so that the greater number are now well known as tales or dramas, and are prized alike by the scholar and the schoolboy. You must take this fact, good reader, as our plea for calling your attention to matters so childish as those which now lie before us.

The influence diffused by the commercial prosperity of the German free cities, had, in the sixteenth century, already effected much towards the amalgamation of hostile classes. The intercourse of trade brought man and man into closer contact, and served to rub off many obnoxious angles; while the new necessity for frequent journeys, stimulating a spirit for enterprise, could not fail to diffuse intelligence, and widen the range of sympathy. Still, the prevailing spirit was so much one of trade and manual industry, that the only trace of literary interest or cultivation is to be found in that dreary mechanism of the *meister-singers*, which they innocently called poetry. Business and travelling were then, as with us, the great occupations of life. Sober people would go, with perhaps less than six weeks' preparation, all the way from Nürnberg to see their cousins at Munich, or their grandmother at Cologne. Wealthy citizens sent their sons on a tour through the Belgian cities, or to one of the flourishing Hanse towns to bring home a rich wife. In this century, also, appeared the first symptoms of that rage for watering places, which must now have reached its climax, since we verily believe no German dies comfortably who has not in happier days been cured, or is not now professionally killed, in Carlsbad, Gräfrad, or Teplitz. Now, at such places, how could these good people have amused themselves? It must, indeed, have been a pursuit of health under difficulties. Possibly some of the men would be *meister-singers*, and cheat the rude weather and idle hour by making scrupulously unpoetical verses. A Strasburger might at intervals read some of Hans Sachs, and Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, or Thomas Murner's last pamphlet against Luther, while one can readily fancy a family party under the trees, compensating for the bitterness of the waters, by a chapter of the *Four Sons of Aymon*, or a young lady setting aside the distaff to resume the sorrows of *Griseldis*. But from all such popular advancement, as was thus indicated, the learned, *par excellence*, kept fitting distance; mounting their frail stilts of classic learning, they walked to and fro above the crowd, superciliously overlooking those busy lesser wheels whose ceaseless and united action urges on the great machine of social life.

Many of our readers will already know as household tales, the histories of *Fortunatus*, of *Hurned Siegfried*, *Doctor Faustus*, *Griseldis*, *Genoveva*, and perhaps some others, none of which therefore need further mention here.

Among those which have been, and still continue to be, the most popular in Germany, is, *Duke Ernst*, a legend which existed unwritten in 1180, and in the sixteenth century received the prevailing prose form. It bears closer resemblance to the ancient heroic tradition than any which have not their origin in that remote period, and is also remarkable for its eccentric geography, and for the introduction of the Oriental wonders reported by the Crusaders, the splendor of which is fully detailed. We are here able to give only a short outline of a very long story, and can scarcely expect to do any justice to its pictorial merits. The interest is personal rather than historical, as will be found to be the case in all popular tradition. The adventures of individuals claim more ready and cordial interest than the general events of history. Many readers who might be said (more expressively than elegantly) to devour the story of Duke Ernst, would be utterly apathetic in relation to the historic events which affected whole nations. It is his personality which excites their interest, and his history which gives them their only ideas of an entire historic period. How many instances might be enumerated wherein such traditional or historic heroes have thus given character and coloring to whole centuries. It is natural for the heart and the imagination to be attracted more by men than by events. Hence, with few exceptions, it is the philosopher, and the man of culture alone, who can so far generalize as to follow out with interest all the complex causes and results of historical transactions. The peasant or the artisan has more relish for the toils and perils of Robert Bruce, Robin Hood, and a score of heroes besides. This association of material of all sorts round one centre, will partly account for the extraordinary mixture found in most popular tales, and which the reader will not fail to criticise in the tales following. In the two stories to which we shall restrict our selection, there is the fantastic half truth, half fable of the Oriental poet, mixed up with the superstition of mediæval catholicism, in the gloomy presages of the astrologer, and the fatalism of the Mahomedan, all linked with our own Christian teaching of patience under injury, of manly faith, and rectitude triumphing over evil. The restless chivalry of the West is sometimes lulled into luxurious siesta, and imagination hovers in a region undefined and undefinable; time, space, the probable and the improbable, are all forgotten, the reader's

neat little craft of common sense goes to the bottom, and he is cast ashore on what seems to him the lonely island of the impossible.

With the assistance of Gustave Schwab's version, we shall now give the substance of one of these stories, begging the reader to forget utterly, for the next few pages, that he has anything to do with a grave reviewer of the nineteenth century, and to imagine rather that it is some simple-minded, credulous German of three or four centuries ago that is about to speak.

"The Emperor Otto the Red, after the death of his young wife, Ottogeba, followed the advice of his councillors, and sent an embassy to the Duchess of Bavaria, demanding her hand in marriage. Since the death of her husband, this virtuous princess had led a quiet life, employing herself in the education of her son Ernst, and had refused all solicitations to marry again. She was therefore greatly distressed on hearing the emperor's message, and could only think of the dissensions which would arise between him and her son the duke. But Ernst, on the contrary, urged the matter upon her, saying, 'Dearest mother, I beseech you, let no fear on my account prevent your union with this mighty prince. With the help of God, who is our head ruler, I will render good service to my earthly emperor in fortune or misfortune, will always show him obedience, and will surround him and his with my arms, that I may always enjoy his favor.' So the wedding took place, with great state and splendor, in the town of Mainz, and for a time all things went on smoothly at the court.

"Now, there was a certain Count Heinrich, a treacherous and pitiless man, who could not bear to see the friendly terms on which the emperor and the empress stood with their son. Although the young duke was greatly respected by all, and had bravely defended his step-father's lands on more than one occasion, yet the false count goes to the emperor and represents to him how diligently his son is seeking out an opportunity to put an end to his life, and to obtain possession of the whole kingdom. At first the emperor does not believe him. But Heinrich goes on to show how he has heard it from two or three, and that the danger is very great. 'Oh, my dear Heinrich,' says the emperor, in great distress, 'I beseech you, give me good counsel. If it be as you say, how am I to send my son out of the country before

he can accomplish his design?"—"I would advise my imperial master," said he, "that while your son rides to Regensburg, you send, secretly, without the knowledge of the empress, a part of your army, which shall drive him out of the land." So the troops were sent, and, after great difficulty, took the town of Bamberg. The inhabitants then sent word to their good duke at Regensburg of what had befallen them. Ernst went with bitter tears to his friend, Count Wetzel, wondering what base calumnies had reached the ears of his father, that he should cause so much bloodshed in his land, and be so eager for his destruction. He then assembled his four thousand men, and went out to meet Count Heinrich, who escaped from the battle with only a few followers. This defeat only added to the rage of the emperor, and he went out with fresh troops, taking town after town, and desolating the whole land. Duke Ernst then sent a messenger to his father, assuring him of his loyalty, and begging him to spare his dominions. After hearing this, the emperor paced up and down the room in great wrath, and the empress perceiving that it concerned her son, begged that his conduct might be examined thoroughly, and that he might not be condemned without a hearing. The emperor was inexorable, and the empress went to her room in great sorrow. While upon her knees praying for the deliverance of her son, and wondering whence the evil had sprung, she heard a voice, as it were from heaven, saying to her, "The Count Heinrich is at the root of these things." In great amazement, she sent for the messenger, and instructed him to tell Ernst how matters stood at the court, and that all his misfortunes were owing to Count Heinrich. Upon this news, Ernst took a bold resolution, and, with his friend, Wetzel, went to Spire, where the emperor had assembled all the princes. Leaving their horses with the servants, they went up into the palace, and found the emperor sitting alone with the count. Duke Ernst then drew his sword, and exclaiming, "Thou false and treacherous count, wherefore didst thou thus foully slander me?" plunged it furiously into his enemy. The emperor, terrified at his son's violence, sprang down some four feet into a chapel, and remained there trembling till the murderers had time to escape. They went in great haste to the Duke of Saxony; of him Duke Ernst obtained a sufficient number of troops to conduct him in safety to Regensburg. The duke assembled the citizens, and

told them all that had happened, and how his father being so much stronger than he, all further resistance was in vain; he therefore counselled them to render true allegiance to the emperor, but told them he must take his treasures, and turn his back upon his people. And their hearts were very heavy when they saw their good duke ride away. Forty knights accompanied him on a journey to the Holy Sepulchre; and his mother sent him secretly one hundred silver marks, which he divided among them. So they took the nearest road into Hungary, and were well received by the king, who sent men with them to guide them safely through the forests. At Constantinople, they were most graciously entertained, and remained for three weeks at the court. By that time a large and beautiful ship came in, which the king ordered to be well manned and well stocked with provisions. For six weeks they sailed with fair wind; but one night a storm arose, and the ship was in great danger, and the other twelve ships which were with the duke all went to pieces. At last the sailors were unable to find out where they were, and their stock of provisions was nearly ended. In the midst of these difficulties, they reached an unknown coast. Here they landed, and Duke Ernst and his knights mounted and rode towards a town, which they saw in the distance. It was beautifully built, with a thick, high wall, huge towers, and surrounded by a broad moat. After riding about it at a distance, they resolved to return to the ship, and having eaten and drank what little they had, put on their armor, and the duke gave Count Wetzel the standard with the motto, "God's word standeth for ever."

"Now the inhabitants of this country were called Agrippines. The king had just set out with his followers to waylay an Indian princess, who was passing through his land on her way to the foreign prince whom she was to marry. After long deliberation, and with some fear, the duke entered the town; they met no one in all the streets, and at length they dismounted before a beautiful castle. In the hall they found a table spread with delicious fare, as though for a wedding feast; so they all sat down and ate and drank as much as they liked, and sent for those who were on board the ship also to come and refresh themselves. The next day they came again to the palace, and ate and drank, and walked from one beautiful room to another, till they

found a chamber in which stood two splendid bedsteads of pure gold, and the coverings of cloth of gold; in the middle of the room was a table covered with a magnificent cloth, on which a delicate repast was laid out. Next to this was a small saloon, and a garden with a beautiful fountain leaping from silver pipes into two golden troughs. So Duke Ernst and his friend Wetzel bathed in the fountain, and then laid themselves down to sleep in the golden beds. After they had rested, they went once more round, admiring the wonders of the palace, when Count Wetzel suddenly espied a large army advancing towards them; the duke then proposed they should hide themselves, and see what these people did. The people entered the town in great state, but Ernst and his friend were not a little amazed to see that one and all of them had the neck and bill of a crane. The king now took his seat at the table, with the beautiful princess, whom he had carried off, sitting beside him; he often turned round his bill towards her that she might kiss him, but the good maiden was full of sorrow, and turned aside her head, wishing she were in a forest with wild beasts, rather than with such fearful-looking creatures. Meanwhile, the two gentlemen behind the door whispered to one another, and noticed the distress of the lady, and Duke Ernst vowed that he would risk his life to save her. But they were much afraid the people should discover the ship, and the knights they had left there, and the knights in the ship were equally anxious for their duke and his friend. When the long meal was at last finished, the people all went away drunk, and cackling like geese; the king retired into a beautiful room laden with golden ornaments, and sent two servants to fetch the princess. Duke Ernst and Count Wetzel sprang from their hiding-place as she was led by, and struck off the head of one servant, the other rushed into the presence of the king, exclaiming that the Indians were there to carry away their princess. The king sprang up with a loud cackle, and ran his bill into the maiden's side, so that she fell to the ground. This so enraged the duke, that he ran the king through with his sword; he then raised the princess, but she had only breath to say a few words of gratitude. When they saw that she was dead, they had only their own safety to care for, and fought their way bravely to the gates of the town. But these were closed, and the

enemy was fast overpowering them. Now it chanced that the gentlemen in the ship had set out to see if they could anywhere see the duke; they heard the noise in the town, and with their battle-axes at last broke the gates, and saved him and his friend, together with the body of the princess. But they had no sooner safely set sail, than the Agrippines set sail also, and showered poisoned arrows after them like snow. Fortunately, the duke had on board a sort of catapult, with which he sent three or four ships to the bottom; and the others, seeing they could get no good, went back to the town and buried their king.

"On the fifth day, after fair wind, the captain of the ship saw a dark mountain rise in the distance, and at the sight broke out into fearful lamentations. No power could save the ship; for greater strength, it had been studded over with huge iron nails, and the magnetic power of the mountain now drew them out, and the ship fell, and floated piecemeal on the water."

Then our story goes on to show how these adventurous knights escaped by the marvellous help of ox-hides and huge vultures; how they made their way through the stream of a terrible mountain pass; how this brought them into a country peopled by Cyclops, having their one eye in the centre of their forehead; how the duke and his followers did much wise and valiant service for the king of the Cyclops, against a people called Sciapodes, who had but one foot, that foot, however, being of such structure and dimensions, as to fit them for great achievements on land or water; also against a people who had ears long enough to serve them for mantles; and against giants, whom none before were ever known to conquer; and then the story proceeds.

"Now that there was no more assistance to be rendered to the King of the Cyclops, the duke one day said to his friend, 'Dear Wetzel, I once heard, that in India there are very little men indeed, who are constantly at war with the crane-people. I should much like to see them. Will you go with me; and I will then take some more soldiers?' The count was very willing; and, taking abundance of provision, they set sail for India. The good people were very much alarmed at the sight of such great warriors, but were right glad when they heard they were come to bring peace, and not war. The duke won for them an easy victory, and only took as

reward two of the dwarfs ; and returned to the king of the Cyclops, who had given him five large towns and castles. One day, as he was walking on the sea-shore, a ship came into the harbor from India, driven by the wind ; and they told the duke how their king, who favored the Christians, was, on this account, at war with the Sultan of Babylon, who desolated the land with fire and sword. Duke Ernst then went home and told the count about it ; and they agreed to sail the next day with the captain. Orders were given to provision the ship, the strange people the duke had collected were put on board, and all left before the king heard anything of it."

We cannot follow the duke through all his victorious adventures in the regions of the Sultan of Babylon, and of the King of the Moors, but will rejoin him at Jerusalem.

"When he had been there half-a-year, two pilgrims came who knew him, and who went away and told the Emperor Otto all about the marvellous people whom his son had brought from strange countries. The emperor was very much astonished, and gave them handsome presents. Then he went to the empress, and said, 'Dear wife, I will tell you something wonderful. Your son Ernst is in Jerusalem, and has grown quite gray.' The empress was amazed and delighted at these words. 'Truly, sire, the gray hairs which he has, have come from no small sorrow. He has suffered much injury in his lifetime !'

"From Jerusalem the duke went to Rome ; and when he had seen all the town, he said one day to Wetzel, 'My dearest friend, let us turn towards our fatherland. You know how many dangers we have encountered, and, with God's help, overcome ; but my greatest misery seems still to be, that my father will not lessen his anger towards me, although I am innocent. Therefore I beg you, dear friend, tell me what I had better do.' The count then advised the duke to go to Nuremberg, where the emperor was to hold a diet ; 'and who knows,' said he, 'how Providence may not help us by that time ?' No sooner said than done. They secretly entered the town of Nuremberg ; and soon after them came the emperor and all his court. On Christmas day, the empress and her ladies all went to the church ; this the duke saw, and mixing among the people, came up to his mother with the greeting, 'Give me an alms, for Christ's sake, and for the sake of

your son Ernst !' The empress replied, 'Alas, my friend, I have not seen my son for very long. Would God he were alive, you should then have alms enough !' Then said the duke quickly, 'Madame, give me the alms, and I will go hence again, for I am in disgrace with my father, and cannot come into favor again !' The empress said, 'You are then my son Ernst ?' He replied, 'Mother, I am your son ; therefore help me to find favor again.' The empress then told him to come the following day to the church ; and when the Bishop of Bamberg read the Gospel, he and his friend Wetzel should throw themselves at the emperor's feet, and beg his forgiveness. Their example should be followed by all the court ; and she hoped it would not be in vain. So the duke followed her advice ; and when the service was ended, he threw his cloak over his face, and bowing before the emperor said, 'Most gracious lord and emperor, I beseech your majesty to forgive a sinner, who has long erred, but who yet is innocent of the chief charge against him.' The emperor replied, that the pardon must depend upon the nature of the crime. Then the empress and all the court rose, and besought him, on this holy and joyful day, to pardon the offender. The emperor at last consented, but said he would see who the man was. The duke then threw back his mantle ; and when he saw his father's cheek redden with anger, he made a sign to his friend Wetzel, for it had been agreed that he should stab the duke rather than allow him to become the emperor's prisoner. But the emperor, seeing the whole court thus intercede for his son, said, 'And where, then, is thy friend, Count Wetzel ?' The count then gladly approached, and received the kiss of reconciliation from the emperor. So every one went home well pleased ; and the duke heard how basely the Count Heinrich had slandered him, and then told his innocence of all the charges ; and how he had always been true and loyal in his heart. Then the emperor heard, in great amazement, how he had met with so many wonders, and had so many escapes ; and he said to Duke Ernst, 'My dear son, because you have been so much tried and wronged, I promise, before these gentlemen, that you shall have all your lands again, and many towns beside.' So the duke rode with his friend into his own land, and received the joyful homage of his people ; and he reigned there very long in peace. And the emperor went to the Diet, at Spire, and held a great feast, because his son was come

back. The duke's mother also ordered many workmen to Salza, and there built a splendid minster, in which she was afterwards buried."

We need not mention the point of this story that will remind our readers of the tale of "Sinbad the Sailor." It is doubtless one of the many traveller's tales brought from the East, either by the Crusaders, or by the learned men who, some years later, not unfrequently took one or two voyages into foreign parts before giving themselves to labor for life. Accounts of such travels were read with great eagerness in the sixteenth century, and were especially congenial to its youthful enterprising spirit. The wonders of *Duke Ernst*, and other romances, would doubtless pass unquestioned, among the wild poetic versions of real discoveries, to which multitudes everywhere gave delighted credence. Many years of travel, and of newly-opened commerce, passed away, before the stories of Russian steppes, with their salt lakes, boiling springs, and ghost-like birch-woods, then for the first time heard of, were to be received as more authentic than other tales of haunted wells and desert islands. Sailors have ever been superstitious, and travellers, in times past, hardly less so. Distant lands, in the middle ages, and long after, were all the lands of fable.

The story of the *Four Sons of Aymon* springs from the old Charlemagne tradition-cycle, and is full of exciting incident. Its length precludes us from doing more than name it. A translation has, we believe, lately appeared in the *Traveller's Library*, by William Hazlitt. As a sample of those *Volksbücher*, of a less martial character, we will just sketch an outline of the universal favorite, the *Fair Melusina*—which was translated from the French by Düring von Ringoltingen, and printed about 1535.

"Once upon a time, there lived at Poitiers, in France, a count, named Emmerich, who was a great astrologer; he had also very large estates, and spent much of his time in hunting. In the neighboring forest lived another count, who was his cousin, but who was very poor, and had a great many children. Count Emmerich had a great respect for his cousin, and was anxious to assist him in bringing up his family as became their noble rank. He, therefore, gave a large banquet, to which he invited the Count von der Forste and his sons. As they were going away, he begged his cousin to leave his youngest son Raymond

behind, that he might educate him as his own child; the manly form and engaging disposition of the youth had so won his heart, that he should be quite unhappy if his request were not granted. So Raymond was left behind, and conducted himself so well as to gain the affections of all in his new home. One day the count, attended by Raymond and a large company of gentlemen, went out into the forest to hunt a wild boar. The animal led them a long chase, and killed many dogs; the count, with the faithful Raymond at his side, still pursued, until the moon rose, and they found themselves alone in a green glade. Raymond then proposed they should return, and endeavor to reach the nearest peasant's house; they, therefore, rode slowly on through the tangled underwood till they came upon the road to Poitiers. The count then looked up at the stars, and after studying them in grave silence, turned with a deep sigh to Raymond. 'Come here, my son, I will show you a great phenomenon, such an aspect of the heavens as is rarely seen!' Raymond begged to be further instructed in the matter. 'I see,' continued the count, 'that in this hour some one will kill his master, and will thus become a mighty powerful lord, greater than all his ancestors!' Raymond listened in silence; meantime, they came upon a fire which had been lighted by the other gentlemen of the party, so they dismounted, and sat down by the fire. They were no sooner seated than they heard a loud crashing in the branches behind, and had scarcely time to seize their weapons before a wild boar was upon them, foaming and tearing up the ground with rage. Raymond begged the count to save himself in a tree; this proposal offended him greatly, and seizing his spear he rushed furiously at the boar, but the stroke was too weak, the animal pushed it aside, and with one spring brought his enemy to the ground. Raymond now drew his spear in great haste to finish the boar and save his master, but in the heat of his zeal he drove the spear through the boar deep in the body of the count; he instantly withdrew it, but too late, Count Emmerich lay dead, covered with blood.

"In the greatest distress Raymond now fled from the place, he knew not whither. His eyes were blinded with tears, and he sent forth the most bitter lamentations and complaints against the destiny which had not only deprived him of his best friend, but had made him the instrument of his death. Wrapped in these gloomy thoughts he came to a well, beside which stood three beautiful maidens,

and would have passed by without seeing them, but the youngest stepped forward and addressed him. Struck with the marvellous beauty of her countenance, he sprang to the ground, and besought her to forgive his un-knightly conduct in passing without a greeting; he pleaded his deep and sudden grief which had almost deprived him of his senses. He then told her all that had befallen him; and the mysterious maiden gave him much kind and affectionate counsel, with many happy prophecies of the future, so that Raymond's anxious face wore a pleasanter air, and the roses of hope succeeded the paleness of despair. He promised to devote his whole life to her, and to be directed by her counsel as the shadow is by the sun. Raymond further agreed to her condition, that if she became his wife, he should on every Saturday leave her entirely to herself, should make no effort to see her, nor allow any other person to do so; at the same time she promised on that day to go nowhere, but to remain quietly in her own apartments. The beautiful Melusina, seeing Raymond readily make so great a promise, fearing he undertook more than he would be able to perform, said to him: 'You appear certainly to render cheerful obedience to my will, but I see you promise more than you intend to perform; let me tell you, however, that should you ever thus break your faith, at your door alone must lie all the misery that will arise from it—for not only must you then lose me inevitably and for ever, but misfortune will follow you, and your children's children.' After much more talk, they at length took an affectionate farewell, Raymond promising in all things to follow the advice of Melusina, who was so beautiful and so wise, he could not tell whether she was a mortal or a spirit.

"At the castle, Raymond found all in distress and confusion at the absence of the good count, but as so many gentlemen who had been with him knew nothing of where he had gone, no one suspected Raymond of knowing more than he appeared to do. Presently two of the servants returned, bringing the body with them, which they had found in the wood, beside the boar; and a very solemn funeral took place, at which none wept more sincerely than the affectionate Raymond. All the estates now came into the possession of Count Emmerich's son, Bertram, and many nobles and gentlemen assembled to receive their lands from the new lord. Raymond, following the plan he had agreed upon with the fair Melusina, also presented his request, that for

his past services, he might be allowed to have a piece of land near the well, if it were only such a piece as a deer-skin would cover. Raymond received the grant in due form, with parchment and seal. Immediately afterwards he met a man carrying a deer-skin, this he bought, and had it cut into the narrowest strips; he then set out, with proper men, to take possession of his land. One end of the skin he fastened to the well, and measured round it as far as the strip-line would reach. It was found to include a rich piece of land, watered by a broad stream; and all the men were astonished at the cunning of young Raymond, especially his cousin Bertram, who laughed heartily, and was greatly pleased when he heard it. The next time Raymond met his betrothed at the well, he received great praise for his discreet conduct. 'Follow me,' said she, 'and let us thank Heaven that it thus prospers our undertakings.' She then led him to a retired chapel in the forest, which Raymond was amazed to find filled with people, knights, ladies, citizens, and priests who conducted the service. Wondering if he were among men or spirits, he asked his bride whence all these people came in that solitary place, and who they were. Melusina then told him they were her subjects, and turning to them, enjoined upon them, thenceafter, the most implicit obedience to Raymond as their lord and master. This they all solemnly vowed.

"The court of Count Bertram soon after received another visit from Raymond, and they wondered what should have brought him there again. Raymond readily obtained an audience of his cousin, and began thus:—'Most gracious cousin, be not angry that I have so soon and unexpectedly presented myself at your court again, but I have something to tell you, which so nearly concerns me, that I do not think I should leave you in ignorance. I have won a beautiful bride, and am come here to beg, most respectfully, that you and your mother will honor us with your presence at our wedding, which will take place at the Well. If, therefore, I and my betrothed may hope for such honor early on the coming Monday, we shall esteem it a peculiar happiness ever to be remembered with gratitude.' Bertram then inquired, with great curiosity, who the lady might be? 'She is a noble, rich, and powerful lady,' replied Raymond, 'but of her descent I am still ignorant, and shall remain so until after the ceremony.' At this communication Bertram was much astonished, and still more amused;

however, he politely accepted the invitation, saying, his desire to see this goddess would make the time appear very long.

"At length the wished-for day arrived, and the Count Bertram set out with a very numerous suite, who passed many jokes by the way, wondering whether the whole might not prove to be some magical deception, since the place of meeting bore a very suspicious character. When they reached a rocky height commanding the plain in which Raymond's well lay, they were astonished to see it covered over with beautiful tents of all sizes, scattered picturesquely among the trees, and beside the stream, there were also numbers of people, apparently strangers, walking to and fro on the grass. This led them still more to believe the whole was the work of enchantment. Their thoughts, however, were now interrupted by the approach of a company of sixty knights and noblemen, all in the most magnificent attire; these conducted the gentlemen into a superb tent, and a company of noble ladies received the Countess and her attendants in the name of the bride. The company then assembled in the chapel, and were ranged in a circle round an altar of the richest workmanship. The dress of the bride sparkled with gold, pearls, and precious stones. After the mass had been performed with the most exquisite music, Raymond and Melusina were led to the altar to receive the blessing, and the bride was then conducted by the Count of Poitiers to the tent; here golden vessels were offered to the guests, and water poured upon their hands; seats were then taken at the table. After the first course, Raymond and some of his knights arose from the table and waited upon the guests. The repast was followed by a tournament, from which Raymond carried off the prize, which was a precious ornament, set in diamonds. In the evening the bridal pair were led, with a procession of music and torches, to their tent, which was of thick silk and stripes of gold, all embroidered with birds and lilies. The music of flutes and soft voices continued all night without the tent, but Melusina reminded her husband of his promise, and warned him of certain ruin if he should break it."

It will be readily seen how much there is in these descriptions resembling the chivalric romances, more especially those of France. And apt as we are to regard such details as tedious, and to exclaim against the frequent repetition of such adventures as becoming monotonous rather than exciting, we have to bear in mind that fiction has an end to accom-

plish, no less than history or philosophy. From the fragments of its fiction we look for indications of an epoch in its domestic and social conditions, in its tendency and general characteristics, as shown in paths branching off from the high road of the historian—mosaic bits, which, from their very littleness, go to form what proves both harmonious and instructive. History gathers its bearded sheaves of ripe events, leaving a lesser harvest for a merry band of gleaners, who store it with laughter and song, and send it forth again, as their contribution to the general happiness.

But our philosophy must not be allowed to prevent us following the course of our story. Well, the course, in substance, is this—the wedding feast lasts fifteen days. Raymond then occupies himself in building a strong castle with many lofty towers. Melusina, in process of time, becomes the mother of ten sons. These sons differ very much from each other, one, for example, having one eye, another three, and their characters are not less varied. The brothers do many striking things, each after his nature. At length a friend provokes the curiosity of Raymond about the cause of his wife's mysterious seclusion every Saturday; after much conflict, the count resolves to secure, unobserved, a sight of what passed in the secret apartment of Melusina on that day. To his amazement he sees his beautiful wife engaged in magic ceremonies, become half-fish and half-woman, and much beside. As might be supposed, this dissolves the enchantment; the mysterious wife mysteriously disappears; Raymond becomes disconsolate, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and dies at a good old age, seeing most of his sons rise to wealth and honor; and Melusina, too, having foretold the fortunes of her house before her departure, still loves her husband, Raymond, and before his decease, returns to apprise those near him of his approaching end.

Now, to enter into the spirit of such a specimen from the comparative childhood of literature, and to understand the condition of mind to which it was addressed, this story must of course be regarded with something like that unquestioning faith with which it was once received—at least by the young and uncritical. Supernatural ladies of this beneficent order are by no means uncommon in early Teutonic literature. The charm of such illusions depends on our being able to believe as Raymond for a while believed—but in our case, as in his, all will be dispelled, if we begin to be too curious and grow skeptical.

Let us now leave these graver histories for those of a lighter description. We shall find these to be still more the immediate production of the existing social relations. Society, at that period, was made up of contrast, and gained in life and vigor from the constant friction of opposing elements. Mixed with the ungoverned love of mirth, the reckless self-indulgence, of a people, as it were, sowing their wild oats, are the signs of an approaching manhood, in grave questionings and anxious disputations. Martin Luther, with his lion heart, and ready speech, ever valiant for the highest truth; and Hans Sachs, with his shrewd wit and laughter-loving eye, pouring forth comedy and satire, are contemporaries especially characteristic of their age. And it is in such extremes that true satire must have its rise. Side by side in the soul of the satirist are *El Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Take away the one or the other, and the power and beauty of the character are gone. If we mistake not, it is the humorist Hood who says—

“There is no music in the life
That sounds to idiot laughter only;
There is no note of mirth,
But hath its chord in melancholy.”

The genius which speaks to us in the inspiration of the loftiest tragedy and tenderest pathos, is often that which gives itself vent in the gayest humor, the keenest repartees. The rainbow of true wit must be formed of sunshine and of cloud. Mirth saves the sadness of reality from settling into gloom, gravity points and plumes the merry arrow, that it may not go forth idly and without an aim. It is so with nations as with individuals; and hence comes the conflict and fusion we meet with in the sixteenth century, producing along with the gravest writings, the greatest German satirists, and sending forth a stream of popular farce and humor, which provided occasion for laughter to succeeding generations. At this time, moreover, the remorseless *régime* of ceremony and etiquette, which had so long frozen the higher classes, and rigidly excluded the lower from any better intercourse than with their own, was gradually breaking up. Ideas concerning the rights of the governing and the governed underwent a change. People began to see what they had long only indistinctly felt, and the separation of classes and the excesses of the clergy were declared to be evils, and assailed as such. For many a day, the only representative of freedom had been the court fool, who, revelling in his license of equality, made

a most refreshing use of it, satirizing rich and poor, but invariably levelling his hardest hits at the highest heads—careless though the effect as it came upon his back consisted of something weightier than a witticism. The satirical tendency of the period saw in these pranks and follies of the fools no insignificant weapon, and led to the collection and arrangement of them round some mythic personage, as Burkhardt Waldis, Till Eulenspiegel, or the Friar Amis of the thirteenth century.

We have already seen how the heroic tradition, in a prose form, became once more welcome in its old home among the people. In the same manner, though in a different spirit, the old brute tradition was now also revived. In its first appearance, this tradition was a development, or manifestation rather, of the forest life and tastes of the early Germans. Their daily familiar association with the habits and instincts of the animal creation, taught them to attribute to it a half-human character, which is the spirit of the brute tradition. And when this social intercourse was interrupted, as by beasts of prey, their superstition would clothe such rude disturbers with supernatural terrors. Hence it is we hear of were-wolves, and other marvels. The famous brute epic of *Reynard the Fox*, which had been brought back again out of the Netherlands, assumed, however, in the eyes of this generation, an entirely new character. It was looked on and enjoyed as a bold, elaborate satire upon kings, courts, and priests; and to the prevailing quarrels between the clergy and the laity it owed many a new edition. In imitation of this work rose fables, and numberless stories of animals; the latter, however, failing to realize the mystic, half-human element, which should be their special beauty. Where such heroes are represented as definite animals, or definite men, (though still called by animal names,) their hold on the imagination is greatly lessened. Master Reynard is more than a mere fox, and yet too much of a fox to be a man; the charm thus becomes complete, and is irresistible.

From the *Volksbücher* of this humorous caste we are somewhat at a loss to select a specimen. That which will perhaps admit of being indicated in the least space, is the *Lalenbuch*, or *The Citizens of Schilda*. The inhabitants of this town were so widely celebrated for their wisdom, that they received embassies from the most distant kings and statesmen, summoning them to give their advice upon important questions. This cele-

brity proved, after a time, somewhat inconvenient, inasmuch as it often happened that the women were left at home to plough, sow, and reap. But, as we shall see, their wisdom was not for other people's use only. After mature deliberation, they resolved to lay aside this superfluous possession. From the day of that determination each was to emulate his fellow in stupidity. At first, this was rather a difficult matter; but soon, as the magistrate said, "they were clever enough to take it quite naturally." One of the first improvements which they now undertook in their town was the erection of a new town-hall. It rose to a great height, with three walls forming a triangle; but notwithstanding the beauty of the design, it was discovered, on the first day of assembly, that they were unable to see anything in the interior. They, therefore, with great promptitude, ran and fetched large sacks, held them open in the sunshine, then hastily closing the mouths, rushed into the hall, concluding that this manœuvre would be followed by a full blaze of sunshine. Great was their dismay at finding themselves still in the dark; and they gladly followed the advice of a traveller, who told them to take off the roof from the building. This they did; and fortunately had a dry summer.

The citizens of Schilda also built a new mill, and for this purpose had hewn a stone from a quarry at the top of the hill. This they carried down to the mill; but then they remembered how, in felling the wood for the town-hall, one tree had rolled down by itself. 'Are we come to be real fools,' quoth the magistrate, in a great rage; 'we might have let the stone roll down, and have spared all this trouble.' So, with great difficulty, they carried it up again to the quarry. 'Oh!' exclaimed one of the men; 'how shall we know where the stone rolls to?' 'That is easily settled,' replied the magistrate; 'some one must put his head into the hole, and go down with it.' So the stone and the man went down the hill-side into the millpond. When the rest reached the bottom of the hill, and saw neither man nor stone, they suspected foul play; and said the man must have gone off with the millstone. They therefore sent word to all the neighboring villages, 'that if a man were seen walking with a millstone round his neck, he should be taken, and should suffer the extremity of the law as a common thief.' But the poor fellow lay at the bottom of the pond, and had drunk too much water to be able to make his defence. Not long after this, there was a report of war;

and the people were greatly concerned for the safety of the bell in the town-hall. They at length agreed that the sea would be the safest place to put it in. So they went out in a ship, and dropped the bell slowly down, making a notch in the ship's side, that they might know the precise spot. When the war was over, they set sail again to recover their treasure; but though the notch was still in the ship, they never found their bell. The stupidity of the Schilbürger had long ceased to be assumed; and their melancholy end was such as might be anticipated from their consistent life. It happened thus:—In the town of Schilda there were no cats; and barns and houses were overrun with mice. One day, a traveller passed with a cat under his arm. An innkeeper asked what it was. 'A mouse-dog,' replied the stranger; and it forthwith commenced considerable execution among the mice. So the stranger kindly settled with the good citizens, that they should have the cat for a hundred gulden. They carried it into the castle, where the corn was, and then remembered they had not inquired what the animal ate. A man was dispatched after the stranger; who, however, fearing they repented the bargain, took to his heels. 'What does it eat?' shouted the man, at a great distance. '*Wie man's beut*' (what you please), replied he, hastily. But the peasant understood him, '*Vieh und Leut*' (men and cattle), and ran home in great consternation. From this it was clear that when the mice were eaten, the cattle and themselves would be the next victims; but no one dared to touch the creature. So they thought it would be a lesser evil to lose their corn, and promptly set fire to the castle, in order to destroy the cat. But the cat jumped out of the window into another house; this they bought, and burned likewise; but the creature walked quietly on to the roof, and began washing her face. This solemn elevation of the paw was construed into a menace of mortal revenge. One brave man commenced an attack with a long spear; but puss calmly ran down it. This climax so horrified the beholders, that they simultaneously fled; and the village was burned all but one house. With their wives and children the Schilbürger wandered into the forest; and having lost their all, sought other homes in countries far and near. So that, even in our day, there is no town in which some of the race of the Schilbürgers may not be found.

And as we have all met with Schilbürgers in our time, so we have all heard of one Whittington, who also chanced to find a cat a very marketable commodity.

Our patient reader now, doubtless, looks to us for some information respecting the early authors of the stories, the characteristics of which we have submitted, with our best fidelity, to his judicious criticism. But laudable as this spirit of inquiry may be in the abstract, there are occasions on which we cannot profess to admire it, if it be expected of us that we should preserve even the ghost of a conscience. In the present instance, we consider it annoying, intrusive, malicious. Our only reply is, that a few were composed and penned by a Thuringian princess, in the fifteenth century; and it is possible, that the literary dilettante, Niclas von Wyle, may have had something to do with some others of them; but this is scarcely probable, since he was far

too busy in translating Italian, and running after literary ladies. Our information, therefore, on this point, becomes 'beautifully less' as we attempt to gather it up, and resolves itself into a statement of our own utter ignorance, with this consoling reservation, however, that we cannot refer the baffled inquirer to a more enlightened authority than ourselves. It is sufficient for us, humble persons as we are, that, in common with such obscure authors as the said Goethe and Tieck before mentioned, we have found it pleasant, and something more, to place ourselves amidst the times when such fictions could be invented, and amidst the wonder-loving circles among whom they could be narrated, believed, and enjoyed.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

OMNIPOTENCE.

FROM THE SANSKRIT. BY DR. BOWRING.

God, God alone is truth,—as million sparks
Spring from the blazing fire, so living things,
All living things—all life, proceeds from Him,
And unto Him returns. He, He alone
Is glorious, formless, perfect, and unborn,
Pervading all—within, without. Nor life
Nor mind is His.* His purity divine
Towers over all existence: higher still,
That even his own almighty energy,
The life, the mind, the sense, ether, air,
Light, water, and the all-containing earth,
Proceed from Him. His head the highest heaven,
The sun and moon His eyes, His ears the points
All round the zodiac. In the voids His speech,
His life the air, his bosom nature's breadth,
His feet the earth. The all-pervading He,
'Twas his perfection that created heat,
Whose fuel is the sun. The moon He launched,
Rain to engender—rain to raise the corn,

* *Life* and *mind* are here spoken of as *created* things, and therefore not attributes of the divine nature.

Which feeds the germinating source of life,
Whose impregnation animates the world.

He hath created gods and demigods,
Men, beasts, birds, vital airs, and corn, and wheat;
Truth, contemplation, veneration, all
The claims of duty and the rites of law.

He, the seven orifices of the head,
With their perceptive powers, the objects, too,
Of their perception, and perception's self,
He formed, and seated in the heart that life
Which revels in the organs given to all.

Oceans and mountains all proceed from Him,
From Him all rivers flow. From Him all food
Receives its flavors, and its strengthening powers.
'Tis He who to the body binds the soul.
His perfect Deity is all in all!
Object of every holy thought, and aim
Of each divine observance. He, supreme!
Immortal He! and O! beloved one!
If He be seated in thine inmost soul,
Soon wilt thou break the bonds of ignorance,
And glory in bright knowledge.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE FORTUNES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ON the southern shore of an inlet of the Pacific, the Spaniards, some time in the latter part of the last century, erected a Presidio or fort, consisting of a square court enclosed with mud-walls pierced for musketry. Within these walls were some small dwellings for the soldier settlers, while the centre of the area was kept clear for their exercise. This fort, which fell long ago into ruins, was destined to play rather an important part in the world's history. In the year 1776, two wandering missionaries, natives of Spain, but last from Mexico, landed in the bay; and under the protection of the military station, they founded a Mission at some little distance, and set to the work of civilizing and Christianizing the native tribes around them. The names of these individuals were Francisco Palou and Benito Canebon; the mission was called Dolores, in commemoration of the sufferings of the Virgin; and it became the parent of many others in the same country.

The good fathers appear to have settled quietly down, and to have found little difficulty in their labor of love. They erected a church, with dwellings around it for themselves and attendants, and the natives built their huts in squares at a little distance. Not far off, a secular settlement was likewise attempted, but proceeded the length of only a few houses. It was called Yerba Buena, after an herb of that name found on the hills, and esteemed for its medicinal qualities, as well as used by way of a substitute for tea. The first settlers there were from Mexico, excepting a Russian, who, being left behind by a Russian ship, cast in his lot with theirs. But the town is not worth talking about as yet—the Mission drew every kind of prosperity to itself. Soon after its organization, says an authority, it flourished rapidly, realizing all the hopes of its founders. The Indians placed the most devout confidence in the Padres, embracing readily the new religion, and acquiring with it many of the arts of civilization. They continued to live apart in small communities, employing themselves in tilling the earth and other labors under the

direction of the missionaries; and for their work, of eight hours in the day, they received from them food, trinkets—and rum. "At various times, parties of Indians were provided with the proper means, and dismissed by the missionaries, that they might pursue an independent life. But we are told the attempt invariably failed, and that the natives sooner or later returned to seek the protection and guardianship of the Padres, after wasting their cattle and other stock. Some idea may be formed of the extent of those operations, from the fact, that there belonged to this mission, at one period, 20,000 head of cattle, 3000 horses, and 30,000 sheep. In 1810, the number of Christian baptisms had reached 3896; and in 1831, the period of greatest prosperity, the whole number had amounted to 6883. From this date, a declension took place, which was greatly accelerated by the Mexican Revolution, in 1836, when the cattle and property were destroyed, and the Indians driven off by political disturbances. From 1831 to 1849, the number of baptisms was only 468. Of the entire list, it is computed that nine-tenths were Indians, and the remainder Californians, or immigrants, and their descendants, principally from Mexico."

In 1839, the secular town, if that can be called a town which contained only a few scattered houses, was planned and laid out by Captain John Vioget; and in half-a-dozen years it contained 150 inhabitants. About this time, when the war between America and Mexico had commenced, there began to flock to it some American adventurers, and in two years the population was increased by several hundreds. At the beginning of 1847, this slowly-moving town, whose ambition was confined to agricultural pursuits, changed its name. Instead of Yerba Buena, it was now San Francisco; and although its houses were but huts of one or two rooms, built chiefly of adobes, it was ordained that no hogs should be allowed to run at large, and no firearms be discharged within the distance of a mile, under the pain of a fine of five dollars and

twenty dollars for the offences respectively. In this memorable year, the last of rural labor, tranquillity, and slow but steady progress, six members of council were elected by 200 votes, a semi-monthly mail was established to some southward points, and a small steam-boat made a successful expedition round Wood Island.

In 1848, the province was formally ceded by Mexico to the United States; and almost simultaneously a feverish feeling, connected with metallic riches, broke out in the small community. Quicksilver-mines were dreamed of; copper was said to be discovered somewhere; saltpetre, sulphur, limestone, coal—all, in turn, had their seers and prophets; silver, at length, became the rage—the whole country was believed to be underlaid with the precious ore. Gold was then hinted at—talked of—trumpeted; but wise men laughed at the splendid illusion. Louder and louder grew the buzz, till the laugh was drowned in the noise; and then, almost on a sudden, there was no sound heard in San Francisco. Stores closed, and empty houses everywhere met the eye. The population had almost wholly ebbed away; and of the numerous placards of American industry, the only one prominent in the town was this: "Highest price paid here for Californian gold." "The temporary suspension of trade and business was soon followed by the most extraordinary activity. Adventurers from all nations, and merchandise of all kinds, began to pour into the town, on their way to the mining region. Buildings that had been vacated, were filled with newly-arrived gold-seekers, hurrying to the mines. Store-houses were in demand for mercantile purposes; and labor, which had been but one or two dollars a day prior to the discovery of gold, was not to be had at any price. Carpenters often refused fifteen and twenty dollars a day. Schools and churches were forgotten; and if public meetings were held, the object was to fix the value of gold-dust, or to make plans for testing it. In August, immigrants began to arrive at the rate of 500 a month. In the middle of September, the harbor was described as crowded with shipping, the wharfs lined with goods and merchandise, and the streets filled with a busy throng. Fifty persons, it was computed, spent the night without the cover of a roof."

In September of that year, a grand event occurred in the history of San Francisco. This was the arrival in the port of the first square-rigged vessel; and no sooner was it known that she was actually discharging her

cargo, than goods of all kinds fell prodigiously in price, and town-lands rose from 50 to 100 per cent. A lot bordering on the water, which had been offered for 5000 dollars, and refused by everybody, sold the next day for 10,000 dollars. In the same month, the first brick building was erected. All sorts of ambitious projects were talked of: a temperance society—a lyceum—an hospital—a theatre. A chaplain to the "city" was installed—a city which now polled the not very extravagant number of 347 votes at an election of councilmen. Before the year closed, the mining adventurers, who had returned home for the winter, found that some very remarkable changes had taken place. Lots of land they had left selling for 2000 dollars, had risen to 15,000 dollars; and houses they could have rented for 20 dollars a month, were now charged at 100 dollars.

In February, 1849, the arrival of the first steam-ship in the mail-service set the citizens wild with rapture and exultation; but in a few months, the harbor was crowded with vessels of all kinds, and immigrants landed in thousands. Then came the launch of a little iron steam-boat, and her experimental trip to the Sacramento. On this occasion, she brought back a number of salmon from the golden river, some of which sold for forty-five dollars apiece. This vessel was soon followed, on the same route, by other steamers, and the expeditions of the miners were shortened from seven days to seventeen hours.

Great fortunes are sometimes made in a manner not very cleanly; and even so it happened with this city, which was called suddenly forth, by the magic of gold, from a foundation of mud. In the following winter, which chanced to be as wet as our last winter in England, all San Francisco was a quagmire. To remove the mud was impossible; but the inhabitants tried to make it of a thick enough consistence to admit of passage, by laying down upon the streets a layer of brush-wood and rubbish. But layer after layer disappeared in the unfathomable abyss, and with it, now and then, an unfortunate mule. When men were adventurous enough to attempt crossing, they sometimes owed their lives to their neighbors. Tradition tells of one person who actually disappeared under these circumstances. The intersection of Clay and Montgomery Streets being a principal thoroughfare, was the scene of many interesting and exciting incidents. To cross on foot became completely impossible, until a submerged footway was constructed with bags of

beans, damaged rice, bundles of tobacco, and a general assortment of spare merchandise. Over this invisible bridge, experienced navigators might succeed in making their way; but woe to the unskilful wayfarer who, in attempting the path, deviated from the subaqueous line of march! In the dearth of business and amusements, many citizens found agreeable employment in watching the progress of their fellow-men through the difficulties of travel, and rendering assistance in desperate cases. New-comers often landed from ship-board rigged in their Sunday's best, and with boots brightly polished, intending to strike the natives with surprise by such tokens of high civilization; but scarcely had they touched terra firma, when they made the deep discovery, that terra firma was not there; and they were glad to get back to the ship, with the loss not only of Day & Martin's polish, but of the boots themselves, which they were constrained to leave deep buried in the streets of San Francisco!

Another curious trait of the Golden City. "In *those days*," says our authority—the mushroom citizen is talking of 1849!—"before the recent improvements in the delivery of letters, the post-office exhibited the most curious scenes on the arrival of the mails from the Atlantic States. People crowded by hundreds into the long lines, to march to the windows in quest of letters from home. Desperate efforts were made to secure a place near the window, in anticipation of the opening of the office. Men rose from their beds in the middle of the night for this purpose. It was a common practice to provide a chair, and hitch up, step by step, as the procession slowly advanced, whiling away the time with cigars and other appliances. Persons were exposed for hours to the most drenching rains, which they bore with heroic fortitude, rather than relinquish their post. Men of speculative views, who expected no letters, secured advanced places, and then sold them, sometimes for as much as eight or ten dollars."

In those days, too, the dress of the city was picturesque in its infinite variety—comprehending jackets, bangups, Spanish wrappers, serapes, blankets, bear-skins; boots with red or green tops, horsemen's boots, miners' boots, fishermen's boots; and a splendid choice of hats, of which the most popular was the California slouch—convertible at will into a pillow, a basin, a handkerchief, or a basket. When female immigrants, however, began to flock into the city, the picturesque declined, and the gold-seekers

sent off in a hurry to Broadway for models of costume. Two theatres sprang up, with crowds of drinking and gambling houses; and the citizens, being now in the broad path of city civilization, amused themselves with concerts, balls, dinner-parties, and military suppers. By this time San Francisco had extended into the country, and absorbed into itself the Mission of the reverend Padres.

In 1849, occurred the first of eight or nine conflagrations, which have, from time to time, up to last year, reduced a considerable portion of the city to ashes. About the same time, the first step was taken to extinguish the Golden City with a debt, which speedily amounted to a million and a half of dollars. In January, 1850, three females arrived from Sydney; and being unable to pay for their passage, they were publicly sold for five months by the captain of the ship. They fetched fifteen dollars each. In this year there were six daily newspapers published in San Francisco, to which two more were added in the following year. There were likewise seven churches in the city. The harbor was crowded with large vessels from all the great ports in the world; but once there, return was impossible. The crews deserted in a body, and rushed to the mines; many of the ships were dragged up the beach at high water, and converted into storehouses; one of them became a large hotel. Another singular feature of the city was formed by the Chinese immigrants. At a grand funeral procession, commemorative of the death of the American president, Taylor, a body of those curious-looking citizens attended in their national costume, and ever since they have exhibited great interest in all public demonstrations, parading with banners and music. One of the most remarkable of these occasions, was the celebration of the admission of California into the American Union in 1850.

In 1851, the streets were paved with wood in such a way as to defy the mud, and they were begun to be brilliantly lighted, when one of the usual conflagrations occurred, which ate out the heart of the city, the centre of business, leaving only straggling outskirts. But this proved a benefit rather than a misfortune, for it roused in earnest the extraordinary energies of the people; and the burned district was speedily covered with houses, pretty nearly fire-proof. For this reason, the fire of last November was comparatively a mere trifle; the damage was only 100,000 dollars, while

that of the former conflagration was computed by millions. The following is a picture of the city as it now stands:—

“The city of San Francisco stands on a narrow neck of land between the bay and the ocean, fronting eastward on the bay, and having the ocean five miles on the west. The bay extends southward some fifty miles, parallel with the sea, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of land, varying from five to twenty miles in width. The city is on the extreme point of this promontory. Its site is handsome and commanding, being on an inclined plane, half a mile in extent, from the water's edge to the hills in the rear. Two points of land—Clark's Point on the north, and Rincon Point on the south, one mile apart—project into the bay, forming a crescent between them, which is the water-front of the city, and which has already been filled in and covered with buildings to the extent of half a mile. Those points, and the lofty hills north and west, upon which the city is rapidly climbing, afford a most extensive and picturesque view of the surrounding country. There are scarcely to be found more charming and diversified prospects than are presented from these heights. Taking your stand on Telegraph Hill, to the north of the city, and looking eastward, you see the spacious bay, eight miles in width, crowded with ships from all quarters of the globe; and the fertile coast of Contra Costa beyond, with its new city of Oakland, behind which rise hill on hill, to the Redwood forests on the summits. Towering over these is the conical peak of Mount Diabolo, at a distance of thirty-five miles. To the north is the entrance from the ocean, almost beneath your feet; and Saucelita, six miles distant, at the foot of the opposite hills. The northern

arm of the bay also stretches away till lost in the distance, studded with smoking steamers on their way to the numerous points on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Turning to the south, you look down on the busy city, whose tumultuous din rings steadily in your ear—the Mission Dolores, in a charming little valley beyond, backed by graceful hills—the southern arm of the bay lost in the horizon—and the dim and distant coast-range of mountains running parallel on the east. Facing the west, you look upon the narrow strait through which the restless ocean ebbs and flows, and into which the sea-breeze sweeps daily with its chilling but purifying mists—the Golden Gate—the Presidio—the Fort—the great ocean beyond.”

Finally, the extracts we have given throughout this article are from the preface to a Directory published in January last—a directory of 9,000 names and addresses for this city, which, half-a-dozen years ago, consisted of a few straggling huts; and which now, as we learn from the census of last year—received since writing the above—contains a population of 34,876 souls. Of this number, only 5,154 are females. The foreign residents amount to 16,144 males, 2,710 females; the remainder, with the exception of a few hundred negroes and mulattoes, being citizens of the United States. Verily, there are few episodes in the history of the world more remarkable than the fortunes of San Francisco.*

*The population of the whole state is 264,435. The capital invested in mining operations is 13-897,447 dollars, of which gold-mining has about one-third. The capital employed for all other purposes is 41,061,933 dollars.

CANNIBAL SNAKES.—Several well-authenticated instances have been related to me of snakes being killed, which had half swallowed other snakes very little smaller than themselves, the lower portions of which were, in process of digestion, in the devourer's stomach, whilst the yet unswallowed half hung out of its mouth. One of these was discovered by a

boy treading on it, when, to his horror, the reptile instantly coiled itself round his leg, but without biting him, and, on a person going to his aid, it was found that the snake's mouth was fully occupied and distended by the body of another snake.—*Mrs. Meredith's My Home in Tasmania.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN.

WE now give a brief sketch of the life and works of a man who stands out pre-eminent in the present day, as an example of what can be accomplished in the walks of science by unaided genius. Born in a humble station in life, he possessed not the advantages that wealth and birth confer; but, by the powers of his mind, joined to a persevering industry, he has obtained a position in the scientific world which any man might justly be proud to acquire; and which others with far greater advantages have sought in vain. He is not only honored by all ranks in his own country, but has acquired a world-wide reputation; and such is the modest and kindly way in which he has always given utterance to his views, that he has attained that honorable but rare position, when even those with whose opinions it has been his lot to come into collision cannot find it in their hearts to say one word against him. Surely the career of such a man is one that will be read with interest by every lover of science; and his example cannot fail to stir up a spirit of noble emulation and determined perseverance in the breast of many a one who is now in silence pursuing his way, amidst many disadvantages, as a humble votary of science.

It was in the good old town of Lancaster that Richard Owen was born; and there he passed his early years. While still a youth, he commenced the study of surgery, and pursued it with considerable ardor; not, however, from any love which he then had for such a study, but because that course appeared to him the only one by which he should be able to follow a seafaring life, which was the darling wish of his heart: for at that time a preference was always given, in the navy, to youths who had studied this subject. He had been a midshipman on board a ship-of-war; but at the close of the American struggle had been obliged to return home; and then it was that he devoted himself to the study of surgery, and served under the surgeon to the county jail at Lancaster. In 1824, Owen matriculated at Edinburgh; and there, under the tuition of Dr. Barclay,

he soon displayed a decided love for comparative anatomy. The next year he removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, where he speedily distinguished himself as a very promising anatomist, and attracted the notice of the celebrated Abernethy, who was then lecturing at St. Bartholomew's; and he soon made young Owen one of the dissectioners for his lectures.

Even here, however, a fondness for the sea was still his ruling passion; and he applied for and obtained the office of assistant-surgeon in the navy. But, when he went to bid his instructor farewell, the good old man, in his own rough and eccentric way, manifested his affection for his young pupil, and his unwillingness that science should lose his services. When he mentioned that he was going to sea, Abernethy bluntly replied, 'that he had better go to the devil at once.' By his representations and advice, Owen was induced to abandon his intention, and to accept a situation at the Royal College of Surgeons, of which he had been admitted a member in 1826. Abernethy procured for him the appointment to assist Mr. Clift, who was then conservator of the museum of the college, in drawing up a catalogue of the Hunterian specimens, and upon this employment he entered in 1827, at a salary of £80 a-year. He assisted Mr. Clift in preparing the Descriptive Catalogue of the Pathological Specimens, and that of the Monsters and Malformations, which were published in three quarto volumes. Some time after this he was made joint-conservator with Mr. Clift, whose daughter he married; and, in 1835, was appointed Hunterian Professor to the college. His father-in-law being a near relative to John Hunter, Mr. Owen became by this marriage a member of the Hunterian family; by which the charge and completion of the museum has fallen into the hands of one of the family of its great founder. Thus was this promising young man rescued from the sea, and placed in that very position where he would have the most abundant scope for the development of those talents

which have since won for him the highest renown.

Since Mr. Owen has been conservator of the museum, it has been wonderfully improved in practical value. It was by the labors of that extraordinary man, John Hunter, that the collection of anatomical and physiological specimens in this museum was made; and no one can inspect it, even in the most cursory manner, without being struck with surprise that so Herculean a task should have been accomplished by any one man, as that which such a collection must have proved; especially when the tedious and elaborate dissections which most of those specimens involved are taken into account. The great work of Mr. Owen, in reference to this collection, has been the preparation of the Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Specimens. This work, extending to five quarto volumes, and giving a description of nearly 4000 Hunterian specimens, besides the large number of recent additions, was a work absolutely necessary before the collection could be practically useful to others. Hunter had himself habitually trusted to memory for the history of the individual specimens; and it was not till near the close of his life, when he felt the powers of his hitherto retentive memory beginning to fail, that he became fully alive to the importance of their being completely catalogued. To compile an efficient catalogue, was the prime object he aimed to accomplish in the closing period of his life, and under his superintendence a MS. catalogue was commenced; but it devolved upon Mr. Owen to complete the work. This he has done in a manner which reflects the highest credit upon himself, and upon the council of the college under whose auspices it was effected. It is by no means a mere dry list of names or of curt descriptions; but contains a full account of everything that is interesting or important in the history of the various specimens. It is a work that affords to the student a large amount of valuable information, and unfolds to him much of the philosophy of the science of comparative anatomy; and, even to the casual visitor, is a most interesting companion in his progress through the museum. This catalogue is founded on the MS. lectures of Hunter and the notes of his dissections, on the MS. catalogue already in part produced, and on the original researches of Mr. Owen himself. In its preparation, great difficulty was experienced in consequence of a large portion of Hunter's papers having been committed to the flames by his executor, Sir

Everard Home; whence it happened that a vast number of the specimens were found to be altogether undescribed and even unnamed, so that very many dissections were required to be made before the specimens could be catalogued, or their accuracy in many instances relied on. Many important specimens have been added by Mr. Owen from time to time; and thus, under his fostering care, this fine collection has continually become more and more complete.

Almost wholly through the labors of Mr. Owen, a new department of the museum has grown into importance. This is the department of osteology; at which he has labored with untiring zeal, until it has become the noblest collection of osteological specimens in the world. He has also contributed largely to the department of specimens in illustration of natural history; and has prepared catalogues descriptive of these, and also of the specimens in fossil osteology. Both these are works of great value, and involved considerable labor; but his description of the fossil remains of mammalia and birds in the museum is in particular a work of great scientific value, containing a large amount of matter of the greatest interest in the science of palæontology.

We have dwelt thus long upon his labors in behalf of this museum, because it is in connection with this that most of his works have been executed. It is here that those specimens are placed by which he gained renown. Here he has shown himself a worthy successor of John Hunter, and has gained for himself a name which will go down to posterity coupled with that of his great forerunner, as one of the founders of that noble collection.

It was whilst Mr. Owen was assistant conservator to the museum, that the celebrated specimen of the pearly nautilus (*Nautilus pompilius*, Linn.) was presented to the Royal College of Surgeons by Sir Edward Belcher. This was the first specimen that had ever been brought to Europe; and it, therefore, became an object of great interest. Mr. Owen was commissioned by the council of the college to prepare a description of the animal, and this is his first published work. Both the pearly and paper nautilus were known to the ancients as far back as the time of Aristotle; but the notions they formed of their habits were altogether incorrect. Our readers will scarcely now need to be told, that the appearance of the nautilus, as with spreading sails and delicate oars it was wafted along upon the surface of the deep, and which is said to have given rise to the idea of a vessel,

is no more than a poetic fiction ; and that the animal crawls along at the bottom of the water, or moves through it backwards, after the manner of other cephalopods, and never swims upon its surface. The shell of the pearly nautilus has long been common enough in this country ; but the animal itself had never been seen by the moderns until the present specimen was captured in 1829, in the South Seas, near the island of Erromanga. This arises from the habits of the animal in frequenting the depths of the ocean, and seldom appearing at the surface ; but in the present instance the animal seems to have been surprised in its sleep. Mr. Owen detailed the anatomy of this creature, and illustrated it with beautiful drawings, in a manner which gave indications of his great anatomical powers. He was also intrusted with the preparation of a memoir on the skeleton of an extinct gigantic sloth which had been discovered near Buenos Ayres in 1841. From the position in which it was found, it appeared to have been buried alive in one of the recent geological formations. It was brought to England, and purchased by the college for 300 guineas ; and here, under the care of Mr. Owen, its fragile bones were put together, and it now forms one of the most remarkable objects in the museum of the college. It stands at least nine feet in height, though the extreme length of the largest existing species is not more than two. The memoir contains a very complete review of the osteology of the various megatherioid animals, which, as is generally known, are peculiar to America ; such as the megatherium, megalonyx, and sloths. Mr. Owen believes that there were once at least five or six genera of these colossal creatures inhabiting America, all of which are now extinct. Previous to the arrival of this gigantic fossil, Mr. Owen had gained great renown from the results of an examination by him of a number of fossil bones collected by Mr. Darwin in Patagonia and La Plata, which belonged to animals of the orders Edynata and Pachydermata. An account of these was afterwards published under the patronage of government in a work on the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle. Among these were bones of two extinct animals, which the peculiar genius and practical skill of Mr. Owen enabled him to refer to their proper place in the scale of the existing animals, though of one, the *Macrauchenia patagonica*, he was only furnished with a few bones of the trunk and extremities ; without a fragment of a tooth, or of the skull, to serve as a guide to its position in the

zoological scale. For these important contributions to the science of Palæontology the Wollaston gold medal was, in 1838, awarded to the professor by the Geological Society ; and, on its delivery, he was highly complimented upon his important services by the Rev. Mr. Whewell, the president of the society.

In 1835, Mr. Owen was appointed by the council of the college to the office of Hunterian Professor. The splendid anatomical collection which now bears the name of Hunter, and which will stand as the lasting memorial of his great skill and untiring zeal in behalf of comparative anatomy, was purchased, on his death, by Parliament, and transferred to the Royal College of Surgeons, on certain conditions. One of these was, that a course of lectures, not less than twenty-four in number, on comparative anatomy, illustrated by the preparations in the museum, should be given in each year by some member of the college. This was the professorship to which Mr. Owen was appointed in 1835, and whose duties he still continues to perform, with distinguished success. At the commencement of his first course, he formed the plan of giving such a series of lectures as should enable him to go through the entire collection, and adequately demonstrate its nature and extent, with the view of offering a just tribute to the noble labors of its founder. His series of lectures occupied six years in delivery ; and in them he adopted the same arrangement as that which Hunter had employed in the collection. The specimens are there arranged according to the development of the different organs, commencing with the simplest condition in which they occur in the animal kingdom, and ascending through all their successive grades to the most complex. Accordingly, Mr. Owen lectured the first three years on the comparative anatomy and physiology of the organs of digestion, nutrition, circulation, respiration, and excretion, in their order. In 1840, he lectured on the anatomy of the generative organs, and the development of the ovum ; afterwards, on the animal functions, with the fossil remains of extinct animals ; and, lastly, on the nervous system. Thus, in the course of six years, he delivered a most complete and elaborate course of lectures on the sciences, illustrated by this great collection, which could not fail to be of the highest utility to those who were privileged with listening to them. But the professor perceived that such a course was too long, adequately to meet the wants of the

students of the college. Few of them had leisure to attend so elaborate a course; he accordingly made a new arrangement, and in 1843, gave a course on the invertebrate animals, arranged according to their classes, commencing with the lowest in the scale. By this means he was enabled to compare the various grades of complexity of the different organs in the same body with one another, and to consider them in relation to the nature and powers of the entire animal, and also in relation to the peculiar conditions under which each animal was formed to live. These lectures were afterwards published. In 1846, appeared another volume of the Hunterian Lectures, on the Comparative Anatomy of Fishes. This is a very important work; for in it he first announces his profound and original views on some of the most difficult and abstruse theories in anatomy.

There had long been a belief that the various parts of the skeleton of any one vertebrate animal had their homologues, or corresponding parts, in the skeleton of every other; and some splendid theories had been propounded on this subject by the great Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and others. But the chief error of these anatomists lay in pushing a beautiful theory too far, by looking for a homologue to every part, which led them into strange incongruities in their reasoning; so much so, indeed, that their theories had long since been renounced as untenable. But to Mr. Owen we are indebted for the announcement of a theory on this point, which is at once clear and practicable, and which has since led to the general recognition of the principle of homology. He has been enabled to point out the distinction between those structural elements which are essential to all animals of the same type, and those which are only destined to serve some special purpose in individuals. By so doing, he has succeeded in discovering the true principles of that law by which nature so beautifully and perfectly provides for the various wants of every species, by modifications of the original typical structure, rather than by the substitution of other parts for any that are essential to the type.

We shall now notice some of the works of Owen, which are less intimately connected with his office as Hunterian Professor. The first of these is a very elaborate work on Odontography, published by him in 1840. It is a treatise on the comparative anatomy of the teeth in vertebrate animals, their physical relations, mode of development, and microscopic structure. It was published in

two handsome quarto volumes, of which one contains upwards of 160 lithographed plates in illustration of the text. The work comprises a very complete treatise on the teeth, in the three classes of vertebrates which possess them, viz., fishes, reptiles, and mammals. It possesses little attraction for the unprofessional reader; but we may illustrate the great value of a thorough acquaintance with the intimate characters of the teeth by a reference to a paper on the Structure of Fossil Teeth, read by Professor Owen before the British Association, in which, after giving a description of the internal organization of teeth in the higher mammalia, and the various modifications which this structure undergoes in the megatherium, ichthyosaurus, and in fossil fishes, which he illustrated by magnified transverse sections, he deduced from them, in a highly instructive and beautiful manner, the general conclusion, that the different genera, and probably even species, may be distinguished by the internal structure of the teeth alone; so that, when all other characters fail, and a complete tooth is not to be obtained, identity may be established from even a thin slice of a fossil tooth. Such is one of the results which the genius of this great man has worked out from his investigations concerning the structure of the teeth; and it will serve as a specimen of the services he has rendered in the department of Fossil Osteology. It is now no longer necessary that a single bone should be discovered entire in order to be able to distinguish the animal to which it belonged; but, with regard to all *known* animals, this may be determined from an examination of the mere fragment of a tooth.

Mr. Owen has likewise contributed two other valuable works to this department of science: one is "An Account of the Fossil Mammalia and Birds of Great Britain," which was published in one volume octavo in 1846; and the other a "History of British Fossil Reptiles," of which only five parts have yet appeared. Some time back, the British Association for the Advancement of Science had requested Mr. Owen to undertake a series of special researches on the fossil remains of Great Britain; and by the valuable aid which this association afforded, and the assistance he derived from many gentlemen who possessed private collections, he was enabled to carry out his researches in a very complete manner. The result was the publication of the volume referred to, which formed one of a series of works in course of publication by Mr. Van Voorst, on the Zoology of the Brit-

ish Isles. The object of the book, as its author modestly asserts, was to aid those collectors of fossils in determining the nature and value of their acquisitions, to whom the larger works on Palæontology, Osteology, and Geology, were inaccessible; but this work really takes a much higher position, and is indeed one of great interest and value even to the readers of those large treatises. It contains a description of every species known up to the publication of the book. In the introduction, he gives a very interesting account of the past history of the world, and particularly of the land which now forms the British Isles; a history which goes back into the remotest ages, and includes the whole period of the geological changes of this land, and its submersions beneath the waters of the ocean, thus furnishing us with a system of chronology which goes back to a period far anterior to those of history or tradition, even to the first dawn of life upon our planet. It is exceedingly interesting to observe how beautifully this history is derived from evidence afforded entirely by the organic remains which exist in the various geological strata.

In 1848, Mr. Owen produced his work on the "Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," in which he embodies the results of years of research, the earliest of which had been already given in his lectures, as Hunterian Professor, on the Osteology of Fishes; and the latter he had communicated in a paper read before the British Association in 1846. In this work, which entitles its author to the very highest position as a scientific anatomist, he has given a critical and comprehensive history of the opinions that have been held on the subject of homologies, from the time of the German Professor Oken, downwards. He then enters very fully into the main subject of the book, the settlement of the typical vertebra, and the demonstration of the corresponding parts in the different classes of vertebrates.

The last production of Professor Owen is that on "Parthenogenesis, or the Successive Production of Procreating Individuals from a Single Ovum." But, besides these, his published works, we have full evidence that his labors have been unremitting in the cause of science, by the vast number of papers which he has read before the various learned societies, to which the Transactions of the Royal Society, the British Association, the Geological Society, &c., bear ample testimony. His life has indeed been one of laborious and useful service in behalf of science; and he well deserves the opinion which is now universal,

"That no individual has contributed so much to create and sustain, in this and other countries, an elevated taste for anatomical research as Professor Owen." But, while thus active in the more legitimate duties of his profession, he has still found time to be of service to the world in other ways. He was one of the founders of the Microscopical Society, which was established in 1840, by the exertions of a few scientific men, for the purpose of furthering that important branch of science, microscopical research. He was the first who occupied the presidential chair of this society; and, at its first meeting, communicated a paper on the structure of fossil teeth. He was likewise one of the commissioners appointed by her Majesty in 1843 for inquiring into the state of large towns and populous districts, with a view to active measures being taken to improve the health of towns. He was a zealous member of the commission appointed in 1849 to make inquiries relating to Smithfield Market, and to the state and management of all the London markets for the sale of meat; and cordially joined in the recommendation for the removal of Smithfield. He was the only medical man on this commission, and personally took great interest in the inquiry; and he himself gave important evidence as a witness on the subject before a select committee of the House of Commons. He also manifested a deep interest in the objects of the Great Exhibition, and heartily labored in its cause. He was one of the associate jurors in the class for miscellaneous manufactures, and was chairman of the jury on vegetable and animal substances used in manufactures; and has since delivered one of the lectures on the results of the Exhibition, at the house of the Society of Arts.

In thus enumerating the works of Professor Owen, we have only been able to name the points upon which his unwearied industry and singular address have contributed to throw light. Those who would wish to follow out his arguments more completely are referred to his works, and, more particularly, to the Hunterian Lectures, and the discourse on the Nature of Limbs, which may be read with great interest and profit by any one possessing an ordinary acquaintance with anatomical and physiological terms.

Although Mr. Owen has now gained such a position that men of all ranks delight to do him honor, this was not always the case. He has in his time had to endure the sneers of envy and professional prejudice. In the delivery of his early lectures, he was taunted upon their extreme simplicity. It was de-

clared to be a waste of time to listen to his simple demonstrations, from which even the veriest tyro could learn nothing. He was accused of a want of modesty in delivering opinions which ran counter to those of the greatest anatomists; but surely, if truth is to be attained, a man must not be scared from the enunciation of his well-digested views by the splendor of the names of those who have thought otherwise; and all who know Mr. Owen will say, that, if there is one virtue he possesses in a greater degree than another, it is undoubtedly that of modesty. There was also great fault found with him for devoting himself so completely to the departments of comparative anatomy and fossil osteology, and neglecting the more practical study of medicine; but the advantages of the course he adopted have since become so fully apparent, and his brilliant discoveries have proved so important in their bearings, that no one would now venture to blame him. Not only in England, but also throughout Europe and America, are his labors held in the highest respect. Dr. Harlan, of New Orleans, who differed from him in opinion on certain points, thus speaks of him:—"The observations and opinions of Dr. Owen on fossil osteology are entitled to the highest respect; placed at the head of the richest osteological collection in the world, and endowed with a genius which peculiarly qualifies him for the successful prosecution of his favorite department of science, he has, perhaps, accomplished more for its advancement than any other single living laborer in this attractive field of research." It is also extremely gratifying to learn the opinion of the great Danish philosopher, Oersted—a man who so long, and with such distinguished success, labored in the cause of science; who had himself gained a reputation throughout Europe; and who, in life and death, was distinguished by all the honors a grateful country could bestow. He has spoken of Owen as one of the greatest anatomists the world has produced, and as one on whose services it is impossible to set too high a value.

Almost all the learned and scientific societies at home feel it an honor to number him amongst their fellows or associates; and many of the noblest institutions abroad have admitted him amongst their honorary members. In 1849, he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Madrid; and, on the death of Oersted, the King of Prussia marked his sense of Mr. Owen's important services by making him a Chevalier of the Order of Merit, in the room of the

Danish philosopher. Not long since, too, her Majesty the Queen conferred upon him a distinguished mark of her favor, by giving up to his use one of the royal residences at Kew, which had become vacant by the death of the King of Hanover.

And well may they thus honor him; for there is no Englishman in the present day, and, perhaps, no foreigner, who has contributed so much that is new to the science of comparative anatomy. Setting aside the important truths he has developed, there is a wonderful originality of thought, a deep philosophy, which runs through every page of his writings, and is manifest in all his lectures. There is, too, a remarkable thoroughness in all he does; and this is apparent whether we regard him as an investigator, as a lecturer, or as a writer. If he examines a bone, it is not merely to determine its ordinary characteristics, but it is to trace those characteristics to their most remote consequences, and to fathom everything that they can possibly influence. Whatever be his subject, he will leave no point untouched that can in any way contribute to the success of what he attempts. He will go to the root of the matter, clear away all the objections that can be raised, and so thoroughly complete every step in the argument, that it is sure to carry conviction with it. Another characteristic of the man, which even the most superficial observer cannot fail to notice, is the wonderful sagacity which he brings to bear upon all the subjects he investigates—a sagacity which leads him to make discoveries that must appear most startling, and scarcely credible, to those who are not deeply versed in comparative anatomy; for it is difficult for the uninitiated to understand the force of those minute points upon which he lays so much stress, or to follow the chain of his reasoning. But, as it is with the marvellous deductions of astronomy, so it is with those of comparative anatomy; that the unscientific can only judge of the truth of the reasonings by the accomplishment of those remarkable predictions that are founded upon them. We shall conclude this sketch with a specimen of this sagacity, which is most remarkable in its character, and which established his reputation at home and abroad.

Some years back, there was dug up from the soil in New Zealand a fragment of bone, scarcely six inches in length, which proved to be the shaft of a femur or thigh-bone, with both extremities broken off. Having been brought to England, it was given into the hands of Professor Owen. It did not present the character of a true fossil, though

it appeared to have been in the ground a long time. The professor subjected it to a rigorous examination; and, after careful consideration, pronounced it to belong to a *Struthious* bird, which he named *Dinornis*, and described as a heavier and more sluggish species than the ostrich. This was published in 1839 in the *Transactions of the Zoological Society*; and, on the evidence derived from this fragment alone, he there declared his willingness to risk his scientific reputation upon the statement he had made. In examining the fragment, he says, he found "a coarse cancellated structure continued through the whole longitudinal extent of the fragment;" and further remarks, "there is no bone of a similar size which presents a cancellous structure so closely resembling that of the present bone as does the femur of the ostrich; but this structure is interrupted in the ostrich at the middle of the shaft, where the parietes of the medullary, or rather air-cavity, are smooth and unbroken. From this difference, I conclude the *Struthious* bird indicated by the present fragment to have been a heavier and more sluggish species than the ostrich; its femur, and probably its whole leg, was shorter and thicker."

Three years after this, a letter was sent to Dr. Buckland, from one of the church missionaries in New Zealand, giving a full account of a number of bones, and accompanied by specimens. These also were placed in the hands of Professor Owen, and proved to be the remains of birds of the very same kind as that he had described from the single fragment he had received three years before; and from these, with two or three specimens which he had received from Dr. Richardson, he was enabled to confirm completely his former opinion, and to give a description of five distinct species of *Dinornis*, the smallest of which would be about the size of the great bustard, and the largest far surpassing the ostrich in stature. The bird had not been in existence within the memory of any of the inhabitants; but the forty-seven bones that were brought over were dug from the superficial mud forming the banks and beds of rivers. From the small chemical change that had taken place in these bones, the birds must have been in existence at no very remote period.

Professor Owen agrees with Cuvier, that a single bone, or even the facet of a bone, would

often enable the comparative anatomist to reconstruct the whole animal, though it might be hitherto completely unknown; and the *Dinornis* has afforded him a triumphant example of the truth of his principle. By naming it a *Struthious* bird, he in effect declared it to be wingless. "But," says the professor, "it has appeared strange, and almost incredible, to some, that the cancellous texture of the shaft of a thigh-bone should give, to speak mathematically, the presence or absence of wings. But, if the negative had been premature or unfounded, a guess rather than a demonstration, its fallacy might have been exposed by the very next bone of a *Dinornis* transmitted from New Zealand. A bird of flight has as many wings as legs; it has two humeri as well as two femora, two radii as well as two tibiae, two ulnae as well as two fibulae; the humerus and radius are generally, and the ulna is always, longer and larger than their analogues in the hind extremities; then, also, there are two distinct carpal bones, a metacarpus, and characteristically modified phalanges. The chances were thus greater that the next bone of an extremity discovered in the alluvium of New Zealand would have been one of the anterior members, had these been developed to serve as wings in the *Dinornis*. But what is the fact? Eighteen femora, eleven tibiae, and six tarso-metatarsi, with two toe-phalanges, have been consecutively discovered, but not a trace of any part of the osseous framework of a wing; not a fragment of scapula, of humerus, or of the bones of the fore-arm or hand."

Such was the wonderful fulfilment of a prediction, founded entirely on pure reasoning upon a mere fragment of bone; and any one who visits the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London may see for himself this singular fragment, and also gaze on the skeleton of the gigantic bird, which has been set up from those bones that proved the truth of the professor's remarkable discovery; a discovery which has been justly characterized by Professor Hitchcock, as "the most sagacious and beautiful example of reasoning in comparative anatomy that has ever fallen under his notice, and one that impresses us deeply with the marvellous and yet mathematically accurate character of that curious science."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE CHEMIST'S SHOP AT THE CORNER.

AMONG the innumerable chemists' "corner shops" in Liverpool (and who is not aware of the advantage to such establishments, of being placed at awkward turnings, prolific in accidents, where the red lamp can shine down two streets at once?), not one, perhaps, was so well known as Mr. Tisick's, at the corner of Lionel Street. Between the hours of three and four on a fine afternoon, many a gaily-dressed merchant's wife or daughter might be seen sauntering down from her pretty villa, to meet her husband or father at that appointed spot, on his way home from business; and occasionally—though of course by mere chance—young ladies have been known to meet their lovers there. In fact, there was not a more noted place in Liverpool for accidents and appointments than the chemist's shop at the corner. The most successful days of the most successful "diggers" never dawned more auspiciously, or closed more profitably, than did every day to little Tisick the chemist. He was making money, and he deserved to make it, being a good little man, with a good little wife and a large family, who occupied the commodious and well-furnished apartments over the shop.

"There's something the matter yonder," said Mr. Bingly, looking up Lionel Street, through which he was conducting his wife home, late in the evening, from a popular lecture.

"O do let us go round another way, Harry," entreated Mrs. Bingly: "I hate a crowd."

"But, my dear, I should like to know what the accident is: we might be of service."

"Why, what could we do, Harry? besides, there are plenty of people there to assist. You know I've a horror of accidents, or whatever it may be—so do come the other way."

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it, though I cannot help thinking, if help be needed, we savor a little of the Priest and Levite, who passed on the other side of the way." However, Mr. Bingly complied, quickening his pace, until, arriving at his own door, he deposited his wife in safety. He was about

to retrace his steps, when Mrs. Bingly, in her own peculiar querulous tone, recalled him:

"Harry! how very unfeeling you are. You would run after a stranger in a crowd, but have no anxiety about your own family. Can't you wait an instant, until I inquire whether the children are all safe in their beds?"

"Certainly, my love. Mary"—to the girl who opened the door—"are the children sound asleep?"

"O yes, sir, long ago."

"There, my dear," said Mr. Bingly to his wife, "all's right, you hear. Now go in; I shan't be long." And much against his wife's wish, Mr. Bingly set out to ascertain the cause of the crowd.

People may wonder why a staid family-man like Mr. Bingly, habituated to the crowds and casualties of Liverpool, should thus needlessly take up his time, and offend his wife; but the fact is, that, years before, his neglect on such an occasion prevented his seeing, for the last time, his earliest and dearest friend, Frederick Triebner, who had appointed to meet him for a farewell interview, previously to his going to settle abroad. The chaise was overturned as Mr. Bingly passed by carelessly and unconsciously; and his friend, too much injured to keep his appointment, was, after his broken ribs had been set by the surgeon, carried on a litter on board the ship, and they never again met. Bingly never forgave himself for the neglect; and his fidgety anxiety about all such disasters was now increased to a feverish pitch, by a sort of presentiment that his eldest son Harry, from whom he had parted in anger four years before, was about to return home.

Young Harry Bingly was gay, high spirited, but facile; and the usual associates and temptations of town-life, particularly a suspected low attachment, so exasperated his father, that—notwithstanding he dearly loved the boy, who, moreover, was the pet and the darling of his mother—in a moment of excitement he said: "Leave my house, sir; you are a disgrace to my name and roof:

it appear, lest I strike you to my feet!" The timidity boy flushed, then turned deadly pale, gave one glance at his father, who already half repented his rashness, and, without a word, quitted the house, and, in spite of every exertion and inquiry, had never since been heard of.

By the time Mr. Bingly reached Lionel Street, the crowd had dispersed. All interest or sympathy in the matter, whatever it might have been, seemed to have subsided. "Can you tell me," he inquired of the only loiterer, "what the accident was that happened a few minutes ago?"

"Aw's sure aw doant know," replied the man; "maybe 'twur cab outturned, or t' omnibus broak down. This bee'st wurst corner i' Liverpool for smashing. T' chap as keeps that drug-shop gets a foin livin' out o' dead folks that's carried in there."

Mr. Bingly looked at the shop. It was past the hour of closing. The shutters were up, but there was still a glimmer of gas through the fan-light over the door. He paused, irresolute whether to inquire further, when the light disappeared. "Oh," said he, reconciling the matter to himself, "it has been a trifling affair, I suppose. I'll ask Tisick all about it in the morning, as I go to the office;" and Mr. Bingly turned his steps homeward; but still a strange misgiving, an unaccountably strong feeling of curiosity, persuaded him that he would be sorry if he did not inquire further into the matter; therefore, though half ashamed of his own weakness, he once more retraced his steps, and, going up to the private door, rang the bell. "Is Mr. Tisick at home?"

"Yes, sir; but he's engaged just now. Perhaps you could wait a little. Will you step into the parlor?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Mr. Bingly. "I merely called to inquire who was hurt by the accident that happened in the street a short time ago."

"We don't know who he is, sir, for I believe the poor young gentleman has been insensible ever since."

"And how did the accident happen?" asked Mr. Bingly, interested by the words young gentleman.

"The horses of the hackney-coach took fright, sir. The driver was off the box at the moment; and the young gentleman was getting out of the window in front, evidently to recover the reins. Everybody in the street shouted to him: 'Sit still, sit still for your life!' but he did it cleverly, and kept fast hold, for he seemed to be a sailor, when an

omnibus, turning the corner sharply, ran against the coach, upset it, and I think the young man is almost killed."

"A sailor, you say?"—and Mr. Bingly's thoughts instantly reverted to his son, who, he felt certain, had gone to sea. "How old would you suppose the young man to be?"

"Not twenty, I should think, sir."

"And fair or dark complexioned?" he asked with intense anxiety.

"Fair, I should say, sir. He has bright brown hair, and—Dear me! I beg your pardon, sir," said the girl, staring in wonder at Mr. Bingly, "but the young gentleman is the very picture of you!"

"Merciful Heaven! should it be Harry!" exclaimed Mr. Bingly. "I must see the young man instantly! Where is Mr. Tisick?"

The girl became quite alarmed at Mr. Bingly's excited state, and requesting him to step into the parlor, promised to acquaint her master with his wishes. Mr. Bingly now felt convinced it must be Harry. What was it that urged him into pursuing the inquiry so far, but that undefinable feeling, that "something" beyond all human ken, which conjures up in the heart a foreshadowing of events—that mysterious sympathy which irresistibly attracts and links us to places and persons?

The girl's statement of the young sailor's resemblance to himself, threw Mr. Bingly into the painfully excited state in which Mr. Tisick now found him; who, in reply to his agitated and almost frenzied inquiries, answered evasively, and with a degree of embarrassment quite at variance with the usual ingenuous and familiar style for which he was noted. "Dear me—bless me!" said he, "it will be very extraordinary if that young gentleman turns out to be your son, Mr. Bingly; and really I shouldn't wonder—that is—excuse me—of course it is impossible for me to guess, as I never happened to see your son."

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Bingly impatiently, "I must be satisfied: this suspense is unendurable. Take me to his bedside at once, where I will thank Heaven if he be not my son, and do all in my power to serve him, whoever he may be."

"On condition," said the chemist seriously, "that you promise to suppress all emotion, even should your worst fears be realized."

"O Heaven! is my boy dead?" inquired Mr. Bingly in agony.

"No, no, my dear sir. The young man—for it is only your own fears which have told you he is your son—is under the influence of a composing-draught. I have promised the

surgeon that the profoundest stillness shall be maintained, as any excitement, or even the least startling noise, might prove fatal to him."

"Do not fear me," said Mr. Bingly: "what can I not endure if the life of my dear Harry depend upon it!"

"Well, then, relying on your silence, and that you will suppress every exclamation or communication until we leave the room, I will take you to him. Can you depend upon yourself?"

"I think I can," said Mr. Bingly with a faltering voice—for there was something in the chemist's manner that seemed to confirm his apprehensions.

"Perhaps your son's life depends upon it!" interposed Mr. Tisick with a sternness of manner unusual with him, therefore the more emphatic.

"I am *sure* I can," added Mr. Bingly with firmness.

"I rely upon you," said the considerate little chemist, and led the way up a staircase carpeted thickly, every inch, to render inaudible the lightest or the heaviest footfall. This staircase, and the chamber to which it led, were used only in the most dangerous cases—wherein Mr. Tisick exercised his benevolence and Christian charity, in retaining the patient under his own roof: it was a portion of the house separated from the family apartments, and where none entered except on a mission of mercy. Mr. Tisick opened the door, which, being incased in baize, without hasp or bolt, yielded noiselessly to the slightest touch.

Mr. Bingly paused for an instant on the threshold, and convulsively grasped the hand of the chemist, who suffered the door again to close at this symptom of agitation; but, as if ashamed of his irresolution, Mr. Bingly, though evidently with an effort, recovered his self-possession, and motioned to proceed.

The gas-shades were so contrived as to throw a subdued soft light over the apartment; the curtains of the low bed were drawn back and tucked away, as if to give air to the invalid, or—what was a more thrilling thought—facility perhaps to some torturing operation which had been, or was still to be performed.

The patient lay like a corpse upon the bed, the upper part of the face entirely concealed by a green shade, placed over the forehead, as there were injuries apprehended to the sight; but the mouth and nostrils strongly defined, pale and graceful in their clear outline as statuary marble, were too close a resemblance for the father to behold unmoved

—his agonized grasp of the chemist's shoulder at once awoke the latter's experienced suspicion, that feeling would overcome prudence. But he instantly saw that resolution had resumed her sway, the torture of suspense having found vent and relief in tears, which silently flowed down the father's cheeks for one he at the moment believed to be his son.

With many a struggle the father kept his promise of silence, in the hope of being permitted to remain just where he was—riveted to the spot—watching the awaking, the slightest movement, or even the breathing of his son. At this moment, the patient moved his hand, turning the palm upwards, as if in search of some friendly clasp; the chemist, with the quickness of thought, prevented the father from giving the answering pressure; but still the longing hand was stretched out, and suddenly a young fair creature, more like an angel than a human being, who had been watching, half-concealed, amid the folds of the curtain, crept gently forward, and placed her small white hand in his. The fingers of the invalid closed round the little prisoner, as if to retain the treasure, and his tranquil slumber continued. This incident, though silent, seemed to break the spell which the minute before had made all motionless; and the careful little chemist drew Mr. Bingly—his eyes to the last fixed upon the bed—fairly out of the room.

They descended to the snug parlor, where the little chemist's little wife was now seated, busily employed with needle-work. Mr. Bingly threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to an irrepressible and passionate burst of grief. Mrs. Tisick thought, as all women do, how overwhelming must be the sorrow which causes a man to weep; and, approaching Mr. Bingly, although ignorant of the cause, pressed his hand in sympathy.

"Come, come, my dear sir," said the chemist, "do not distress yourself, perhaps needlessly: it is still a problem whether he be your son or not. Your own imagination tortures you—the features were not sufficiently revealed to confirm your fears."

"I would give up all I possess to see that face! It surely is impossible I can be mistaken," said Mr. Bingly.

"It is quite possible, my dear sir; in fact, it is improbable that it should be your son."

"But his clothes—where are they?" eagerly inquired Mr. Bingly. "There must be some mark by which I can identify him."

Mr. Tisick left the room, almost instantly returning with the clothes of the invalid.

They were all of foreign make, and no name whatever to be found upon them.

"By the by," remarked the chemist, "there were papers in his pockets, which may give some information;" and he rang the bell. "Mary"—to the servant who entered—"where are those papers I gave you to hold when we were undressing the patient?"

"I'll get them directly, sir," said the girl, leaving the room. "I put them under his pillow to be safe."

"Stay!" said the chemist, springing up, and clutching her arm to prevent her ascending the staircase. "Are you mad? To disturb him might be death."

"Merciful Heaven! is there to be no termination to this suspense?" ejaculated Mr. Bingly.

"My dear sir," said the chemist, "I entreat you to listen to me: all that can be done for the present has been done."

"You would deceive me. What can have been done in the short time which has elapsed since I saw the crowd?"

"It is upwards of an hour since he was brought in here," replied the chemist. "A surgeon was instantly in attendance: it must have been his departure you witnessed—the crowd never dispersing until it knows the fate of the sufferer."

"And is he fatally injured?" asked Mr. Bingly in agony.

"We hope not. The injuries are certainly serious; nor can we ascertain their full extent until to-morrow. Meanwhile, the draught has taken effect; and he is not likely to awaken until nine in the morning. I could wish to persuade you, my dear sir, to go home, and make yourself as tranquil as possible under the circumstances, with the assurance, that every attention will be shown the patient; and by no means to alarm Mrs. Bingly by any allusion to your fears, which, after all, may prove to have been perfectly groundless."

"It is not easy, Mr. Tisick, to persuade me that such can be the case; however, I will, if possible, disguise my feelings from my wife, and thank you for the precaution. I shall never forget your kindness and sympathy, or the watchful tenderness of that angel—your daughter of course—who hovered round my boy. [The little chemist and his little wife exchanged a significant glance.] When can I return?"

"Not till nine, when the surgeon is to report."

"Good-night, my dear sir," said Mr.

Bingly at the foot of the stair; "but O Heavens! to think of thus meeting a son from whom I had parted in such anger!"

Mr. Tisick here interposed, a sudden thought striking him: "You say you parted in anger: had you cause?"

"A bitter cause—an intimacy, possibly a low marriage, with one of the most degraded of her sex. She disappeared about the same time. Yes, I fear it must be; and yet, O Harry, could I know that you were safe?"

"You would forgive all?" solemnly demanded the chemist.

A heavy gloom mantled over Mr. Bingly's brow at this idea, on which Mr. Tisick said decidedly: "This is enough, Mr. Bingly. You must go home. On no consideration will I permit an interview between you and our suffering fellow-creature above stairs, be he your son or not. No one but a Christian in the true sense of the word, shall come near him till the surgeon has reported by nine to-morrow. Go, sir, and learn to forgive even the worst offences; and pray that forgiveness come not too late."

Mr. Bingly turned haughtily round to reply to this, to him, unusual address, when a faintly-heard groan smote his ear. He shuddered, pressed the chemist's hand, and quitted the house.

"Poor Mr. Bingly," said Mrs. Tisick as the chemist re-entered the parlor, "I see he doesn't know the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" echoed Mr. Tisick. "Dear me—bless me! I should say he doesn't know the best of it."

"Yes, dear; but when he comes to know it, it will be a trial for him; and his poor wife—it will be the death of her: her nerves will have a bad shock."

"Then, my dear, his wife shouldn't have such shocking bad nerves. She'll survive it; as all nervous people invariably survive everything that is to be the death of them."

"Now, John Tisick," said his homely little wife, "that's positively unfeeling. What would you say if our Johnny were to do the same thing?"

"Why, my dear, I'd say with the old song: 'He'd do the same thing were he in the same place.'"

"O John," said Mrs. Tisick reproachfully, "how can any one suppose or imagine your heart to be brimful of kindness and humanity, when you will go on making these jokes? and some of them, I must say"—Mrs. Tisick was careful in modifying her condemnation of her husband's wit—"very poor jokes. Yes, John, very poor jokes indeed!" This

was severe, but Mrs. Tisick's feelings were as much outraged by the non-appreciation of her picture of "Johnny," as an artist's would be at the Hanging Committee placing his out of sight.

"Well, well, my dear," observed the chemist, "you know a medical man's jokes must sometimes be out of joint, to be professional; but did you observe, my love, what Mr. Bingly said about our 'angel of a daughter?'"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Tisick smiling; "I couldn't help giving you a look at the time. It was just as well he saw her when he did. And I don't wonder at his calling her an angel, with her beautiful golden hair shading her sweet features. Did she know it was *his* father?"

"No, my dear—no. I don't suppose she even saw him. But now, I will go and prevail on her to come and have a bit of supper with us. That ring at the door must be the nurse the surgeon promised to send, so she may leave the patient with perfect satisfaction and safety." The little chemist was absent just long enough to allow Mrs. Tisick mentally to apostrophize his rare qualifications, when she was interrupted by his reappearance with their "angel of a daughter," as Mr. Bingly styled the young lady who was so attentive to his supposed son. She scarcely looked more than seventeen years of age—a gentle, interesting creature, whom every one would wish to aid, to do something for, in answer to the claim her seeming helplessness and exceedingly feminine beauty made on the hearts of all who beheld her. Mrs. Tisick received her with all the tenderness such a person was likely to inspire. "Well, my dear," she inquired, "how did you leave our poor patient?"

"In a sweet sleep," replied the young stranger. "I pray Heaven it may continue till the morning."

"Oh, certain," confidently interposed the chemist, "he won't waken till nine o'clock."

"And do you really think, sir, his life is not in any danger?" anxiously inquired the girl.

"Set your heart at rest, my dear; he'll live to plague his little wife for many a year yet."

The poor girl was evidently distressed by the kind-intentioned, but not very refined wit of the chemist.

"Never mind John's jokes," said Mrs. Tisick; "he just imagines every husband is to be as great a plague as himself. Do remember, John, what a very young bride our guest is."

The poor girl was now more embarrassed than ever, and with blush succeeding blush at every word she uttered, said, with extreme confusion: "I am quite unhappy at being placed in so singular a position. Harry—I mean Mr. Hervey—is entitled to every service I can render—my life if it were necessary; but I have no claim to the title you confer upon me."

This statement created much surprise, and, in spite of all their charity, the faintest possible shade of suspicion, in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Tisick. "Well, my dear young lady," said the former, "you must pardon me; and you cannot but admit that my mistake was a very natural one. Your being in the coach with him, his calling upon you as his 'beloved Emily,' and your extreme devotion, all combined to aid the delusion under which my wife and I labored."

"If you will permit me, I will, so far as I can, explain," said the young stranger timidly. "On the arrival of his ship this evening, Mr. Hervey's intention was to place me at once under the protection of his father, and I was accompanying him for that purpose, when the accident happened which has thrown us upon your compassion."

"Strange!" remarked the chemist. "Pardon me, have you never heard him speak of a Mr. Bingly as his father?"

"Frequently of his father—but Hervey is Harry's name."

"Dear me—bless me! my love," said the chemist to his wife, "it is as I suspected, and Mr. Bingly is mistaken after-all."

"And have you come off a long voyage, my dear young lady?" asked Mrs. Tisick, with kind interest and womanly curiosity blended.

"It is two months since the shipwreck, when Mr. Hervey saved my life, and I had been at sea ten days up to the night of that dreadful storm."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Tisick compassionately. "You have relations in England, I suppose?"

"I have reason to believe that a dear friend of my father resides in Liverpool; but before we left the ship I promised Mr. Hervey to be silent on this subject"—and the young girl, evidently embarrassed, hesitated to proceed.

"Certainly, certainly," said the chemist: "do not imagine, my dear miss"—this corrected appellation sounded almost unkind—"that we would take advantage of circumstances to force your confidence; all we desire is to be of service; and to-morrow, I

trust, will enable us to see more clearly into the future."

Persuading their young guest, instead of returning to watch by the bedside of the patient, to take some repose in the chamber appointed for her, they bade her good-night, promising faithfully to call her should the slightest change take place.

"There's a mystery about that young person I don't exactly like," said the chemist as soon as she was gone.

"I'm sure there can be no harm about her, John; she's too beautiful for that," very generously remarked Mrs. Tisick.

"My dear, your argument would be more satisfactory if it were on the side of ugliness," dryly observed the chemist. "But go up to bed, my love; I will just look in to see how our patient is doing, and trust to to-morrow for the clearing up of this romance."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bingly had reached home, where his nervous wife was anxiously expecting him. "What a long while you've been, Harry!" she began, as Mr. Bingly calmly, though abstractedly, moved a chair to the table where his wife was seated. "It's very cruel of you to leave me alone in this way; I was on the point of ringing for James to go in search of you." Mr. Bingly spoke not a word. "You're come home in an ill-humor, I suppose, because I wouldn't assist a drunken sailor in a crowd, or some such thing, with which you choose to sympathize. Really, Mr. Bingly, your vulgar curiosity about such matters is positively intolerable." But becoming alarmed at her husband's continued silence, and the singular expression of his pale face, she resumed: "Now, don't frighten me, Harry; you're ill—I see you are—you've made yourself ill by the sight of some horrid drunken creature you'd no concern with, who, no doubt, deserved whatever happened to him."

"Silence, unfeeling woman!" exclaimed Mr. Bingly, exasperated beyond the power of endurance. Mrs. Bingly was struck dumb with astonishment at these harsh words from her hitherto good-natured and indulgent husband, and only replied with an abundant shower of tears; but instantly recollecting that his wife was wholly ignorant of his cause of irritation, Mr. Bingly added: "Forgive me, Frances, and have forbearance enough to ask me no more questions to-night. I have reasons for the entreaty, which shall be explained afterwards."

"Of course I shall not sleep a wink for wondering what they are," said his wife, a

little more pacified. "It must be something very serious, I am sure of that, for you've not been in such a state of mind since our dear Harry left us. Oh!"—and something like the truth seemed to flash upon her—"that is it, I'm sure of it! You've heard of our darling Harry?—you've had a letter from him?"

"No; I give you my honor I have not," answered Mr. Bingly equivocally; who, in consideration of the maternal anxiety she now began to evince, was resolved to spare his wife as much pain as possible.

"Well, then, I don't mind obeying you, if it is nothing concerning Harry; but I'm sure I should die if there's bad news from him."

Mr. Bingly saw the policy of following the chemist's advice; and though his thoughtful and distracted manner kept his wife on the rack of curiosity, she contrived to maintain her promise; and Mr. Bingly, notwithstanding his miserable state of mind, concealed the cause of his anxiety.

Early next morning, the family of the benevolent little chemist was assembled in the breakfast-parlor; the report of the nurse was most favorable, and Dr. Galen, the surgeon, was momentarily expected. "In truth, Dolly," said little Tisick to his wife, "it was a clever stroke of mine to put the father off till nine o'clock, when the surgeon comes at eight."

"Indeed, John, I don't agree with you: 'tis cruel to prolong the poor man's suspense."

"My dear, you know nothing about it—I always act professionally; and when I administer a dose, I always give it the full statutory period for its operation."

Dr. Galen's report was most favorable; the nature of the injuries ascertained, and from the evidently admirable constitution of the patient, a rapid recovery might be anticipated. Emily had observed with quiet steady composure the examination by the accomplished surgeon, and with equal steadiness listened to his lucid report, but the words "speedy recovery" were too much for her, the revulsion too great. She fainted, and was carried from the room, thereby divulging, if need there were, the feelings which she bore towards the sufferer.

Mr. Bingly, who had left home early that morning, obstinately silent even to the frenzied entreaties of his now alarmed wife, was punctual to the instant.

"Dolly, my dear," said the chemist, "that's Bingly's ring: I can tell the agony

of suspense in every vibration of its subdued chime. Leave the room, and let me deal with him alone.—Well, my dear sir, have you thought of what I told you last night? are you prepared to meet your son, if he be your son, as a Christian father should?"

"I am," solemnly exclaimed Mr. Bingly. "If my son has brought wretchedness upon himself by his rashness, it is not for a father to increase it at such a time. Oh, let me see him, that I may tell him so before he die!"

"Then, am I commissioned to relieve your mind: the name of the sufferer is Henry Hervey."

How inconsistent is poor human nature! One would suppose that this relief from his worst fears would have been a joy to Mr. Bingly, and yet it came on him like a disappointment. His very soul had so yearned to the sufferer, that to find he had no claim on him, seemed like a violent deprivation. "Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"Oh, none whatever," said the chemist. "Here is a letter which had accidentally dropped on the floor. You see the address is Henry Hervey; and here is a memorandum appended, apparently in his own handwriting."

A film came over the father's eyes; or was it his trembling hands that prevented his reading the scroll? But, letter by letter, the handwriting of his son smote upon the father's vision. "Is my son alive, Mr. Tisick?"

"Dear me—bless me! can he be your son after all?" asked the chemist with great glee. "Your son! He lives, and the surgeon assures me he will do well. Remember your promise!" The chemist looked at Mr. Bingly, and saw, from the expression of his

countenance, where the seraphic smile of gratitude and devotion were blended, that this was an unnecessary question. "Now, come and see your son."

The father approached—noiselessly approached—knelt by the bedside, took his son's hand, and, pressing it to his lips, murmured: "Harry!"

"Can you forgive me, father?"

"All, all—even the worst, as I hope to be forgiven!"

"And she?" faintly added his son.

A spasm shook the strong and haughty man; but his better nature prevailed. "Yes, Harry; if yours, she is mine."

"Emily!" faintly but joyfully ejaculated the young man.

"Emily!" echoed the father; "surely her name was Sarah."

"O father, you could not suspect that? 'Tis Emily Triebner, an orphan, whom I ventured"—

The father started to his feet in speechless amazement. "Emily Triebner! the orphan child of my best and dearest friend, who was consigned to my care after her father's death, and reported to have been lost at sea?"

"Come, come," interposed little Tisick with a faltering voice, and after rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief; "this may be too much for my patient. Mr. Bingly, when you've done embracing Emily, I'll trouble you to come down stairs, when I shall again tell you to go home; but this time to comfort your wife with the news of a recovered son and a happy marriage; and above all, with that best of all joys—the consciousness that, amidst much tribulation, you have been able to attain to the high and holy attribute of unqualified forgiveness."

CURRAN AND CHANCELLOR CLARE.—Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case, occupied himself with a favorite spaniel or Newfoundland dog, seated by him; and all the world will remember the rebuke administered to him by that rarely-gifted man.

Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation, or malice prepense, Lord Clare raised his head and asked, "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.—*Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF PARIS.*

IN the year of the Great Exhibition, a work made its appearance on the horizon of the literary world, which, although not heralded by any flourish of trumpets, was speedily recognized as a star of no ordinary magnitude. It was called "Erinnerungen aus Paris," and contained a very interesting sketch of persons and things as they appeared in that metropolis during the years included between 1817 and 1848. After a rest of two years, the talented authoress has favored us with a second volume, the probable result of the universal attention the first excited. We will not positively assert that the last is better than the first; for, in truth, it bears more than one mark of bookmaking, through the interpolation, for instance, of a long conversation between Lacratelle and Madame de Staël, which appears a translation of some pre-existing paper, and by a very copious review, or rather examination of Aimé Martin's "Maternal Education." Still, there is much that is novel and interesting to be found in the book, and we will proceed to select those episodes which will amuse the general reader.

The first literary portrait to which we are introduced is that of Chateaubriand, whom our authoress had an opportunity of seeing at the Tuileries; and we cannot refrain from making an extract, to show the mournful hilarity in which the elder Bourbons were wont to indulge:

Through the melancholy condition into which Louis XVIII. had fallen, it was not the custom for any of the royal family to visit the public theatres, with the exception of the Duchesse de Berri, and her husband, while still living. If the king wished to be present at a representation—or rather, if it was thought right to mention court *fêtes* in the papers—the different companies were ordered to perform in turn, at the theatre in the Châteauf. Only those belonging to the court, or strangers who had been presented by their ambassadors, were permitted to appear in the open side balcony. All the places were here alike, and the guests were expected to wear full court dress; the gentlemen appeared in a richly-embroidered coat, called *habit Français*, with broad lace frills and ruffles, which frequently alone cost from 500 to 1000 francs.

The royal family occupied exclusively a small low division in the centre of this balcony. Any one not belonging to the court obtained—and that as a special mark of distinction—a seat in the second rank of a *loge grillée*, so that it might be impossible for the unbefathered head to peer out. Although you were not seen here, and were not supposed to belong to the company, yet it was possible to see and hear in a much more interesting manner, as you were master of your movements. The behavior of the court was indescribably formal. No one dared to utter the slightest expression of applause or disapproval, and a company of mechanically moved Marionettes would probably have imitated life better, than the living here sought to suppress all signs of it through propriety. I carefully noticed that no one even whispered the slightest remark to his neighbor. All looked fixedly at the stage, and the king slept the whole evening.

In the midst of this *quasi*-petrified assembly, Chateaubriand's features attracted the attention of our authoress; for, at the first glance, the poet might be recognized in him. He was then in the full flush of his successful career as a politician; for, according to his own opinion at least, he had just shown the world how correct his judgment was as to what could alone benefit France; and the momentary success of his plans had covered him with glory. Chateaubriand thirsted for the reputation of being considered a great statesman, a great poet, a very noble, liberal, and perfectly catholic Christian. He was all this, in fact, but none of them had reached its highest development, probably because the natural repugnance of these varying elements can be hardly reconciled. Active, practical statesmen found him too devoted to idealism; poets, those world ameliorators according to imaginary rules, considered him far too politic; the old nobility called him a partisan of the modern liberal school; with the liberals he was too much a courtier of the old stamp; and finally, rationalists thought him too much, Jesuits too little, im-

* Personen und Zustände aus der Restauration und dem Julikönigthum, von der Verfasserin der "Erinnerungen aus Paris, 1817-1848." Williams and Norgate.

bued with religious principles. The torch of his celebrity would, probably, have been longer enkindled had the scene of his activity been removed from Paris.

In fact, in this city, where nothing remains long in fashion, and after Napoleon's purposes had been served by the *génie du Christianisme*, and religion became once more so prominent in France, the consecrated water of the Jordan was, in its turn, ridiculed by public opinion. Bourbons and Jesuit sway appeared to the nation inseparable, and, as the latter was always detested, the first were always distrusted. From the same reason Paris was not at all affected by the success of the lately terminated Spanish war, although it might have been reasonably expected after the announcement of a victory. The government had a large majority in the Chamber, but it was far otherwise with public opinion. The court only saw through its never particular y bright spectacles, and this representation at the theatre of the Tuileries was a portion of the court amusements, as they were termed, held in honor of the easily gained victory of 1823.

It will probably be remembered that events in Spain, towards the end of 1822, assumed a very threatening aspect for the neighboring thrones. It would be difficult to decide whether the ultra-liberal party in France thought that their confederates in Spain acted from the influence of noble sentiments—namely, liberation from monastic superstition and feudal oppression, or whether they were pleased with the outbreak in Spain as a direct attack on the throne. In any case, the government seemed better informed than its opponents; but still it appears certain that the expectation of slight opposition was the first cause of its firm determination to send an army to Spain, under the command of the Duc d'Angoulême. The congress of Verona, at which Chateaubriand voted for intervention, in unison with the European powers, was compelled to await patiently the meeting of the French Chambers; but as soon as they had commenced their proceedings, Chateaubriand defended the measure with all the strength at his command—that is, with poesy and eloquence—in favor of Legitimacy and Catholicism, all of which supported the views of the government.

The reasons he alleged, however, contained too much of the terrible past, and, on the other hand, too much of the seductive future, to satisfy the Left. Chateaubriand's speech aroused the well-known "Manuel storm."

Manuel, an advocate, and native of the Barcelonnette, belonged to the extreme Left. Although this party was, at that day, very weak in number, its adherents possessed great influence; in fact, the moral effect of the opposition at that day was more dangerous, through the persons from whom it emanated, than it was later: I might almost say it was not so *exploité*.

Chateaubriand's opinion as to intervention led Manuel to offer the most strenuous opposition.

"If you desire to save Ferdinand," he said, "do not your utmost to recall those circumstances which led those in whom you take such interest to the scaffold. When the misfortunes of the royal family in 1792 set foreign powers in motion, and their interference in our affairs was only too much apprehended, France felt the necessity of defending herself with fresh strength and energy."

These words had scarce passed Manuel's lips, when a terrible tumult arose, and the cry of "Order" sounded from the whole Right, who rose, and refused to vote with the defender of the royal murder. Manuel looked round calmly and defiantly.

"He must be expelled," the whole Right repeated. His expulsion was immediately proposed and carried. By the advice of his friends, Manuel went to the Chamber the next day, and after refusing to retire voluntarily, he was removed by the gendarme. The whole Left party followed him.

On this occasion Chateaubriand's views and the interest of the government coalesced; and the poet went so far into the snare, that he dreamed himself absolutely necessary for the welfare of France from this time forth, and only recognized his error when too late. From that day a devouring grief never quitted him.

His ever-memorable speech on the 7th of August, 1830, deserves respect and the highest admiration, when he had the courage and magnanimity to defend the unhappy throne of the expelled dynasty with all the power of his genius. He was, however, but slightly listened to, and he termed himself "a useless Cassandra," the justice of whose prophecies we should now admire, after an interval of twenty years.

The reign of Louis XVIII. drew rapidly to a close, and the king heard with patience and philosophy accidental remarks, which reminded him of his melancholy condition. Once, as he held the young Duke of Bordeaux on his lap, and sportively asked him, "And would you like to be a king?" "Oh, no!" the child replied, considering lameness to be a requisite for reigning, "I would sooner be able to walk."

The chief cause, however, which led to the succession of Charles X. being looked upon with tolerable indifference, lay in the fact,

that the existence of the Carbonari and other affiliated societies was not then generally known, though there is no doubt that the propagation of these societies in France led to the intervention in Spain. Had the public been as well acquainted then, as it is now, with the extension of these sects and propaganda, the reign of Charles X. would have been regarded with great anxiety, for from this monarch might be expected more obstinacy and severity, and less ability to conquer enemies without cruelty, by firmness at one moment and concessions at another.

Of these societies we have mentioned, the St. Simonians were the only one at that day universally known in France and publicly mentioned; of the politically much more influential party, whose motto was "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera*," little was known. It was not till the revolution of 1830, which, as it was afterwards stated, was greatly supported by this fraternity, that the world became better acquainted with them. The following is the description our authoress gives of the St. Simonians:

The strange system of Saint Simon—a partial development of Fourier's still stranger one (although real St. Simonians deny it)—was, after the death of the great apostle in 1825, attacked and defended with increased passion, and St. Simon, as well as his doctrines, revered or ridiculed. His disciples took every opportunity of praising his heroic conduct in the North American war of Liberation, under Bouillé and Washington, and sought there the first impulse for his ideas of amelioration; others fancied that his incarceration on two occasions had aroused increased reflection in him as to the errors of society. This may have been the case in his French prison, for St. Simon had never mixed himself up in political affairs, and was imprisoned for eleven months in consequence of a mistake. The 9th Thermidor liberated him again. Till the year 1807 he was exclusively engaged in industrial speculations, which were, however, unsuccessful, and he afterwards devoted ten years to the preparation of his later doctrines. Various travels, and a few pamphlets, served to inform the public of his views, which, however, were not received with that enthusiasm he had anticipated. Disgust at his ill-success drove him into a state of monomania, during which he sought to put an end to his life. He, however, was unsuccessful in his attempt, and the loss of an eye was the only result of the desperate design. His actual disciples only adhered to his doctrines after his death, while, on the other hand, older and calmer observers, who had an insight into his former life, felt so much the less sympathy with him. Exaltation, nearly equivalent with madness, had disturbed his senses, long before his death; and the compassionate remark, "*Ce pauvre fou*," which I heard from his intimate friends and rela-

tions, confirmed me in the idea I had formed of his character, as a good-tempered but weak one. He felt himself strong enough to make every sacrifice for his fancied amelioration of society; but he was much too weak to see through intriguers and adventurers, who took advantage of his good-nature and generosity. The highest degree of exaltation led him to the most extravagant actions. The best proof of this will be found in the following anecdote, which I mention with the permission of still living persons, who were very closely connected with him:

Madame de Staël was sitting one day in her garden at Coppet, when a gentleman, perfectly unknown to her, rushed, in an indescribably excited condition, towards her, threw himself at her feet, and incessantly repeated:

"Madame, you are the greatest woman on earth, I am the greatest man, you must become mine—two minds in such affinity as ours must be united," &c.

It may be easily imagined that such an address from a perfect stranger appeared to Madame de Staël a plain proof of his madness, and she escaped from him as soon as she could. I do not know what passed in St. Simon's mind, when he found that the greatest woman on earth preferred to finish her career without the greatest man; but it was certainly one of his fixed ideas to develop great moral powers in the same way as Frederick William of Prussia strove to propagate great physical strength in his army. In consequence of this fancy, he had travelled with extra post night and day from Paris to Coppet.

Among the St. Simonians there were, however, many simpletons, whom the device of the fraternity, "each according to his ability," led to join it, as boot cleaning and potato peeling were more comfortable avocations than a study of the classics, or the acquirement of scientific knowledge. There were, though, many very talented young men among them; for instance, Michel Chevalier and Felicien David, whose names require no further commentary.

As the chief residence of the fraternity lay in Menilmontant, a quarter thronged with workmen and laborers, and they purposely opened their doors and windows on summer evenings, so that their behavior might be easily noticed from the street, and the large garden in which they met to sing was open to the public, they soon excited sympathy and attention, and made proselytes. But they at length sunk utterly in public opinion, by rendering themselves the objects of public ridicule. Many of these really talented men, who sought greater union and equality in human society, felt a strong desire for external signs. They chose a style of dress utterly at variance with that in vogue, and which necessarily drew great attention. The

short, light-blue tunic, the broad girdle, the black velvet cap, the long beard, to which Paris was not so accustomed as it is now, caused the mob to cut the most comical capers whenever one of them was seen in the street; and on that day, when they walked, two and two, and slowly, along the road from Menilmontant to the Sessions House, where they were summoned to answer the charge of contravening the law relative to public assemblies, public ridicule did more to cause the dissolution of the fraternity than even the judge's sentence effected.

Our authoress had an opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the great astronomer, François Arago, through the kindness of Alexander von Humboldt, and she speaks in terms of delight of the very agreeable evening she passed at the observatory in the company of these two extraordinary men. She does not, however, favor us with any novelty relative to the brothers Arago, but proceeds at once to tell us something about the Dupins, also three in number, and whose acquaintance she formed at about the same time. The following anecdote relative to André Dupin, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, we may be permitted to quote :

Dupin was ever regarded as the leader of the opposition in the hour of necessity, and his advice was sought by several journalists at the time of the promulgation of the "Ordonnances" of the 25th July, 1830. His reply was, that the laws alone must remain in effect, and the ordinances should not be obeyed. It is certain that this advice did much to overthrow the throne. When he saw it fall, after the three days' struggle, he, like most of his friends, felt more terror than joy. He was an earnest defender of legal measures, and could, by no possibility, suffer the ever-increasing obscurantism of the clergy, and the tyranny of the king: but he was not the less disinclined towards democracy. He plainly expressed his opinion in his pamphlet, "The Revolution of July, 1830," in which he stated that France would not, and must not, have a republic, and that the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe) must mount the throne, both from his situation and his antecedents; not because he was the nearest relation to the overthrown royal family—*pas parce que Bourbon, mais qu'il est Bourbon*. I do not know whether M. Dupin will like to be reminded of this pamphlet at the present day, but I am relating facts.

Although the three Dupins, like the three Aragos, were known as very liberal men and haters of the Jesuits, still the manner in which the idea of liberty revealed itself in the two families was very different. The brothers from the Pyrenees, with their burn-

ing, southern fire, openly declared that the tree must be plucked up by the roots, and then cast away. The Nivernois also desired reformation, but in moderation. The former became afterwards republicans, body and soul—that is to say, what are termed so in the present day—of course without black soup and many other self-denials, while the Dupins were almost regarded as aristocrats, according to the present acceptance of the term.

Dupin *l'aîné* must have had some hope of success, when, on February 24, 1848, he led the Duchesse d'Orleans, that princess so esteemed and revered by the French nation, with her little son to the Chamber of Deputies, and sought to direct the movement in favor of the Regency. The date of this attempt is still too fresh for us to discuss it impartially; but what person, who did not desire absolutely to overthrow the throne, could regard it as opposed to actual liberty?

The temper of the Chamber appeared favorable to this proposal, when a band of miscreants rushed in (under the command of the notorious Lagrange, as is now well known) and dissolved the Assembly. The young Comte de Paris was in considerable danger, and it has not yet been satisfactorily proved whether his handkerchief was unfastened accidentally or by some one grasping his throat. The little Duc de Chartres concealed himself so well under a table in a neighboring room, that the duchess did not perceive his absence when she was driven out, and the child was eventually taken to his desolate mother in female attire at a late hour in the evening.

Dupin, consequently, was unsuccessful; but history will hardly condemn him for his design.

About the end of 1831 our authoress met these notabilities at the house of a very agreeable Portuguese family, where Arago was presented to Don Pedro of Brazil. It will be remembered that the latter was forced to quit South America, in consequence of the revolution which took place in Rio de Janeiro on April 6, 1831. Our authoress consequently saw him a short while before he undertook his expedition from Terceira, and when only three-and-thirty years of age:

This prince was, on the whole, possessed of a very attractive manner, and I must here contradict the public opinion that was formed about him. As he only enjoyed a short life of thirty-six years, a complete metamorphosis must have taken place, physically and morally, in him, in

order to render those assertions true. When I saw him several times at this house, his figure was, if not tall and imposing, very agreeable. He possessed a noble demeanor, his eyes sparkled with animation, and his talents, as well as his desire to leave no opportunity unemployed to extend his knowledge, were the best methods to arouse a favorable opinion towards him. The Royal Infanta, the Marquise de Loulé, was also present with her husband on these evenings. The beauty of this young couple can scarce be described by words, and can never be forgotten by any one who saw them in the full bloom of youth. Both were the ideal of beauty, and could furnish the text for those children's fairy tales which always commence: "There were once a prince and princess, who were so beautiful," &c. The Infanta was graceful and delicate as a nymph; her features resembled the purest antique model; add to this, a fine flashing eye and her black hair, which had a bleuâtre tinge, and the simple white wreath of roses she almost constantly wore, and it may be credited that I never shall forget this beautiful creature.

If the marquis showed too strongly his consciousness of possessing corporeal advantages, still this weakness may be, as an exception, pardoned him, for the possession of such a beautiful Infanta was well calculated to excite feelings of vanity in a young man.

Although the French perfectly recognized the faults which had afterwards stained the revolution of '89, still they were equally conscious of the first good ideas, and the various mighty events that emanated from it. Their memory still retained the glory of the ensuing epoch of brilliant deeds, when every coming day saluted a new hero; and though they dare not expect any forgiveness from the whole world, still the hope lived in them that the royal family had forgiven them, for they had forgiven the royal family. The two laws brought forward in 1825, one to indemnify the emigrés, the other against sacrilege, naturally aroused great indignation. It may not be uninteresting to state here, that Lafitte, who at that time was one of the most important members of the opposition, was not entirely opposed to the indemnity, but had even defended it against his own party in 1817, while he turned with horror from the law which demanded the punishment of death for sacrilege. We need not go through Lafitte's history from the commencement, for all the world is acquainted with it; but the following may not be generally known:

Although Fortune is represented with veiled eyes standing on a rolling wheel, and the justice of this allegory can never be appreciated more fully than when allied to sudden popular favor,

still while everybody was well versed in the story of Lafitte's rise, many erroneous stories were in circulation, and especially in other countries, as to the causes why his star sank below the horizon. The multitude on one hand, and his political friends on the other, believed and wished to propagate the belief, that his immense fortune had been sacrificed in the cause of liberty. This opinion, however, took no root in the higher financial circles, and many immense speculations, difficult to manage and incautiously entered into, are said to have broken various spokes in his Fortune's wheel, even before 1830.

Lafitte himself really enthralled every one who approached him, by his pleasant and amiable manners. His elegant features, his southern animation and highly peculiar accentuation, an extraordinary memory for all he had read or seen, and, finally, his continually increasing political influence, attracted everybody to his *soirées*. Among his intimate friends, who had rendered themselves conspicuous after the peace by making their appearance in public, and revealing their sentiments by the most poignant wit, may be counted Béranger and Thiers. This now so well known statesman, who in the ten years between 1830 and 1840 effected so much good and evil, may be regarded as the pen of the political Lafitte; and the latter, on the other hand, as the lever and reflector of the *National*, a radical paper commenced by Thiers in 1829.

Thiers' pamphlet, written in 1823, "The Pyrenees and Southern France," first attracted popular attention to him, and Lafitte soon recognized his remarkable talents. He clearly perceived the advantage he could draw from a young ambitious publicist, whose career had still to be formed, and he became his patron.

Up to this time no history of the revolution had been written, entering into the details of the various events, causes, and views; and, in fact, no one had dared, during the several governments which followed one another after '89, to represent the revolution as having anything good about it. The reminiscence of sanguinary and horrible deeds had been *rechauffé* by eye-witnesses, but there was no written panegyric of the improvements which had resulted from the overthrow of the then existing relations. To undertake this, and embellish it with the most flattering colors, was a difficult task at that day. The task was entrusted, simultaneously, to the talented pens of Thiers and Mignet. In the year 1824, these young men, still poor bachelors and friends, inhabited a modest fourth floor together, and worked

with indefatigable zeal on their histories of the revolution. They cautiously passed over every terrible deed without any reproachful remarks, to represent with redoubled zeal every victorious battle with its brilliancy and glory, but avoided any mention of the misery necessarily attached to it.

The public has never properly understood how two so closely united friends, of nearly the same age, worked up the same subject at the same time, in two different works, but with the same tendency, and were so far from displaying the slightest rivalry, that they mutually aided one another. The applause that Mignet's work gained was, probably, not so universal as that of his friend, for the former, partly through taste and partly because he did not succeed in being elected to the Chamber, withdrew as far as possible from politics, more especially from journalism, to devote himself calmly to historical studies.

The following anecdote of Thiers is highly characteristic:

In spite of his pliant manner, as long as he was minister, and his great talents, he was compelled to yield, in 1840, to his antagonist Guizot. I frequently saw these two statesmen, who had both commenced their career as publicists, at the house of Bertin de Vaux (then proprietor of the

Journal des Débats). Still Guizot was the more intimate friend there, and on simpler terms of friendship. I shall ever remember Bertin de Vaux's sarcastic and scarcely concealed smile when Thiers paid a visit on the first occasion after his being appointed Minister. The servant tore the folding-doors open, and announced "His Excellency the Minister of the Interior!" I knew Bertin de Vaux too well not to read his thoughts when the new Minister, who was of remarkably small stature, moved in slowly and with immense grandeur.

While Lafitte threw himself, with all the passion of a talented, energetic, southern Frenchman, into the arms of the revolution, which was regarded by his friends as the result of the highest self-sacrifice, by others as the result of the highest ambition, he could not pay much attention to domestic affairs, or have much intercourse with his family. Now and then astonishment was expressed that the only really pretty daughter of the rich Lafitte would not present a son-in-law to her father. At length the eldest son of Marshal Ney, the young Prince de Moskwa, was selected. The marriage, however, was very far from being a happy one, and the prince eventually was forced to appeal to the public courts to settle his domestic circumstances.

CRAWFORD'S GREAT WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—I cannot leave Rome without giving some account of the monument of Washington, which is being executed by orders of the United States Government by Mr. Crawford, an American sculptor of much merit. It will be the largest national monument of the kind existing. Rauch's statue

Frederick the Great, at Berlin, is considerably of less proportions. The base of the Washington monument is a complete circle; on this a star with six points is raised, and on this rises the actual base to the equestrian figure of America's great man. Six eagles surround the steps on the circle, and six colossal statues of eminent Americans surround the pedestal—Henry, Lee, Mason, Marshall, Allen, and Jefferson. The whole is on a gigantic scale, from sixty to seventy feet high, and is grandly represented. The figures of

Jefferson and Henry are completed, and have already been forwarded to Muller's celebrated foundry at Munich, to be cast in bronze; the others will successively be sent to the same place, and for the same purpose. The whole composition bears the stamp of greatness, and testifies the vast conception of the artist. He is at present raising the figure of Washington's horse—a real mound of clay. A small model of the monument as it will be when completed, decorates the immense studio in which this mammoth work is being executed. The sides of the pedestal are decorated by two very handsome basso relievos, the one representing the arms of the State; the other is symbolic—a figure of Liberty with its foot on Tyranny, surrounded by the motto "*Sic semper tyrannis.*"—*Letter from Rome, Nov. 30.*

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The publications of the last month have been few, though important.

History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the Late Lieut. General Sir Hudson Lowe. 8 vols. 8vo. This important work, so long heralded and so anxiously expected, has appeared; but it does not give much satisfaction. The *Athenæum* thinks it unsuccessful as a vindication of Sir Hudson's reputation from the charges preferred against him by O'Meara and the writers in the interest of Napoleon. This journal also says: "On the subject of Napoleon himself, the work is not so interesting as we expected; but its historical importance is of the highest value,—and whether we agree or not with the various conclusions to which its author would fain lead the reader, it amply deserves and will reward the careful perusal of every person who is interested in the subject of Napoleon."

Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, historical painter, from his autobiography and journals. This work is well edited, and has great interest. The *Athenæum* says: "As the study of an imperfect man of genius, thoroughly made out, without sickly extenuation or severe caricature, this biography of Haydon is full of interest, full of character, full of instruction. From his boyhood, upwards, poor Haydon was one of those who fall perversely wrong on life; who are resolute to break fate and circumstance in accordance with their own will and pleasure, without having ever considered that though there are things which can be broken, there are others that resist the most arrogant determination."

Two Visits to China and India, during the years 1843—52: containing a Narrative of Adventures; with full descriptions of the culture of the Tea Plant, the Agriculture and Botany of those countries. By Robert Fortune, Esq.

The *Athenæum*, speaking of the New York Mercantile Library, says: "The library is one of the best in America in point of numbers, ranking only after those of Harvard College, Boston Athenæum, Philadelphia Library Company, and the Astor Library. In New York the rich endowments of the Astor Library place it first, but the Mercantile Library is next in rank, and for miscellaneous readers, and foreign as well as home literature, it is second to none in the Union. Commenced and sustained chiefly by merchants and merchants' clerks, the institution in its present position is highly honorable to the intelligence and enterprise of New York."

An interesting and successful series of experiments have been made by Professor Challis, of Cambridge, on the determining the longitude by electro-telegraphic aid. Already in America some results of a similar kind had been obtained.

A Critical Essay on Thomas Carlyle, his style, teaching, tendency, has been republished from the

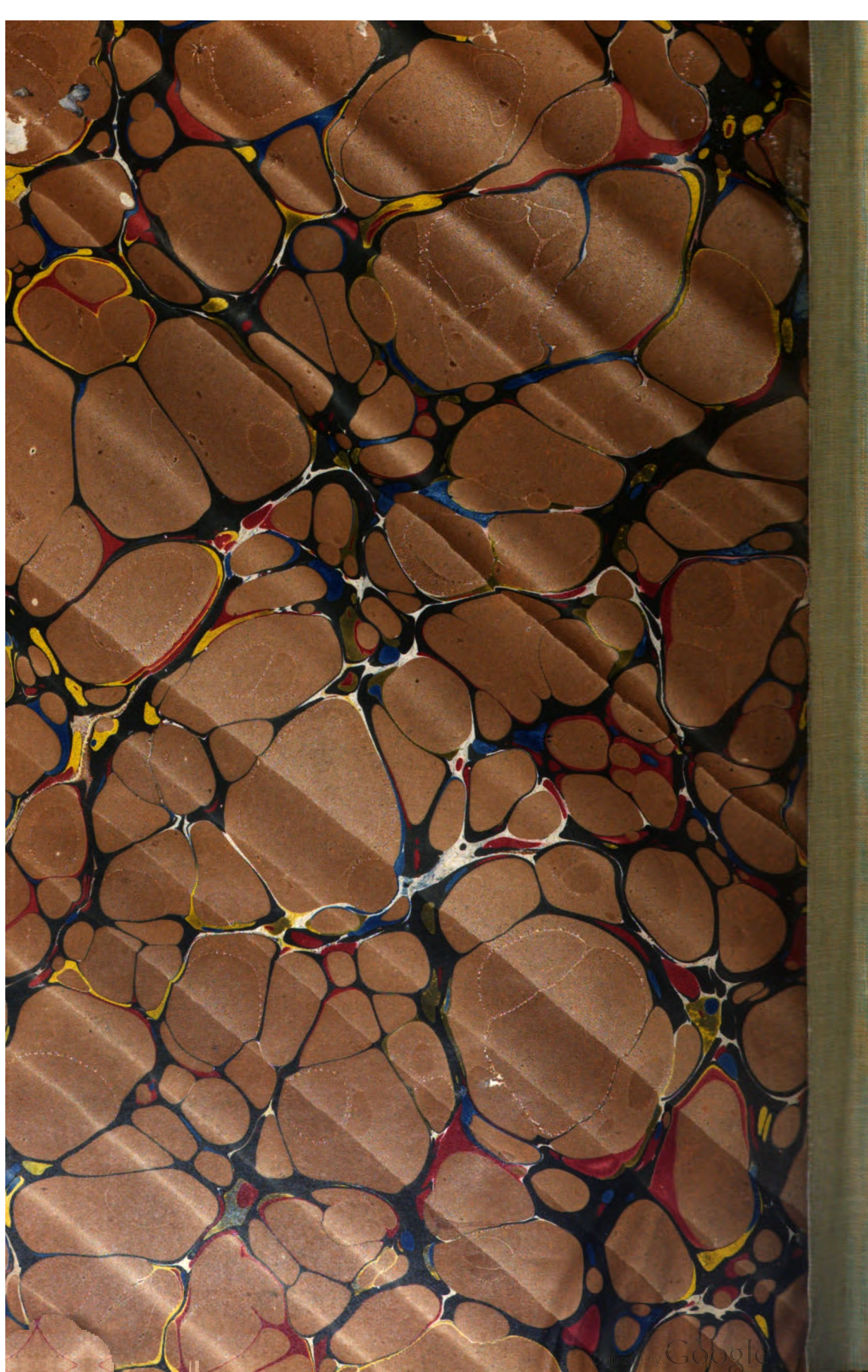
'Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.' The writer gives due praise to Mr. Carlyle for vigorous thought and honest speaking, but criticises with just severity his affected style, his obscure teaching, and the dangerous tendencies of his writings, especially in their skeptical and pantheistic spirit. There are some points on which the general honesty of Mr. Carlyle is maintained to be at fault, as in regard to the suppression of the closing scene of his friend John Sterling's life, which Archdeacon Hare has so touchingly described.

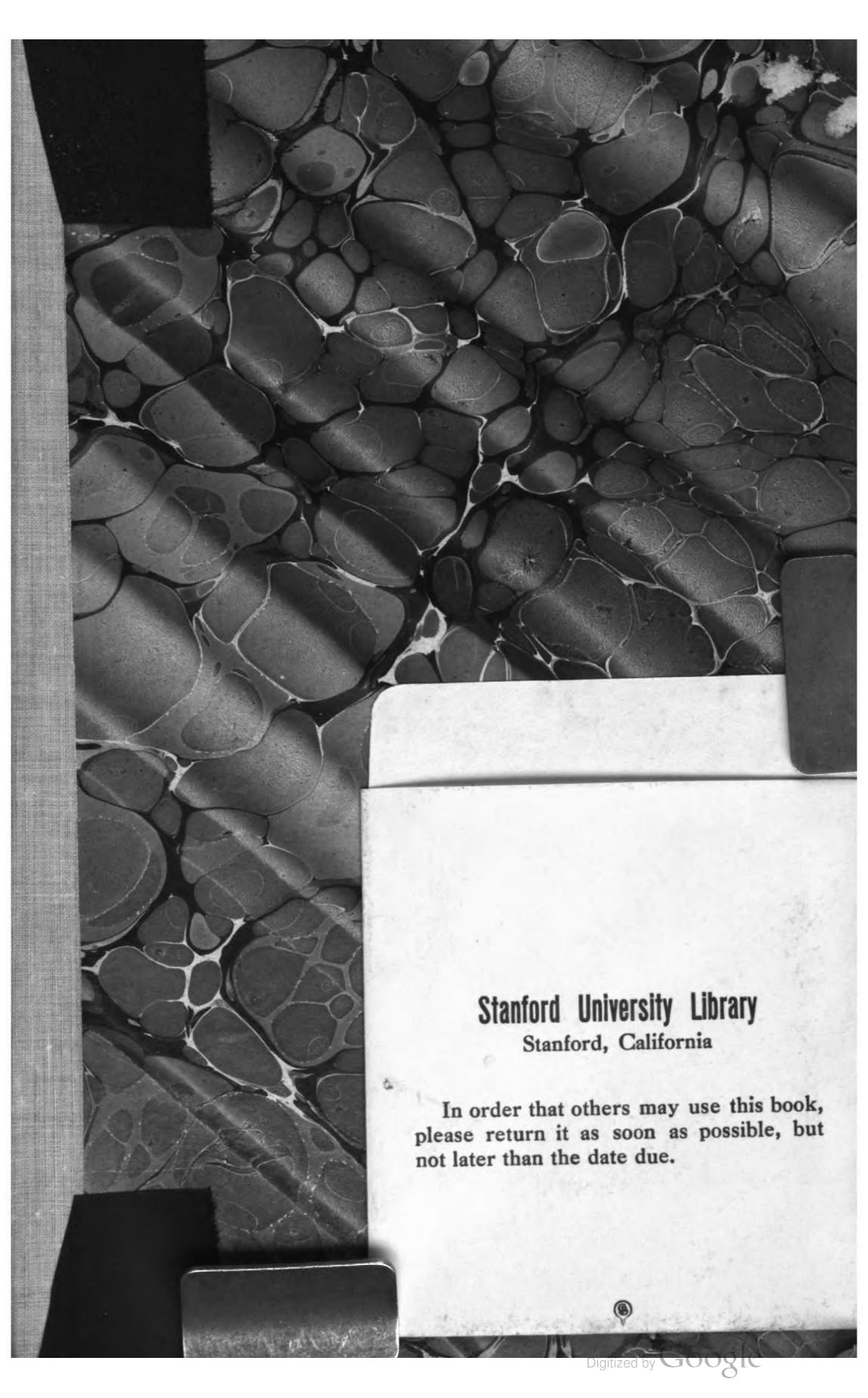
A French literary periodical publishes some recently discovered letters of Massillon, one of the pulpit glories of France. They are of no great interest. They were, it appears, brought to light by accident in the course of some researches amongst the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is strange that the authorities of this great library should not yet know exactly every document it contains.

A society has been formed at Weimar for raising subscriptions for the erection of a monument in that town to Schiller, Goethe, and Wieland. The King of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and other illustrious personages, have taken the scheme under their protection.

Mr. Samuel Woodburn, a well-known dealer in pictures of old masters, early drawings, and prints, died at the age of seventy-three. He has been long considered one of the first judges of ancient art of his day, and has helped more or less for the last fifty years in forming the principal picture galleries of Europe. The number of fine drawings and old engravings that have passed during a long life through his hands is extraordinary. The collections of the Duke of Hamilton, grandfather of the present duke, and of Lord Fitzwilliam, now at Cambridge, were formed chiefly by him, as were also the Dimsdale, the Sykes, and the Lawrence collections. Of the last of these, valued in round numbers at 100,000*l.*, at least half were collected and supplied by Mr. Woodburn.

Louis Tieck has just died at Berlin, aged 80. He was not only the contemporary, but the rival of Schiller and Goethe, and his name is not unworthy to be linked with theirs. His poetical and prose works are very numerous, but perhaps the principal of them are 'Der gestiefelte Kater,' 'Fantasus,' 'Rothkölchen,' 'Die heilige Genofeva,' 'Der Blaubart,' and 'Vittoria Accorombona.' Though Prussian by birth, he passed the greater part of his life at Dresden; and, in addition to his literary labors, distinguished himself by his extraordinary skill as a reader. Royal and aristocratic audiences used to assemble to hear him read with as much enthusiasm as they would have done to hear a first-rate cantatrice. Of late years he resided in Berlin, and enjoyed a liberal pension from the king. Goethe once said, in a discussion as to the merits of different authors, "I feel myself greater than Tieck, but I am immeasurably inferior to Shakespeare!"



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